THE CAPTAIN

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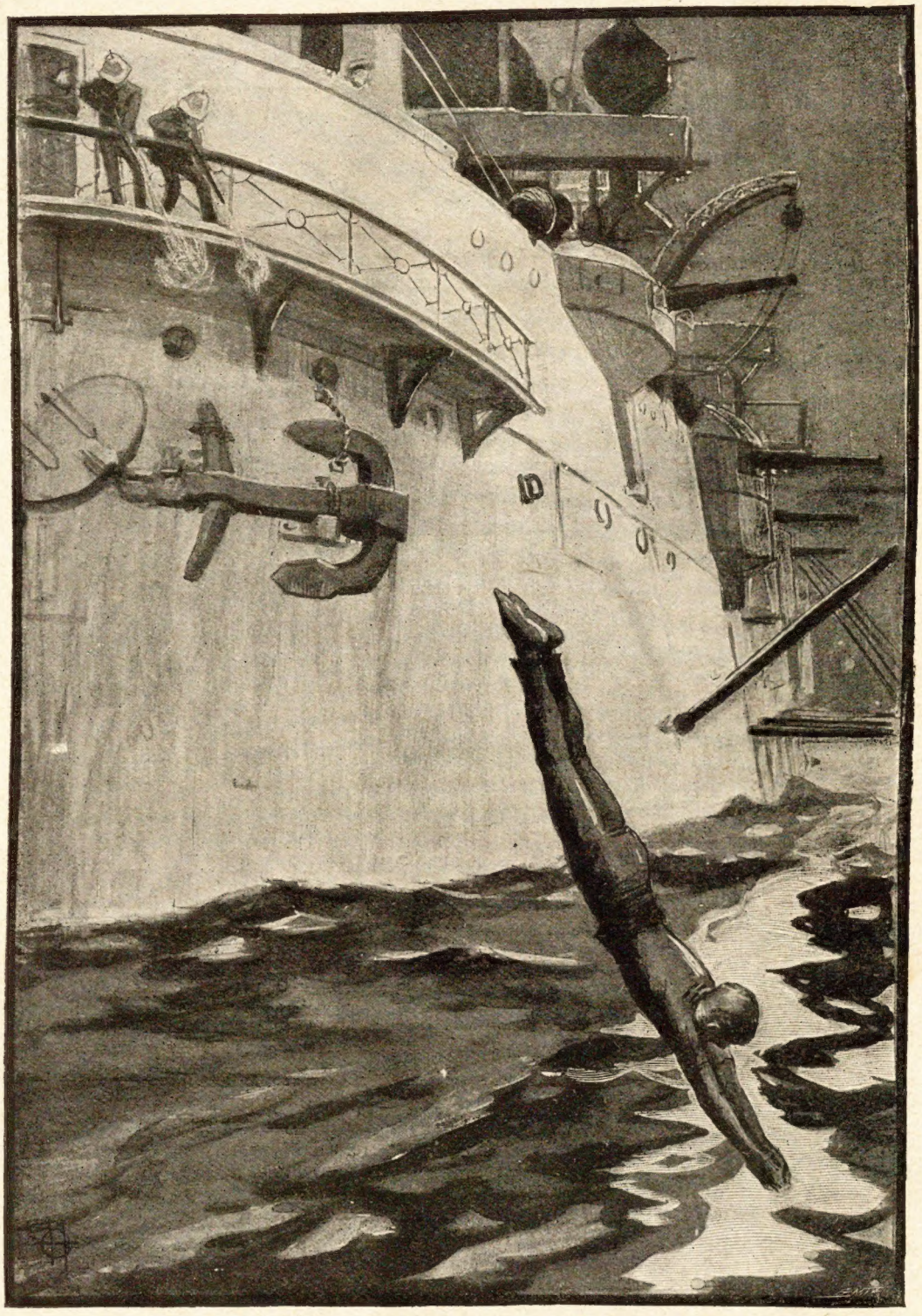
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

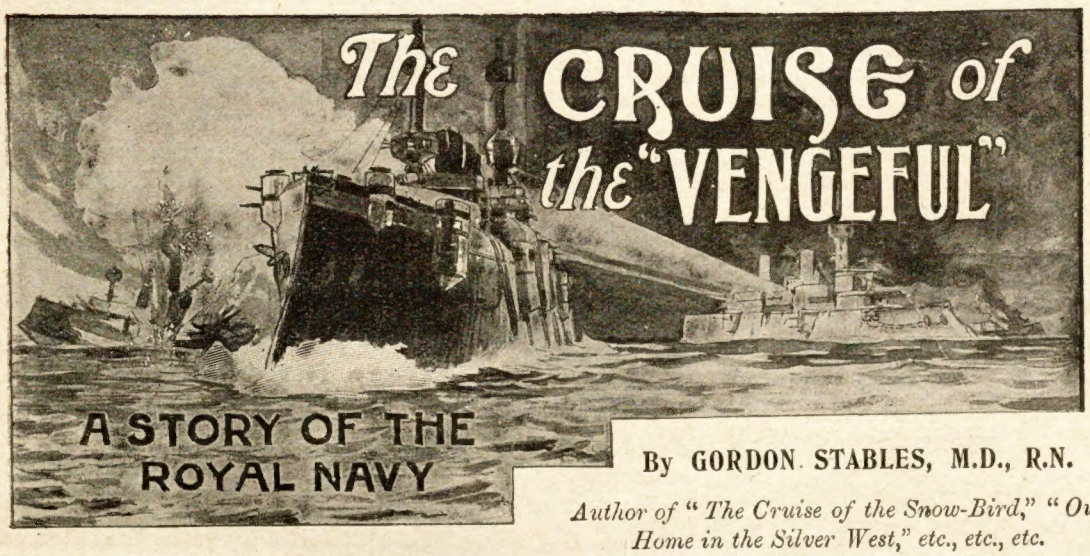
OCTOBER, 1900.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Monday* ...	*Cambridge Term begins*	6.38
2.	*Tuesday* ...	*Ex-President Steyn born*, 1857	6.35
3.	*Wednesday*...	*First Race for America Cup, 1899* ...	6.33
4.	*Thursday* ...	*Guizot, the French Historian, b.* 1787 ...	6.31
5.	*Friday* ...	*Great Fire at Liverpool*, 1838	6.29
6.	*Saturday* ...	*Lord Tennyson died*, 1892	6.26
7.	**Sunday** ...	*Seventeenth after Trinity*	6.24
8.	*Monday* ...	*Henry Fielding, novelist, d.* 1754, *aged* 47 ...	6.22
9.	*Tuesday* ...	*Kruger issued his Ultimatum*, 1899 ...	6.19
10.	*Wednesday*...	*Oxford Term begins*	6.17
11.	*Thursday* ...	*War declared with Transvaal*, 1899 ...	6.15
12.	*Friday* ...	*Pekin occupied*, 1860	6.13
13.	*Saturday* ...	*Guy Boothby, novelist, b.* 1867	6.10
14.	**Sunday** ...	*Eighteenth after Trinity*	6.8
15.	*Monday* ...	*King of the French fired at*, 1840	6.6
16.	*Tuesday* ...	*Massacre of Aleppo*, 1850	6.4
17.	*Wednesday*...	*Duchess of Edinburgh born*, 1853	6.2
18.	*Thursday* ...	*St. Luke the Evangelist*	6.0
19.	*Friday* ...	*Dean Swift died*, 1745, *aged* 78	5.59
20.	*Saturday* ...	*Battle of Glencoe*, 1899	5.57
21.	**Sunday** ...	*Nineteenth after Trinity*	5.55
22.	**MONDAY** ...	**NOVEMBER "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.52**
23.	*Tuesday* ...	*Sir Michael Hicks-Beach born*, 1837 ...	5.49
24.	*Wednesday*...	*Michaelmas Law Sittings begin*	5.47
25.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Balaclava*, 1854	5.45
26.	*Friday* ...	*"Rebecca" Rioters tried at Cardiff*, 1843 ...	5.44
27.	*Saturday* ...	*Captain Cook born*, 1728	5.42
28.	**Sunday** ...	*Twentieth after Trinity*	5.40
29.	*Monday* ...	*H. W. Bainbridge, cricketer, b.* 1862 ...	5.39
30.	*Tuesday* ...	*H. K. Foster, cricketer, b.* 1873	5.37
31.	*Wednesday*...	*Hallowmas Eve*	5.35

Calendar Events for December are Invited.



"THE SPY HAS ESCAPED! THE SPY HAS ESCAPED "—*(See page 13.)*



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

CHAPTER I.

WAR!

H.M.S. *Vengeful* lay low on the water, like a panther couched and ready to spring. A first-class cruiser was she, armed with the most powerful guns ever built; with the lightest and best of armour; with everything perfect in and around her; but, strangely enough, with masts and rigging which, by the aid of machinery, could be unshipped at will. She was designed for special service, and could steam, when there was need of such a spurt, six-and-thirty knots (about forty and a-half miles) an hour. The *Vengeful* was one of a new class, for in this terrible year of 1909 such vessels would be surely needed.

And why? Because stirring times had come. The fiat of two great nations in coalition had gone forth, and Britain was doomed — so they said. She would no longer rule the seas; no longer be mistress of Egypt, of India, nor of Africa itself. Russia, with her monstrous armies; France, with her monstrous navy — what nation could stand against these? Ah! But Britain meant to fight to the grim end, as heroes, like Nelson and the gallant good Riou had done in days gone by — fight for death or victory.

The blood of the nation was roused; war would soon be declared, and invasion might be attempted. But what cared Britain for fickle France, or the shadow of the great Bear itself? Old men told the young of a time when this country was at war with the whole world, and more than held its own. What her brave forefathers had done, *they* could do.

And so the patriotism of the country, which is not always on the bubble, was as hot now as melted pitch. Even the boys at school, or on the street, forgot all their games for that of sham warfare and sham battles; French and Russians against British would be arrayed every day on the playground, and black eyes were at a discount.

And all around the coast the country was ready. It had not been idle since the days of the great Boer War. The yeomanry and volunteers, and even some militia were mounted, and if the enemy were to bombard and destroy some of the sea-port towns, woe would await them with the attempt to land.

The factories were busy; the clang of hammers was heard in every ship-yard in the kingdom, and in the dockyards every man was hard at work and on the alert.

Yet serious all, for imminent was the danger that threatened to hurl Great Britain, with Greater Britain, from her place among the nations.

Young Commander Capel joined on the very day that Tom Harris did, a man from his own country, and after reporting himself to the captain, proceeded almost immediately to his duty.

When he had stepped on board every man and officer saluted him, and he had a pleasant nod and smile for all, as he passed onwards to the quarter deck.

As we were going to press our attention was called to the fact that Mr. G. A. Henty had recently published a book entitled **"A Roving Commission."** *The title of Dr. Gordon Stables' story has therefore been altered to* **"The Cruise of the** *Vengeful.*"—Ed. CAPTAIN.

When he came on deck once more the crew were in little groups here and there. They were talking low but respectfully of the new officer who was to be the captain's right hand. A V.C. man in the Service is looked upon with a mixture of pride and awe, and all hands delight to honour him.

The *Vengeful's* men, both below and aloft, were so busy now that they looked like swarms of bees on a June morning.

Many of these fellows had been specially chosen by the commander, and some had sailed with him before.

But this splendid ship was bent on a dangerous mission, and the deep sea would close over many a sailor ere the *Vengeful* could hope to bear up again for her native shores.

In three weeks' time the splendid ship was ready for sea. Every officer save one had joined, and the good warrior-cruiser was hauled clear of the basin, and lay quietly at anchor outside in the harbour.

What a splendid yet terrible craft she looked, in her blue-green war paint; how shapely, how determined! The fighting-tops, the masts and rigging, had been lowered, and the great guns covered carefully with well-fitting tarpaulins. No brine-laden breeze must ever blow athwart the polished steel of these sailors' pets, nor spray nor damp get near them.

Built for speed she was. Even the rawest marine recruit, gazing out at her from the dockyard sheds, could have noticed that. Her lines were perfection. Those bows were meant to cleave the wind and dash through the waves as ship of war had never done before.

The *Vengeful* was one of a class, however, and ere many months were over no less than ten as good, as strong, and as swift, would leave the dockyards round the coast.

But it was not only her cut-water that was graceful, for everything on board or above board was constructed to present the very least resistance to the wind. Her funnels raked aft and were triangular in front; even her great fore-turret was faced by a cut-weather shield; and so, too, were the upper works, and the commander's conning tower.

But this was not all. For the boilers had been constructed with special consideration for lightness and strength. There was a secret about this, which no spying, prying enemy had ever yet been able to find out; while her bunkers were filled, not with Welsh coals, but with specially-prepared patent fuel, all but smokeless, yet capable of giving five times the heat of anything ever dug from the earth's dark depths, or invented.

The *Vengeful's* secrets had been most carefully guarded, for spies from foreign nations were everywhere in England, and nothing now-a-days was looked upon as sacred, not even truth itself.

And the *Vengeful* was ready!

Ready and waiting! Waiting for those magic words, "War is declared!" which would ere long flash on lightning wings from Whitehall, as a centre, to every port and every city in Great and Greater Britain.

Waiting is always wearisome to sailors, especially when they have bidden farewell to their nearest and dearest.

But one evening when Jack was on shore—careless, happy-go-lucky Jack—having his pipe and his modest pint; and just as the dockyard clock chimed nine, suddenly a great gun roared out on the still night air.

Jack's pipe almost dropped from his mouth.

Jack's pint was left unheeded; Jack listened in silence. Indeed, for a few moments there was silence everywhere, a silence drear and deep, but broken at last by the crash of guns coming from every direction. From the forts in the bay, from forts on shore, and on the distant hills. The windows rattled, the very earth seemed to shake. It was like the din of some mighty bombardment.

Then, out from every house of call or pleasure; out, too, from private residences; out from barracks; forth from hotels, rushed men, women, and children; soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

"*War! War! War!*" The cry, the shout, came from every throat, and seemed to shake the very walls.

"At last! At last! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and in the crowded streets, irrespective of rank or title, every man shook hands with him who stood nearest.

Bugles sounded. Drums were beating, and patrols went hurrying along the streets, to hurry all hands off to their respective ships.

Nor was it the *Vengeful* alone that steamed away from the darkling land and moonless shore, long ere the dawning of another day.

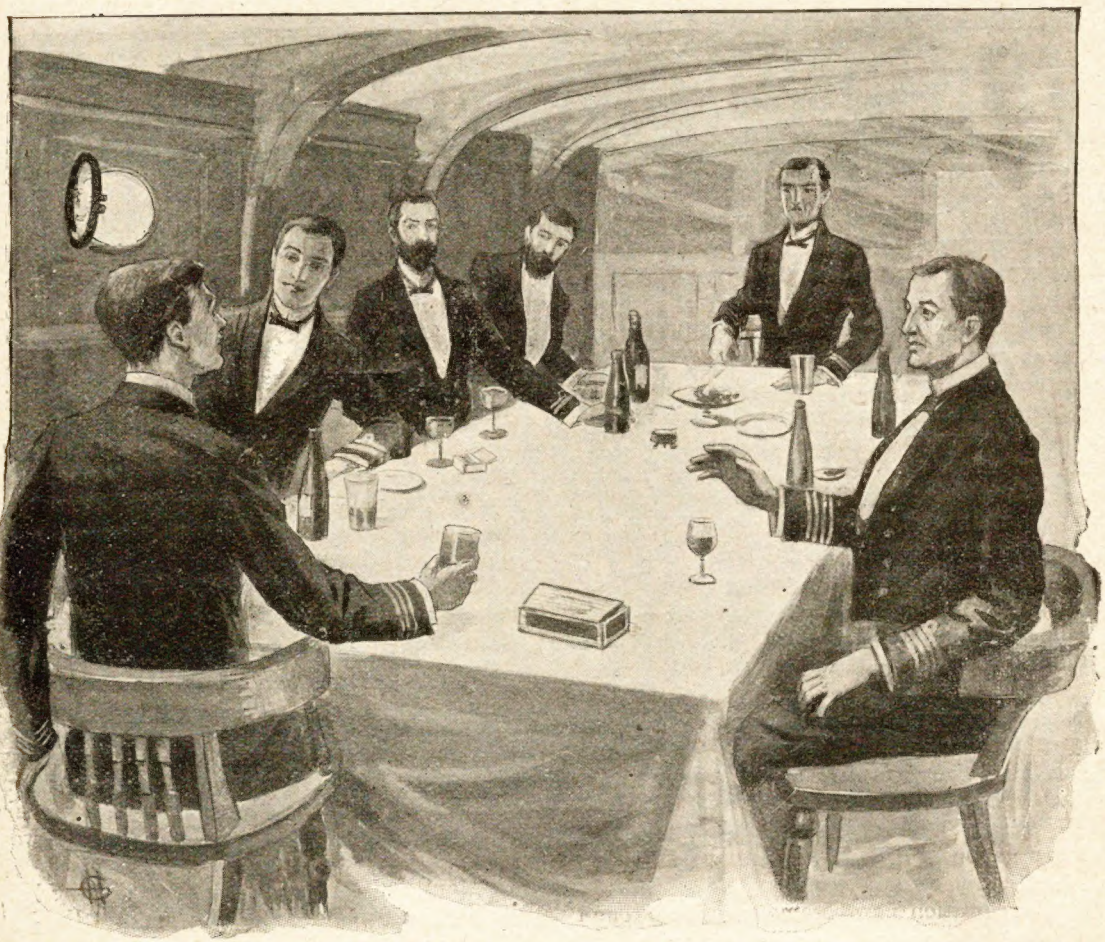
Fleets and squadrons, like a flight of arrows, darted away from their anchorage, and before four-and-twenty hours were over would appear like a dark and threatening cloud along the shores of France.

Never before had so terrible a naval armada sailed from any country in the world.

But it is on the books of the *Vengeful* that our names—your's and mine, reader—are borne. With her must we sail, for life or for death, for weal or for woe.

* * * * *

It was a very jolly party of officers that surrounded the ward-room mess table of the cruiser



"AND WHITHER ARE WE BOUND, CAPTAIN BULLARD, AND WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?" REMARKED ELLIOT.

next evening, for the captain himself had been asked to dinner in the ward-room, and more than one modest middy was invited to meet him.

The wind was blowing from right ahead, from off wild Biscay Bay; the sea was choppy and swollen; but the false keels were lowered, and although the good ship rose and fell with each advancing wave, her rolling, or side motion, was almost unfelt.

There were two parallel tables in the ward-room; but they were not far apart, so that every-one could join in the conversation, whenever it became general.

Now, there are two officers in the Royal Navy who never preside at table—namely, the commander and the chaplain The former has his seat next the president, to the right; the latter sits anywhere, on the left. But to-night Captain Bullard himself occupied the position of honour, while Fleet-Surgeon O'Shane was president, and the newly-arrived junior surgeon did his duty at the other end; the senior medico, ranking under the fleet surgeon, being president of the other table, and here were most of the younger officers.

Well, as far as British nationalities went, the mess was of a decidedly mixed character. For the most part it stood by English; but Scotland and Ireland also held their own. The captain, well over fifty, with kindly face and whiskers mixed with grey, might have been a well-to-do tradesman sitting at a poor-law board; but something very like dark lightning flashed from his blue eyes when he spoke of the war they had now entered upon. There was no look of the tradesman about him then—he was a bold British tar, determined to do his duty, be it what it might, or sink with the vessel he commanded.

Capel was very tall, but well built—he was reputed to be the best fencer in the ship, and the sword he wielded was almost as tall as the cheeky

little midshipmite, with his chin in the air, who occupied a seat at the other table.

The fleet surgeon himself was a little dark fellow, with shaven face and blue-ground of beard, heavy eye-brows, and Irish. This wee man was reputed to be a tartar towards his junior medicoes, but a toady to those above him; he had been on board for four weeks, and had always seemed bent on exacting deference from his Scotch assistant, Dr. Duncan McDrift.

During a lull in the conversation the junior doctor and new-comer—Elliot—put a strangely straight and abrupt question to Captain Bullard, which drew every eye upon his daringly handsome face, though he quailed not beneath the scrutiny.

"And whither are we bound, Captain Bullard, and what are we going to do?" he said.

A few seconds of intense silence round the board; then a rippling laugh.

"Well, well, well!" began the kindly captain, but he was interrupted by Dr. O'Shane, F.S.

"Really, Elliot, I'm sorry to have to call you to order. Such a question is *not* service."

Elliot bent his head.

"I'm so sorry," he murmured.

"Ah! never mind," quoth the captain. "You're young to our ways, Mr. Elliot. But you shall know all in good time."

The handsome face was raised again, and the dark eyes met the shifty grey peepers of his Irish chief fearlessly, almost defiantly.

Everyone there had reason afterwards to remember that glance.

But conversation now became general all round the tables. No one in the mess was really old, and most were young. Judging from their merry, laughing voices a stranger might have taken them for a party bent on pleasure, instead of men going forth to fight the battles of their native land—to bleed, to die, to sink, if Fate should will it so, for England, home, and beauty.

Not a cloud overhung the heart of anyone in the ward-room to-night, and although the wild wind went whistling through rigging and cordage away aloft, those below hardly gave the storm a thought.

Just one face, however, seemed every now and then overcast with thought. It was that of the assistant-paymaster. And why? He could not really have told you, had he been asked. His eyes were frequently turned towards Elliot, however; he seemed watching his every movement, and noting the ever-changing expression of his beautifully daring face, as a solicitor might watch the countenance of a prisoner in the dock. The truth is, that this Mr. Rawlings was puzzled. Elliot was a kind of riddle to him, and a riddle, moreover, that he could not read.

Rawlings hated riddles that he could not read. But he was still more puzzled as the night wore on.

The band had ceased to play after giving a selection of dance music, all to please the merry middies of the gun-room mess, and right heartily had those boys footed the floor to waltz, to jig, and hornpipe.

The chief engineer, a burly Scot, had brought out his fiddle, and the commander himself had sat down to the piano. But Rawlings, at the conclusion of a piece, remarked the wistful look on Elliot's face, and was constrained to observe:—

"Would Dr. Elliot oblige us?" Elliot would. And everyone in that ward-room was struck dumb.

Middies crowded round the door; the sentry paused to listen, and even the commander's satellite, little Bob the messenger boy, was on his hands and knees by the gun-rack, and a wondering lad was he.

"Dr. Elliot," cried the captain, "your music is ravishingly sweet. Where on earth did you study?"

"In France and Italy," replied Elliot carelessly; "but this, sir," he added, "is my favourite instrument."

And he took up the engineer's violin, and began to play. When, with a sigh, he placed it once more in its case, its owner vowed that he himself would never play another note in the ward-room mess.

"Man!" cried Duncan McDrift, shaking hands with Elliot, "you're an aqua-seetion to the mess. How bonnie you play! It's long, long sin' anybody has seen the tears in my eyes. I'd give ten years of my life to play only half as well as you."

For the first time to-night Elliot seemed to notice the assistant-paymaster's fixed and puzzled stare.

He drew himself up almost haughtily:—

"Did you speak, Mr. Rawlings?"

"I did not."

"But your looks speak."

"They speak my thoughts perhaps," replied Rawlings. "May not one *think*?"

Commander Capel looked curiously from one to the other and smiled.

But he did not know that these men were enemies from that very hour.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"FIVE bells, sir, please. Five bells, sir, please."

"Five bells! Five bells! Turn out, young gentlemen. Turn out!"

The quartermaster had a strong and sturdy thumb, and as he crept along from hammock to hammock next morning, at half-past six, he dug that thumb with healthy vigour into the most dependent portion of each. Very soon, indeed, all his "babies," as he called the middies, were awake and had swung themselves to the deck, well knowing that only five minutes' grace would be given before the numbers of the delinquents' hammocks would be taken, and the lazy ones reported to the first lieutenant.

Though they turned out, however, it was not to dress immediately. The sleepiest preferred to squat like rabbits on their sea-chests; the pluckiest made a dash for the bath-room, and practical joking became the rule of the morning. But this was of a very mild character; these junior officers not being well enough acquainted yet, to throw wet sponges, or douse each other in the bath.

But by six bells—seven o'clock—even the laziest cadet or middy was tidily dressed and on deck for morning drill and inspection.

The wind had gone down and eke the sea; there was sunshine everywhere — sunshine that glanced and glinted from steel-tipped guns; from polished wood and brass; sunshine in the sky, sunshine on the sea;—ay! and sunshine in the heart of every man or boy who trod the deck of that noble cruiser, and when at eight bells

> The flag that braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze

was unfurled in the light air, that caught the sunshine, too, and surely never did bunting look more radiantly beautiful. Even the good ship herself seemed to catch inspiration from the brightness of the morning, bobbing and curtseying to each advancing wave, like a veritable thing of life.

"God Save the Queen!" The band has struck in with that time-honoured melody, and all hands face the quarter-deck and stand silent and uncovered, until the last notes melt in cadence over the water.

Muster by open list immediately the bell tolled twice. And what a gallant array that is! Officers of ward-room and gun-room—brave lads in blue and gold—lashed to their swords or dirks; white-capped blue jackets in double files along the decks; marines in blue and red, with rifles brown, and bayonets fixed.

Yonder are the captain and paymaster; yonder Capel, the commander; yonder the great ship's book, and every soul on board must answer to name and tell his rating.

Then the band strikes up once more, but in merrier strains, and the duties of the day are commenced. The medicoes hurry off to the sick bay, and the watches go to work.

Not a cloudlet of smoke comes from the funnels, and even the engines are mysteriously silent. Barely ten years ago a war-ship was known by its serpentine trail of murky reek, that hung for miles astern of it; the jerking and rattle of the engines made those on board almost believe they were living in a mill, and, whenever the wind blew aft, the captain's table linen used to be covered with blacks as big as millet seed. But all this is changed. All is quiet here; all as still as a mountain top, and all is clean to perfection. Peep we into the sick bay, now.

The fleet surgeon occupies the easy chair; his juniors beside him. The few patients, one by one, appear before them to tell their symptoms, and the sick-bay steward receives his orders from the chief himself.

But Dr. Elliot *will* put in an oar and obtrude his advice. The fleet surgeon nods and smiles, but he frowns.

"Better let me prescribe," he says pointedly.

By word and look the handsome young Elliot seems to fascinate the men.

Again the fleet surgeon smiles and frowns. "You must talk a trifle more gruffly to them," he says.

"That I refuse to do," said Elliot gravely and quietly. "Yes, I *must* refuse, Mr. O'Shane. Do *you* talk gruffly, Dr. McDrift, to these poor fellows?"

Note the distinction, reader, 'twixt "Mr." and "Dr." Well, McDrift was M.D.; the fleet-surgeon, with his three stripes, was but a licentiate.

But O'Shane's face grew dark as a thunder-cloud now.

"It is the custom of the service, sir," he told Elliot, "to address your chief as 'Doctor.'"

Elliot seemed not even to hear, much less heed the remark.

So Elliot made another enemy; he knew he had, but it really did not appear to trouble him in the least.

* * * * *

In about ten days' time, the brave cruiser being by this time across the line, everything was ship-shape on board. As far as the vessel herself was concerned she had been ship-shape alow and aloft before she sallied forth from Portsmouth; but officers and crew had now settled down each into his own niche and groove, and all felt that the ship was their home. The men in the various messes had become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and friendships had been formed, or dislikes bred and born, as the case might be. It was the same in the gun-room, and in the ward-

room also. Yet, to all appearance, as far as its sociology went, the *Vengeful* was going to be a happy ship.

But drill! drill! drill! was now the order of every day and almost every hour. Gun drill, small-arm drill, cutlass and sword exercises; torpedo manipulations; lowering and re-stepping masts, fighting-tops and rigging, with day-quarters and night-quarters—but why enumerate, when everything in a great war-ship like this must move like clockwork, and every item of machinery—electric, steam, or manual—must be as perfect as the chronometers themselves!

The commander in his conning-tower—brave Capel, the head, the very soul of the ship—by touching keys could communicate his orders to the remotest corner of the vessel and to every department on board.

By this time Elliot had not only proved himself to be an "aqua-seetion" to the ward-room, but in some measure a mystery.

As his diplomas and certificates proved, he had studied in Edinburgh, and he confessed to having spent most of each summer in the far Scottish Highlands, where his father was an honest sheep-farmer. Whence, then, his wonderful power as a musician and linguist? This was the riddle Rawlings was burning to read—but could not. His knowledge of medicine and surgery, moreover, made O'Shane horribly jealous, and it is no wonder that he soon came to hate his clever junior; for, whenever an officer ailed, or thought he ailed, it was never the fleet surgeon who was consulted, but invariably the genius, Dr. Elliot.

The commander and the young medico were frequently together below, for the former had many service books in German, French, and Russian, which but for Elliot's welcome aid would have been sealed to him.

But the plums were not to be all on Capel's side of the pudding. No; he must be the instructor as well as the pupil.

"I want to know everything," Elliot had frankly told him. "I'm going to be a perfect man-o'-war's man, so complete in myself that in six months' time I shall be able to act as chief engineer, torpedo-man, gunner, or skipper of your submergible boat."

Capel had looked at him curiously, and smiled.

"I'm in earnest, Captain Capel. Ah! *mon ami*, knowledge is power, and during war even a humble man-o'-war's surgeon never knows what he may become in time of need."

"Your thirst for knowledge, Dr. Elliot, is truly marvellous, and it is certainly commendable. I'll help you all I can. And—yes, knowledge is power."

"A dangerous power in *some* cases!"

That was a voice close behind them on the quarter-deck, and both officers had wheeled quickly round to find themselves face to face with Rawlings.

He had a note-book in his hand.

"It was concerning this account I wished to consult you, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Rawlings. One minute, Dr. Elliot."

Rawlings and this mysterious doctor exchanged defiant glances, and the latter retired.

"Follow me below, Mr. Rawlings."

In the commander's cabin the account was soon set to rights, and the A.P. was about to retire, when, at a word from his superior, he wheeled round again and faced him.

"You do not seem to like Dr. Elliot, Mr. Rawlings. Why?"

Rawlings' reply was not very lucid. He simply said, with a shrug of his shoulders:—

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell,
> But—I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

"You must excuse me, Captain Capel," he added; "but there is a mystery about Elliot that I cannot unravel. Yet—*I mean to.* Those who live longest will see the most wonders. No one should trust strangers *too* far."

Capel bowed, but was silent.

CHAPTER III.

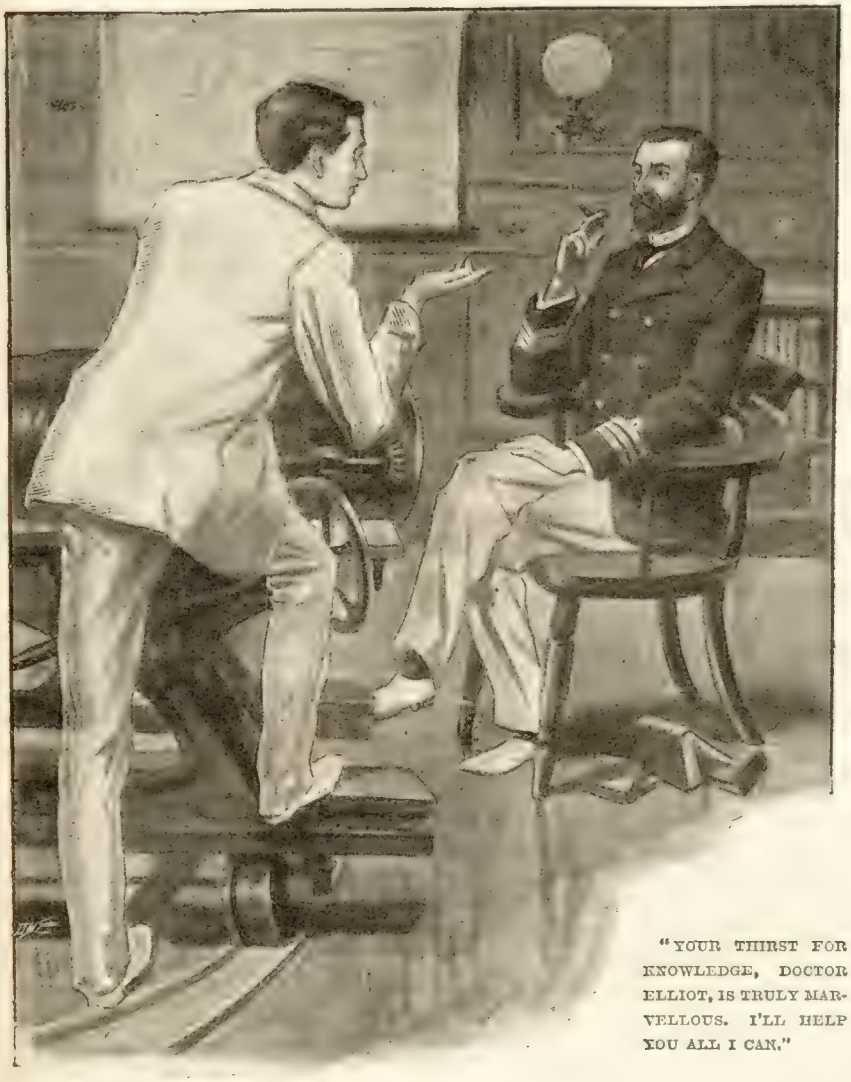
CONDEMNED TO DIE!

If anybody was more ubiquitous on board the *Vengeful* than Commander Capel himself it was little Bobby Blair. He was this chief officer's special messenger boy, and revolved around him as the moon revolves around the earth.

Bobby possessed the wonderful knack of being in about twenty different places at one and the same time. So it really seemed, anyhow.

"Messenger boy!" shouts a sentry, "Commander wants you."

And yonder goes Bobby, tumbling over the captain's dog in his haste to scuttle down below. Is Bobby with the commander now? Not a bit of it. That is Bobby for'a'd yonder, telling the men to make less noise if they don't want their leave stopped. That is Bobby, is it? Then who is that swaying high aloft yonder, talking to the captain of a fighting-top? That is Bobby also. Who is that darting aft to the captain's quarters? Bobby again. Bobby hovering round the conning tower; Bobby in the cook's galley; Bobby in the



"YOUR THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE, DOCTOR ELLIOT, IS TRULY MARVELLOUS. I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN."

sick bay; Bobby bobbing up from the engine-room; Bobby bolting about everywhere, like streaks of greased lightning—a very real little chap was Bobby, and when the commander himself didn't require Bobby, somebody else was sure to requisition the services of this bright wee button of a Bobby.

But Bobby, after all, was only a waif and a stray whom Captain Capel had stumbled across one dark night in the streets of London, and took pity on. A waif who felt sure he'd never had no "favver or muvver 'cause he'd never seen 'em"; a waif who had sold newspapers when he had money to buy them; who fought about crusts of bread with street curs; who was the plague of the copper's life, and slept on a dirty staircase every night of his wretched existence. On very many ships of war there is a boy—often a mere child, I may say—somewhat like Bobby of the *Vengeful*. If he is extra smart, as this messenger boy was, and extra good-natured and plucky, he is generally as much of a pet as the ship's dog or cat, and enjoys a certain license that is accorded to no other lad on board. Sometimes he is a black boy, sometimes brown, and sometimes white, like Bobby.

"Bobby, you young rascal," said our A.P. one day, seizing the urchin by the arm, but smiling to show he was in fun, "Come into my cabin. I want you."

From Mr. Rawlings' little cabin Bobby emerged a quarter of an hour afterwards, looking very knowing, but very happy, and pocketing a new half-crown.

Bobby was happy now. Not that he was ever anything else perhaps, but he had found employment for his spare time—and he did have some—which was very congenial to him, namely, that of a private detective.

* * * * *

Nothing strikes a landsman more forcibly when on a voyage to the Cape, than the loneliness of the vast sea which, for six thousand miles, stretches from the chalky cliffs of his native land, to the heath-clad hills of Southern Africa.

Is it not the great ocean highway from England to the far-distant antipodes? And ought not ships to swarm here? These questions he asks himself as he gazes around with a feeling akin to dread, at the expanse of blue water stretching away and away to the limitless horizon. He may see birds, an occasional gull, a Mother Carey's chicken, and,

south the line, that great eagle of the ocean, the albatross, but ships only seldom. Perhaps he shudders slightly as he thinks of the terrible lonesomeness of the situation. There is nothing in sight, nought to fill the great void, but God, and to Him he breathes a prayer for protection from the dangers of the mighty deep.

There were no landsmen on the *Vengeful*, however, if we except the newly-fledged middies, and by the time the good ship was in the latitude of St. Helena, every one of even these had settled down and felt themselves to be sailors every inch.

It was now no secret in the ward-room that the cruiser was bound on special service; but the duties she had to perform, and her exact cruising ground, were secrets that the captain and commander alone held between them. And, in black and white, were these secrets stowed away in the captain's escritoire, of which he himself kept the key.

When still one hundred miles from Ascension two British steamers were overhauled, warned that war was declared, and advised to alter their course more to the west.

Fuel was taken on board at the island, and in less than a week the *Vengeful* lay at anchor under the bonnie hills of Simon's Bay.

She had been a happy ship throughout all the long voyage; but a cloud had been rising that even Commander Capel was not aware of.

And this cloud was now about to burst.

Before granting leave, even to the officers, the captain himself had gone on shore to the admiral's quarters. He came quickly off again, and beckoning to Capel to accompany him, retired at once to the privacy of his own cabin.

The news he had to communicate was indeed startling.

A telegram in cipher from the Admiralty at Whitehall. Brief, but mysterious, it read as follows:—

"*An enemy's spy on board you. Search. Let no one leave the ship till discovery. Has obtained State secrets. Presumably a medical officer.*"

Capel and his captain stared at each other blankly for a few seconds.

"Do you suspect anyone?" said the commander at last.

"I do," was the reply. "Listen! Hardly a week ago, as you know, I was ill and sleepless. Dr. McDrift went on watch at eight in the evening and was relieved at twelve by Elliot. This officer gave me a sleeping draught, and I seemed to doze quietly off. Hitherto, Capel, I have looked upon what I saw as a dream. I do not now. Elliot read for a time, then slowly rose and felt my pulse, and, as if satisfied, possessed himself of my keys, and, opening my escritoire, read—yes, and copied my papers."

"Good Heavens!" cried Capel. "Sir, this is a case for instant action."

"Be cautious, Capel, be cautious!"

But the commander had rushed from the cabin and betaken himself to the ward-room. Luncheon had just been laid. The stewards were busy, and the officers were all as merry as merry could be.

Then fell the thunderbolt!

Pale, but determined-looking, stood the commander in the starboard doorway, and his messmates noticed that he wore his sword.

That sword he now drew.

"Officers and gentlemen," he said, "I have a terrible duty to perform. There is a traitor amongst us. Dr. Elliot, I arrest you, in the Queen's name, as a spy. Marines, do your duty."

Two men in red glided in, with naked bayonets, and Elliot was at once made prisoner. He struggled for a moment in a vain attempt to shake the marines off. But to no purpose.

Then all his hauteur and independence returned, and he smiled, as devils may smile.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed; "there is some miserable mistake here. Who accuses me?"

The officers had drawn back, forming a kind of ring, leaving Elliot alone, in the midst, with his captors.

"Who accuses me? Who dares?" he cried, exultantly.

How splendidly handsome he looked at this moment.

"*I* do!" said Rawlings, advancing.

"And *I*!" cried the ubiquitous Bobby Blair, in tones that were meant to be heroic, but which, at any other time, might have caused amusement.

"Remove the prisoner!" said the commander, somewhat sadly. "Midshipman of the watch, see Dr. Elliot's sword into my cabin. No; not the cells; his own room."

With lowered eyes and bent head, Elliot now followed the marines out and away.

* * * * *

A whole fortnight flew past, and the routine of the ship went on as before, regardless of the fact that in yonder cabin, in front of which is a sentry, was a human being condemned to death. And to-morrow it was determined that the dread sentence should be carried out.

Short indeed is the shrift that spies receive in times of war; and but for one occurrence which delayed the court martial, the sea would have closed over Elliot long ere now.

A bonnie barque under a cloud of canvas had

sailed into the bay to report that she had been chased and all but captured by a French man-o'-war—a consort of her's having been taken, pillaged, and sunk. Everything else had been forgotten, as the *Vengeful* shot out seawards, prepared for action. In three days' time the enemy was sighted, and a long chase ensued; but just as the *Vengeful* was coming up with her, hand-over-hand, land appeared, night fell, and the Frenchman was lost.

And here the cruiser lay at anchor, close to the wooded shore of Madagascar.

The evidence against the prisoner had been overwhelming. Bobby Blair had watched him well. Little had Elliot known that, while writing and making drawings in his cabin, the door of which he kept locked, bright eyes were noting his every movement.

His private papers he had hidden in a large telescope that hung from the roof of his cabin. It was this which Bobby produced at the court-martial.

TWO MEN GLIDED IN, WITH NAKED BAYONETS, AND ELLIOT WAS AT ONCE MADE PRISONER.

And this is Elliot's last night. The dread sentence would be carried out on shore in the wood yonder. No traitor's blood must dye the deck of this British man-o'-war.

The last night! Elliot had lain down on his bed apparently very penitent, after confessing that he was indeed a French spy.

Was it any wonder that the silence to-night was almost unbroken around the mess table—that mess of which the condemned wretch was wont to be the very life and soul?

The officers spoke but little, and one by one all who were not on duty quietly retired.

It was far on in the blackness of the middle watch, and the sentry at Elliot's door was resting on his rifle.

"Hist!" The sound came through the jalousie.

"Sentry! Whisper. Here is grog. I am handcuffed—you need not fear. Enter, and help yourself and me. It is my last request. Do not forget that to-morrow I have to die."

The sentry hesitated just a moment, and cast uneasy glances around him. But all was silent as the grave.

Then he slowly turned the key and stood within. Potent indeed was the rum this truant sentry drank—for he sank to the deck insensible almost immediately.

Now is the time for action! But the time is short: the officer of the watch, whose footsteps Elliot can hear on the deck above, may come down at any moment. So quickly indeed does he wriggle his small white hands free from his fetters. In fi e minutes more he is dressed in black skin-tight clothing from chin to heels, and

his face is masked. Silently now he leaves the cabin, and steals forward along the aft-deck, taking advantage of every shadow, and often pausing to listen.

Along the gallery he glides, past the commander's cabin, and down the companion; forward now, till he finds himself beneath the middies' hammocks.

Here are two huge torpedoes, half hid in the gloom, and looking weird and uncouth.

Elliot hesitates not a moment, but speedily deposits between them a mysterious little parcel. He bends down and applies his ear thereto.

Yes, it is ticking; it is working well. Except the steady breathing of the sleepers, there is no other sound to be heard, save when a middy, dreaming of home, utters some half-articulate words.

Elliot smiles grimly to himself, as he steals away, as silently as he had come. In half an hour he will be on shore, a free man.

Ere another hour passes by those torpedoes will be exploded, magazines as well, and every soul on board will be hurried into eternity, as the *Vengeful* takes its downward plunge into the dark depths below.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

Silently indeed had the spy glided into the gunroom-flat, where the great torpedoes lay, and, having finished his terrible work, just as silently did he retire, creeping from shadow to shadow—himself like a shadow—but with ears for the slightest sound, and eyes that seemed able to penetrate the darkness and gloom around him.

Back to his cabin, where, on the deck, breathing stertorously, lay the drugged and half-dead sentry. Emerging thence next minute with a black-covered knapsack lashed to his shoulders, and something clutched firmly in his right hand.

Will he escape? Nay, but *can* he escape? He has to pass more than one sentry yet who are very much alive indeed. Nor does the watch on deck fall asleep at night even when a ship of war is at anchor.

The tide is ebbing and the bows of the *Vengeful* point shorewards, where dreamily over the woods and hills falls the moon's pale light, and 'twixt the shingly beech and the vessel is a broad triangle of silvered sea. A swim of 200yds. and over will tax all his strength, should he succeed in reaching the water.

He must try, therefore, to get as far forward as possible before taking the plunge, for well he knows that wary sharks patrol the shore, ever alert for prey, while shines the moon.

Louis mon Brave—the name by which in French circles he was familiarly known—was reckless and fearless to a degree. Such men are dangerous. In society this Louis seemed to carry his heart on his sleeve; in battle he could take his life in his hand. Young though he was, he had faced death in a dozen different shapes, yet never once had he lost his presence of mind.

In his own country it was said that he often mingled a certain amount of humour with his "deeds of derring-do," and this is certainly not absent from his adventures to-night.

But now he has reached the last fighting deck, and the next companion staircase will land him in the open air—the glorious open air, so fresh and free.

Yonder walks the sentry before the captain's quarters, hardly ten yards away.

He has seen Louis glide up the staircase, yet gives no alarm. A black shadow, he thinks, can only represent the commander's great Newfoundland dog, "King of the Wave," for this splendid fellow is wont to take his rambles on deck at night.

But well indeed it is for this marine that he stirs not. A flash, a report not much louder than the striking of a match, and the man would never more do "sentry-go."

On deck at last! Forward now, and forward, under the shadow of bulwarks and screen. Not a footfall of his can be heard. But lo! before he is aware he finds himself almost in the centre of a group of sailors. They are squatting on deck in the moonlight, yarning of home, though their voices could scarce be heard three yards away.

Sailors are superstitious to a degree. But all in this group are not.

"Mother of Moses!" cries an Irishman, "it's the devil himself entoirely!"

Louis mon Brave raises his arms skywards and gives vent to a quavering shriek, which adds to Paddy's terror.

One bound now, and Louis will be free!

"Not so fast, sonny," cries a Yorkshireman, and the spy is instantly grabbed by the legs and thrown aft.

He gathers himself up in a second. Then there is a flash and the sailor falls dead.

Back now rushes the apparently doomed man, while revolvers rattle on the bridge, and bullets whistle around him. Back to the quarter-deck, and down the captain's private staircase.

The sentry is felled to the deck with one crushing blow from Louis' fist, but speedily recovers.

The spy has disappeared; a happy thought had

struck him, and next moment he had dived from the after-walk, down, down, into the moonlit water.

"The spy has escaped! The spy has escaped!"

That cry, that shout, runs round the ship like wild-fire.

Two boats are ordered away in pursuit at once.

Nor is Commander Capel idle. *He* had all his wits about him.

The spy must not, *shall* not reach the shore alive. And in a few minutes' time a score of marines are firing at every dark spot they seem to see in the bright band of moonlight 'twixt bows and shore. To make assurance doubly sure, a maxim gun is also brought to bear thereon, and the bullets patter around the spy like hail upon the water.

Surely he bears a charmed life!

But now the boats are in hot pursuit. It is a race for life with Louis now.

How gladly he welcomes the hurtling sound of shingle on the beach!

THEN THERE IS A FLASH, AND THE SAILOR FALLS DEAD.

"Hurrah,* men! hurrah!" shout the officers in charge of the boats. "Up with her, lads! Up with her! Cheerily does it! Hurrah! hurrah!"

And the brave lads row as perhaps they never rowed before.

In vain! Louis has gained the shore and rushed, panting and breathless, into the friendly shadow of the woods.

Just a quarter of an hour after making good his escape, Louis mon Brave is resting quietly on a hill-top, his eyes on the dark hull of the *Vengeful*, watching, waiting for the awful explosion that is to hurl her to perdition.

But that explosion never took place.

As merciless, as relentless as Fate, moved the machinery of the little clock placed with its bag of gun-cotton between the two torpedoes. In five minutes more the end will come.

The little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack still squats yonder in the rigging of even our modern cruisers; and surely never did that little cherub do its duty more faithfully than it did to-night.

The little cherub somehow put it into Bobby Blair's head to look between the torpedoes.

Next moment the London waif and stray doubles frantically forth to the aft-deck.

"Somefink is a-tickin'!" he shouts. "Somefink's tickin'! We'll hall be blow'd sky'igh in a minute!"

But Bobby doesn't lose his wits. He instantly seizes a cutlass, and hurries back.

Then the cord is severed and the danger is past!

Clutching the little clock, Bobby now goes rushing up on deck to see the commander, who is still anxiously watching on the bridge.

* "Hurrah!" in sailor parlance is a cry of encouragement, and means "hurry up."

"Hooray!" cries Bobby. "Hoor-roar! Hoor-roar! The hevening news, sir? Hextra speshal hedition! Hall the litest noos. Hooroar?"

And Bobby very unceremoniously thrusts the little morsel of devil machinery into his master's hand.

Perhaps Bobby had less respect for the Service than he ought to have had; anyhow the *pas de joie*, the wild daft dance that he now executed there before the eyes of the astonished commander, is certainly somewhat out of place on the bridge of a British cruiser, though it would have brought down the house in any tuppenny theatre in London.

But here comes the bo's'n's mate himself to explain.

"He's been and gone and saved the ship, sir, that's wot the little-un has been and gone and done," cried Tom Harris, "and he's saved every life on board, sir. And blow me as tight's bloomin' fiddler, sir, if Bobby Blair, as ever was, don't deserve the bloomin' Victoria Cross, my name ain't Tom Harris never no more."

And when matters were explained, so thought Commander Capel also.

* * * * *

The night passed away without further adventure; the moon rose higher and higher, and when at last it sank in the west an hour of intense darkness succeeded, broken at last by the gleam of the coming sun, and something akin to cheerfulness returned to every heart when his glorious rays lit up the woods.

No one had thought of retiring to rest, and the day which now dawned, and which ought to have seen the execution of the spy, was long remembered on board, for the body of the sentry who had been drugged to death, and that of the brave Yorkshire bluejacket who had grappled with Louis mon Brave as he attempted to escape, were consigned to the deep.

Like all funerals at sea, the ceremony was solemn and impressive. In this case probably more so than usual, because a steam pinnace was lowered to bear the corpses out to sea, and far away to deep water.

The pinnace contained the captain, commander, and chaplain, with many messmates, to whom the poor fellows, who now lay stark and stiff, had been very dear.

Other boats followed the little steamer, and as they moved slowly away seaward the band played a funeral march on the quarter deck.

The row boats proceeded to the "ground" in silence and with muffled oars; no one spoke, and I believe the clergyman's voice was the first to break the stillness.

When describing a burial service at sea, it is usual for the narrator to say, that many a sturdy sailor dashed his brown fist across his eyes, to wipe away the tears he needn't have been ashamed of. Well, I dare say that something of this sort did occur; concerning one matter, however, I am certain—namely, that as the boats returned the pinnace was going ahead at full speed, and the men in the row boats bent sturdily over their oars, the band playing a livelier air as the procession dashed onwards to the ship.

"I am glad of one thing," said Capel to Captain Bullard, while they were still on their way back.

"And that is?" asked Bullard.

"I am glad," said the commander, "that the sentry has gone before a greater tribunal than ours, sir. It would have been hard to have had to condemn him to death!"

"True, Capel, true!"

There was an interval of silence now, broken at last by Jack Howard, a bluejacket, and a splendid specimen of your British sailor.

"Look ye 'ere, sir," he said, addressing the young commander, "that poor Yorkshire boy, as we've just laid below, were a pal o' mine, and I lov'd him like a brother. I was a-goin' to marry 'is sister, and may yet, though it's sad and sorrowful news I'll ha' to break to t' lass if ever we gets ome. But 'ere I vows afore ye all, that if ever I meets that spy again—the Lord help him!"

Gordon Stables

To be continued

TELE-PHOTOGRAPHY

By A. Williams.

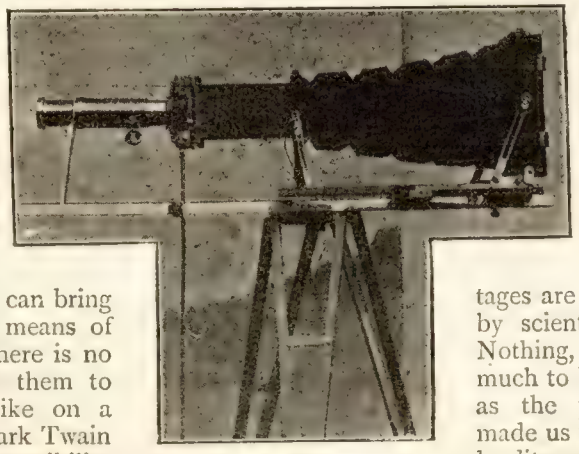
NELSON'S MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. 80YDS. DISTANT.

NELSON, AS TAKEN FROM SAME SPOT WITH TELE-PHOTOGRAPH LENS.

It would need a powerful pair of field glasses to produce the same effect.

MAHOMET, to persuade his followers that he possessed supernatural powers, promised to bring a certain mountain to his feet. But when he gave the order, the mountain, by refusing to budge, placed the prophet in a very awkward position. Mahomet was, however, a man of resource, so that he did not own himself beaten, like King Canute, but said cheerfully, "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," and went.

The modern photographer is able to perform what Mahomet failed to do. He can bring distant peaks close by means of the telescopic lens. There is no need for him to scale them to learn what they look like on a closer acquaintance. Mark Twain evidently recognised the possibility of the telescope when he used it to ascend Mont Blanc by proxy, although the head guide refused to grant him a certificate on the strength of such an ascent. Photographs can be and are taken with an ordinary telescope, especially star photographs; but it is not that class with which we have to deal in this article. Our attention will rather be turned to the tele-photograph lens, the invention of Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer—a lens which, without being bulky, has the effect of a powerful telescope, and can be fitted to any camera. It has been in use for seven years or more, and its advantages are now being fully realised by scientists and military men. Nothing, perhaps, has done so much to bring it into public notice as the present war, which has made us talk glibly of heliographs, lyddite, and mausers—names which many scarcely knew a twelvemonth ago—and caused



THE AUTHOR'S CAMERA WITH TELE-PHOTO LENS ATTACHED. TOTAL LENGTH, 30INS.

photographic minds to turn their attention to the tele-photograph lens working from the car of a balloon. As weapons become more and more powerful, it is increasingly difficult for an army to approach near enough to the enemy's position to spy out the land properly. But with the help of a balloon a wide view is commanded, and, with a good pair of field glasses, particulars can be noted to be transferred to the military sketch book. The tele-photograph lens does even more; it notes and registers as well; accurately and quickly, in a second of time, doing the work of many sketchers. Though we take the liberty of disbelieving that in the present campaign the tele-photograph lens has detected deserters in the enemy's camp, there can be no doubt that in any war waged in level country the lens will share with scouts the honour of being "the eyes of the army." A general will have the uncomfort able feeling that far away in the car of that pear-shaped thing suspended in mid-air some miles off, beyond the reach of rifle-bullet and shrapnel, is a brass snout taking in all the details of his earthworks, forts, and gun emplacements.

Before passing to the more peaceful uses of the lens, we will notice its structure and action. Any photographic beginner knows that a quarter-plate camera shows objects smaller than a half-plate. This is because the rays passing through the quarter-plate lens are brought to a focus sooner. Suppose that, instead of a half-plate camera we had a monster racking out to 64ins., and a lens to match. Then the image would be very large, and the camera very clumsy. So apparently we must, for ordinary purposes, sacrifice either lightness of apparatus or size of image. The tele-photograph lens gives us both at once; it enables us to use a small camera and yet get any particular object on a large scale. The

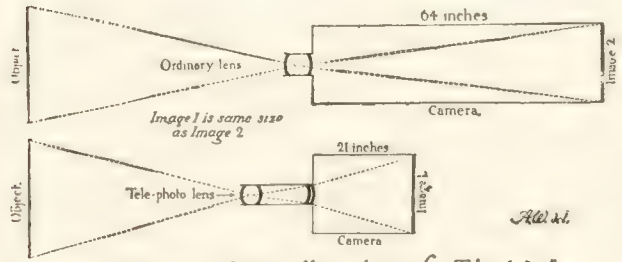
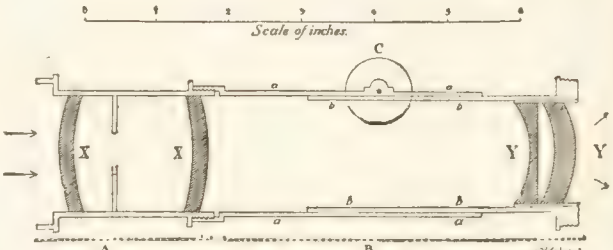


Diagram showing the action of a Tele-photo Lens.

sectional illustrations will explain this. The tele-photograph lens consists of two sets of lenses, X X and Y Y screwing into tubes *a a* and *b b*, one of which works inside the other by means of the rach and pinion, C. Rays from the object are caught by the lenses X X, and if left to themselves would come to a focus rather to the right of Y Y; but these latter lenses catch them before they have converged and scatter them again, so that they do not actually meet



Section of Telephoto Lens.

for another 21ins. The bending of the rays is the chief feature of the lens, for it will be seen, by referring to diagram 2, that the rays from the extremities of the object are now as far apart after travelling 21ins. as they would have been after a 64in. journey from an ordinary lens. Another great beauty of the arrangement is that, within limits, the object can be of any size. All that one has to do is to bring the two sets of lenses (X X and Y Y) nearer to one another and focus to suit. To illustrate this, a number of THE CAPTAIN was nailed on a barn and photographed four times at a distance of 15yds. *(See "Editorial.")* The largest picture is eight times larger every way than the smallest, which means that it has sixty-four times its area, or that it has the effect of having been taken with an ordinary lens at less than 2yds. distance. With the same power the electric light on the Eiffel Tower would be brought to within 150ft. of the camera, the cross of St. Paul's to within 60ft., and a tourist on the top of the Great Pyramid would be recognisable.

In war it is dangerous to get close to the object to be photographed; in peace it is often impossible or inconvenient. Supposing, for instance, that we have to take a house standing on one of the slopes of a valley. We shall find that the only spot whence we can get a fair view of it will be on the other slope. But now it is so minute that much of its detail is lost. So take off the ordinary lens and screw on the tele-photograph. The valley is spanned, the building brought close up, and the image is a useful size. Perhaps some of our readers will say, "O, but why not take a small picture and enlarge it to any size you like, as they do with the magic lantern?" It is a natural question with a simple answer. The image thrown

CLIFFS AT BOURNEMOUTH, TAKEN FROM THE PIER WITH AN ORDINARY CAMERA.

Reproduced from Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer's "Tele-photography" (Wm. Heinemann) by kind permission of the publisher.

by a magic lantern on to the screen looks clear enough at a distance, but the closer you come to it, the more blurred it appears. There is very good reason for this. To begin with, the original photograph was taken on a very small plate, on which the details of the image could all find room. Then it was transferred to another plate, so losing a little more detail, and finally thrown on to the screen—three processes. Now, if the image had come through a large lens *direct* on to the screen, then there would have been room for *all* the detail, and everything would have been sharp and clear. The tele-photograph lens is one that throws a large image in *one* process, hence its advantage. Look carefully at the two photographs taken by Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer of the cliffs at Bournemouth. In the general view a dot is visible on the face of the cliff below and rather to the right of the small house in the centre of the picture. What is this dot? It is no use to apply a magnifying glass, because that only gives a larger but equally indistinct dot. The detail isn't there, and consequently can't be produced. But turn to the tele-photograph. The dot now proves to be a clump of bushes, and the surrounding cliffs are shown beautifully scarred and striated.

For obtaining pictures of statuary and archi-

A TELE-PHOTOGRAPH VIEW OF PART OF THE CLIFFS AT BOURNEMOUTH, TAKEN FROM THE PIER.

The part photographed here is shown X X in the picture above, immediately below the small house in the centre of the picture. Observe how clearly the strata in the rocks are defined, while the small spot revolves itself into a clump of bushes.

Reproduced from Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer's "Tele-photography" (Wm. Heinemann)), by kind permission of the publisher.

THE MONUMENT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT STRATHPELDSAYE.

Taken from a point 70yds. distant.

tectural subjects the tele-photograph lens is invaluable. Our greatest admiral and our most famous general have had statues erected to them, but, being at a height proportionate to their renown, these statues are dwarfed to an ordinary lens. You can see the statue and get some rough idea of its attitude; the features and detail of the sculpture are invisible. The long-range lens, however, gives us a picture which might well have been taken from a scaffold raised conveniently near the statue.

Tele-photography has its difficulties. The chief one results from the weakness of light caused by using a high power of magnification. Only a certain number of rays can pass through a hole of a given size, such as the "stop" of a lens; and if these rays have to be spread over an area sixty-four times the normal extent covered by them, it is only natural that they should work out rather thin, like some school butter. With this feeble light, it is very hard to tell when an object is in focus. My apparatus (see illustration) is long, 30ins. in all, and when focussing I must keep my face well back from the ground glass, but yet manage to reach the pinion for adjusting the lenses. The position, especially if the camera be much tilted, is trying; and, with a fierce sun beating down on the black focussing cloth, is a test of endurance—as I found when manœuvring for the Duke of Wellington.

While taking Horatio Nelson from a spot on the top of the London County Council offices in Trafalgar Square I ran up against another difficulty. There was a strong wind blowing, which fairly hummed through the legs of the camera, making it tremble very visibly. An ordinary apparatus is bad enough under such conditions, but since a tele-photograph lens is quite impartial, and magnifies any movement eight times, I am sure that, but for an umbrella which I had with me, the victor of Trafalgar would have appeared as a blur against the sky.

THE DUKE, AS SEEN WITH THE TELE-PHOTOGRAPH LENS AT THE SAME DISTANCE.

Notice how clear the features are.

Thanks to the umbrella, he looks very much like himself.

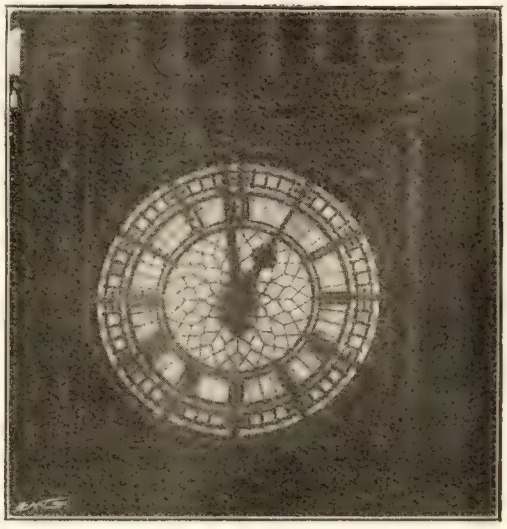
A tele-photoist—to coin a word expressly for THE CAPTAIN—is not without honour. While I was levelling my instrument on "Big Ben," one of the many spectators likened me to the "handy man" with his Maxim gun, and another hinted darkly at the new wireless telegraphy. Possibly he may have thought me a Boer spy, flashing signals to conspirators within the House. The Maxim gun man evidently noticed that the lens had something about it suggestive of the cannon's mouth. No doubt, if an explorer pointed such a lens at hostile niggers he might be able to rid himself of them pretty quickly as the possessor of an extremely "evil eye."

THE "COCK OF THE VILLAGE," SHINFIELD CHURCH.
Magnified by tele-photograph lens sixty-four times.

To turn to more certain uses. Most photographers in the basin-and-jug-of-water period fasten upon relations and make them "sit" in easy attitudes, with legs crossed carelessly, or hands folded gracefully on the knees. The results do not usually flatter either the sitter or the artist. The sitter's feet and hands seem to have suddenly become several sizes too large for his body, owing to their being unduly near the camera, and exaggerated in consequence; so that a professional takes good care to make the front rank of a group tuck their legs away where they will not be aggressive, or lay them sideways, so that the whole body may be in the same plane. With the tele-photograph lens the difficulty disappears. Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer, in his excellent book on "Tele-photography," gives a good example of this. On Boscombe Pier there is the skeleton of a whale. Now, if anyone should wish to photograph it large he must go on the pier, and as the pier is narrow he is obliged to set up his camera at one end of the whale. But that makes the creature appear all head or all tail. Mr. Dallmeyer accordingly used a tele-photograph lens, and from a point on the *beach* secured a large broadside picture of the skeleton, showing it all in proper proportion.

The lens will be a great treasure to the naturalist. Before its advent anyone who wanted to photograph wild animals had to be hidden until they chose to come near enough for his purpose. But now, armed with the lens, he can easily approach conveniently close without disturbing his quarry. A hedge or bush will afford sufficient cover. The wild rabbit appears a very fair size at 50yds., and a lion would be quite large enough at a much

"BIG BEN" CLOCK TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT — 200YDS. AWAY.



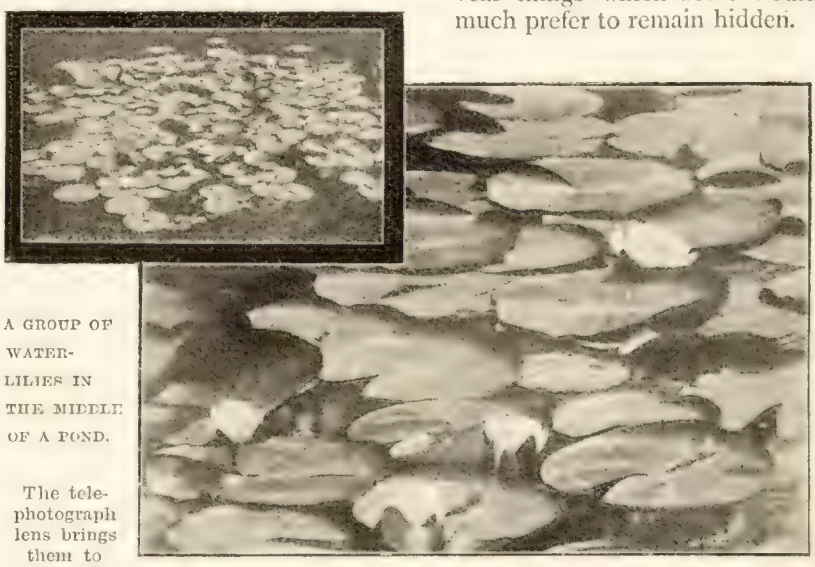
"BIG BEN" HIMSELF.

What proof is there that this photograph is not an enlargement of the other?

safer distance. I secured some very fair negatives of rabbits by rigging up a screen of galvanised iron, and whistling, which at once brought the creatures on their haunches, ears erect, as motionless as any photographer could desire.

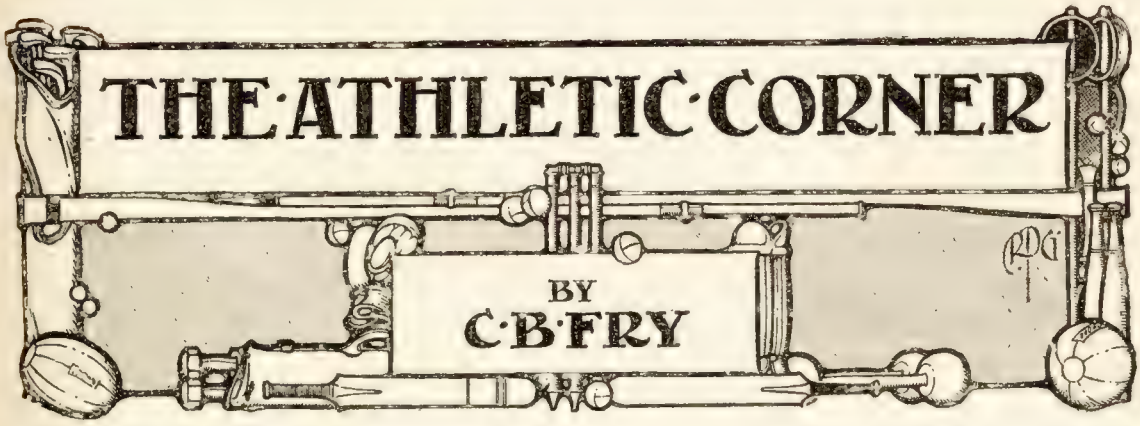
For taking birds and their nests the lens has a fine opening. Some nests, especially those of sea birds, are so situated that they can only be seen from a distance, whence their details are invisible. Tele-photography will bring the illustrations of our bird books much nearer to nature than some of them are at present. The botanist, too, should welcome the art. Its use in his particular province may be illustrated by the two photographs of water-lilies. It is much simpler to set up a camera on the bank of a pond and work at ease than to strip and wade out into deep water. The feeling of slippery mud yielding beneath the feet is not pleasant, especially when the camera legs are also journeying downwards.

As time goes on, fresh uses for tele-photography will be found. In the meantime, we will conclude with a warning to all boys who have a taste for breaking bounds, smoking cigars, and other illegal acts, which their fathers were guiltless of. "Stalky & Co." were hard put to it by the field glasses of Foxy, the school porter. But the next generation of "Stalkies" may be even harder pressed. A telescopic lens and a biograph might, between them, reveal things which some would much prefer to remain hidden.



A GROUP OF WATER-LILIES IN THE MIDDLE OF A POND.

The tele-photograph lens brings them to within 5ft. of the observer's eye. For taking records of aquatic plants the lens will be invaluable.



WHAT I THINK OF PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL.

Only the "old boys" among the readers of The Captain can remember the time when the professional player of Association was not. By the time I came into contact with decent class football, professionalism was in full swing. That was when I got (very proudly) into my school team at Repton at the age of fifteen, and had the delight of playing against Derby County and Stoke. Repton, as I daresay you know, is near Derby, and therefore in the heart of the midland football district; so our school team now and then arranged mid-week matches with some of the great "pro" clubs. We learnt a thing or two on those occasions, I may say. I can remember several grand matches we played with Derby County, and one especially which ended in a draw. Repton has always been strong at "Soccer," and about that time we had some really exceptional teams.

We had a sort of old standing feud with Derby County, so the "Peakites" used to do their best to beat us. It may sound rather absurd to say we always gave them a good game, but we did;

A SCHOOL TEAM TAKES SOME LICKING ON ITS OWN GROUND,

and besides, we were very strong, as I said above; in fact, of the eleven who played that historic draw, ten either got their Blues or were tried for the 'Varsity; and the other man was, perhaps, the best of the lot, but did not go to Oxford or Cambridge. But I soon obtained a wider acquaintance with professionals, for in the Christmas holidays I was invited to go with the Casuals on their northern tour. Afterwards, for some years, I played regularly for the Casuals, and later for the Corinthians, both in the south, the midlands and the north, against practically all the great clubs; so, what with my Oxford matches and some odd others, I ought to know something about the "pros." Whether I can put my knowledge on paper is another matter; those of you who do exams. will understand the distinction.

You know, of course, that professionalism was only legalised by the Football Association, and fully recognised, after much trouble and many struggles. Some people still think it was a pity the Association ever legalised it. But that opinion is not of much account, because professionalism would have come whether the governing body recognised it or not.

The paid player arose in a very simple and natural manner. The clubs in the north and midlands, as interest in the game grew, found they could get a deal of gate money.

THE MEN WHO PLAYED WERE NOT WELL OFF,

and, naturally enough, did not see why a share of the money their club earned through them should not come into their pockets. The clubs did not mind this; they had the money to pay, and payment secured good players. This, at the time, was contrary to all football law, so the payments were made in a veiled manner. There were all sorts of stories about men finding sovereigns in their boots and "fivers" in their bags. This was reprehensible. But the money was available, and most of the players not only desired, but needed it. So what could you expect? It must be remembered that, as the number of matches increased, most of the men would have been unable to play owing to loss of time and wages had not the clubs paid them more than mere out-of-pocket expenses. Anyhow, after sundry storms and scandals, professionalism was recognised. And the moment

this was done the professional clubs began to multiply, and have continued to do so ever since. A gentleman invented the League, which consolidated and magnified the professional clubs included. Subsequently many other leagues and combinations arose. In the early days most of the men who played for a club lived in the neighbourhood, and

THE INTEREST WAS GENUINELY LOCAL

—the men of the town played for the town. But as soon as professionalism was recognised the clubs began getting men, no matter whence, to represent them. Football became a trade, and each player sold his labour in the best market. A town had a club, but the players were gathered from the four winds. Most of the "pros" came from Scotland. One very English town not long ago boasted a team every name in which began with "Mac." So nowadays, when Everton plays Southampton, it is not a case of Everton against Southampton, but of the team collected and paid by the one against the team collected and paid by the other.

We can now see what a modern professional club is. It is a concern managed on business lines, providing entertainment for people, and getting its income from the gate-money. Most of the big clubs are direct descendants of, and

BEAR THE SAME NAME

as, old-time amateur or semi-amateur clubs, but their constitution is entirely different. The old clubs were just like the modern town or village cricket club. Now most of the clubs are run on company or syndicate lines. A "pro" club requires capital to start it, like any other business; this money is found by certain people who hope to run the club at a profit, and to get interest on their money The players are the paid employés of the board of directors—they are engaged just as a theatre company is engaged, and football is their profession. They play, and people pay to see them. But there is a deal of sport in the promotion of a club in spite of the business of it, and a deal of genuine sport in playing, though the players are paid. It is not quite fair to speak of a "pro" club as a business concern in a lofty, despising spirit, for it must not be forgotten that the promoters are largely actuated by a desire to have a successful football team in their town, a team that wins matches and shows good sport.

THERE IS NOT MUCH PROFIT TO BE GOT FROM A FOOTBALL CLUB,

and a deal of risk. In fact, much more money has been lost than made at the business. In many cases the promoters know this, but are willing to risk their money in order that their town may have good football. Then as to the players. They, of course, get excellent wages and make their livelihood from the game; but most of them are genuinely fond of the game as such, and enjoy matches keenly Some of them have no other employment, but many follow trades and professions of various kinds. I know one man who came penniless from Scotland, a raw, hard, sandy youth. He played for a great northern team for some years; but all the while he was building up a boot business, which is now one of the best in a big town. He made money out of football; but he was thoroughly fond of the game, and regarded the boot trade as his real work. It is a pity that some clubs nowadays make a point of having

ENTIRE CONTROL OF THEIR MEN'S TIME,

so that the latter are in some cases unable, if willing, to engage in other pursuits besides football, but it must be remembered that the clubs pay very high wages.

It has frequently been said that professionalism is bad for the game. I have not always been sure what the people who say this mean. In a certain sense it is true. No game can be such a good sport when it is played as a business as when played purely for the fun of it. Directly money comes into a game undesirable things are sure to follow. But amateur football and professional football are quite distinct and separate affairs which do not affect one another very much. It is sometimes said that amateur football has been killed by professionalism. This, I do not think, is correct. The fact is, that before professionalism came in and produced

A HIGH STANDARD OF SKILL,

the "Old Boys'" clubs, and other amateur teams, held a much higher place in the football world than now. The decline of the latter, if it exists, is relative, not absolute. The League and cup ties have, it is true, taken most of the public interest out of ordinary club games; but I do not think the amateur teams now are fewer in number than formerly, or play worse football. The most enjoyable football of all—*viz.*, at schools and at the 'Varsities, remains just as it was (except in so far as the high standard of skill shown by the "pros" has improved it) and is entirely independent of the professional clubs. The tours of the Corinthians, the Casuals, and other strong amateur clubs, are as enjoy

able as ever. There is a great deal of amateur football played in the south. It is, I admit, rather hard luck on a good public-school, or 'Varsity player, who lives in the north or midlands, that, after leaving school or 'Varsity, he cannot get good football; he cannot, for there are

HARDLY ANY GOOD AMATEUR TEAMS

away from round London. But I do not think his case in any way worse than it was before the days of professionalism, for even then he would not have been able to get such games as he was used to and liked. Again, it is supposed that professionals regard matches with the Corinthians, Casuals, and the 'Varsities, as mere off-days. This is a mistake; the strong amateur teams have splendid matches with the professionals. The "pros" may occasionally be a little slack, but they do not at all like being beaten, especially by the Corinthians, as they frequently are—more often than not, in fact. This idea is largely due to some of the reporters, who start with the rooted idea that a "pro" team must be able to beat an amateur, and when the result upsets this theory, come to the unfounded and idiotic conclusion that the "pros" did not play up.

There used to be an idea that professionalism was bad for the game, because of the rough and foul play it introduced. This is an error. As to rough play, the professionals, even in the cruder days, very rarely indulged in it, and for this very simple reason: that

THEY HAD TOO MUCH TO LOSE BY IT,

since, if they got hurt, they lost wages, and perhaps their livelihood. No, the "pro" never liked hard charging. As to foul play of a tricky order, I am afraid I cannot say the same. But even on this point there is some misconception.

Formerly many of the northern and midland players indulged only too frequently in tripping and pushing and other illegalities. There were always some who were scrupulously fair, but I fear they were in the minority. I remember being extremely annoyed and exasperated by their tricks: they seemed to me to trip you and shove you as a matter of course, and to reckon on taking every possible advantage, however illegal. But I do not now think so badly of them as I did then. The truth is, they played the game in a totally different manner from we southerners; their standard was different. They all played, as it were, "on the cross"; it was a recognised thing that it did not matter what they did as long as the referee did not see, and they

EXPECTED EVERYONE TO PLAY THE SAME GAME.

If you and I played a game of *écarté* on the understanding that we would try to cheat, cheating would be part of our game and not really cheating at all. Well, the northern "pro," as a rule, played football that way: I am bound to say it was not right or good for the game. Many of the best teams played a very fair game; the worst offenders were the second and third raters, who were atrocious. Still, I remember once, in a match against Sunderland, the then centre forward made a bracket of his forearms and carried the ball through the goal from a scramble just in front. I told him in round terms that he was not an honourable man. He looked at me in contempt for a moment, then jerked his thumb towards the fat and distant referee, and remarked: "Ye daftie, yon could na' see." It was being found out that mattered—the Spartan code of honour, in fact. And the spectators encouraged this sort of thing; nothing pleased them so much as a successful trip—they shouted with laughter at us slow-witted loons who did not know the game

AS PLAYED UP NORTH.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was not because they were "pros" that the northerners behaved like this; but because they belonged mostly to a class by whom minor mal-practices of this sort were regarded as amusing and jestful; it was not because they were paid that they played unfairly, but because, in common with their pals, they did not regard the tricks as really unfair. All this has now been eradicated by strict enforcement of the laws of the game and wide-awake refereeing. And the spectators, having been educated to better things, so far from encouraging foul tactics, actually hiss them now. I remember rather a funny incident during a match between the Casuals and Grimsby one Christmas tour. There was a huge old fisherman planted on a a fence close behind the goal defended first half by Grimsby. Every time their goal-keeper handled the ball he applauded loudly and cheered in a voice that would have sounded above a Baltic gale. When we changed over he was quiet for a bit, but finally, unable to stand it any longer, he broke out into the most

HOMERIC ABUSE OF OUR GOAL-KEEPER.

He knew handling the ball was forbidden, but

was not aware of the exception in favour of the goal-keeper. He simply delighted in what he fancied was his own man's consummate skill: but he could not brook our man playing the same game. I expect he knows better now.

That professionalism has done good to football in one direction no one will deny. It has raised the standard of skill immeasurably. It was the old Preston North End that first invented and perfected combination as it is now known, and the other successful clubs followed their example. Combination has vastly changed and improved the old Association game. I need not enlarge on the virtues of combination, but we owe its perfection to the "pros." It is absurd to expect an ordinary amateur team to play as well as the average professional team. The former plays, perhaps, three times a fortnight; the latter has two matches a week, practise every day, and is in continual training. But I think

THE AVERAGE AMATEUR IS A BETTER PLAYER THAN THE AVERAGE "PRO"

when the conditions under which they respectively play are taken into account.

If you take a picked amateur eleven, like the Corinthians, they can hold their own with any professional team. They do not play quite the same game. The "pros" like short passing, and clever, tricky play; the amateurs go for the long pass and the rush. Short passing sometimes degenerates into piffling; long passing into raggedness. The "pros" are always much, much stronger at half-back—why, I cannot explain, but it is the reason of their being so difficult for amateurs, even the best, to beat. Give the average Corinthian team three "pro" halves, and no one would beat them. On the whole, I think the best five amateur forwards of the year have almost always been equal to the best five "pros," and often superior—this because, though not quite so clever, the former go straighter and with more dash. The best amateur pair of backs, as a rule, is superior to the two best "pros." The latter do not play so well with their halves, and generally kick too high and hard. In goal-keepers the amateurs quite hold their own. Personally, I fancy an amateur team, with "pro" half-backs, as, on the average,

THE FINEST COMBINATION AVAILABLE.

But I daresay I am prejudiced.

Whether professionalism is good or bad, there is no doubt that without it the enormous amount of football entertainment now provided for the eager public would be quite impossible. You could not very well have leagues without professionals, and without leagues you have no continuity of interest. I do not agree with those who think that this spectacular football keeps men and boys from playing themselves. There are more clubs and more matches now than there ever were: watching good football engenders a desire to play, and teaches how to play. Besides, many of the spectators have plenty of opportunities of playing during the week. And, in any case, I do not fancy that the majority of the "crowd" would be actively employed at the game if they were not looking on. They would have nothing to do most likely, and might be in much worse places than the "sixpenny stand."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. Mac has a novel cricket problem. He was playing cricket with his brother on the understanding that over a certain fence was out. The ball had a crack in it. "E. J. Mac" bowled a half volley, which the other Mac hit. He hit the cover off the ball. The cover was found over the fence, the body of the ball inside. Was the batsman in or out? Now my ruling is this: If I were the umpire I should (after being duly surprised that the lighter part of the ball carried farther than the heavier) give the batsman in, because, though there is no rule to meet the case, the spirit of the rules seems to imply (though why it should I do not know) that in any case of doubt the batsman is to have the benefit. An umpire whose turn of mind admitted of his being fully persuaded that the cover of a ball is the ball without the inside, would, however, be quite justified in giving the batsman out, for "the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play." Still, it is a new case—for which much thanks. **W. E. G.**—I do not know the exact pathology of cramp, but I do know this—that a muscle which is not used to being exercised, or is exercised in a new way, is liable to cramp. Usually, after the muscle gets into training, cramp no more supervenes; so I advise you to go on with your athletics. Of course, in no case ought you to overtax your muscular system. If you are weak you must build yourself up gradually. Do not bathe in deep water or alone if you are subject to cramp in the water. **T. King-Parks.**—If you get a fast short ball outside the leg-stump, do not move towards square-leg, but in front of your wicket, facing round to the on, and placing the ball away past the umpire. If you cannot cut, you should give up the stroke, except to a very short ball, which you should hit hard and square with a horizontal bat, moving the front leg across a bit. Your fault in playing forward is very common. Either you play too far in front of your advanced leg, or else you play too soon. Take your bat well back, stand upright, and play at the last possible second. Write to THE CAPTAIN for a "CAPTAIN bat." State your age and height. **Arthur Heap.**—You can drive hard and safely without being strong. Hard driving comes from a long quick swing of the bat and accurate timing. You should get to the pitch of the ball if you can, with your feet near together, and your bat taken well back. Then hit with a quick, free swing, and without dropping your right shoulder (your back shoulder, that is). Hold your bat with both hands

close together near the top of the handle, very tight with the top hand, and rather looser with the other. **Edgar Mauser.**—(1) J. T. Brown and Tunnicliffe against Derbyshire. (2) An amateur or professional, to play for a county, must either have been born in it or have had his home in it for two years. (3) No; on the whole it is better for a captain not to be a bowler, but it depends on his knowledge and common sense. **Gonu.**—Thanks. About your knee; I am inclined to think judicious bicycling will do it most good. When it is well again, avoid for a long time risking any sort of twist. Bicycling is straight work for it, and will strengthen the muscles round the joint. **Chas. J. Maberly** thinks it would be a good thing if the cricket-pitch were lengthened to 25yds., and gives some ingenious reasons. I do not think this would do much good. **F. Fairshorne.**—For the purposes of cricket you should learn to throw under your shoulder, picking up the ball and wuzzing it in with the same action, as it were. Keep the trajectory as low as you can, having regard to the required distance. For long throwing you want to take a long run and deliver the throw with a loose, easy, quick action; contrive that the impetus of your run is brought to bear on the throw. **Prof.**—(1) You might try Thomas & Sons, Cheapside, E.C. (2) Strictly speaking, yes; but, as a matter of fact, no. I did it myself at the age of fourteen, but if anyone had tried to disqualify me as a "pro" he would have been laughed at. **B. F.**—No; I do not think your smoking would have hurt your running. Probably you have not done much of that kind of exercise lately. Begin gradually, and do not expect results too quickly. Of course, you should not over smoke. **F. Skinner.**—As long as one foot is behind, the bowler is all right; he can have two there if he likes. **George H.**—(1) Anything under 2mins. 30secs. (2) Yes; eighteen is not too young. (3) You might run 880yds. in 2mins. 14secs. or so, but it depends. I hope you will do well and realise your ambitions. Be sure not to over-train, or do too much. Slow and sure is the motto for training methods—*i.e.*, work up gradually. **G. M. Casey.**—Scotton played for Notts, A. G. Steel for Cambridge and Lancashire, Peate for Yorkshire, and V. J. Walker for Middlesex. **P. C. Gaskin.**—There is no rule to prevent a batsman playing both right and left. **Graham Skillen.**—You are the right sort. Now, just take my tip—do not do too much. A quarter of an hour's dumb-bells in the morning is quite enough for you; 10mins. would be better. Do not use bells weighing more than 1½lb. each; 1lb. is better. You may follow Sandow's chart of exercises, but keep your work light. The whole point of physical culture is to get your results by very gradual means; this is the only way that does you good. Play games as much as you like. Yes; the bails have to be knocked off; but there are other ways of being out—*vide* the rules.

C. B. Fry

THE BIRTH OF "ASTON VILLA."

UNDOUBTEDLY the leading professional club of the day, the Aston Villa F.C. possesses a history which is ancient by comparison with that of most of the other league clubs. Of the thousands of excited partisans who now watch the Villa matches in Birmingham, few are probably aware that the club was started by the members of a Bible class connected with a chapel at Villa Cross, Handsworth, one of the suburbs of Birmingham. These young sportsmen had already established a cricket club, and one day, in 1874, having seen a match—under Rugby rules, by the way—between Handsworth and Grasshoppers, their spirit of emulation was fired, the result being the formation of the Aston Villa F.C. Among the founders of the club were Messrs. E. B. Lee and W. B. Mason (for some years hon. secretary) and Herr Weiss, who was an admirable vocalist. Their practice games took place on some waste ground, but their first match was decided on a field lent by a Mr. Wilson, who had seen them playing on the free pitch referred to. One half of their first match was played under Rugby rules and the other according to the Association code—a very impartial beginning. In the second season they made rapid strides, partly owing to the accession to their ranks of G. B. Ramsay, a young Scotchman, who, passing the Villa's ground, and noticing the game, volunteered his services. These proved valuable indeed, for besides having been one of its best players, Mr. Ramsay is now the secretary of the club, with which he has been connected nearly twenty-five years. It was owing to the shrewdness of Mr. Ramsay that the ground at Perry Barr was obtained, the rental being fixed at £5, while the first gate realised 5s. 3d.

The rental of the Perry Barr increased from the modest £5, at first paid, to £200; but as the accommodation was considered insufficient the club obtained the Aston Lower Grounds, on which some £20,000 has been spent. This new ground was opened at Easter, 1897, and since then it is computed that it has held more spectators than any other English ground, except that belonging to the Everton F.C. at Liverpool. The club is now registered as the Aston Villa Football Club, Limited. Their receipts during the last season amounted to upwards of £15,000, of which over £3,000 was clear profit. The players' wages and bonuses caused an outlay of over £6,000, figures which gives some idea of the expense of running a first-class professional club.

From "Association Football," by N. L. Jackson.

OXFORD UNDER-GRADUATE SLANG.

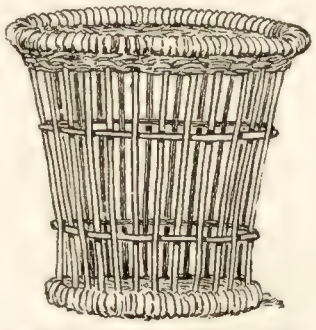
By a Christ Church Man.

Dear Smith,—Sorry I can't brekker with you to-morrow at the ugger, but have promised to brekker with Williams, of Wuggins.—Yours, Brown.

Such a note as the above would be almost unintelligible to the ordinary reader, but the phrases are those of every-day life at the 'Varsity. In ordinary English it would run something as follows :—

Dear Smith,—Sorry I can't breakfast with you to-morrow at the union, but have promised to breakfast with Williams, of Worcester College.—Yours, Brown.

One of the principle rules in this grammar of slang is to change the last syllable of the word to be mutilated into "er"—but this should not be followed too closely, as it once was, by a luckless "fresher," who informed his "scout" that he hoped he would be "punker" in serving his meals! What the "scout" said is not recorded To the undergraduate mind nothing is sacred. Saints, dons, churches, clubs—all have their own particular appellation. St. Barnabas' Church is condensed into "Barney"; St. Peter-le-Bailey and St. Peter-in-the-East become respectively, "Pagger le Bagger" and "Pagger le Beast!"



IN OXFORD SLANG THIS ARTICLE IS CALLED A "WAGGER-PAGGER-BAGGER."

The musical union rejoices in the very unmusical name of the "mugger ugger." In the morning, if you attend a roll-call, you "keep a roller," an expression which sounds somewhat startling to the uninitiated! You then "brekker," after which you attend lectures by "keeping lekkers." If you have more leisure, you take a "strag" or stroll down the High, or "play pills" with some friend in one of the many billiard-rooms in which Oxford rejoices. For recreations, you have the choice—in the winter term of "Soccer" and "Rugger"—the two styles of football—or a hockey "squash" in the University parks, or the "paggers," or you may play "fugg-soccer," a kind of indoor football, almost peculiar to Oxford. In the summer, a great form of "eccer" is "patters," a corruption of "patball," *i.e.*, tennis.

It can hardly be expected that the colleges themselves would escape this rechristening process. Hence we find Pembroke known as "Pemmy," Christ Church as "House," Brazenose College as "B. N. C.," Jesus Coll. as "Jaggers," Worcester as "Wuggins," St. Edmund Hall is familiarly known as "Teddy Hall," and the non-collegiate students are classed together under the *soubriquet* of "Toshers." If a college eight has been unusually successful on the river, the college have a "rag" in the evening, ending in the inevitable "bonner" or bonfire. If you are met by the Proctor after 9 p.m. without cap and gown, he fines you five shillings, and you are "progged," or you may be "marked in" or watched back to your college by one of his "bullers" or "bulldogs," a term applied to the four men who accompany each "Proggins" on his rounds, and do most of the rough work. That well-known land-mark of street orators, the Martyr's Memorial, goes by the title of the "Magger's Memugger." A little further up St. Giles is the church of St. Philip and St. James, or "Phil and Jim." An institution known as the Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union becomes, of course, the O.I.C.U. If, during the summer vacation, or the "Long," you do a little in the tutoring line, you are said to "take pups," "pups" being apparently a corruption of "pupils." When living out of college, you are said to "dig." The well-known ladies' college—Lady Margaret Hall—becomes "Lady Maggie." That flourishing institution, the 'Varsity Volunteers, are always known as the "bugshooters," a compliment, perhaps, to their accuracy of aim. When, at the end of the term, you interview the dons, and receive approbation, or the reverse, on your term's work, you attend a "don-rag." When you close your outer door for the night, you "sport your oak." Perhaps the consummation of atrocity is to be found in the term, "wagger-pagger-bagger," which, being interpreted, is "waste-paper basket." Such are a few Oxonianisms, which are to be most commonly met with at the 'Varsity.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET.

NOBODY knew—save three. As long as these three kept silent, nobody else, in the natural course of events, would be any the wiser. The three people who held this secret were the King of Kingland, the Lord Chancellor, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Save these three—nobody knew.

A little out of the common was the geographical situation of Kingland. There are parts of the South Atlantic where ships seldom appear, and in one of the most lonely regions of this expanse of ocean is situated an island, about the size of Yorkshire. Owing to the violence of the currents which abound in this latitude, the island of which I am speaking has for centuries been left severely alone by mariners, and this explains why nobody but myself knows that this island is inhabited by a large number of persons of European extraction. Although no vessels make this island a port of call, the inhabitants are constantly supplied with most of the luxuries and all the necessities of to-day; this may seem to you very remarkable, but the fact is that, of the hundreds of derelicts throughout the broad Atlantic, a large percentage drift with the southern currents on to the shores of Kingland. These deserted hulks are at times anxiously looked for by the inhabitants, who entirely depend on such driftage for food and clothing. There is a delightful uncertainty about the nature of these ocean gifts, for while one moon may yield a cargo of oil-cake and sewing machines, another may send them a wreck in whose battered hull may be found such a consignment of tinned delicacies as will feed the good Kinglanders for many months. Sometimes machinery is cast ashore; but this is useless, for they cannot eat it or work it. At other times, great is the delight of the populace when huge quantities of wearing apparel strike this peculiar island. Money is not known in Kingland; they exchange one commodity for another, and so they live.

Now, it is the custom in Kingland for the male inhabitants to take it by turns to rule: son follows father, nephew succeeds uncle. The throne is held for one year at a time, and thus the island, being full of men who have been kings, or hope to be kings, is rightly named "Kingland."

The people take their names from the occupations they follow, or some article connected with those occupations; and so it comes to pass that, at the time my story begins, a waiter, who had just ascended the throne, was very appropriately known to his loyal subjects as

KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST.

King Waterbottle, aged twenty-five, had at length ascended the throne recently vacated by his uncle, King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half, a coffee-house keeper. He was called King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half, because he had reigned a year and a-half, and he reigned this extra six months because his successor couldn't be found. Search high, search low, Prince Waterbottle evaded pursuit. He was advertised for—but in vain. The authorities got so

exasperated at his non-appearance that at length they offered a reward of a thousand boots for him—dead or alive. Then—he appeared. The Lord Chancellor produced him, and the thousand boots were paid over to the Lord Chancellor.

When the Chancellor received his thousand boots he went to the baker and said:

"Here are thirty pair o' boots for you. In return you will supply my household with bread for a year."

Then the Chancellor went to the butcher. "Here," said he "are a hundred pair o' boots—see?"

"Yes," said the butcher, "I see. It would be hard not to, as they quite block the passage up."

"Meat for my household for one year," said the Chancellor, going out before the butcher could raise any objection. It was rather aggravating of him, because they were all boys' boots, and the butcher had fourteen unmarried daughters. However, the Chancellor always did as he liked, because he was all-powerful, having the *Army* on his side. The Chancellor next went to a furniture man and gave him a lot of boots for a drawing-room *suite* (pale blue and gold, Cupps the Second period; very tasty); and to a horse-dealer, and exchanged fifty pairs of boots for a pony for his wife's governess-car; and to a poulterer, and got fowl-supply for a year; and to a barber, and got free hair-cuts for a year; and so on, all round the capital. That reward of a thousand boots came in very useful, the Chancellor concluded.

Now, you will want to know how the Chancellor managed to produce Prince Waterbottle just when the reward was offered. Why, he had kept him shut up in his dungeon all that six months, waiting for a reward to be offered. When the reward was offered, out came Prince Waterbottle, with his face nicely washed and his hair combed, looking as if he had been to a six months' tea-party.

So Prince Waterbottle ascended the throne, and King Cupps the Ninth-and-a-Half went back to his coffee-shop, and proceeded to barter cups of coffee for bits of rope, glasses, slices of bacon, and so on "in kind." His accounts used to get sadly complicated when he gave credit to customers and allowed them to "chalk it up" for any length of time.

But you are waiting for the secret. It will be explained in a conversation which was held between the new King and the Chancellor, a few days after the crowning of Waterbottle the First.

"Good morning, your Majesty," said the Lord Chancellor, coming into the palace breakfast room as the King was lighting his pipe, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Chair, sir?" said the King, getting up and flicking the one he had been sitting on with his table-napkin.

"I beg your Majesty," cried the Chancellor, "to remember that your Majesty is now a King—that for a year you will cease to follow your customary occupation—that of a waiter."

"Very good, sir," said the King.

"I must request your Majesty not to address me as 'sir'" implored the Chancellor; "it isn't necessary. Oh, dear!" he added, "you kings are a bother. Your grandfather was always running about with cups of tea, offering them to the Court officials, and generally had his sleeves turned up. Force of habit, I suppose. Yes, you kings are a bit of a bother, your gracious Majesty."

"Still," said the King, "there are compensations." He looked at the Chancellor's boots in a meaning way, and the Chancellor blushed.

"Now," said the King, "I want to make a nice bit off the breast of it to you."

"Your calling again!" expostulated the Chancellor. "I presume you mean you want to make a clean breast of something to me."

"Yessir."

"Can't you be a bit more haughty?" inquired the Chancellor.

"Do me best, sir," said the King; "but in this hot weather 'aughtiness won't always keep. As to that, if I'm not 'aughty enough, my little bruvver is, I do assure you."

"Your little brother!" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor.

"That's it. I've got a brother. We're as like as two pins. We're twins. Ah! you never noo that afore, I guess."

"No, I never knew it, and I don't believe it," said the Lord Chancellor.

"It's true as I stand 'ere," persisted the King, beginning, in an absent-minded sort of way, to sweep the crumbs off the breakfast table.

"Then," said the Lord Chancellor, brightening up, "if you have a twin brother, he ought to be sharing the throne with you."

"Without a doubt," said the King.

"You can't very well *both* be kings," mused the Chancellor.

"Well," said the King eagerly, "I abdicate. That's what I do—I abdicate. Good morning!"

And he walked away.

"Here, come back, come back!" cried the Chancellor. "You mustn't go yet. Where is this twin-brother of yours?"

The King stopped, took off his crown, wiped it round with his pocket-handkerchief, and hung it up on a peg.

"In England," he said.

"In England—what's that?"

"A little island on the map," said the King.

"Don't your great-uncle know he's there?" demanded the Chancellor, into whose head a great idea had come.

"No," said the King; "nobody but me—and you. Uncle sent him when he was a boy."

"I see," said the Chancellor; "and what's your brother doing over at that little island?"

"Getting heducated hat Heton hand Hoxford," said the King.

"But I thought," said the Chancellor, "that no ship ever called at this island. How could your brother be sent to this place called England?"

"CHAIR, SIR?" SAID THE KING.

"Well, it's rather givin' fam'ly secrets away," said the King; "but I must, if I want to abdicate. My old uncle, he's in league with the captain of a whaling schooner. It calls here twice a year, at dead of night. Uncle gives him all that stuff they call gold that he finds in derelicts, and in return the captain of the whaler gives uncle blubber."

"What does uncle do with that?" asked the Lord Chancellor.

"Makes it into butter," replied the King.

"Smart man, that captain," said the Chancellor, approvingly; "but what's this got to do with your brother?"

"Well, about eleven years ago," explained the King, "it was given out that my brother had died—wasn't it? Yes, but he hadn't. My father sent him to England on the whaler, as I said, to be heducated hat Heton hand Hoxford—gave the captain big pile of extra gold—three boxes."

"Yes?"

"Now," went on the King, "my little bruvver's heducation is complete, and he is a real gentleman. We expect him in the schooner when she arrives about the end of this month."

"Indeed! And does he know that it's his turn—and yours—to be King?"

"Yes; he arranged to be back in time to reign, and last time the schooner called, going home, uncle sent him a note telling him to return. This was six months afore you put me in your back-cellar, mister."

"Why didn't you tell me you had a twin-brother, *then?*" enquired the Chancellor, angrily.

"Well," said the King, "I didn't altogether like bein' shoved into that cellar of yours, so I kep' it as a sort of surprise."

"H'm!" The Chancellor reflected. Then he turned to the King.

"Now, look here," he said, "not a syllable of this to anyone. Do you hear?"

The King nodded.

"Mum's the word!" he muttered.

"I'll think over what you've told me," said the Chancellor, "so now you can do what you like till lunch-time. After lunch you must receive visitors You won't say a word—you'll be discreet?"

"Yessir," said the King, "I'll be so discreet that I'll forget I 'ave a brother—straight, I will."

So then the Chancellor went to look for the Commander-in-Chief, for he had a little plan.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE PLAN.

"COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF," said the Lord Chancellor, on being ushered into the great man's presence, "I wish to have a word with your excellency."

"With pleasure, Lord Chancellor."

Six shabby soldiers, in a variety of uniforms, and barefooted, were standing behind the Commander-in-Chief. The Chancellor glanced at them.

"By-the-way," he said, "the matter I have come to talk over is for your ear only."

The Commander-in-Chief turned to the six soldiers.

"Army—stand at ease!"

The Army stood at ease.

"Army—choose your partners!"

The Army chose partners.

"Army," thundered the Commander-in-Chief, "quick—waltz out!"

And the Army waltzed out.

The Commander-in-Chief then turned to the Chancellor.

"So please your excellency," replied the soldier, "there's a *wreck*——"

"*A wreck!*"

Like one man, the Commander-in-Chief and the Lord Chancellor shot out of the room, flew into the street, and hailed a cab. When cabs were washed ashore, the Kinglanders harnessed goats to them.

"Hey, cab, quick—*beach!*"

"How much?" demanded the cabby.

"Pair of boots," replied the Chancellor.

"Oh, no," said the cabby; "not good enough. 'Alf what you get!"

"Very well, very well; half what we get. But whip up, my good fellow, whip up. We have first information of the wrecked vessel that is drifting on to this island."

"Hurroo! hurroo!" shouted the cabman,

AND THE ARMY WALTZED OUT.

"Now, my Lord Chancellor," said he, "I think I know your business. I give you one of the Army and you give me boots enough for the other five?"

"That wasn't exactly the object of my call," purred the Chancellor, "but it's a very reasonable bargain. I'll book it."

Having made an entry in his note-book, the Chancellor was about to tell the Commander-in-Chief of his conversation with the King, when there came a loud rap at the door, followed up by the tallest soldier in the Army.

"What now, Colonel?" demanded the Commander-in-Chief, testily.

whipping up his goats. "I 'ope there'll be jam in it—kem epp, will you?" and again he furiously lashed his goats, which, butting everybody out of the way, tore down to the shore in first-rate style.

"Yes, I hope there will be jam, too," said the Chancellor; "we're all getting very tired of marmalade. Oh—*look there!*"

It was, indeed, a disappointment. A dismantled schooner was drifting *past* the island, and the people watching it observed that there were figures moving about the deck.

"If there's a gale to-night—and there's every promise of one," said the cabby, hopefully,

"she'll be blown back to us, and those people will be drowned, and we shall have *jam*. I know there'll be jam in her. Hurroo!"

"You're very sanguine, my friend," said the Chancellor, "so I trust you won't be disappointed. Come, Commander-in-Chief, let us return and continue our conversation."

The cabman gave a significant cough when they got back to the town.

"Pair of boots, I think you said," he reminded the Lord Chancellor.

"Oh dear, no! You bargained for *half what we got*, and as we got nothing, you get half nothing, which is very little. Now, if I have any trouble with you," he concluded, as the cabman began to get abusive, "I'll set the Army on you."

"Oo cares about the Army?" shouted the cabman, as he drove off in a fine fury; "a lot o' worn-out, frayed, moth-eaten, mildewed, cracked, creaky-jointed *cripples!*"

But the Commander-in-Chief and Chancellor —quite accustomed to this sort of thing—took no notice of him. When they found themselves alone in the house again, the Chancellor repeated his conversation with the King.

The Commander-in-Chief listened open-mouthed.

"A twin brother?"

"That is so."

"Striking resemblance?"

"As like as two pins."

"Being educated in England, I think you said? Ah, I have an English newspaper here. I'll show you what sort of people they are."

Going to a cupboard, the Commander-in-Chief routed out a halfpenny comic paper.

"Look at this," he said, showing the paper to the Chancellor, "comical sort of people, ain't they? Here they are, you see, on the outside, all tumbling down coal-holes and setting booby-traps for each other. Inside you see them in another mood—the men stabbing and killing one another, while the women look on and press their hands against their hearts. It says at the top: '*Read Our Grand New Serial.*' I suppose that is what they call their other mood. Good idea, eh? We might adopt it here. The Army has been idle too long."

But the Chancellor was looking very grave.

"If Waterbottle's brother is given to this sort of thing——" he began.

"Pooh!" said the Commander-in-Chief; "haven't we got the Army to protect us?"

"True—true," said the Chancellor, "I forgot the Army. Well—now for my idea. This young gentleman from Eton and Oxford will make a much better king than the present one, so suppose we change them?"

"Chancellor," said the other, "you are a genius. I agree with you—the present King isn't any good. Why, at the coronation he asked me three times if I would like to see the evening paper!"

"Detestable!" agreed the Chancellor. "That old rascal Cupps was bad enough, with his infernal habit of offering rashers of bacon to my wife and daughters whenever they went to see him; but this waiter fellow never seems happy unless he's frisking round the palace with a *serviette* over his arm, and asking everybody he meets whether they'll have their steaks well-done or under-done."

"It must be put a stop to!" cried the Commander-in-Chief furiously.

"It must," put in the Chancellor. "Now, my idea is, to keep the return of the twin Waterbottle a profound secret, smuggle him into the palace, pop the present King into my back cellar again, and—there you are. The other twin will be King——"

"And the present one?"

"A little rat-poison mixed with his porridge," said the Chancellor, in a cold-blooded, careless tone, "will stop the flicking of his beastly napkin for ever and a day."

"Won't anybody notice the difference?" inquired the Commander-in-Chief, a trifle uneasily. "You will remember that, when you said Cupps the Eighth had died of smallpox, but refused to let anybody see his body, there was very nearly a revolution."

"There won't be any suspicion that the twin Waterbottle is not the one that was crowned," said the Chancellor; "besides," he added boldly, "haven't we got the Army with us!"

"I can't answer for the Army," said the Commander-in-Chief; "their feet are so sore through having no boots that they're getting quite mutinous——"

"I'll send round six pairs this very day," hastily interrupted the Chancellor, "so that's settled. Now then—are we agreed?"

"We are," cried the Commander-in-Chief, rising from his chair. "I'm tired of these low-bred kings—grocers, and tramps, and waiters. It'll be a change to have a well-educated, funny young man, who plays leap-frog with old gentlemen in the day-time and goes about stabbing his enemies in the evening. It'll be good sport for us——"

"Unless he begins to stab *us*," put in the Chancellor, with a bit of a tremble in his voice.

"You forget—the Army!" cried the Commander-in-Chief.

"Oh, yes—I'll go and see about those boots at once."

"Make it two pairs each," urged the Com-

mander-in-Chief, "and—er—I—er—I could do with a pair myself." The Chancellor hesitated, for he had a mean little soul. Then he caught sight of the English newspaper, and the pictures of people killing each other.

"All right! Two pairs each man, and a pair for you."

"My wife's boots are worn to the uppers," gently insinuated the Commander-in-Chief.

"Oh, hang it! All right. I'll send your wife a pair, too."

The Chancellor thought the Commander-in-Chief had done, but he did not know that famous warrior quite as well as he might have.

The Chancellor was out of the room and halfway down the passage, when he heard a shuffling dot-clump, dot-clump behind him. It was the Commander-in-Chief—the "dot" was his stocking, and the "clump" his boot.

"My Lord Chancellor!"

"Goodness me, what is it now?"

"I have just recollected that my daughter is suffering from chilblains——"

The Chancellor interrupted him with a derisive laugh.

"And wants boots to make 'em well, I suppose?"

"She won't say 'no' to a nice pair, with kid tops," the Commander-in-Chief allowed, "to put on when her feet are well, but just at present she is in great need of some pretty *bedroom slippers*—woollen ones."

"Do you take me for a confounded boot and shoe company?" shouted the exasperated official.

"I take you for a kind gentleman," replied the Commander-in-Chief, gently.

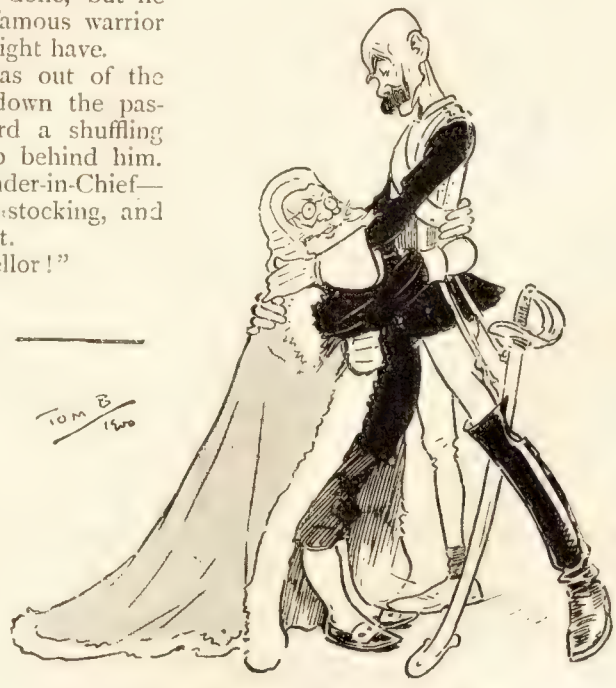
"Then let me inform you that I am nothing of the kind," returned the Chancellor, panting with rage, "I'm a brute, a bully, a ruffian, a desperado, a—a——"

"Yes," interrupted the Commander-in-Chief, as the Chancellor paused for breath, "anything else?"

And something he was holding behind his back *crinkled*.

"A poacher, a brigand, a highwayman," roared the Chancellor, "a horse-thief, a bush-ranger and a prize-fighter — all of 'em, and I won't give you a single boot, you *leech!*"

"O-ho!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, "won't give me a single boot, won't he? Then *HOW ABOUT THAT?*"



"WE ARE TWO VERY BAD MEN, I AM AFRAID."

And he flashed before the Chancellor's terror-stricken eyes *another* English newspaper containing still more murderous pictures.

"This," cried the general," is what'll happen to you when your new king comes, unless you are protected by the *Army*."

"I was too hasty," quavered the Chancellor. "I'll send every boot — yes — *and* the pretty chilblain slippers. They'll arrive to-night."

The Commander-in-Chief stretched out his long arms.

"You're a man, Chancellor—a great man. You have a great mind. Let us embrace."

So they embraced, although the Chancellor, being very small and fat, could only reach up to the Commander-in-Chief's waist.

"Chancellor," said the Commander-in-Chief "we are two very bad men, I am afraid."

"I fear you are right, Commander-in-Chief. We are very bad; but we're going to get a well-educated, funny, murdering sort of king, and that's all I care about. By-bye!"

(To be Continued.)

With Illustrations from Old Prints.

NOW, in the days of exceedingly cheap literature, as exemplified by the copy of THE CAPTAIN which you hold in your hand, it is difficult to believe what a great loss would have been ours had books never been thought of. For the profusion of books nowadays we have to be thankful to the first English printer, William Caxton, who, although not the inventor of the art, was the first to set up a printing press in England.

Looking at the term "printing" in its wider sense, it is hard to say how long it has been known. The Chinese claim to have printed fifty years before the Christian era. Among the ruins of Babylon were many stones with inscriptions on them, and the Romans are known to have practised a similar art.

At first blocks were cut out with the letters for each separate page, and when the page was finished these blocks were of no more use. Then came the invention of a movable type, which could be arranged as required, printed from, re-arranged in another form, printed from again, and so on.

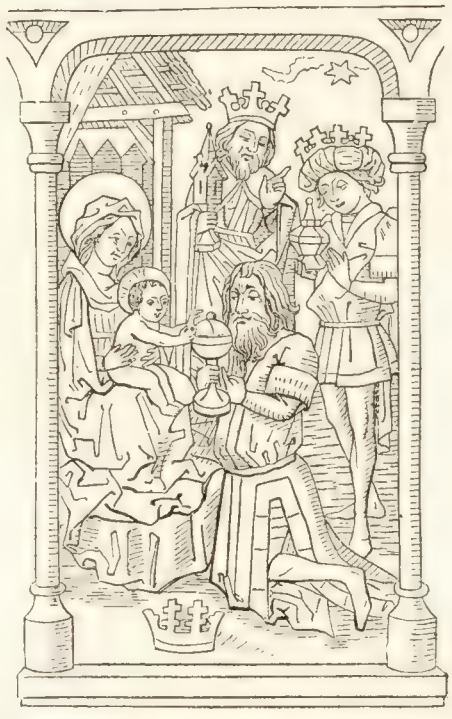
The art of duplicating by means of stencils was well known in France, Spain, and Germany several years before Caxton's birth. This knowledge was used for the production of playing cards—a copy of one of which, a knave of bells, we reproduce herewith. The printing of a picture for a playing card gives us the introduction of pictures as now reproduced in books by means of blocks. The knowledge of the use of blocks was also applied by the limners of the monasteries to the production of representations of saints. A very curious print, bearing the date of 1423, is in the possession of the De Spenser family, and is said to be one of the earliest specimens of the art. It represents St. Christopher carrying the infant Christ. Several such pictures, often forty, were sewn together, and thus an early kind of book was obtained. A wood-cut from one of these early "block-books" is reproduced on next page. It represents the offering of the Wise Men to the infant Saviour.

THE KNAVE OF BELLS.
An early stencilled playing card.

The making of separate letters in wood led to their being cut in metal; and, later on, these letters were multiplied by means of casting the metal in moulds. This latter is known as "typography."

There is some question as to who was the inventor of typography. The honours are divided between Laurence Koster of Haarlem, in Holland, and John Guttenberg of Mayence,

Germany. Koster's story is, that he was strolling one evening in the woods outside the city. To amuse himself, he cut the bark of a beech tree into the form of letters, and impressed these on to paper in short lines. This printing he afterwards gave to his grandchildren to play with. Subsequently he made more letters, substituting tin for wood, and then printed with this movable type. The story of his invention spread abroad, and he had to employ assistants. It is said that one of these, named John Guttenberg, when he had learned the art, stole the tools and type and fled to Mayence, where he reaped an abundant reward. The latter part of this story is very dramatic; but the narrator adds: "It has not stood the test of accurate investigation."



A WOOD CUT FROM AN EARLY "BLOCK-BOOK."

Representing the offering of the Wise Men to the infant Saviour.

John Guttenberg's claim is more solid. He was born in Mayence, and thought of the idea of movable type whilst at Strasburg. In 1448 he returned to Mayence and entered into partnership with a wealthy man named John Fust, who, by a trick, got rid of Guttenberg and placed another workman, Peter Schœffer, in his place. Guttenberg, although deprived of his money and most of his tools, set diligently to work, and produced a considerable amount of printing. Amongst his earliest books was the Bible, printed under the patronage of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1450, and now known as the "Mazarin Bible."

GUTTENBERG, FUST, AND SCHŒFFER.

The three early printers.

Fust and Schœffer continued their work at Mayence until 1462, when the town was captured and the inhabitants fled. Thus it was that the art of printing was spread all over the continent, and by this means Caxton became acquainted with it, as we shall show. This now leads us to its introduction into our own country about the year 1474.

William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1422; was apprenticed in 1428 (*circa*) to Robert Large, a member of the Mercers' Company and Lord Mayor in 1439. It is somewhat remarkable to conjecture how the apprentice became so fond of books, since at that time they were very rare and costly, and only to be found in the houses of the great and the learned. It can only be thought that his master might have trafficked in books, and, on looking into the matter thoroughly, this, in all probability, was the case, and for two reasons. The mercers were the great dealers in wool, and traded principally with the Netherlands, and in that country there were many agents willing to sell manuscripts of all kinds. It is most probable that Robert Large acted as intermediary between such agents and the book-reading section of the public, and that in his position as apprentice William Caxton had ample opportunity to read such works as came before his notice. Secondly, in a book translated by Caxton in 1487, entitled "Book of Good Manners," he states how the original work was delivered to him by a friend, "a mercer of London, named William Praat."

About half a century before Caxton's days, children in the public schools were not taught English at all. Since the Conquest, French had been the language of the Court, and it was the policy of William of Normandy and his successors to get rid of the old Saxon language and substitute the Norman-French. To further this purpose all legal documents were in French, and it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century that English was taught in the schools; and then the language became so much altered every year by the introduction of new words and new phrases, that in consequence it became very difficult to write it correctly, and therefore we find Caxton apologising for the lack of knowledge of his own language.

As an example of this we quote the

LORD RIVERS PRESENTING HIS BOOK TO EDWARD IV.

Caxton is kneeling to the right of the earl.

following from a book printed by Caxton in 1490:—

Some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying, that in my translations I had over curious terms which could not be understood of common people and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations. And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did show to me late certain evidences written in old English for to reduce it into our English now used, and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English: I could not reduce nor bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born, for we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never stedfast, but ever wavering; waxing one season and waneth and decreaseth another season; and that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another.

It was in Burgundy and in Holland that Caxton, as representative of the Mercers' Company, obtained his knowledge of printing. In 1471 he gave up his commercial life and became attached to the household of Charles the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whose wife, Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., subsequently became Caxton's patron. It was not at the Court of Burgundy, however, that he acquired his knowledge of printing. There is not much doubt that when Mayence was taken, in 1462, and the printers under Fust fled from the town, Caxton bought from one of Fust's workmen the secret of printing, which up to then had been so zealously guarded. A printing house was set up at Cologne, and there he printed several books in foreign languages. At the Court of Burgundy he busied himself, under the patronage of Margaret, with the translation into English of several foreign works; and it was whilst at Bruges, in 1471, that "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy" was printed—the first book in the English language to appear in print.

In about the year 1474 Caxton returned to England, and set up a press in Westminster. It is rather difficult to ascertain which was the first book to be printed by him at Westminster, but "The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers," translated by the Earl of Rivers from the French, was the first book to appear with the date of its publication printed on it.

This book was presented by the earl to Edward IV., and, in the illustration herewith, Caxton is seen kneeling to the right of the earl. Upon the title page is "Emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the yere of our Lord MCCCCLXXVII." This is the first book to appear with the title, author's name, and place and date of publication on the front page. Previous to this these particulars were given at the end of the book in a short verse or sentence. In a book published three years later we are told that it was "emprynted and fynysshed in the Abbey, Westmestre."

There is no doubt that Caxton *did* erect his printing press in or near to one of the side chapels of the abbey, and for this reason a printing room is known nowadays as a "chapel." When we come to think that the Abbey of Westminster was a building of large extent

CAXTON'S HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER. 1474.

ILLUSTRATION FROM CAXTON'S "THE GAME OF CHESSE," PRINTED IN 1474.

The first illustrated book in England.

before it was shorn of its splendour by Henry VIII., it can easily be believed that Caxton might have been accommodated in one of the side chapels.

It is remarkable to note that, although his press was within such sacred precincts, few of Caxton's books can be classed as being of a religious character—in fact, there are only about six which can claim to be such.

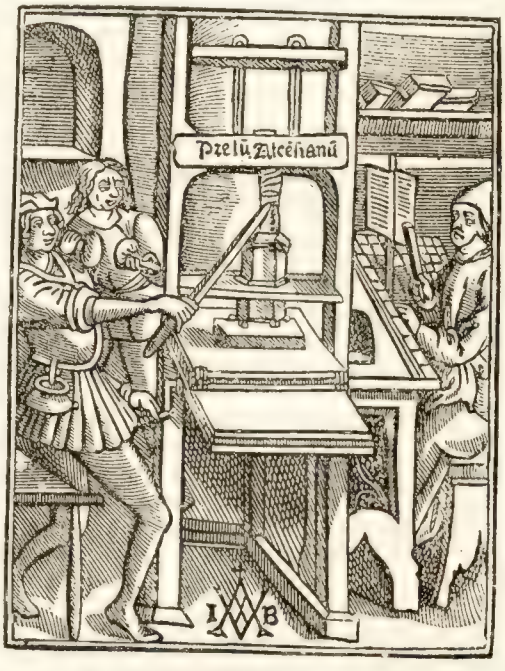
Caxton did not always print at the Abbey of Westminster, as a book printed by his successor in the same year as his death informs us: "Wynkyn de Worde this has set in print in William Caxton's house." William Caxton's *house* could hardly have been the abbey; the historian Stow describes it as being in the almonry—the place where the alms were given to the poor—and the old print reproduced herewith gives us a representation of it.

"The Game and Playe of the Chesse" is generally supposed to have been the first book printed by Caxton in England. The second edition of the book, which bears neither date nor place of printing, was the first illustrated book to be printed in England. There were sixteen illustrations in all, one of which, a knight, is here reproduced. After this, illustrations, beginning with initial letters and borders, formed an indispensable part of book making. These were very crude, and without any sign of perspective, but they served as an inducement to make the people of the time interested in a book, even if they could not read it, and the ultimate result was that the people gradually began to learn to read and enjoy the privileges extended to them by the distribution of books. Engravings from copper plates were not produced until about 1690, and these, together with wood blocks, continued to be the general method of illustration until about 1882, when the cost of reproduction of pictures was greatly lessened by the application of photography.

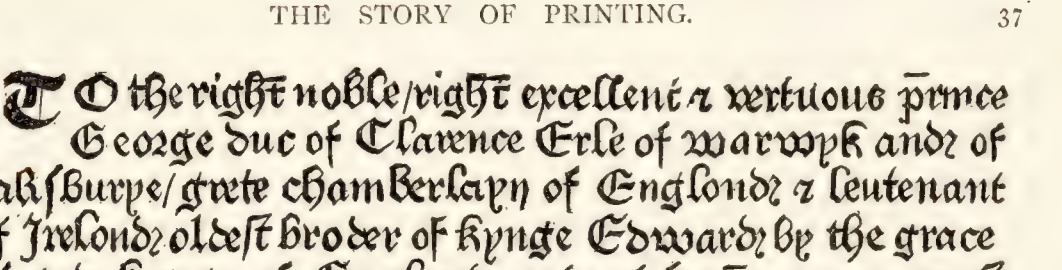
When we come to compare the present-day printing machinery with that used 500 years ago we can see what rapid strides have been made. The first printing presses were nothing more than old wine presses, or clothes presses. By this means printing must have been very laborious and slow, as great care had to be exercised to prevent the pressure being too great on the face of the type. From a book printed in 1498 we take an illustration of the press then used. In the foreground we have the man working the press; to the right is the type-setter, and behind, on the left, is the man with the dabbers ready to apply the ink to the type. In those days the printer did not only print the books, but he bound them also.

Caxton died in 1491, after having printed (in England) sixty-four books. He was succeeded by his assistant and friend, Wynkyn de Worde, who has 408 books standing to his credit.

The art of printing grew apace, and in Ames and Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities" is recorded the names of 350 printers, who were



AN OLD TIME PRINTING PRESS. 1498.



A SPECIMEN OF CAXTON'S TYPE.

engaged in producing books between the years 1474 and 1600—126 years. The same authors record the titles of nearly 10,000 different works printed in that period, or over seventy-five per year. It is reported that in 1505 twenty pence was paid for a "Primer" and a "Psalter." Twenty pence does not seem much to us to pay for a book, but in the year 1505 twenty pence would buy a load of barley, or would pay a labourer for his week's work.

The great fire of 1666 destroyed many of the booksellers round St. Paul's—where they even are congregated to-day—their stock amounting to nearly £200,000. A little previous to this, Parliament had limited the number of printing houses in the United Kingdom to twenty; but this law soon fell into disuse.

At the beginning of the present century the yearly output of new books is estimated at 372; at the end the number is said to be over 7,500, or about twenty new books a-day. This in itself shows the rapid progress which has been made, and we have only to add that the first cheap literature—the *Penny Magazine* and *Chambers' Journal*— was published in 1830 and ask you to compare it with the hundreds of wholesome and cheap periodicals of to-day, to conclusively show the rapid strides in the diffusion of knowledge and entertaining reading which the introduction of printing is wholly accountable for.

It is not my intention nor province to tell you the manner in which THE CAPTAIN is printed. Perhaps the editor himself will oblige with an article which would, I am sure, prove most interesting, and, in conjunction with this, form a complete review of the "Story of Printing."

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H M. GOOCH.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Jungheim wishes to know what the surcharge "I. R." on an American (U.S.) stamp stands for. The letters denote "Inland Revenue"; of course, they are not postage stamps. This correspondent writes from India, and we are always glad to hear from colonial readers. **D. W. Harris.**—Your photograph of the Liberia stamp is excellent. I am showing it to the Old Fag. **J. A. Rose.**—1, 3, 5 and 6, are all right. The others I know nothing about. **Acorn.**—I would advise the purchase of an "Imperial" album, from Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand. They will send you full particulars. **Du Rennes.** I must always see specimens upon which an opinion as to value is desired. **Pedro.**—The Labuan stamps are worth about 1s. 6d. the set. **J. Jungheim.**—(Second letter)—(1) Speculative stamps are those issued for sale to collectors rather than for postal duty. You have two good examples in the stamps of Labuan and North Borneo. (2) Stamps for "franking" letters are special stamps, issued for use by Government officials. (3) Yes, the present 5c. French stamp is a new colour—yellow-green. **Collector.**—I can only value stamps when the actual specimens are sent, with a stamped envelope for return. **A. Kean.**—Your friends are quite right. There is no such thing as a black, three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp. What have you got hold of? **Centenary.**—2s. each. You will find such a collection as you name a tedious matter, and really the different letters in the corners do not constitute varieties. If you intend making up plates it is a different matter. **W. Ward.**—Collectors who are willing to "swop" rare stamps for common ones are few and far between. I regret I cannot recommend you to anyone.—**R. K. H.**—No; except when a plate is being reconstructed. **The Little Wonder.**—Your query would take a page to reply to. I hope to deal with your inquiry in a future article.

[*Mr. Gooch will continue his articles on Stamp Collecting in the November issue.—Ed.*]

WHEN D'ARTAGNAN WAS A BOY

By
J. Macdonald
Oxley.

Sketches by
Victor Venner.

[Note.—The following incident from the boyhood of the chief figure in "The Three Musketeers," which has not, so far as I know, been told in English before, is based upon a trustworthy French source.]

No one knows the precise origin of the feud between the houses of d'Artagnan and Pouyastruc. Suffice it to say that, according to tradition, it dated back to the first crusade, and was so bitter that a Pouyastruc retainer could not lose his way on the d'Artagnan estate, nor a d'Artagnan peasant go wood-picking in the Pouyastruc forests, save at the risk of being incontinently hung, should he be caught.

Thus it came to pass that instead of saying of quarrelsome folk that they were like cats and dogs, the Bearndis said they were like the Pouyastrucs and d'Artagnans.

At the age of fifteen, Jacques-Onfroy, the last of the d'Artagnans, was a sturdy boy, accustomed to all sorts of out-door exercises, and thoroughly trained by his father in the use of arms

M. d'Artagnan was very proud of his son, in whom all his hopes centred; and, being quite as poor as his neighbour and enemy, Pouyastruc, was prosperous, he derived no small satisfaction from the fact that the heir to the latter's rich domains was a weakly youth whose overbearing conceit and evil ways had won for him the cordial detestation of the whole countryside.

When the young Henri de Pouyastruc, followed by his squire, Hugh de Bernac, a giant of a man, and Pancrazio, his fencing-master, a sly looking Italian, passed through the village, everybody must needs bow low at the risk of being beaten.

But no one bowed low to Jacques d'Artagnan. They all smiled on him and loved him, for he was both attractive and daring. He boasted neither squire nor fencing-master, and when he went about his inseparable companion was only a peasant boy of his own age—Jeannot by name —a regular rogue of a fellow, unequalled in skill at trout-catching, bird-nesting, and rabbit-snaring.

One fine spring morning Jeannot found neither a trout on his line, nor a rabbit in his snares, but alighted upon a nest of young falcons well feathered, and soon to be ready for flight.

Falcons! This was a find indeed, the news of which could not be too quickly communicated to his young master, and like a deer he darted for the chateau.

Jacques was still abed, but at the mention of the word falcons he sprang out all aquiver with excitement.

"How many?" he exclaimed.

"Only three," was the response, in a subdued tone, that caused Jacques to ask :—

"What's the matter? Out with it."

"It will be a risky business."

"Why so?"

"Because they're on the Pouyastruc property"

"Well—are you afraid?" demanded Jacques, with a snort of contempt.

"Not a mite—only don't you remember how often Master Henri has vowed that he would have you thrashed if he caught you on his land?"

"Thrash a d'Artagnan!" shouted Jacques, assuming a dramatic pose. "Jeannot, my boy,

that is a word which should never be mentioned in connection with a d'Artagnan. Don't forget that I have sworn to cut off the ears of any one who dares to mention it in my presence So be more careful—and now to get dressed."

Completing his toilet with a much-faded azure-blue doublet, and a weather-worn black hat, flaunting a pair of fine peacock's plumes, he started out, having hung at his side a sword that was much too long for him, and consequently banged about his heels.

The falcons had, as they fondly imagined, built their nests out of all danger from human interference.

It was fixed in a crevice half way up the cliff beside the waterfall where the river made an abrupt descent, and offered a perilous ascent to any, save such expert climbers as the two boys. To assist them in coming down with the nest, Jeannot had provided a long stout cord.

Having hurried to the river, which flowed noisily through its rocky bed, the boys crossed it by means of a fallen tree, for which they were indebted to a recent storm, and set foot upon the land of d'Artagnan's hereditary enemy.

Above their heads fluttered the male falcon, concerned for the safety of his little ones. At no little risk, and with great expenditure of effort, they succeeded in gaining a narrow ledge, commanding the whole valley, and from which they could easily reach the nest. No sooner, however, were the young falcons in their hands than they set up a tremendous squawking, and strove hard to flutter into freedom. Moving with utmost care the boys began the descent, but had not gone far when a burst of laughter rose from the foot of the cliff, and, looking down, they were stupefied to behold beneath them Henri de Pouyastruc, accompanied by his squire and fencing-master.

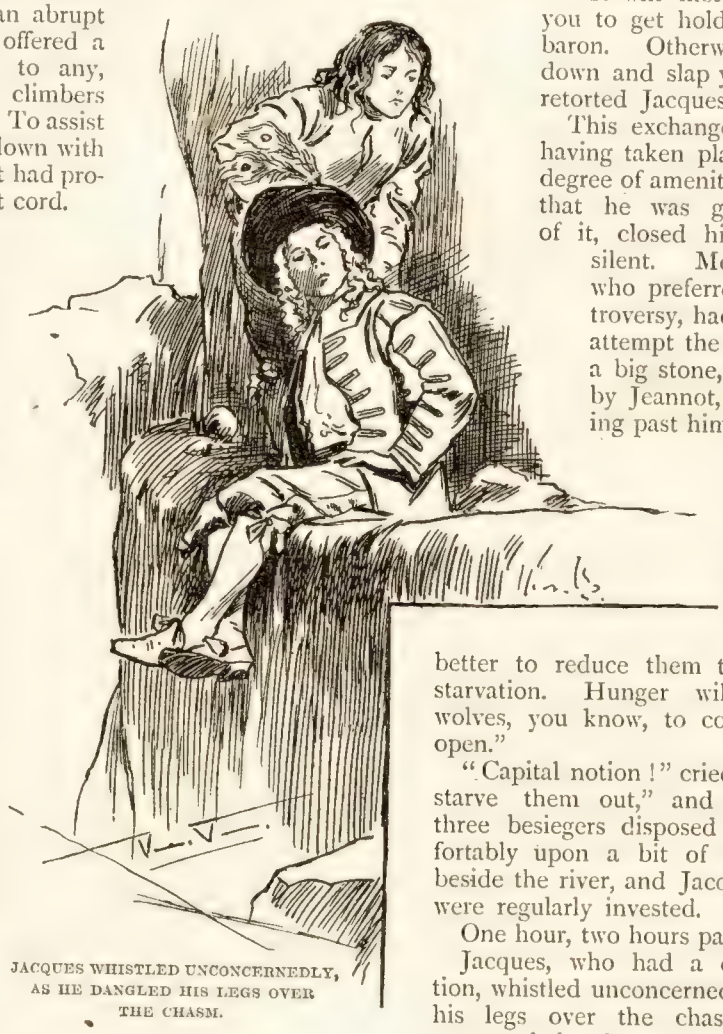
"Ha-ha! d'Artagnan junior," sneered Henri, "and so you make a hunting ground of your neighbour's estate?"

"As you see, great M. Pouyastruc," responded Jacques calmly.

"By my ancestor, Godefroid, who led the assault at Jerusalem," cried Henri, "I shall be compelled to have you thrashed like any common clown."

"It will first be necessary for you to get hold of me, my dear baron. Otherwise, I shall come down and slap your ears for you," retorted Jacques dauntlessly.

This exchange of compliments having taken place with a certain degree of amenity, Henri, realising that he was getting the worst of it, closed his teeth and was silent. Meanwhile, Bernac, who preferred action to controversy, had been at haste to attempt the ascent alone, but a big stone, adroitly loosened by Jeannot, that went crashing past him, suddenly cooled his ardour, and he retired in confusion.



JACQUES WHISTLED UNCONCERNEDLY, AS HE DANGLED HIS LEGS OVER THE CHASM.

Then the sly, shrewd Italian made a suggestion: "I think it would be better to reduce them to submission by starvation. Hunger will compel even wolves, you know, to come out into the open."

"Capital notion!" cried Henri. "We'll starve them out," and accordingly the three besiegers disposed themselves comfortably upon a bit of smooth, soft turf beside the river, and Jacques and Jeannot were regularly invested.

One hour, two hours passed.

Jacques, who had a comfortable position, whistled unconcernedly as he dangled his legs over the chasm. The young peasant being less unconcerned, grew impatient. "I wish I had some bread," he sighed.

"Our breakfast is being prepared," answered d'Artagnan placidly. "They will bring it to us presently, and there will be such white bread,

and such delicious wine as you seldom see on my worthy father's table."

Jeannot, regarding this as a jest, said no more, but in his own mind considered such pleasantry very much out of place on an empty stomach.

The besiegers presently began to weary of their task. The Italian walked up and down, cutting off the heads of the daisies with his sword. Henri kicked his heels impatiently. Bernac yawned.

"Bernac," exclaimed Henri suddenly. "I'm hungry. Go to Esclots, which is nearer than Pouyastruc, and get us something to eat. But mind, not a word about what we're doing here."

No sooner had the squire gone off on his errand than d'Artagnan, leaning towards his companion, said in a swift whisper:—

"Look out now. Follow me!" Then, seizing the moment when the Italian had his back turned, he shot down the cliff with the agility of a squirrel, shouting:—

"Jeannot, go for the little fellow!"

The fencing-master whirled about, and, instinctively drawing his sword, presented the point to d'Artagnan, saying menacingly:—

"You cannot pass. I shall sooner cleave you in two."

"On the contrary, I am of opinion that I shall pass," retorted Jacques in a mocking tone, drawing his sword in turn.

Their weapons crossed and clanged. Pancrazio's fine white teeth glistened as he smiled at his youthful opponent's audacity. Veteran swordsman that he was, he had not the slightest doubt he could make mincemeat of this youngster if he chose. So he thought he would amuse himself with him for a few minutes.

But after they had exchanged a pass or two he began to have some misgivings, and to grow more cautious in his play. Jacques, taking advantage of this hesitation, pricked him on the chest, and the Italian suddenly found himself on the defensive.

"Ha-ha!" he exclaimed with an ugly sneer, "so it seems you know the French method? Let us, then, try the Italian. I have no objection, I assure you." And he began to spring this way and that with the agility of an ape.

"So you are up in it, too, little fellow," he presently hissed. "Look out now for this lunge, and parry that thrust!"

He thought to disconcert d'Artagnan, but the boy remained unmoved. He never gave an opening, but thrust and parried with a skill that astonished the fencing master, while all the time he was giving an eye to Jeannot, who had not been idle.

THE BULLY SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF WITH EMPTY HANDS.

"Look alive, Jeannot," Jacques called out. "Trip him up—that's right. Cut your cord into three pieces, I'll explain why. Capital! Now tie the youngster up tight. Good! Now then, Signor Pancrazio, you just said that you would cleave me in twain according to the Italian method. You made a great mistake. Be good enough to follow my directions. This is the way to attack—this thrust is parried so—now a feint—then you put your sword in this position—and next, with a sharp stroke—thus—you wrench away your opponent's sword, and toss it into the river—so. Signor Pancrazio is disarmed, and if he moves a step he dies."

Without any notion of how it happened, the bully suddenly found himself with empty hands facing his despised opponent's steel, behind which the boy's handsome countenance smiled at him in mocking triumph.

He stood astounded and crestfallen.

"I am beaten!" he gasped. "I am beaten! I submit!" Jacques then secured him with a portion of the cord they had so fortunately brought along, and so, trussed like a pair of fowls, the last of the Pouyastrucs and his fencing-master were put down at the foot of the cliff to sulk in silence.

A few minutes later, Bernac hove in sight, burdened with a heavy basket, which made his pace slow. By mischance, at the edge of the wood, his ruddy nose in a most provoking fashion encountered the sword-point of d'Artagnan, who had been hiding behind a big oak.

Before the big fellow recovered from his panic he was tied up with the third bit of cord, and young d'Artagnan's admirably conceived campaign was crowned with complete success.

The three captives were then ranged side by side at the foot of the cliff while their conquerors stretched themselves at their ease on the soft turf.

"Didn't I tell you, Jeannot," remarked d'Artagnan, as he proceeded to open the basket and examine its contents, "that our breakfast was being got ready? Let us fall to. Here we have the white bread I promised, and plenty of excellent wine; also, a fine roast fowl, and a goodly slice of Gruyère cheese. But there are three glasses! That's one too many. Here it goes," and he deftly tossed it into the river.

Then, filling a bumper, he said courteously: "To your good health, Baron de Pouyastruc," and drank it down with great gusto.

Young Henry went white with rage; Bernac's bloodshot eyes glared in impotent fury; the Italian, alone seeming unconcerned, pondered deeply over the marvellous stroke which had disarmed him.

Jacques and Jeannot, whose normal appetites were good enough at any time, had them now so sharpened by the exciting incidents of the morning that they practically emptied the basket between them, while the other three watched them with watering mouths and burning hearts.

The meal being finished, d'Artagnan said to Jeannot: "Go, fetch the falcons." He then bade his prisoners get up, and when his chum had returned, he gave the order:—

"Now, then, march," emphasising it with the point of his sword in a way that made clear the folly of argument.

In this fashion they reached the d'Artagnan Chateau, where they had a most triumphant reception. Having ranged his captives in line in the central court, and summoned the whole household, Jacques, mounting the steps, proceeded to address them:—

"My Lord Pouyastruc," he said, "you own a castle boasting lofty towers and mighty walls. Our poor chateau is in ruins; you enjoy a vast estate; we have difficulty in making both ends meet. Fortune smiles upon you, and yet you have a mean heart, for, with two armed men, you set upon me—a mere boy. Again, you have a false nature, for not a day passes that you do not indulge in lying jeers. Now, remember this," and, rising to his full height, he pointed his sword straight at Henri:—

"If ever again, you, or anyone belonging to you, attempt anything by evil-speaking, or by violence, against the honour of the house of d'Artagnan, on the faith of a gentleman I shall seize the haughty Baron de Pouyastruc, your father, even though he shut himself up in his castle-keep, and shall hang him as if he were of no more consequence than a common peasant."

"Assuredly, he is immense!" murmured Pancrazio, profoundly impressed by this bit of boyish bravado.

The young lord of Pouyastruc, deeply wounded in the most vital part of his nature, to wit, his pride, had been crying in sheer futile rage, and the instant he was unbound darted away to hide his mortification from the sight of others. The squire and the fencing-master followed him more slowly, and with downcast countenances.

When they were gone, M. d'Artagnan, who had been a silent, but intensely amused and admiring spectator of the whole scene, threw open his arms, exclaiming:—

"Jacques-Onfroy, embrace me! One day you shall be a marshall of France!"

Forty years later that prediction was fulfilled.

ON THE CARE OF RABBITS.

THE health of a rabbit depends largely upon its food, as well as upon the manner in which it is fed. The greatest and most common mistake is to fill it up with cabbage, carrot, etc. Although rabbits, in their wild state, live principally on greenstuff, when caged, they should be given sparingly and only of the best.

If the fancier lives in the country he will have no difficulty in supplying his pets with dandelion, cow parsley (probably identical with what you term "hare parsley"), and fine young grass. Wherever he lives, he will find it pay to portion off a little patch in the garden in which to grow ordinary parsley, carrots, and turnips for them. A word *about* cow parsley: unless you know it well, ask the advice of a friend who does; it closely resembles a poisonous weed called hemlock—a handful of which will kill a rabbit in half an hour. I once lost a doe and splendid litter through it, so I know.

GIVE GREEN STUFF SPARINGLY, AND ONLY OF THE BEST.

The owner should be up *not later* than 6 a.m., and give his pets a meal of dandelion (plenty of root), fine grass and young cabbage—a fair handful for each grown animal and half that amount for two young. If dandelion root is unobtainable, give cabbage leaf; but this is rather dear as, in order to get the best results, only the choicest part of the cabbage should be given.

At 11 a.m. or 12 fill the bin with bran and oats (parts, two to one.) The bin should always be filled—rabbits will not gorge themselves as guinea-pigs do.

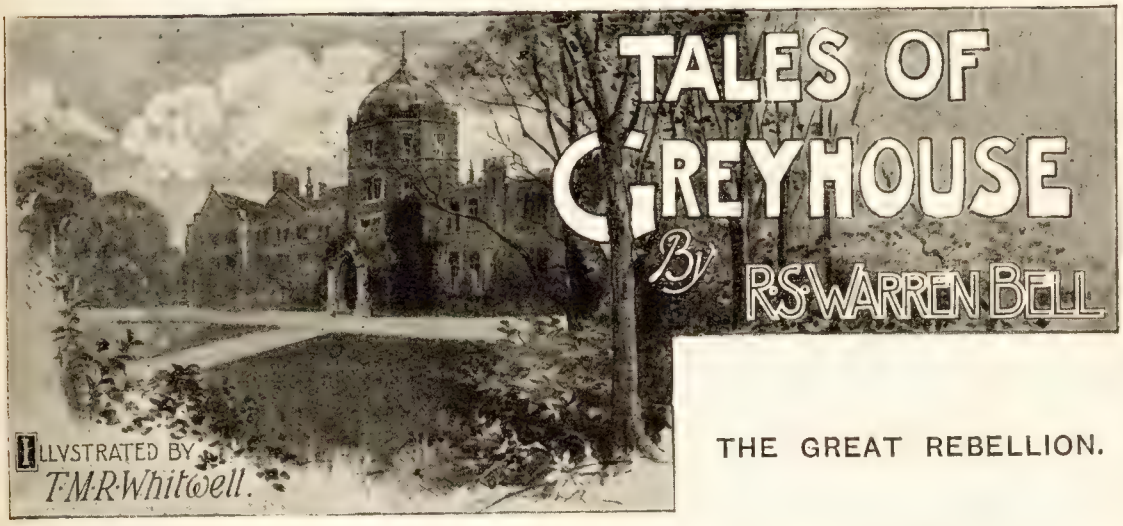
The last meal, given about 4 p.m., should consist of a little parsley and a carrot or turnip; at this time a small pan of water should be left in the hutch for about half an hour. Some people assert that rabbits do not want water—this is all rot (speaking rudely). If you give your rabbit the *choicest* of dandelion root he wants a drink sometimes, especially after the dry food—*not immediately after*. Wild rabbits eat when the dew is on the ground, and I myself have seen them drinking at a stream.

In the summer, before shutting up for the night, let the rabbits have a run in the garden or on the lawn; be sure everything is safe, and this will do them a world of good. Cleaning operations could be then performed.

In the winter get the cook to save you the potato peels; see that they are free from dirt, and boil them until soft, then knead into a firm mess, mixing with "middlings." "Work up into balls as large as one's fist, and serve up warm," as the cookery books put it. This makes an excellent supper, and rabbits like it. Don't be afraid to do this yourself; it is not much trouble, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing it has been well done.

Owners who follow out this dietary will, I am sure, be well satisfied with the results; the only other premise being, that the animals are kept warm and thoroughly clean. Prize breeders (pot-hunters, I mean) have many fancy foods; but to those who want good, sound, healthy rabbits, pedigree or no, the course which I here recommend cannot be beaten. One last word: don't let visitors be continually stuffing food through the bars. Rabbits, like all other animals, are much better for regular feeding.

"AMPHIBIAN."



THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no merry shouting in the sunshine on this particular October day. Strict orders had been issued that as little noise was to be made as possible, for, in Head-master's House, at the end of the right wing, lay the head-master, sick unto death. So, during the "quarter"—the fifteen minutes interval in the morning's work—no football was being hacked about to-day in Upper Field, stentorian lungs were dumb, and fellows just "walked round," arm-in-arm, with grave faces.

The latest news was that there was "no hope."

Some youngster forgot himself and gave a screech as he started ragging another youngster. Both of them were cuffed by a big fellow, and they were rubbing their ears when a solemn note fell on the air—the chapel bell was tolling.

So it was all over. The old Head had died in harness; a toiler all his life, he had fallen asleep. His now was the reward he had well and faithfully won.

In and about the old school an awestruck stillness reigned; seniors and juniors, good and bad, studious and lazy, whatever they were, that solemn tolling silenced them all. Some, whose emotions lay near the surface, sobbed aloud; others, of more self-contained natures, shamefacedly brushed tears away with their coat-sleeves; others merely gazed stolidly at their companions, hardly realising that the Head's familiar figure was gone from their midst for ever. A week ago he had been with them, full of life and energy and earnest purpose. Then, all in a moment, whilst taking the Sixth in Homer—his pet subject—the blow had come, the "stroke" had fallen swiftly and relentlessly. From that moment he had been insensible; gradually his life had ebbed away, and now he was dead.

The school was summoned to the chapel, and a brief service was held; then Greyhouse went back to its work, the second master, Mr. Forbes, temporarily filling his departed Chief's place. A few days passed, and then, followed by old college friends—bishops, peers, politicians, notable men all of them—and Greyhouse in a long black line, the Head was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

Then, filled with that sense of relief of "something over," which is the inevitable feeling after such ceremonies, Greyhouse trooped back to school—head-masterless.

When the departed Chief's character came to be discussed in masters' common room, in study, and in playground, by sifting such conversations it was easy to arrive at a pretty correct estimate of the dead man's character. He was good and well-meaning, a ripe scholar, conscientious and—according to his lights—a just man. But the faults of his long rule were now to be felt. The "evil" he had unthinkingly done was to live after him.

A renowned classic and maker of many books, he tolerated, without thoroughly encouraging, other branches of learning. Accordingly, the Modern side was a safe place of repose for boys of idle disposition. Owing to his undue love for dead languages, "cribs" had been imported in large quantities. Again—the Sixth was composed almost entirely of fellows who had managed to distinguish them-

selves in those subjects which the dead Chief had loved. The Upper Fifth was full of big duffers who couldn't construe, but whose prowess at "Rugger" was unquestionable. Only one of the Sixth was in the Fifteen, he being a happy combination of mind and muscle. The Captain of the school was a pale student who denied himself fresh air and sleep in order to wallow in Plato and Thucydides. He could repeat great chunks of them by heart, and, when the time was ripe, would probably win one of the biggest of the big Balliol scholarships. He had surpassed all his fellows by a long stretch of learning, and in admiration of his genius the old Head had bestowed the captaincy upon him. Farrar—this man—wore glasses, was nervous, and no more dreamed of playing football than of essaying a trip across the Channel in a balloon. His authority was openly flouted by the lubbers in the Fifth, and even his learned cronies in the Sixth regarded him with undisguised contempt—especially the one who had got his colours.

Round the fire in the Upper Fifth's room stood six young gentlemen whom Greyhouse could well have spared. The ringleader of this wholesome gang was one Bannerman—an exceedingly handsome fellow, always well supplied with funds, and heir to his grandfather's baronetcy. His father was dead, and old "Sir Jim" (as he termed his respected grand-governor) simply let him do as he liked; so Bannerman didn't much care *what* he did. His happy band — the other five — were Eadie, Jewell, Fredericks, Black, and "Limmy," otherwise Lord Limmell, an emaciated, pink-eyed, pigeon-breasted, narrow-shouldered descendant of somebody who came over and got half a county as his share of the booty from William the Conqueror. "Limmy" was always in mortal fear of Bannerman, and did exactly what he was told, in spite of the fact that he was almost 6ft. high.

"Limmy," said Bannerman, without turning round, "go out—we want to talk."

"Oh! I say, you know, Ban, old chap——"

"Don't call me Ban; and do as I tell you."

"But why should I go out?"

"Because you're a babbler, and can't keep anything in—that's why. You can come in again when we've finished jawing."

"But, hang it, Ban, what am I to do all the time?"

"I don't know—play hymn-tunes if you like. Now then, *outside!*" this ferociously, as Limmell still hesitated. Limmell shot out just in time to avoid a dictionary that Bannerman heaved at him. Meeting an extremely small boy in the corridor, Limmell pulled his hair viciously and felt better.

"Now that braying ass has gone," said Bannerman, walking to the door and opening it suddenly, to see if Limmell were listening at the keyhole (but for once Limmell wasn't), "I can talk. I suppose we are all of the same mind here?"

"Oh, rather!" came in a chorus from the others.

"I'm a bit doubtful about Mr. Jewell," observed Bannerman, turning his dark eyes full on that gentleman, who shuffled somewhat under the other's steady gaze, "but as I owe him £4 I don't think he will desert from my banner until I have paid him; so now to business. As you know, I'm going to get my grandpater to take me away from this rotten place at Christmas, and I mean to have a good time before I go. I want to get back on the Beast all I can—we *all* do, don't we?"

"We do!" assented the others, for without exception they were all bearing heavy burdens, in the shape of impositions, from Mr. Forbes.

"I believe you all do," continued Bannerman, "although"—with another glance at the conspirator suspected of faint-heartedness in the cause—"I have my doubts of Mr. Jewell."

The others laughed as Jewell coloured up. As a matter of fact, Bannerman, always a keen judge of character, was correct in his estimation of Jewell, who always sided with the stronger side, and would have deserted Bannerman in a moment had a more powerful leader arisen.

"But to proceed," said Bannerman. "We're all sick and tired of lines and gatings, and 'Wednesday afternoons,' and all we have to do is to go steadily to work and *get all the rest of the chaps to act with us.*"

"Suppose they won't?" ventured Fredericks.

"Then we can't do anything," replied Bannerman, "because if only the Fifth stood out against the Beast, the governors would expel the lot, whereas if all the school stand out, why, *they can't expel the whole school, can they?*"

"No," agreed Fredericks, "unless they want to shut the old shop up altogether. Anyhow, no one wants the Beast to be Head, and it looks as if that'll happen."

"Unless," said Bannerman quietly, "the school kicks up such a row that the governors will conclude that the Beast is not strong enough for the post. That," concluded Bannerman, sweetly, "is how I wish to get back on the Beast."

"What price Doddie?" enquired somebody, after a short silence. All except Bannerman looked grave; Bannerman smiled craftily.

"I will undertake to have Mr. Dodson out of

the way, when the time is ripe for us to strike," he said, "so you can leave that to me."

And the others, confident in the skill of their leader, left Dodson to him.

Briefly, Bannerman's plan of campaign was that he and his merry men now assembled should carefully *sound the school* on the subject of a general revolt against the Beast—the time for that revolt to depend on circumstances. A favourable opportunity would doubtless occur, and then all were to act with one accord. The Sixth, by the way, were not taken into the plot, although they knew something was brewing, but were too weak a lot to stem the rapidly rising tide of insubordination. As for the Captain, Farrar, he rarely emerged from his study save for meals and "schools," so engrossed was he in the manufacture of a lengthy Latin oration on the virtues of his departed Chief.

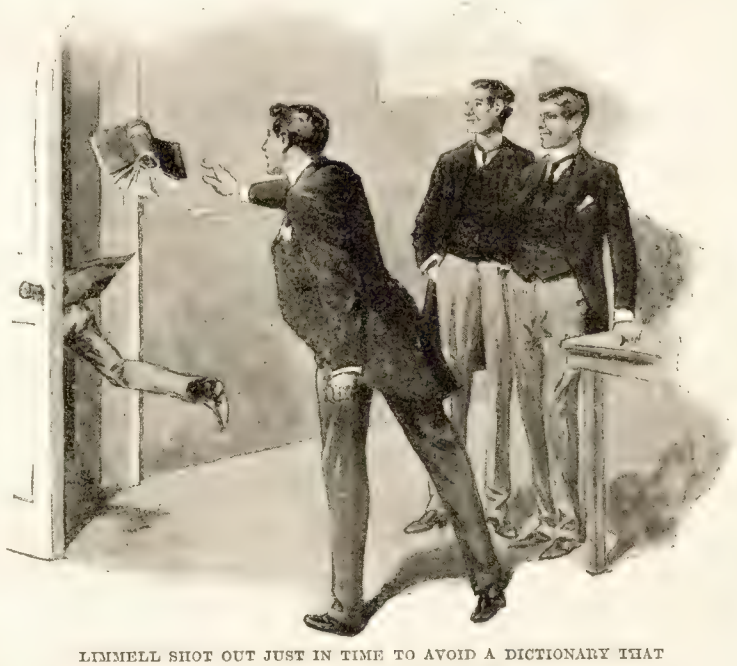
CHAPTER II.

When the second master, Mr. Forbes, took up the reins of government, he found that his throne—like that of many a king known to history—would be an uncomfortable one to sit upon. At the same time he had great hopes of being appointed to the headship, and so it behoved him to assert himself as quickly as possible.

Needless to say, he found Greyhouse hard stuff to work on. He unearthed numberless abuses. He found that a good—or rather, bad—half-dozen of the Fifth ought to be sent packing at half-an-hour's notice, but, holding his place only for the time being, he did not care to go to such extremes, so he inflicted tremendous impositions, denied "extra halves," flogged and "kept in" unmercifully, and speedily made himself the best-hated preceptor that had ever governed Greyhouse.

The easy rule of the dead Chief had given place to this tyrannical despotism, and the school—and more especially the athletic, unlearned Fifth—writhed and scowled beneath the lash. Things would probably have come to a deadlock far sooner than they did had not Mr. Forbes—whose nick-name had now come to be the "Beast"—been very ably backed up by the Lower Fourth's form-master, Mr. Dodson.

Now this Mr. Dodson deserves a bit of description to himself, for he was a notable man, and a mixture. He was an immense favourite with the Lower School and a few of the Upper. Some of the big fellows understood him and liked him, but the majority detested him. He was a harum-scarum soul was "Doddie," notable for the wild whoops he gave when he was playing at three-quarter, and for the disastrous rapidity with which he lost his temper. There was no doubt of this—Doddie was far too free with his hands. In the case of a youngster this didn't much matter, as Doddie would smack a chap's head and pour balm on the wound in the shape of half a crown all inside a short Cæsar lesson. On Monday he would lick a misdoer until that misdoer's legs were marked all the way down; on Tuesday he would bear that criminal off to the tuck-shop and treat him to tarts until, as a certain Scotch Grey once informed him, he could "eat nae mair." Such was Doddie—quick-tempered, impetuous, but really good and kind at heart. He was red-haired, unfortunately, and sensitive about it, and his close-cropped poll (he cut off as much of the hair as possible) was a fine fat object for satire in the eyes of those that hated Doddie—and there were a good many of them. Half a crown will heal a lump on a kid's head, but not so often on a big fellow's. For Doddie dealt out his smacks very impartially, and, as he was tremendously strong



LIMMELL SHOT OUT JUST IN TIME TO AVOID A DICTIONARY THAT BANNERMAN HEAVED AT HIM.

and wiry, though not over tall or broad, his victims had to grin and bear it.

Mr. Forbes was a great friend of his, and Doddie backed "the Second" up tooth and nail in all his schemes of reform. The fellows stood in awe of Doddie, there wasn't a doubt of it, and the rebellion would never have broken out had Doddie been at Greyhouse to quench the first real spark of it. But, as ill-luck had it, just as the Christmas exams were beginning, Doddie was called away to Yorkshire by urgent family affairs. For a long time the embers of sedition had been smouldering, and all of a sudden, one winter's night, they broke into a roaring flame. And how this came to pass I will now tell thee.

As you will have learned from the previous chapter, Bannerman and his gang had been for some weeks instigating the rest of the school to rebel. Needless to say, they were willingly listened to by many smarting malefactors, and these sowing the seeds of sedition among the rest, by the time a certain evening in December arrived, all was ripe for a riot.

On this evening the Mayor of the neighbouring town of Petershall gave a grand ball, to which he invited all the Greyhouse masters. All went except four: Mr. Dodson, called away to Yorkshire; Mr. Kitt, the music master, who was on duty; the Chaplain; and Professor Pulmeyer, foreign language master. The professor didn't care about dancing, which was just as well, for he weighed twenty stone if he weighed an ounce, and was not what you would call light upon his "pins."

Mr. Forbes went off with his brother masters feeling quite easy in his mind about the orderliness of the school he was leaving in charge of Mr. Kitt. For some little time there had been a noticeable improvement in the conduct of the school, but Mr. Forbes did not know that this was all part of the subtle programme drawn up by Bannerman & Co. Mr. Forbes' suspicions were lulled, and so he started for the Mayor's ball in quite a happy frame of mind.

The masters were not expected back before three in the morning. Till that hour, then, the order-keeping of Greyhouse was left to poor Mr. Kitt, who, as has been explained in a former story about Greyhouse, was as perfect a musician as he was an imperfect disciplinarian. His idea of controlling turbulent spirits was to pile heavy impositions on some offenders, and report a long roll of others at the following day's muster in Big School at "twelve-twenty."

LIMMELL FOUND IT NECESSARY TO BE CONSTANTLY PULLING EARS, AND RAPPING HEADS WITH HIS SHARP KNUCKLES.

Greyhouse kept all "mum" and "good as gold" (so good that Mr. Kitt heaved a long sigh of relief) for some time after the masters had driven off. "Prep." took place in Big School (the two lowest forms sat here), the class-rooms, and studies, a monitor being told off to supervise the proceedings in each class-room. In Big School Mr. Kitt sat at the centre, or head-master's desk, and a probationer at either end. It so happened, on this particular night, that the probationers assisting Mr. Kitt in Big School were Bannerman and Limmell. Bannerman kept his end as quiet as mice by merely *looking* at anybody who moved; Limmell, on the other hand, found it necessary to be constantly on the move round the different desks, pulling ears, rapping heads with his

vicious, sharp knuckles, and in other ways administering sly torture.

Suddenly a kid uttered a cry. Limmell had hurt him rather more than he had intended to.

"Limmell!" Mr. Kitt was really a gentle and kind-hearted soul, and hated bullying. He was glaring at Limmell now.

"Yes, sir?"

"How many times have I told you *not* to strike the boys under your charge?"

"I don't know, sir; five hundred times, perhaps!"

(Bannerman, though astonished at Limmell's boldness, was looking as grave as a judge. He was determined to let Limmell bear the blame of beginning the uproar that Greyhouse was to be plunged into this night.)

"Limmell, go to your study. To-morrow I shall report you to the headmaster."

Mr. Kitt's ordinarily mild eyes were blazing with passion. Collecting his books—a leisurely proceeding—Limmell got up and strolled out of the room, defiantly banging the door behind him.

Poor Mr. Kitt, red and hot, settled down to the by-no-means-light task of controlling *two* batches of kids, now that Limmell was gone.

While his two-thirds of the big schoolroom were buzzing and dropping books, and shooting paper pellets by the aid of tiny catapults, Mr. Kitt was exasperated to observe that Bannerman's end of the room was quite orderly. But still waters run deep, as he was soon to learn.

Goaded to a red-heat of anger, Mr. Kitt, at 8.30, fiercely dismissed his unruly young charges to the hall, for the usual repast of bread and cheese; for Greyhouse had not yet blossomed out into "houses"—I speak of the old place as I knew it.

During supper—Mr. Kitt presiding at the top table—the disorder grew. The few monitors present were powerless. Chunks of bread flew to and fro, and some portions went perilously near to the music-master's head. Fuming with rage, he dismissed them to chapel at 8.45.

The Chaplain was non-resident, and had come up from his house in the village, where he officiated as curate, to take evensong. He knew nothing of what had been going on, but as the service proceeded, he became aware that the attitude of the congregation was distinctly irreverent, and paused several times during the prayers to allow the tittering and whispering to subside. Bannerman & Co., adhering to their plan, behaved themselves as soberly as the monitors.

Mr. Kitt's playing was sadly below his usual form, for he was much agitated. However, this dreadful duty-night was nearly over. After "lights out," the monitors were responsible for the order of the dormitories.

Greyhouse trooped irregularly out of chapel, and straggled into Big School for the final roll-call and dismissal by forms to the dormitories.

Farrar was the monitor on duty. When Mr. Kitt had taken his seat at the rostrum, the head monitor commenced, in the usual sing-song style:—

"Abercorn. Adams major. Adams minor. Archer. Asher. Atherton. Avory. Bannerman——"

Now Avory was a kid with a squeak, and following him came Bannerman, who roared out "*Adsum!*" in his deepest bass. A ripple of laughter ran round, and increased in volume until the whole of Greyhouse was yelling with merriment—all save the monitors and a few others of orderly temperament.

"*Silence — Silence — Silence!*" shouted Mr. Kitt.

Farrar paused.

"Proceed, Farrar."

"Baring. Bassett. Besant——"

Here a wet paper pellet hit Farrar sharply in the face. Glaring up from the roll-book, he caught sight of the misdemeanant—a small boy in the front row—deliberately aiming at him again. Farrar strode forward and administered to his tormentor a smart box on the ears. On the instant all the chastised one's companions rose and began to pelt the head monitor with books, pencil, indiarubber, and anything they could lay their hands on.

Holding the roll-book up to protect his head, Farrar unfortunately retired to the rostrum, so that the missiles intended for him flew over him and hit the music-master.

Livid with rage, Mr. Kitt shouted again and again for silence. No use appealing to Farrar, for the head monitor's glasses were smashed and his face was bleeding.

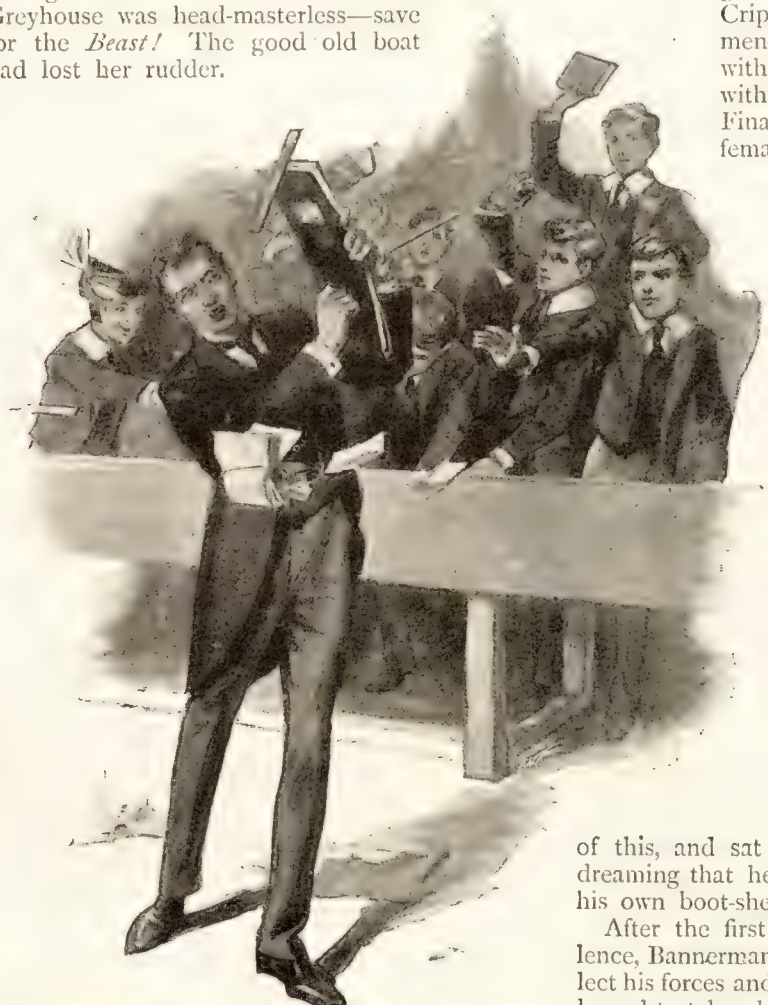
Mr. Kitt looked round hopelessly. The game was up. Nothing for it but to beat a retreat from the mob of school-boys. And this he did.

Thus started, the first flash of rebellion soon became a mighty conflagration.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, shame on you, Greyhouse! Restive mustangs, bitten by tarantulas, could not have leapt about more madly than did that big schoolful of Greys after poor little Mr. Kitt's ignominious flight. The air was full of Latin

Grammars and ink-pots and wild shoutings; the imps of school-boy mischief, let loose, were holding high carnival 'neath the ancient rafters. Discipline was at a discount; riot at a premium. Fellows pranced up and down the passages or tore in tens and twenties through the dormitories, pulling beds to pieces, smashing crockery, and by illegitimate means letting the night air through the windows. What matter? Greyhouse was head-masterless—save for the *Beast!* The good old boat had lost her rudder.



HOLDING THE ROLL-BOOK UP TO PROTECT HIS HEAD, FARRAR UNFORTUNATELY RETIRED TO THE ROSTRUM.

Some frightened ones slunk into bed, hoping to lie there unnoticed till the storm of misrule had spent itself. But they were seen and dragged forth and soused with icy water, and by way of drying, tossed in blankets to the ceiling. And then these miserable wretches, released at last, crept *under* their beds and lay there trembling while the rioters romped on in search of fresh fuel.

But these were the minor fry. The big fellows invaded the pantries, which were situated close by the hall, and gorged themselves with pastry and appetising dishes intended for to-morrow's top table. Here, too, were bottled beer and wine, and these liquids they walked into with great gusto. The servants, roused from their supper by the unwonted clamour, cast frightened glances at them from a distance. Cripps, the porter, and the other men-servants endeavoured to argue with the boys, but they were pelted with potatoes and hunks of bread. Finally, all the servants, male and female, retired to the kitchen, and locked themselves in. There was a brief council of war. Cripps was for fetching the *police!* Greyhouse village boasted a solitary policeman; one had to go to Petershall to obtain constabulary in any quantity. Finally, Mike, the boot-boy, was told off to mount his bicycle and ride post-haste to Petershall, straight to the Mayor's ball, and inform the masters of the outbreak.

But the servants had reckoned without their hosts. Bannerman had posted sentinels outside, and these, seizing Mike, flung his crock of a wheel into the Head's garden, and held Mike prisoner. But the servants knew not of this, and sat up for Mike to return, little dreaming that he was locked up, a captive in his own boot-shed.

After the first half-hour's unlicensed turbulence, Bannerman felt that it was high time to collect his forces and prepare for the battle that was bound to take place when the masters returned. He therefore told off his lieutenants—Eadie, Fredericks, Jewell, Black, and Limmy—to whip up the stragglers and assemble them all in Big School.

The monitors, quite unable, and decidedly unwilling, to cope with this rowdy crew, had retired to their studies. Phillips, the one athletic member of the Sixth, alone stood his ground. Every fellow he saw he ordered to bed, and every fellow who disobeyed him he stolidly added to a long list he was compiling.

News of this was brought to Bannerman.

Now Greyhouse had a great respect for Phillips; for Greyhouse felt that Phillips would have made a first-class captain. True, he formed part of the Sixth's tail, but he was *in* the Sixth—that was the thing. And he was a jolly good sort—that was another thing.

Bannerman turned to his followers.

"This is awkward," said he, "old Phil's chalking down names."

"He won't put you down, Ban."

"Don't know so much. Phil's dogged. Still, I'll go and see."

So Bannerman, who was not wanting in pluck, approached the monitor.

"Bannerman, why are you out of your study?" asked Phillips.

"That's my business."

"Are you going to your study?"

"No."

"Then I shall report you to the Head."

"There's no Head."

"Mr. Forbes is acting as head-master. I shall report every fellow I see out of his room."

"Then you'll be a beastly sneak."

"I'll settle that remark with you another time. Meanwhile, let me tell you that this business, if it continues, will bring the school lower than anything that's ever happened. *You* can quiet the fellows down if you like."

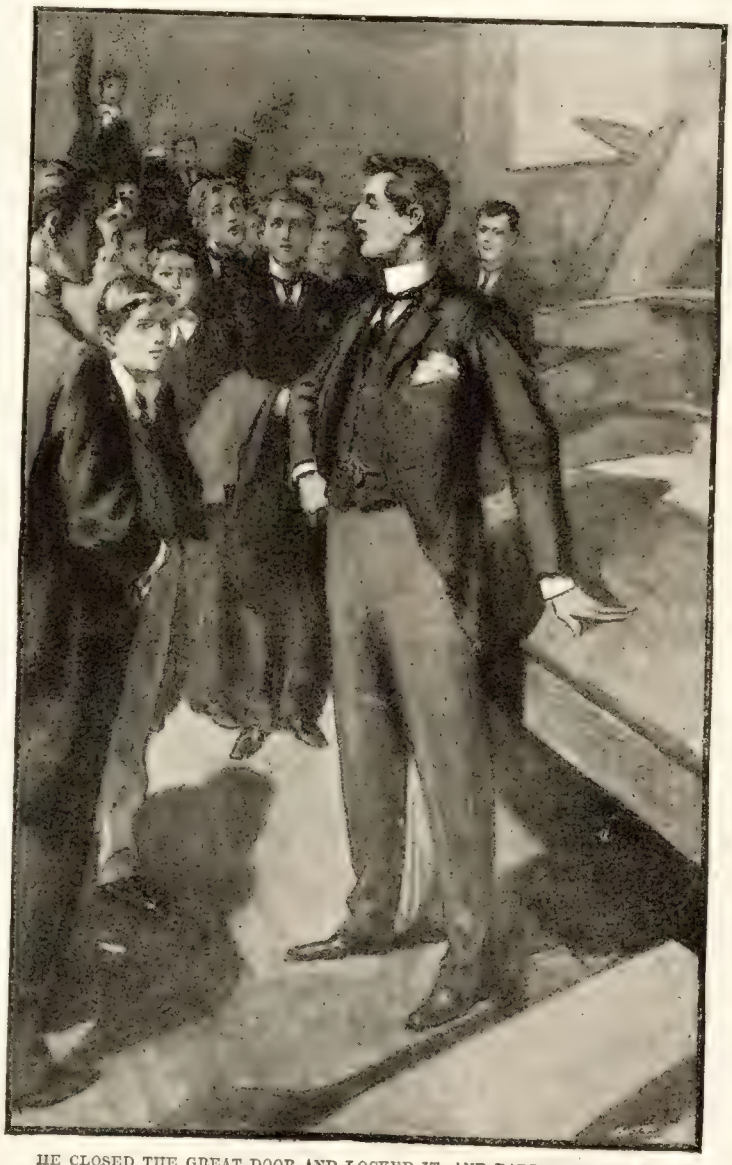
"Well," retorted Bannerman, "let *me* tell you this. We've had enough of Forbes' tyranny. He's goaded us until we can stand no more. They'll never make him Head after this, and that's all I care. They can expel me to-morrow if they please—I don't care twopence. But I'll settle the Beast's hash—he shall never be head-master of this school."

"I don't like Forbes any more than you do," said Phillips sturdily; "but it was a cruel shame to set on Kitt as the fellows did. The ringleaders of this row will have to answer dearly for it in the morning."

So saying, seeing that further argument was useless, Phillips turned on his heel and went off to see how Farrar was getting on—for Farrar's face had been badly hurt by the flying books.

Bannerman, however, was not to be daunted. He meant to carry this business right through to the bitter end—for, as he had said, he was utterly regardless of the consequences, and didn't care a button what happened to himself personally.

Acting under his orders, the pantries were raided again and stripped of their contents. Mindful of all things, Bannerman caused his men to bring their water-jugs and mugs into Big School, at the far end of which loaves and cold joints were placed in regal profusion. Then he had the desks piled up under the windows,



HE CLOSED THE GREAT DOOR AND LOCKED IT, AND BARRICADED IT WITH DESKS AND FORMS—AND THEY WERE READY.

so that invaders might be repelled if any dared to attempt an entrance that way, and then he had drill-sticks, and bats, and stumps—everything that would hit and *hurt*—brought in and stacked ready for use.

Also, as the weather was chilly, he bade his army provide themselves with blankets and overcoats; and, as the army did not quite know what it was doing, it obeyed him implicitly.

Finally, when quite a couple of hundred fellows were in Big School—all the monitors and many of the kids were left outside—he closed the great door and locked it and barricaded it with desks and forms—and they were ready.

Hardly were his preparations for a siege complete when there came a loud rapping on the door, and a man's voice outside was heard demanding admittance.

So great was the uproar within that the man's tones could not be distinguished. The masters weren't due back till three. Perhaps it was Phillips—still, he'd hardly be such a fool as to think they would let him in.

"Open this door," cried the voice, and the hammering outside became thunderous.

"I say," said Limmy, shaking a bit, "I seem to recognise that voice. Make 'em shut up a minute."

Bannerman leapt on to the rostrum and held up his hand.

"Steady!—somebody at the door," he shouted. "Hold your row—d'you hear?"

He had a big voice, and the others certainly heard him. Moreover, they obeyed him.

There was a dead silence.

Then from without came:—

"Open this door at once, Bannerman. I command you to open this door."

Good Heavens! Bannerman's lieutenants looked at him in horror. *The voice was Doddie's!*

It was. Mr. Dodson was back from Yorkshire already—Mr. Dodson—Doddie—the one master in Greyhouse that Greyhouse really feared.

"Are you going to open this door?"

Every eye was fixed on Bannerman as he got off the rostrum. What would he do?

Bannerman approached the door.

"Anyone there?" he inquired.

"Yes—I—Mr. Dodson I want to know whether you are going to open this door."

Greyhouse hung on Bannerman's lips.

Presently he replied, quite coolly:—

"*No, sir, I am not going to open this door, and I am not going to allow anybody else to open it.*"

Warren Bell

(To be continued next month.)

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

FICTION.

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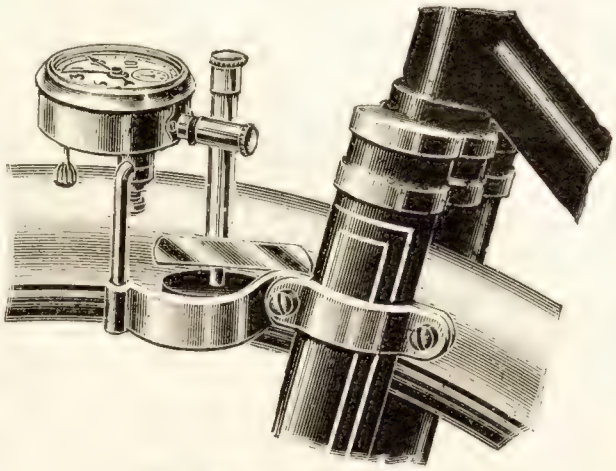
CONCERNING CYCLOMETERS.

By Haydon Perry.

THE growing popularity of the cyclometer among cyclists is not to be wondered at, for it is an instrument at once useful and neat, and its inner mechanism is exceedingly clever and pretty. Most boys have a liking for machinery, and this natural instinct, if I may so call it, has been greatly stimulated by the bicycle. The necessary interest taken in the machine and its working parts is readily extended to other forms of mechanism, and the cyclist unconsciously becomes something of an engineer. I should think there are very few boys who have not at some time or other had their curiosity prompted to examine the works of a clock or a watch. That is the preliminary to the second step of trying to take the clock to pieces. This accomplished, there still remains the third process of putting the parts together again. Such a task, when undertaken for the first time, generally presents many very puzzling difficulties—a warning which I offer to such as may be a little less clever with their hands than some of their comrades are. With this caution, meant to prevent the wholesale destruction of cyclometers by such as possess them, I may say that any boy with a mechanical turn who will take the pains to dissect his own will find that it contains as compact and pretty an arrangement of watchwork as he could wish to see. Indeed, the cyclometer resembles the watch inasmuch as both are really nothing else but counting machines. The purpose of a watch is to count fractions of time, and add them up as it goes. It is usually constructed—although not always—to count quarter seconds, and the balance wheel, which accomplishes this, is connected with a series of other wheels so arranged as to add the fractions up into minutes and hours, and show the total as it grows by the movement of the fingers on the dial. If at the end of a day or a week the watch is still found to be compiling its total punctually we say that it keeps good time. But no one expects a watch, however costly a one it may be, to remain for any great length of time absolutely accurate. It will, sooner or later, get ahead of the sun, or lag behind him, and we shall say that it is either fast or slow.

Now, if clocks and watches were worked by the sun,[5] instead of by springs or weights, they would always tell the right time. A moment's consideration will show that a cyclometer is really a kind of clock which is worked by its own sun, that is to say by the little "striker" or knob which is fixed to one of the spokes, and the revolutions of which it is the function of the cyclometer to count. A watch may fail to count accurately the apparent motions of the sun; but a cyclometer cannot err in counting the revolutions of the striker, because as the striker comes round he hits the cyclometer's star wheel and so actually sees to the counting himself. Are cyclometers, then, all absolutely accurate? Yes, as counting machines pure and simple they are. They cannot help counting correctly; where they are at fault is in converting the counted quantities into miles, and this is due to no defect of their own, but to sources of error outside them—so numerous, that when I have told you a few of them you will be astonished that a cyclometer can be made that is any good at all.



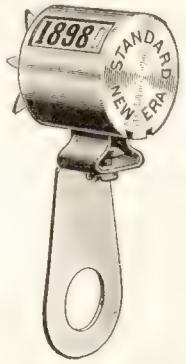
THE "METROSCOPE" CYCLOMETER.

The cyclometer is the direct descendant of the old pedometer, which, when carried in the pocket, was supposed to keep a record of the

distance its possessor walked. It was worked by the up-and-down motion of the body, and was really a very simple counting machine, but unless its owner made the proper number of steps to the mile, as estimated by the inventor, the mileage recorded at the end of the walk would be wrong. Some pedometers were made so that they could be regulated to the walking habits of the individual. But the same person does not take the same length of stride at all times. It varies with his pace, with the object in view, with the mood of the moment, even with the time of day; not to mention the kind of boots or shoes he may happen to be wearing. So that at the best the poor pedometer was but a sorry guesser at the truth. The inventors of the cyclometer argued that a man on a bicycle was perforce compelled always to take the same length of step, and for the earlier kinds of recording instruments absolute truth was claimed. We shall see that this argument was wrong, and that truth is more than can be expected from even the best and latest types of the instrument. To begin with, nobody knows exactly by how many a diameter must be multiplied in order to get a circumference. The wisest mathematician cannot answer you the question, but will only put you off with sage remarks about the quantity called π. Let us suppose this to be 3 1-7, which is certainly very near the mark. Then a 28in. wheel is just 88ins. round, and will consequently travel that distance in making one turn. You will find, if you work it out, that 88ins. are contained in a mile exactly 720 times, with nothing over.

THE "VEEDER TRIP" CYCLOMETER.

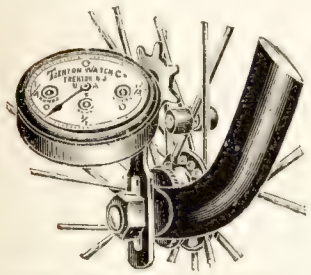
It might, therefore, be rashly supposed that all that the cyclometer maker had to do would be to so arrange the mechanism that 720 strokes from the little striker should move one digit in the mileage total, just as 240 quarter-second swings of the balance wheel of a watch are arranged to move the hands over the space marked for a minute. But a bicycle wheel is not always the same size. When we say it is a 28in. wheel we mean that 28ins. is its maximum size. It is only that size when the tyre is hard blown, and when there is no weight in the saddle. The moment a tyre is depressed a flat place is formed in it, and it measures slightly less round than before. If a 28in. wheel is depressed sufficiently to make it only effective as a 27½in. wheel it will have to turn round thirteen more times to run a true mile — that is, it would register its mile thirteen turns too soon. It is clear that the actual size of a bicycle wheel must be constantly varying It gets smaller and smaller during a ride, and then suddenly goes back to its largest again the moment it is re-inflated. In addition to this there may be circumstances to change the size of a tyre all in a moment. In riding downhill the weight is thrown forward, and unduly depresses the front tyre, slightly casing the back one; while in hill climbing, on the other hand, weight is taken off the front wheel at the expense of the back one, and the former thus becomes momentarily rounder and larger. Hence it will be seen that if the cyclometer manufacturer wishes to make allowances his task is a very difficult one, and all that we are entitled to expect of him is that he shall make the best guess he can. The makers of the "Veeder" cyclometer consider that 728 revolutions to the mile for a 28-in. wheel is a fair average. This allows for the wheel travelling scarcely more than 87ins. with each turn. But there are other factors of error for which the maker cannot calculate with any hope of accuracy, and nearly every one of them tends to make the cyclometer "gain," by which I mean make it count up its miles faster than they are actually covered.



THE "NEW ERA" CYCLOMETER.

Just a very few factors act the other way, that is, tend to make the cyclometer "lose." For example, there are some riders who, when they find themselves on a winding road, and have it all to themselves, will keep cutting off all the curves. This practice helps the machine to bridge the distance between two milestones before it has itself travelled a full mile. This is because in road measurement it is common to lay the chain along the centre of the way, following all the bends and turnings. If you keep down to the left hand side of the road, in your proper place, your course will, in the long run, be of the same measurement as that of the central line, to which it is parallel. But how many riders,

instead of riding a shorter line than this, habitually ride a longer? There is traffic to be dodged. There are stones which it is well to swerve out of the way of. There are strips of metal, better than the average, towards which the cyclist instinctively deviates. If he keeps straight on, without picking his way, there are lumps and hollows in the road, all of which are measured out by the cyclometer as if they were extra bits of straight.

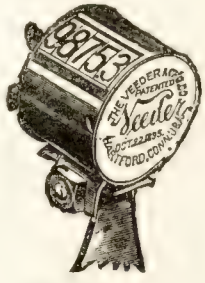


THE TRENTON CYCLOMETER.

But there is another, and, perhaps, the most variable factor of all, against which the cyclometer can make no provision. In order to maintain the balance on a bicycle constant departures from the true course must be made. These are imperceptible in the case of the old rider. He makes what we call a straight line, even at very slow paces, and no rider should be satisfied until he himself has learnt to do this. But it is not really a straight line, even with the best of riders. With the novice the deviations are very marked. I leave out of account the period during which he wobbles all over the road. There is a time, much later, when he thinks he can ride, but when a comparison of wheel-marks will reveal the fact that he rides a much longer distance than the old hand does who covers precisely the same journey. This kind of error tends to disappear with skill; but, so long as it is there, the usual method of fixing the cyclometer exaggerates it. Has it ever struck you that the two wheels of a bicycle do not travel the same distance in the course of a run? The front wheel always goes further, for at all times when the machine is not making a dead straight line the hind wheel is trying to cut off and lessen the curve made by the front one. You can prove this by wheeling the machine about and observing. It is impossible to wheel it so that what I have said does not apply. Even if you wheel it backwards you will see it is still the driving wheel which makes the shorter course, and the steering wheel the longer. Now, as the cyclometer is, for a number of reasons, nearly always fitted to the front wheel, there is here another circumstance which gives to it a tendency to "gain."

In spite of all I have said I should recommend every cyclist to invest the few shillings required in order to make him the possessor of a cyclometer. A record of mileage is not only interesting in itself, but it has a practical value, inasmuch as it makes it easy to find out the length of life of a tyre, a chain, or any other working part. You can, of course, keep a record by measuring off your distances on the map, or by carefully noting the figures on milestones. But human errors—especially those of exaggeration—are, as a rule, far greater than those of the cyclometer. Any one of the instruments illustrated in this article will keep a more faithful record than 999 riders in 1,000 are able to keep. All the cyclometers do the same thing, although not quite in the same way; and their allowances are not all alike. The way to get the fullest and most faithful service out of a cyclometer is to do a bit of averaging of your own, in addition to that which the maker of the instrument has done before. Notice on some length of properly measured road how far your readings disagree with the milestones, and from this you can discover a percentage of correction which you can apply to all readings.

The majority of cyclometers, although not all, hail from America. Somehow, our friends across the water always excel us in making little knacky bits of mechanism. I am indebted to two of the largest importers—Messrs. Markt & Co., of Shoe Lane, and Messrs. A. W. Gamage, of Holborn, for the illustrations to this article. They show a considerable variety of typical cyclometers, each possessing its own special merits and claims for consideration. The "Veeder" has already been mentioned. An amplification of it, called the "Veeder Trip," shows in addition to the grand total compiled to date, the mileage of the last run or tour. This idea has also been employed successfully by the American Watch Company, of Boston, U.S.A.; but their cyclometer was not in the neat barrel form of the "Veeder." Another nice little instrument in this form is the Standard "New Era." The "Trenton" cyclometer is of the ordinary dial pattern, but is made of aluminium and is characterised by extreme lightness.



THE "VEEDER" CYCLOMETER.

Then there are cyclometers which do something more than move figured wheels to record the distance run.

The "Signal" cyclometer sounds a little gong to mark each completed mile, and is a not unpleasant companion on a solitary ride. The "Metroscope," of which an illustration

is given, has the added merits of a speed indicator. A light spring holds a small wheel against the rim, and at all speeds exceeding five miles an hour it transmits to ingenious mechanism in the instrument an impulse that serves to actuate a sensitive hand which indicates the speed by pointing to figures on the dial. Mention should not be omitted of the "Security" cyclometer. In practice it was found that cyclometers were particularly liable to injury, especially in such places as guards' vans, where heavy luggage might bend the light bracket of attachment or do other serious damage. The inventor of the "Security" cyclometer places his instrument inside the wheel, the striker being a stationary fixture to one of the front forks. It is there kept neatly out of the way. You see, for purposes of reckoning time it would not matter whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. So with the "Security" cyclometer. It gets its motion from the striker at each revolution, and the fact that it turns a somersault between each contact is a matter of no concern.

A word in conclusion. It is only those who are incapable of appreciating the highest joys of cycling who will ride for the sake of piling up great cyclometric totals. Such riders are really the slaves of the cyclometer, and make it their tyrant instead of their friend. It should rather be regarded as a serviceable companion — a willing little drudge at all times, ready to do your counting for you, and if rationally used in this way its merry little wheels will serve to add to the interest of the afternoon or evening spin, or to the more protracted delights of touring.

THE HERRING INDUSTRY.

PEOPLE who live far away from the coast towns in which the herring industry is carried on have very little conception how these towns are dependent upon it for their very existence. Take Peterhead, for instance. It is no longer the chief centre of the whaling industry, as it once was. From a fleet of over thirty splendid whalers, which sailed from its harbour every year to the icy regions of the Arctic, there remains not one! Dundee has now the monopoly of this industry. Peterhead had to find something else for a livelihood, and naturally turned to the herring. Every year a fleet of from three to four hundred boats—two-thirds of them belonging to smaller towns and villages around the east coast of the North of Scotland—engage in the industry from this port. The herring swim in shoals, and sometimes within a couple of miles from land. The fishing is done at night, and, of course, by means of nets. When the herring are close in shore, and the sea is calm, you can see the lights of the boats stretching right along the horizon. The nets remain in the sea all night, and are hauled up early in the morning. The catch is estimated by "crans" (a cran being four pretty large baskets of exactly the same size, made for the purpose) and one boat can contain about a hundred crans.

As soon as a boat arrives in the harbour with a "shot" (as the catch is called), a few herring are put into one of these baskets as a sample. The herring-buyers (or fish-curers, as they are called) take the sample of the boat's catch to the sales-room, and "bid" for it. The price varies very much, according to whether the fishing is good or bad. After the fish have been bought they are at once carted to the yard of the fish-curer who has bought them. Here they are emptied into great, deep, oblong boxes and "gutted." This is done by fisher girls chiefly. It is a sight to see them do it. One clean, swift cut with a knife, and the herring is tossed aside into a barrel, where a man throws salt over it. This is to make them keep, as they have to go to the continent. The girls are paid according to the number of barrels which they fill, and it is astonishing how many they can fill in a day. If there has been an exceptionally heavy fishing they work all night, by the light of torches attached to anything near at hand. If the fishing is a very light one, the herring are usually "smoked" and converted into kippers. As I stated before, the herring sometimes approach to within a couple of miles of the land. At other times the boats have often to go nearly a hundred miles for them. The boats are often at sea from Monday till Saturday. The fishermen are a hardy, cheerful race. They have to be hardy to face the storms which the North Sea is so subject to, and often need all their cheerfulness, as, for instance, last year, when the fishing was a total failure. Let us hope it will be successful this year!

GILDART J. WALKER.

ICH DIEN.

By E. Menhinic Morphew.

Illustrated by Sherie.

On a fair October day in the twentieth year of the reign of King Henry VIII., Robert Courtenay, esquire to Lord Darcy, had attended his master to the royal palace of Westminster, and being very much in love with fair Dorothy Gaynsford, he had strayed into the antechamber where the ladies of the Queen's retinue were wont to resort.

Son of a broken gentleman, the lord of a ruined house, Courtenay had little more to offer his lady love than a noble ancestry and a loyal heart; but, nevertheless, her handsome, light-hearted young lover occupied a far larger share of the fair Dorothy's heart than she would acknowledge even to herself.

"Mistress Gaynsford," he pleaded gaily, as he stood leaning over the edge of the couch upon which the object of his affections was seated, "give me that 'kerchief, and I will wear it at the next lists, and defy all comers."

Upon her refusal, he tried to twitch it from her, and, in the course of their love tricks, he snatched out of her hands a book, to which she had been attending more than he approved when in his company.

At the same moment he was summoned to attend Lord Darcy to the royal chapel, and rushed off, book in hand, in spite of Mistress Dorothy's entreaties that he would restore it to her.

During the service he took it into his head to read the trophy he had snatched from his beloved. It was no other than a translation into English of the Gospels, and he was soon so absorbed in its contents, that the service was over before he was conscious of the lapse of time.

He was aroused by a hand on his shoulder. He closed the book hurriedly and looked up to meet the suspicious gaze of the dean of the chapel, who asked:—

"What are you reading, young sir?"

"'Tis nought that concerns your reverence," answered Courtenay, for the book was proscribed by Cardinal Wolsey, and he knew the danger of being found in the possession of it.

"Pardon, sir," he added, and rising would have moved away, but the dean detained him.

"Not so fast, young man. Show me that book."

"I am sorry that I cannot oblige your reverence," answered Courtenay haughtily.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the dean. "My Lord Darcy, give ear to me one moment, I beseech you. This fellow here doth boldly defy me to my face. You would do well, my lord, to demand of him what book is that which he guards so carefully."

"Courtenay," said Lord Darcy sternly.

"My lord!"

"You need teaching, it seems, to respect your superiors. What is this book? Give it me."

"I do beseech you, my lord——" pleaded Courtenay.

"Obey," demanded Darcy.

Resistance was useless. Courtenay gave up the book to his lord, who handed it to the dean without any observation.

"It is as I suspected," cried the other; "it is the prohibited translation of the Scriptures. This matter must be thoroughly investigated, my lord."

"Courtenay," thundered Lord Darcy, "where did you get this book?"

"I cannot tell you, my lord," said the esquire, changing colour.

"Dost thou dare to defy me, sirrah? Answer."

But, with a face grown suddenly white, Courtenay stood silent.

Darcy raised his gauntleted hand and struck him in the face. The blood rushed back to his cheek with shame and indignation. If he was bound to submit, at least he did not shrink.

"The rack will soon wring an answer from the young heretic, my lord," put in the dean.

Darcy laid his hand not ungently on his esquire's shoulder.

"If you will make a full confession as to where you obtained that book, Courtenay, I will give you my protection against all accusers."

"My lord," replied Courtenay, "you are asking me to betray another. I cannot do it."

"Then I dismiss you from my service," said Lord Darcy; "I will have no heretics in my house. You need not look for me to aid you in escaping the penalty for your fault."

"My lord!" entreated Courtenay, kneeling.

"Stand out of my way, sirrah," said Darcy peremptorily, and passed out of the chapel.

The scuffling of many feet, the panting of fighting men, a frantic struggle for liberty, and the short choking gasp for breath of a man overpowered at last, and Courtenay was arrested, hurried to the Tower and to a dungeon.

Thus several days, and then one evening an officer and a party of halberdiers appeared, and he was led between them through the streets to York Palace, to be examined by Cardinal Wolsey.

As Courtenay was brought into the hall, the Cardinal was giving some directions to a sergeant-at-arms who stood before him. A few words of the conversation were overheard by Courtenay.

"——, set out immediately for Louth Castle, and arrest Lord Darcy on a charge of high treason——"

The rest of the sentence was lost, but he had heard enough.

He must escape and warn Lord Darcy.

The next moment he was led before the Cardinal, who was seated beside an open window which looked out into the street.

He answered the questions put to him with alacrity, until he was asked from whom he had obtained the forbidden book.

"That I will not confess, except to your grace's ear alone," he said.

Upon a sign from Wolsey all withdrew to the lower end of the hall.

Courtenay knelt at the Cardinal's knee, saw that the coast was clear, sprang to his feet, and was out in an instant.

Once in the street, he ran for his life, for the Cardinal's men followed him closely.

But the darkness was favourable to him, and before morning dawned, he had escaped out of the city, and got as far north as Highgate.

He hid all day in a ditch, not daring to venture out for fear of being recaptured, and at night made all possible speed northward, goaded on by the remembrance of the Cardinal's words:—

"*Set out at once for Louth Castle and arrest Lord Darcy.*"

* * * * *

In solitary state Lord Darcy sat at supper in the banqueting hall of Louth Castle.

There was a slight commotion without the hall, and in burst Robert Courtenay, pale, breathless, rain-bedrenched, covered with mire, cloakless and bareheaded.

He pushed by some serving men standing by the door, who tried to stay him, and rushed up to the daïs and threw himself on his knees before his lord.

"Courtenay, my poor fellow!" exclaimed Lord Darcy.

"My lord!" gasped the esquire, clinging to his lord's hand; "you are in danger—terrible danger! A sergeant-at-arms and a party of halberdiers, with a warrant for your arrest, will be here in a few moments. I passed them at the ford."

Darcy turned pale.

"Are you certain this is so?" he asked.

"I heard the Cardinal give the order, my lord. But quick, Lord Darcy, you must change clothes with me—at least, I must have yours and Martin can give you his, mine are too wet. Quick, Martin, strip! There is not a moment to be lost."

"Courtenay," said Lord Darcy, "I cannot allow you to do this for me. It would be risking your life for mine, and but a week ago I tamely gave you up to imprisonment, and perhaps the stake, because I was too cowardly to run the risk of offending the Cardinal."

"My lord," rejoined Courtenay, almost tearing Darcy's doublet from off him, "if you are taken they shall take me, too."

In a few moments the change of costume was complete, and the groom, Martin, announcing that the horses were ready, Courtenay reminded his master that the time was short.

"Martin will ride with you, my lord," said Courtenay, as they went out into the courtyard. "You will better escape detection with him for spokesman." He held Lord Darcy's stirrup.

"Farewell, Courtenay," said Darcy, in a voice full of emotion, and, pressing his esquire's hand fervently, he dashed off into the darkness, followed by the faithful groom.

Courtenay went back into the deserted hall. The remains of Lord Darcy's evening repast were on the board, and he made a good meal, for he had tasted nothing since morning.

Soon he heard a troop of horsemen enter the courtyard. A moment later they came clattering noisily into the hall, their leader crying out:—

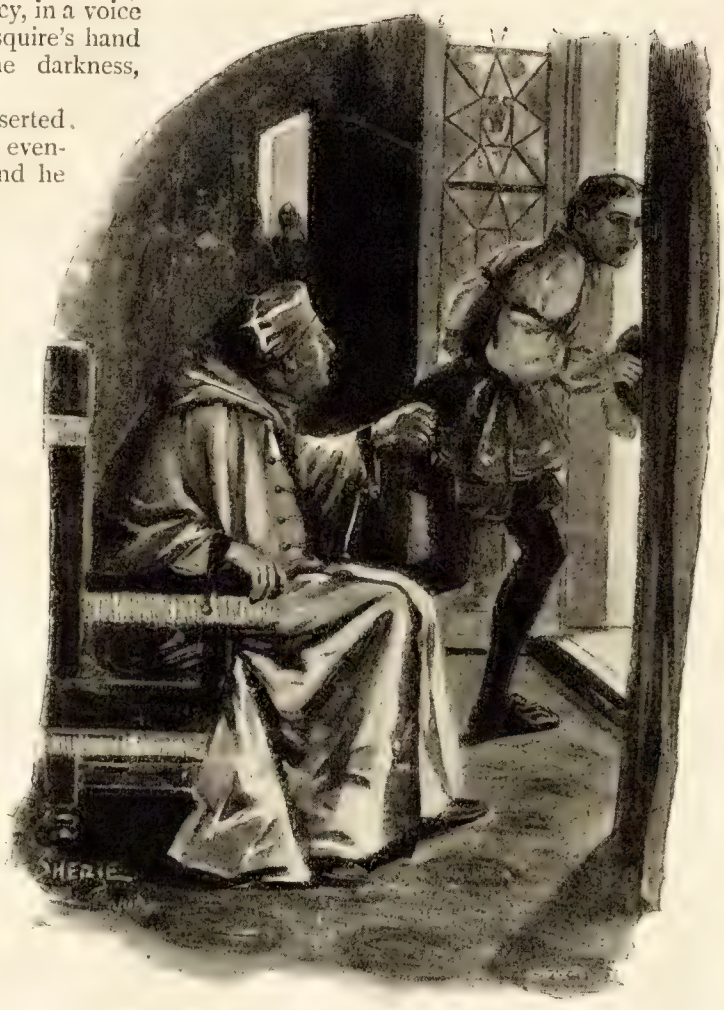
"Where is Lord Darcy?"

As they entered, Courtenay rose. He was a noble-looking youth, and his lord's clothes suited him well. He held himself as though he would defy the world. There was courage and dignity in every line of him—from the turn of his dark, close-cropped head to the fall of the short cloak he wore over his shoulder.

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" he asked haughtily.

"Lord Darcy," replied the officer, advancing to the foot of the daïs, and laying his wand on Courtenay's shoulder, "I arrest thee, on a charge of high treason, in the name of our sovereign lord, the King."

"The King's will shall ever by me be obeyed," replied Courtenay. "I am at your service, sir."



COURTENAY SPRANG TO HIS FEET, AND WAS OUT IN AN INSTANT.

"May it please you, my lord, to accompany me at once," said the sergeant; "my orders admit of no delay."

"I am content," said Courtenay. "Sirrah!" he continued to an attendant, "my horse with all despatch, and bring me here my bonnet and riding cloak." Taking no further notice of his captors, he sat down, and, bending forward, caressed the old deerhound that lay at his feet, until the groom returned with his cloak.

At a sign from their leader, the halberdiers closed round the supposed Lord Darcy, and the party went forth with the sharp rain driving in their faces, out upon the more-deep roads.

After a four days' journey, evening at last found them before the gates of York. As they passed through the streets to the castle, many were the curious glances cast upon the prisoner, and the sympathy that was expressed for him by many of the citizens warned him that, in the city where Lord Darcy was so popular, there must be many who knew him too well to be deceived as he (Courtenay) had deceived his escort.

While pondering on what would be his fate when discovered, he arrived at his prison.

He was led into the guardroom. Stone walls, narrow windows, iron bars. The warden advanced to meet him.

"I am sorry to see you in this state, my lord," he said. "You are to be brought before the Council to-morrow. Until then you must needs be content with what accommodation I am allowed to give you."

Preceded by a gaoler with a torch, and closely followed by the warden, he was led to the upper storey of the castle, and placed in a large stone cell, the sole furniture of which was a chair, a table, and a pallet.

HE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO DEATH.

As Courtenay listened to the barring of the door of his prison, and to the retreating footsteps of his gaolers, a chill, like that of death, struck into his heart.

Restless and impatient of restraint, he paced up and down his cell, until, exhausted, he threw himself upon his pallet, and fell asleep.

At a late hour the following day, he was conducted to the Council Chamber, and placed before the Lords of the Council, who were seated at a table.

Courtenay entered the chamber with a carriage worthy of his master in his most imperious mood. Of the terror of detection that was in

his heart he gave no sign, but met the glance of the nobles before him unflinchingly.

"Your name is Herbert, Lord Darcy?" observed the Duke of Norfolk, who was head of the Council.

At that moment Courtenay caught the keen suspicious glance of Lord Hussey, and he felt he was discovered.

He bowed his head in token of assent, and, conscious of the lie and of Lord Hussey's piercing glance, he flushed hotly.

For nearly three hours he underwent a rigorous examination by the different lords of the Council.

With every nerve and faculty strained to the utmost in endeavouring to answer the questions put to him satisfactorily, it did not aid him to maintain his composure to know that Lord Hussey was all the time watching him closely, and that one member of the council at least was not deceived.

It had grown almost dark before the examination was finished. Torches were brought in, and by their light Courtenay placed his signature to the minutes drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk.

The Council then held a consultation. They spoke together in an undertone, while their prisoner stood motionless, gazing mechanically in front of him. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded.

He held his handsome head very proudly when he heard his sentence. He started a little and drew his breath sharply, that was all.

They took him back to his cell. The moonlight was streaming in through the aperture that did duty for a window, and he stood leaning and looking out at the patch of starlit sky that was visible to him.

It was not easy to compose his mind to his fate. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen it at twenty-three. Yet by degrees he calmed, and through the contemplation of death, could raise his thoughts higher than this present life; and comfort came down.

Then, feeling that he had done with this world, he threw himself down on his bed.

That same night lay little Dorothy Gaynsford and wept over poor Courtenay's unknown fate, and bitterly repented that she had not ever let him guess how much she loved him.

But Robert Courtenay slept peacefully until the morning, when he was summoned by the gaoler. In the corridor he encountered Lord Hussey, the last person in the world whom he had desire to see.

"One moment, I beseech you," said Hussey to the gaoler, "in which to bid my friend farewell."

He drew Courtenay aside.

"I know not who you are, young sir, but in the name of all true Catholics I thank you. You are preserving the life of one who is of value to the cause of true religion and liberty. Is there aught I can do for you?"

"I am grateful to your grace," replied Courtenay, simply. "I pray you commend me to my lord, and tell him I die well content. Robert Courtenay I am called," and he passed on.

With guards going before and after, Courtenay came forth from the castle. He went a swift pace, bending his face towards the earth, taking heed of none, though some spake directly to him. His face was pale, but his eyes shone with an enthusiastic light, like sunshine gleaming on a sword-blade.

He mounted the scaffold in the midst of a strange silence—a silence that grew into a great cry.

Robert Courtenay gazed steadfastly into the distance, and his voice rang clear:—

"Good people, I ask *your silence*, and your prayers."

Robert Courtenay gazed into the distance—green hills and valleys all smiling in the morning sun.

Over there rode a man, galloping. Oh, to be free! free as air, with a brave horse under you, and gallop and gallop over those hills, over the fresh dew-damped grass!

And Courtenay never loved life so dearly as at this moment. The horseman was riding toward the city.

It was weakness, it was foolishness, he told himself, but hope would begin to flutter.

And now from the watching crowd came a great shout, and Courtenay's heart gave a great leap, for the rider drew close, and he waved something in his hand.

"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted the people.

"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted Lord Darcy, and threw himself from his horse at the foot of the scaffold.

"*In the name of the King, make way!*"

THE END.

"OUR BILL."

A Football Sketch.

WHEN Bill Russell came back after the Christmas holidays, he modestly informed us that he had been assisting his "local club" during the holidays. It eventually transpired that his "local club" was none other than Blackheath, the premier club of the kingdom, and that in assisting them against Swansea, Newport, Cardiff, *et cetera*, "Our Bill" had proved himself a star among stars.

Pearson minor told me that he knew somebody whose cousin was at St. Cuthbert's, who frankly admitted that St. Cuthbert's were in a desperate funk.

Now, of all the matches we play, the one that we all simply long to win is that against St. Cuthbert's. Should we have a brilliant victory before the eventful match, then everyone says: "This looks all right for the St. Cuthbert's match," or, in the case of a defeat: "This won't do at all. We shall have to buck up against St. Cuthbert's"; and, on this particular occasion of which I am writing, what made our interest keener than usual was the fact that we hadn't beaten St. Cuthbert's for five years.

Two days before the match I was talking it over with a miserable wretch who always looks on the black side of things, and whom I have nicknamed "The Raven," on account of his alleged likeness to that "ungainly fowl" that distinguished itself by observing "Never more!" with monotonous frequency. We were strolling to the "gym," to have a look at "Our Bill" and his merry men, who were "training" there, when I happened to catch sight of a knot of boys talking excitedly about something in a newspaper which they were all endeavouring to read at once.

"Bad news," quoth the Raven.

"*Good* news, you mule!" I exclaimed, emphasising the adjective with a vigorous poke in his waistcoat; "come and see what it is."

At our approach a perfect babel of noise arose from the group, but I caught the words, "Russell" and "South Cap," and that was enough for me. It was too good to be true. But seeing is believing, and I both saw and believed when Simpson thrust all that was left of an unlucky *Sportsman* into my hands.

I looked at the paragraph he pointed to, and read as follows:—

W. Russell, the other centre three-quarter, is the brilliant young footballer who assisted Blackheath on their Welsh tour, and as he is only nineteen years of age, he should have a brilliant career before him, if he is attended by good fortune.

Then followed a lot of gas about his being still at our place; I did not stop to read that, but indulged in a frenzied demonstration of triumph, in which I was joined by all those present, except the Raven.

"Look happy, you beast!" I yelled to the latter.

"North *versus* South," said the Raven, with a face on him like a memorial card, "is on the same day as St. Cuthbert's. And we shall get licked for the sixth year in succession!"

"I say, this is a bit *too off*," cried Simpson. "Why were you ever hatched to throw damps on peoples' spirits in this infernal way?"

"What does a licking from St. Cuthbert's matter?" yelled Stephens. "Have *they* got a man in the South team?"

"*Three cheers for 'Our Bill.' Hoo-ray!*"

"What's the matter, you kids? Is anywhere relieved?"

This last was spoken by "Our Bill" himself, who suddenly appeared on the scene. I was afraid to look at his head, for I almost expected to see a halo surrounding it. It was not a halo, but he took it off, and actually let us handle it.

"It's very much like my third fifteen cap," said the Raven decisively.

I could say nothing to that. I could not even contradict him. I could only kick him on the shin.

"We're all *beastly* glad, Russell."

"Thanks awfully. But I shan't play for the South. I've let them know the school can't spare me on Saturday."

And he passed on, leaving us staring after him in utter stupefaction.

"He's a brick!" said Simpson.

"So he is," said the Raven; "but I wish they hadn't put in that little bit in the *Sportsman* about him being attended by good fortune."

There never was a chap like the Raven for looking on the black side of things.

* * * * *

When "Our Bill" led his men on to the field against St. Cuthbert's, the cheers that hailed his appearance were almost as frantic as those that greeted the news of the relief of Mafeking. The St. Cuthbertians joined in them heartily, for they all admired the act of self-sacrifice, even though it meant defeat for their side.

I will not attempt to describe the match. All I can say is, that "Our Bill" played as he had never played before, and as he has never played since.

For, although we did not know it, he was playing his last match!

He scored three brilliant tries—the only tries scored in the match,—but, like so many other brave leaders have done, he fell in the hour of victory. It was about ten minutes from "no side" when a stoppage occurred in the game, and I could not see what was the cause of it.

"Another try to us," I suggested.

"Or a free kick for foul play to us," said a venomous Cuthbertian.

"Or a man hurt," said the Raven.

It is a man hurt—they're carrying him off—and—and—it's poor old Russell!

He was laid up two or three weeks and some days after the match the terrible news leaked out that he would never be able to play "footer" again.

Dead?

Is it likely, you muddle-headed pippin, that a great, strapping, iron-constitutioned brute of nineteen would peg out over a compound something or other of the what-you-may-call-it?

He is alive and (theoretically, alas!) kicking, and he accepted his fate and the dinner we gave him with good-humoured resignation. He is at Cambridge now, where he has gone in hot and strong for cricket. It is quite possible that we may yet see "Our Bill" at Lord's; but it must be a great sorrow to him not being able to play footer. It is to us, anyhow.

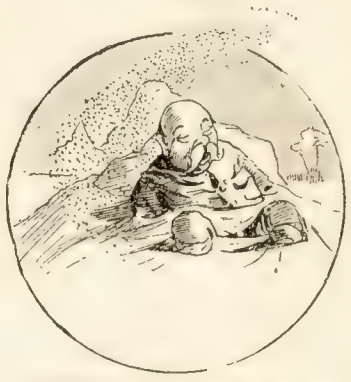
Dulce et decorum est pro schola vulnerari.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

(1) Major Strongboy takes a walk from camp—

(2) Into the desert, where the heat overcomes him, and he falls asleep.

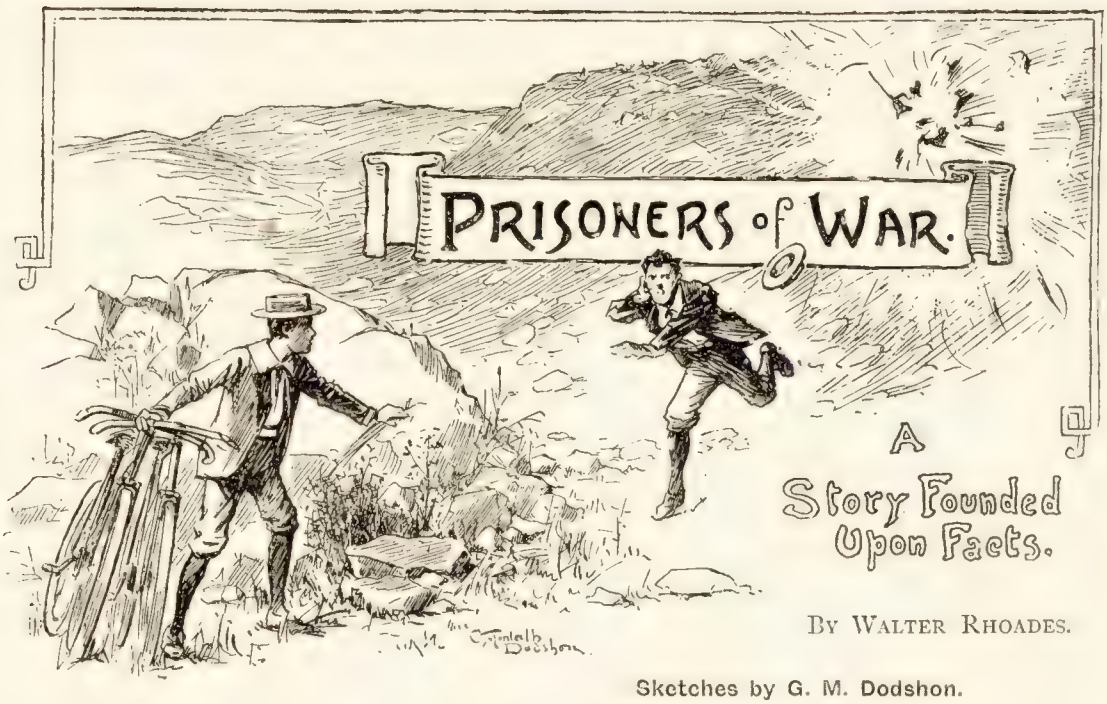


(3) Then the wind springs up, and fans the sand about till he lies almost entirely covered.

(4) Being very bald, what more natural, then, that Miss O'Srich, who happened that way, should think some kind friend had saved her the trouble of laying?

(5) And that she should at once try her best to hatch it out—

(6) Unsuccessfully, though, for Major Strongbow emerges from the sand and uses such language that—well! our compositor says he is a respectable man, etc., etc.



By Walter Rhoades.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

THERE was nothing on earth at all likely to frighten Billy Mac; that, at least, was the opinion of Billy Mac himself. It was natural, therefore, that when the news of the declaration of the Boer War reached our farm, and when, later on, we heard of the Boer Army's approach, I should look to Billy to think out a plan of defence.

His idea was simple and effective. He turned the largest of the stables into a fort, bored two holes in each wall for rifle fire—one for him and one for me—so that we should be able to pour in withering volleys upon the advancing enemy, no matter from which quarter they might come. Then, with a mysterious air, he heaped up a quantity of dry wood and straw in one corner, in order that, should defeat await us, we might set the place alight and die gloriously among the flames.

The latter part of the programme, I might add, did not receive my approval. It seemed to me to be a waste of valuable lives.

Our warlike preparations, by the way, were rendered useless by our respective parents, who, on the first approach of danger, packed us off into Ladysmith, to the house of a friend.

The sting of this disappointment, however, was softened by the fact that we were in "the thick of it." Troops! Why the place was alive with them—infantry, cavalry, artillery! Enough, it seemed to us, to sweep all the Boers into the sea; so that we used to chuckle to ourselves as to what would happen when these Transvaalers ventured into the neighbourhood.

Had we been a little older we should have enlisted on the instant; but as Billy was only thirteen, and I was two years younger, we assumed there was no chance of this. Still, we used to spend all day among the soldiers; some of them being decent enough to let us handle their rifles, and look at the cartridges which were going to settle the hash of the Boers.

Things soon began to get frightfully exciting. We heard of the enemy's advance on Dundee; then of the licking we gave them; and then there was a whisper here and there that General Yule was dropping back on Ladysmith, because there was such a terrific lot of the enemy.

One morning, soon after breakfast, Billy Mac, who had been out early, came rushing up to me, nearly bursting with news and want of breath. He beckoned me out of the house, away from everybody, and then blurted it out.

"There's going to be a fight."

"How do you know?"

"Oh! I heard a bit here and a bit there, and put the bits together. To begin with, some of the troops have started already, trains choke full of 'em! Field guns have gone, too!"

"I expect it's only a kind of false alarm. They'll be back again soon," said I, not daring to believe the news could be true.

"A lot you know," growled Billy, with his most bumptious air. "Have you heard that there are thousands of Boers at Elandslaagte Station, and that they've captured a train and some of our people?" he asked in a mysterious whisper.

I had heard it, and I told him so.

"Very well then, we're going to chuck 'em out. That's what we're going to do—chuck 'em out."

Billy Mac might have been the better half of the British Army from the way he spoke about it. Anyhow, it seemed as though the general had asked his advice. But I wasn't satisfied yet.

"You're only guessing."

"I'm not guessing," he bellowed, quite forgetting he was telling me a dead secret. "There's going to be a fight by Elandslaagte Station. There!"

"I'll believe it when I see it," was my dogged reply.

"That's just what I'm coming to," he said, his voice dropping again to a whisper. "Why shouldn't we both see it? I know the road. We can do it in a couple of hours on our bikes."

"They won't let us go," I cried, fairly taken aback.

"Of course they won't," observed Billy, scornfully, "if they know of it. But we needn't tell 'em. We can just sneak off. It's as easy as anything."

"But we shan't see much, shall we?" I suggested. "We shall be such a long way off."

"Near enough to watch the battle, of course."

"Oh ye-es. But—I suppose we shall be out of range, shan't we?" said I, with some hesitation.

"If you're frightened, you'd better stop at home," remarked my companion, loftily. "I thought you'd like to come. There aren't many boys who have the chance of seeing a real battle, and there are a precious sight fewer who would miss it. But if you're going to funk it——"

This decided me at once. Better be riddled with bullets, or blown to atoms by a shell, than Billy should think me a coward, so I agreed to every one of his directions without further delay.

The amount of strategy we displayed in our escape from the town was really remarkable; but we managed to get through, bicycles and all; and, once outside, we pedalled away as though our lives depended on it.

It wasn't until the afternoon that we had a chance of starting, and, since the roads were uncommonly dusty and rutty, not to say hilly, we couldn't get along at any great pace. Besides that, we met lots of people, some of whom looked at us in an astonished sort of way, while others yelled at us to go back or we should be shot.

It may be I'm a bit of a coward, but this sort of encouragement did not make me anxious to hurry, and the nearer we got to the hills the slower I travelled.

The heat was dreadful, too, although the sun had got behind a heavy bank of clouds, which were driving up over the hills, and evidently meant rain.

It was no good, however, hinting to Billy that we should get wet through, and spoil our "bikes." He had come out to see a battle, and lukewarm water wouldn't stop him, he remarked, so that we went ploughing along, hot as ships' stokers, and so smothered in dust that our own mothers couldn't have known us.

Long before we reached the hills, we could hear the sound of firing. A very funny sensation took hold of me when I heard it coming from somewhere in front. Frightened? Yes, I was frightened, and yet I was mad to get nearer to see what was going on.

Billy Mac though was a lot the keener of the two, and kept pegging away, sometimes walking, and sometimes riding, until we were well up on one of the lower hills.

"If we scrambled to the top there," said Billy, "I believe we should see something.

"What about our bikes?" I said.

"Hide them among the rocks. Nobody will touch them."

It was only a few minutes' work to put our machines out of sight, and scramble up to a spot where we could see more of the country. But there wasn't very much use in taking all the trouble. Now and then we could see a puff of white smoke, but as for regiments charging up hills, and cavalry swooping down on the enemy, why there wasn't a single Briton in sight, or Boer either.

We clambered down again, rather disgusted. Billy was perfectly certain, however, that if we rode to a higher ridge about a mile further on

we should have a splendid view of the whole thing, and so, with renewed hope, we continued the ascent.

By this time it had commenced raining, and before long it came down in sheets. In spite of this we kept on, and at last, wringing wet, made another attempt to see the battle.

But it was a perfect failure, since we found a hill in front of us, that shut out every bit of the surrounding country.

I looked at Billy reproachfully.

"Well, I can't help it," said he, showing temper, "if the beastly hill will get in the way. I don't mean to be done out of it though. I'm going on."

"But it'll be dark soon, and it's raining like anything," I urged, feeling, so far as we were concerned, that the fight was a very tame affair as a show.

"I don't care if it's a deluge. I'm going on," said Bill, doggedly. "You can go back if you like."

There were two reasons why I preferred to stop with him. The first—that I was afraid to return alone, and the second—that I did not know the way. With grave misgivings, therefore, I kept close to my leader, who, with a persistency worthy of a better cause, followed one of the roads which ran in and about the hills.

All this time the rattle of the infantry fire, the boom of the guns, and another whistling, screaming sound—very unpleasant to listen to—seemed nearer to us. For some time Billy Mac refused to notice any warning upon this point; but finally he gave me the bicycles to hold while he made a third attempt to find out whether our friends or enemies were in sight.

Standing in the road, I could just get a glimpse of his figure black against the sky. Then suddenly he turned, shouting something which I could not catch, and threw himself down at full length. At the same time there was a horrid whistling noise, then a thud, high up on the opposite side of the road, followed by a tremendous explosion.

It may have been the result of excitement, or alarm for my safety, but the way Billy scooted down to the "bikes" and snatched at his machine, was remarkable. I may also observe that his face was as white as a sheet.

"Are you all right?" said he, panting.

"Yes."

"That was a shell! I'm off. We shall be blown to bits if we stop here."

Taking into consideration the state of the road, and the fact that we were pretty well tired, we must have travelled a good deal faster than ever we did before, and it was not until my legs became like putty, and I hadn't a particle of breath in my body, that I persuaded Billy to stay in his headlong flight.

"You'll be killed if you stop," he expostulated.

"I shall die if I don't," I gasped. "Besides, we've ridden a good long way. I daresay we're safe enough here."

It was evident that he had his doubts, but seeing that I was not prepared to stir, he crawled in between a couple of big boulders, and told me to follow.

"Just you listen," he whispered, "and directly you hear one of those beastly shells coming, lie down as flat as you can. It's your only chance."

We did listen with all our ears, scarcely daring to breathe, lest we should fail to hear it whistling through the air.

It was nearly dark by this time, and although the rifle fire still echoed among the hills, the heavier guns only boomed now and again, and at last ceased altogether. The heavy rain was over, but there was a drizzling downpour which was nearly as bad; since, however, we were both as wet through as we could possibly get, it did not matter to any extent.

It was not until the firing had quite stopped that we crawled back to the road, and once more mounted our machines. Shivering with the cold and damp, tired out with the long ride and the excitement, and weak with hunger, we commenced what Billy was pleased to call our homeward journey.

He had told me that he could find his way into Ladysmith "blindfold and walking backwards," so that for the first half-hour I was happy in the idea that the worst was over. It made me feel precious bad, therefore, when Billy, who had been riding slowly for some minutes, jumped off, and proclaimed the fact that he had lost his way.

"It's a rum thing," he said dolefully. "I thought I knew every road for miles, but I don't know this one."

"It must go somewhere, though," said I. "Let us get on; anything is better than sticking out here all night."

"P'r'aps it'll take us into the Boer camp," remarked Billy, still more dolefully. "That'll be a fine thing."

"I don't care if it does," I answered recklessly. "They won't hurt kids like us, and they'll have something to eat."

After a little hesitation we advanced cautiously into the unknown country, sometimes riding, but more often walking, because we had become limp in the legs. It was so dark that we could hardly see from one side of the road to the

other, while the big boulders past which we travelled suggested unknown terrors in the way of hidden enemies.

After the noise of the firing, the silence made me feel quite "creepy," and the slightest sound set my heart thumping furiously, so that when Billy stopped dead and peered across the road, where a big rock stood up like a shadow, I had a bad attack of "cold shivers" straight away.

It didn't get any better, either, when a dark figure stepped from behind the boulder right in front of us, followed by two others. We could just see that they wore slouch hats, and carried rifles, while each had a bandolier slung across his shoulder.

We all stood there for a second or two, facing one another, and then one of the men said loudly:

"Are you English?"

In a moment I knew that he wasn't, and I waited with my heart in my mouth for Billy's reply. I could hear a sort of gulping in his throat, and then he threw his head up and said, "Yes, I am. What do you want?" as bold as you like, so that I felt it was a real plucky thing to say.

"ARE YOU ENGLISH? THEN WE SURRENDER."

"Then we surrender to you."

We both stood with our mouths open, and stared in speechless astonishment.

"You'll do what?" gasped Billy at last.

"We surrender. This time we are fairly beaten. Our horses are shot. Already your Lancers have ridden us down. They are still out, killing our men. We are wounded. We have had enough. Take us prisoners."

The poor beggars looked as if they had had enough of it. Their faces were blackened with dirt and powder; one had his head tied up, another wore his arm in a sling, while the third was limping a bit. But still it seemed an awful rum thing that three grown men—big fellows, too—should give themselves up to a couple of boys. Billy Mac evidently thought so as well, since he began to argue the matter.

"But we're not soldiers," said he. "We can't take prisoners."

"Ah, yes! As your prisoners we are safe."

It slowly dawned upon Billy that it was not fear of ourselves, but of the cavalry, that caused the unexpected surrender. At the same time, the thought of the easily-earned fame to be extracted from the encounter flooded his mind, so that he hesitated no longer.

"All right then. Hand over your rifles," he observed, in a most business-like manner.

This sudden and unexpected demand seemed to stagger the party, who whispered together in Dutch for a few moments.

"No. You are too young. We cannot give them to you," replied the leader, at last.

"Do as you like," remarked Billy, carelessly. "But if you don't I shan't take you prisoners."

"Of what use is it?" urged the Boer. "If we meant you harm we should have shot you before. It will be nonsense to see you with our rifles."

"We'll play the game properly, or not at all," said Billy, in his downright way. "If you want us to capture you, we'll do it in the usual way, and see that nobody interferes with you. If not, you can go and be stuck with lances and bayonets as much as you please. We shan't stop it."

That last remark seemed to impress the Boers, since, after another palaver, they handed over their weapons to Billy, who received them with due solemnity.

"And now," said he, as he slung a rifle over his shoulder, and stood at ease with the other, having passed the third to me, "What 'grub' have you got? 'Grub'—food, you know," he explained.

"Why do you ask?" said the bewildered Boer.

"Because we're jolly hungry — that's why," answered Billy, whose manner, now that our captives were unarmed, was distinctly threatening.

The poor beggars were too used up to grin much at the "side" Billy was putting on, but the one who spoke English chuckled a bit as he fumbled in his wallet.

"I have no toffee," said he, "only a little biltong and mealies."

"That'll do," said Billy, loftily, ignoring the reference to sweets. "We'll eat it as we go along."

Had we been less hungry, the fare would not have proved over tempting, but as it was we were glad to get it, and commenced munching at once, Billy at the same time giving instructions to the captives to march in front and wheel our bicycles.

As a matter of fact, this was much easier work than carrying a rifle, especially when tired, but since, unless the enemy were disarmed, the whole thing would have been simply stupid, I cheerfully clutched the weapon and trudged along, with a most extraordinary sense of self-importance.

Indeed, the more I looked at those big chaps in front of me, the more proud I became, and, quite forgetting that we had no notion as to where the road might take us, visions of a triumphant march through Ladysmith, with our prisoners to testify to our valour, made me forget my very real sufferings from thirst and aching legs.

All at once, just when my imagination was carrying us in state to the Town Hall amid the cheers of the multitude, the Boers stopped dead, listening intently.

"Go on," said Billy, "don't hang about now."

But the leader turned upon him with such a ferocious "Silence!" that his captor curled up quite meekly.

"There's a troop of horse coming," the Boer went on, after a pause; "your men for certain. Get in front you two boys, or they may cut us down before we can open our mouths. Their blood is up."

"But—but they may cut us down," objected Billy.

"They may—get in front," and without any apology we were hustled into the post of danger.

We could hear the dull thud of hoofs on the heavy road, and as it came nearer and nearer, we grew mighty uncomfortable.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. I began to sing "Rule Britannia" at the top of my very shrill voice, and, as Billy chimed in, we managed to make a pretty considerable noise.

It was a good thing we did, as the troop of Lancers were dashing up the hill, with lowered weapons.

The leader pulled up short at the sound of our voices (I think it was Billy Mac's that stopped him) and then he yelled out: "If a rifle goes off, we stick the lot of you! Now, who are you?"

"Friends," shouted Billy, as quick as may be.

"English?"

"Yes."

"Step up, you young 'un. Let's have a look at you."

Billy stepped forward and saluted.

"What are you doing up here?" asked the lieutenant, eyeing him.

"Come to see the fight," explained Mac.

"Who are those fellows, behind there?"

"Boer prisoners."

"Boer prisoners! Who captured them?"

"We did!" and Billy nearly exploded with pride as he said it.

There was just a moment's silence, and then the whole troop simply howled with laughter. I was a bit disgusted myself, but Billy was as mad as a hatter to be grinned at as though we had made asses of ourselves. I suppose he showed it, as the lieutenant jumped off his horse, and shook hands with us both.

"Never mind, young 'uns, you're a plucky

"BOER PRISONERS! WE CAPTURED THEM," SAID BILLY.

pair. We only laughed because—well, there isn't much of you to surround an enemy that size, is there? What are your names? I shall have to make a report when the prisoners are handed over."

Take it on the whole, I shouldn't care to have to go through the business all over again. But there is scarcely a "Tommy Atkins" at Ladysmith that doesn't know us as "the two nippers who captured the Boers."

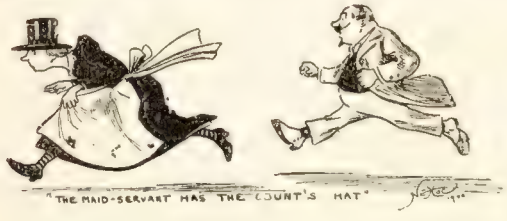
"TALLY HO!"

GERMAN GRAMMAR.

By "Eyed Awry." Sketches by Rube Cohen.

THE study of German is fraught with difficulty for many a youthful student; it is, therefore, to lighten this load that the inventor of the following system places this new arrangement of German syntax before the scholastic public. We commence with—

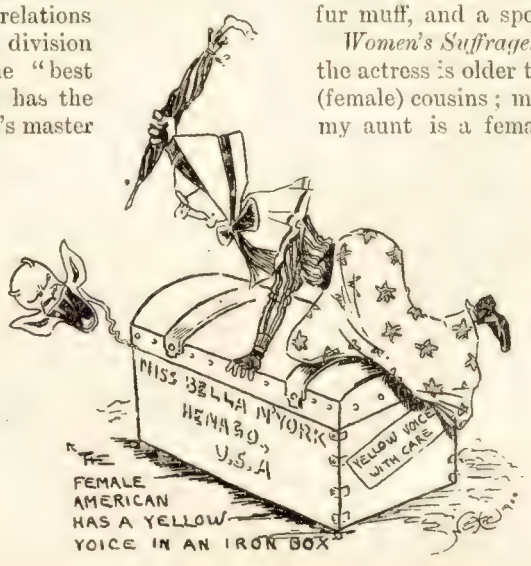
Impossible relationships.—The most eminent grammarians begin with this class, because a young child blindly accepts the remarkable statements necessary for translation, statements which would drive an older student mad. In this division we hear of such relations as an "uncle's wife's cousin's sister's aunt's niece's brother"; "the American's husband's scholars' aunt's daughter." We wonder



vaguely whether the maid-servant called her uncle's wife's aunt's brother-in-law's niece's uncle by his Christian name or plain "Mister"?

Illicit possession.—In this section we discover that the various relations mentioned in the preceding division are not supporters of the "best policy." For the American has the gardener's gloves; the stork's master has the chair of the president; the maid-servant has the count's hat; the count, in retaliation, may have had the shoes of the president's wife's mother.

Examination of culprits with desire to recover lost property.—The delinquents are now severely and thoroughly examined by the victims of the preceding class. "Where," cries a sufferer,



"are my boots, my spade, and my maid-servant?" The criminal evades the question by a general answer that the student loves his professor. In response to the agonised appeal of the president's mother-in-law comes the heartless information that the fishes have no feet, neither has the goose

a sweet voice. We now come to details, viz.:—

Mixed declension of adjectives.—All attempts to moralise are now discouraged. Plain, though somewhat varnished, facts take the place of the highly-edifying recommendations of honesty. We now discover that the Italian mantle of the high lady is covered with warm buttons. The female American has a yellow voice in an iron box.

Personal details.—The elation one feels on learning that their old aunt has a new hat, seven new dresses, a new pair of boots, and 111 new pocket-handkerchiefs is lessened by the fact that my sister has a green waistcoat, a brown snuff-box, and black hair. Her brother, no less eager for show, sports a pink shawl, polished boots, a fur muff, and a spotted cravat.

Women's Suffrage.—My uncle is a bachelor; the actress is older than the actor; he has many (female) cousins; my mother is a female poet; my aunt is a female Italian; my niece is a female cook; my grandmother is a female politician; my brother is another bachelor, and you can scarcely wonder at it.

Inexplicable and inextricable positions.—One is almost converted to Republicanism on learning that the King is under the dinner-table, and one doubts the sanity of the president who sits on the

window; the shepherdess jumps on the door; the poet, evidently in search of seclusion, sits in the president's cellar.

Might have beens.—This section deals with the unfulfilled conditions that might, alas! have done so much to contribute to man's fleeting happiness. The boy has a pain; he would have had a watch if he had not hurt the cat. Henry sits by his sister; he would have sat by John's sister if Aunt Julia had not been there.

Unwarranted impertinence.—With the inherent politeness of the German nation, Henry adjures his brother to be no ass; dear brother, be patient and be no fool; dear sister, be so good as to go to Jericho; dear father, be so kind as to give me 2 marks 50 pfennige; dear son, withdraw.

Distressing exaggeration, verging on mendacity.—We are required to accept the incredible statement that the boy gave his brother 153 apples; the local reporter informs us that in this village there are seventeen old men, aged respectively 114 years, 121 years, and so on: the train from Strasburg is ever punctual, and arrives on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 45mins. 2½secs. past eleven in the morning; the young people rise every morning at half-past six. The last division is devoted to

HER BROTHER SPORTS A PINK SHAWL.

Fluent conversation mingled with continental affectation.—In the stationer's: Where can I buy a pen? Where can one purchase a nib for a pen? Where will two be enabled to obtain a holder for a nib for a pen? Will you, dear madam, this account pay? You, sir, me to insult desire! At the station: Hola! Where is the porter? It am I, oh sir, here to stand. Fie on the man! Woe, oh woe, for he has my box lost! Away, I with you done have! Seat yourself, the train goes. ———! It is gone!

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

DR. PRIMROSE.

DR. PRIMROSE, the kindly Vicar of Wakefield, is one of the most fascinating portraits in black and white. In this character sketch we see Goldsmith at his best, and perhaps it is the masterpiece of that versatile genius. The Vicar is all simplicity and quaintness; his humour is of a quiet, harmless type, that amuses all alike. The story of his troubles and his joys is truly idyllic. His homely nature stands out the more clearly at a period when servility, greed, and hypocrisy reigned supreme. His religious views are inoffensive and heartfelt; at a time when religion was at a very low ebb. One cannot help being reminded of the parson of the deserted village who is mentioned in those hackneyed lines:—

> A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich at forty pounds a year.

None can fail to note the humour of the Vicar writing his wife's epitaph before her death in his zeal for Whiston's theories on monogamy. All are inevitably struck with his quaint idea of having his family painted, each holding up an orange. The Vicar is charming when he benevolently receives all tramps who claim relationship; he is droll when he explains how he rids himself of them; he is most resourceful in his methods when he wishes to reprove his wife and family.

Finally, he is drawn as ready to teach as he is to learn. His conversation is philosophical and slightly pedantic. His character is stronger in adversity than in prosperity.

The Vicar of Wakefield is a gentleman, and, what is more, a christian gentleman.

E. WILLOUGHBY

SO many men of the present day, with brains of brilliant inventive genius, have tried to solve the riddle of aërial navigation by means of flying machines, and have failed, that it will be interesting to trace back the attempts of those to solve this problem more than 250 years ago. The most remarkable of the early experiments was tried by a Monsieur Besnier on September 12th, 1678.

The inventor did not pretend he could rise from the earth or sustain himself long in the air, for he was unable to give his apparatus the required power and rapidity for that. He could, however, raise himself from one height to another until he reached the top of a house, from the roof of which he passed over the roofs of the neighbouring houses. By thus leaving an elevated position he could cross a river of considerable breadth, or any other obstacle. His apparatus consisted of a pair of wings, fastened on to the shoulders, worked alternately with the arm and leg.

A Mr. Baldwin, of Guibre, purchased a pair of these wings, and used them—it is said—with remarkable success. After this experiment there does not seem much worth recording until the year 1709, when a friar called Bartholomew Lawrence de Gusman, presented to the King of Portugal an address concerning a recent invention. In it, the petitioner represents himself as having invented a flying machine, capable of carrying passengers and navigating through the air very swiftly. He also stated that he had the privilege of being the sole possessor of the invention, and desired a prohibition against all and every person from constructing a similar machine under a severe penalty.

AERIAL SHIP INVENTED BY M. DE ROSIER, 1783.
(Fig. 1.)

Upon this the King issued the following order in his favour :—

> Agreeably to the advice of my council, I order the pain of death against the transgressor; and in order to encourage the suppliant to apply himself with zeal towards improving the machine, which is capable of producing the effects mentioned by him, I also grant him the first Professorship of Mathematics in my University of Coimbra, and the first vacancy in my college at Barcelona, with the annual pension of 600,000 reis during his life.
>
> The 17th day of April, 1709.

In spite of the King's kindly support, the friar was thrown into prison through the influence of the Inquisition. History does not relate how his wonderful invention was made, and it may be taken for granted that the friar was under a complete delusion when he put forth the marvellous capabilities of his flying machine.

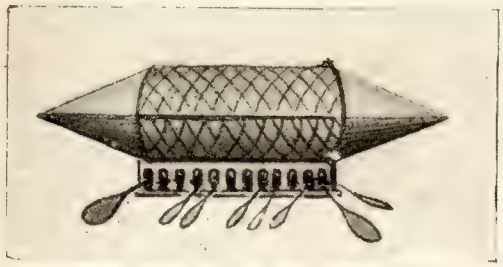
Father Galien, in 1755, entertained a wild scheme for ascending mountains. He had the boldness to project and minutely describe an aërial ship about ten times the size of Noah's Ark, and which could have lifted the whole town of Avignon, where he resided.

On the 19th September, 1783, we hear for the first time of anything really feasible. On that date live animals were sent up into the air. The experiment was tried at Versailles in the presence of the King, Queen, and Court, innumerable people of every rank and file, and the inventor—Montgolfier.

The machine, of a convex form, ascended to the height of about 1,440ft. It remained in the atmosphere eight minutes, and during that time

travelled a distance of 10,200ft. from Versailles, alighting in the wood of Vancresson.

A sheep, a cock, and a duck, ascended in



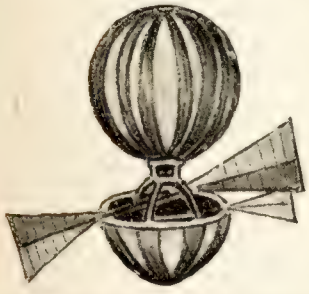
FLYING MACHINE OF 1784, OARS BEING USED TO GUIDE THE MACHINE.

(Fig. 2.)

this machine, and have the glory of being the first animals ever to ascend into the atmosphere by means of aërial navigation.

When the machine was found, the sheep was discovered feeding, and the duck similarly employed, both quite unhurt. The cock had its right wing hurt, but this was due to a kick it had received from the sheep, at least half an hour before, in the presence of ten witnesses. This was somewhat a happy stroke on the part of the sheep, for it allowed of no possible doubt of the assertion made by the inventor in stating that "no harm had been done to the animals through the machine." (Fig. 1.)

Thus encouraged, the following month saw another successful attempt to launch into space a newly-invented aërial machine. History will probably record, to the utmost posterity, the name of M. Pilâtre de Rozier, who had the courage of first venturing to ascend into the atmosphere with a machine. The King, aware of the difficulties, ordered that two men under sentence of death should be sent up; but M. de Pilâtre was most indignant. "Why should two criminals have the glory of being the first men to ascend into the clouds?" he exclaimed: "No, no, that is not fair!" He gained his point; his courage remained undaunted, and on October 15th, 1783, he actually ascended into the atmosphere, to the astonishment, not unmingled with awe, of a gazing multitude.

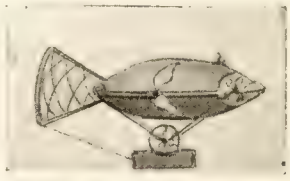


AN AEROSTAT, 17INS. IN DIAMETER, INVENTED BY TESTU BRISSY.

(Fig. 3.)

The machine was of oval shape, the diameter being about 48ft., and its height about 74ft. The outside was elegantly painted and decorated with fleurs-de-lys. To the lower part was attached a wicker gallery, 3ft. broad. In the centre of the gallery was a grate, in which the fire burnt, the fumes of which kept the globe inflated. The grate was supported in the centre by iron chains, which came down from the sides of the machine. The weight of this aërostat was 1,600lbs.

The machine was permitted to rise to a height of 84ft., but beyond that it was impossible, owing to its being held in check by ropes. M. de Rosier kept it afloat for 4mins. 25secs. by throwing straw and wool into the fire. Then he descended quite gently and gradually. The intrepid adventurer, returning from the sky, was overwhelmed with compliments by his friends, poured upon him for his courage. He stated that he had experienced no giddiness, no incommoding motion, and no shock. Thus did this man show to the world the accomplishment of what had been for ages desired and attempted in vain. M. de Rosier made many more successful experiments, once reaching the height of 380ft.



THIS AERIAL SHIP, INVENTED BY COUNT LENNOX, WAS TRIED IN PARIS, AUGUST, 1834, BUT PROVED TO BE A FAILURE.

(Fig. 4.)

The first attempt to steer an air machine was made at Paris on the 19th September, 1784. M. M. Roberts and M. Collin Hullin undertook the trial trip. The car was boat-shaped, and oars were used to steer with. The two adventurers were caught in a storm, their altitude then being 600ft. They travelled at the rate of 24ft. per second, and the manœuvring of their oars helped them about a third. Though their oars enabled them to increase their speed a little, to steer by them was found quite impracticable. (Fig. 2.)

On the 18th July, 1786, Testu Brissy made an aërostat 17ft. in diameter. He made his ascent from the gardens of Luxemburg, and descended by using his oars—an improvement on those used by Collin Hullin and Roberts Mons. Blanchford died in 1809, after making sixty-six ascents. From 1784 till 1809 no very great improvement was made in aërial navigation, except in attaining greater altitudes and the experience gained in the use of oars. In 1802 Gauerine and Captain Snowden performed a journey from London to Colchester

in forty-five minutes—distance, sixty miles. In the same year Gauerine, in his machine, rose to the height of 10,000ft., and descended in a parachute. (Fig. 3.)

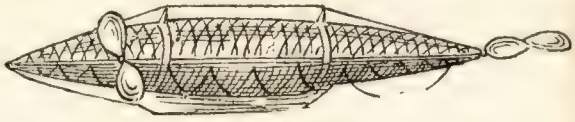
On the 15th September, 1804, Gay-Lussac attained the height of 20,000ft. From 1809 till 1834 a few general improvements had been made, and ladies had made ascents; but it was not until the latter year that Count Lennox exhibited an aërial ship. In 1837 the conclusion was come to that the mechanical agents for propulsion and guidance of an aërial ship were necessary before its immediate adoption as a mode of transport applicable to the ordinary purposes of life. To overcome these difficulties, authorities stated that the aërial ship must be of such a form as would admit of its being guided. It would have to have a line of least resistance, and that line would be in the direction which the machine advanced. This meant the consideration of a rudder, by which the propulsive energies might be directed in a determined channel. (Fig. 4.)

A NAVIGABLE BALLOON, INVENTED BY SIR GEORGE CALEY IN 1816.

(Fig. 5.)

It would have to have a head and tail as well as a body. Such a form would have to be that of an ellipsoid, or a cylinder terminated by cones, like that exhibited by Count Lennox. This aërial ship was tried on the Champ de Mars, in August, 1834, but proved to be a failure. It would have to be able to withstand currents of air contrary to the direction in which its machinery propelled it. It would have to be made of such material that would withstand the shock when coming into contact with the earth. The agents of propulsion would have to act directly on the body of the balloon itself, and not upon the car to which it was attached. The construction of the machinery would have to be such that an injury to one part should not disable the whole construction; and, lastly, that it would have to maintain its equilibrium under all the variations of force to which it was inevitably subjected in its progress.

The complications and difficulties attached to the construction of an aërial ship to be possessed of all these qualities was, to put it mildly, a facer, and made the inveterate genius of that time stagger. Experiments were made time after time, but always ended in a hopeless failure.



JULIEN'S AEROSTAT.
The invention made was a model 25ft. long, shown at the Hippodrome, Paris.

(Fig. 6.)

In 1837 a Mr. Wise commenced to make experiments in America, and afterwards became one of the most noted aëronauts of modern times, taking into consideration that sixty years ago aërial navigation was in its infancy.

In 1843 a Mr. Henson appeared, and claimed a new invention, which he called "Henson's Aërial Carriage." Before we describe this, it would be better to trace back the most feasible attempts of aërial navigation, which were said to be indifferent to the elements, and from which Mr. Henson doubtless got his ideas.

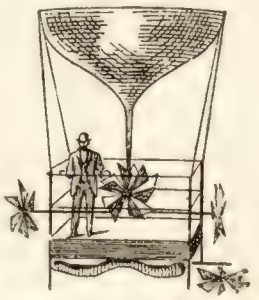
No. 1.—A flying globe was made by Blainville; wings were to be used, but this proved impracticable.

No. 2.—On the 18th July, 1784, Abbé Monlan's Montgolfiere made an opening in the balloon from which it was expected heated air would rush and force the balloon in an opposite direction. This was a failure.

No. 3.—A Mr. Henin made a balloon with a reversed parachute underneath. This was with the view of slackening the ascent, and allowing the wind to act on the sails, which were attached to the balloon.

No. 4.—In 1816, Sir George Caley devised a navigable balloon. There were two balloons, a smaller on the top of the larger, and a sail and rudder. (Fig. 5.)

No. 5.—This consisted of a fish-shaped body, which was furnished with fins made of feathers; and lastly, Count Lennox's aërial ship, mentioned above. The body was of oblong shape, pointed at both ends.



AERIAL SHIP INVENTED BY M. HELLE, NOV., 1851.

(Fig. 7.)

Henson's aërial carriage consisted of a car, to which a rectangular frame, made of wood, or bamboo cane, and covered with canvas or silk, was attached. The frame extended on either side of the car, in a similar manner to the outstretched wings of a bird, but with this difference, the frame was immovable. Behind the wheels were two vertical fan wheels,

furnished with oblique vanes to propel the apparatus through the air. These wheels received motion, through bands and pulleys, from an engine in the car. To an axis at the stern of the car a triangular frame was attached, resembling the tail of a bird, which was also covered with canvas or oiled silk. Beneath the tail was a rudder, and, to facilitate steering, a sail was stretched between two masts which rose from the car.

On launching the machine into the air, an elevated position had to be chosen; then the machine would be allowed to run some distance down an inclined plane—for which purpose vertical wheels were attached to the bottom of the car. When the machine had acquired momentum the rotary fan-wheels were put into motion to raise it into the air. The carriage was 250ft. by 30ft., and the tail 50ft. long. The rainbow-like circular wheels were the propellers.

This was the description of the aërial carriage in the specification which Mr. Henson drew up and presented to the scientists of both Europe and America.

The propulsion of the spheroidal balloon by power applied to the windmill-like paddle-wheels was first shown by a model worked by a clock-spring, by Charles Green, of England, in 1831 or 1833.

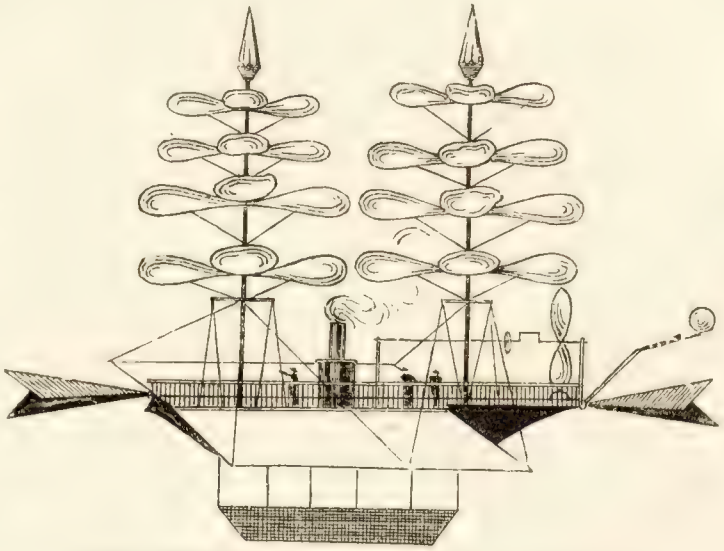
In 1850, plans were submitted by a Frenchman of an aërial machine. Attached to a long boat-shaped car were four large balloons and sails. Steam power was to be the force used for propulsion. A rudder in the shape of a large sail was proposed to steer it. The name of the inventor was Systeme Petrie.

Then came Julien's aërostat. The body of the machine was of conical shape, pointed at both ends, and was worked by a propeller. The car was boat-shaped. The inventor made a model, 25ft. long, and succeeded in his experiment made at the Hippodrome, Paris, the model going against the wind. This invention called for encouragement. (Fig. 6.)

In November, 1851, M. Helle proposed a scheme consisting of a combination of screws and sails, moved by the strength of two men. Attached to a square-shaped car was an ordinary balloon with propellers at the bottom for ascending and descending, and screws at each end for propulsion backwards and forwards. The experiment, however, was never tried. (Fig. 7.)

In 1863 M. Maden published a long treatise on aërial locomotion, and put his ideas before the scientists and aëronauts of the day.

In 1864 a M. David, of Paris, proposed a mechanically propelled aërostat with screws and sails and stated that he had discovered the solution of aërial navigation.



A WILD SCHEME FOR STEAM AËRIAL NAVIGATION, INVENTED BY M. DE LA LANDELLE.

(Fig. 8.)

In the same year M. de la Landelle entertained a wild scheme for steam aërial navigation. (Fig. 8.)

In 1865 M. Arthur Mangin, in his beautiful volume, "L'Air et le Monde Aerien," gave his opinion in favour of some bird-like machine, and was enabled to conceive the successful direction of a balloon of any form.

Aërial navigation in the form of flying machines is still an unsolved problem. Will it remain so long? Assuredly no. No one thought of steam engines eighty years ago.

Aërial navigation is a problem that will be solved in the near future. It is bound to come. Not very long ago that wonderful inventive genius, Hiram Maxim, was fairly successful in experimenting with a flying machine of his own invention (which is depicted in the heading to this article), and we may be quite sure that other trials will follow.

The man who solves the riddle will gain such a triumph as the world has never seen.

A TALE OF TOOTHACHE.

Sketckes by E. F. Skinner.

By J. Pope.

I DON'T think the people of Cuddithorpe will ever forget Barnum's visit last summer. Certainly Calver and Gilliat, two of Dr. Dickson's boys, have a good reason for remembering it, though, as things turned out, their reason was rather different to other people's. The news that the Greatest Show on Earth was really coming on Monday the 21st, put the whole neighbourhood into a flutter, and the flutter was kept alive by a gallery of posters, the like of which Cuddithorpe had never seen. Consequently, when the decree went forth from headquarters that at the coming performance the school would be conspicuous by its absence, the wave of resentment that swept through the school can scarcely be realised by an outsider. But that wave of feeling had to make way for another, for just at this time we were playing Brayton, and the match with Brayton, as everybody knows, is the event of the season. Calver, who was heart and soul for Barnum's, and didn't care a straw about cricket, found it more and more difficult to keep his audience together while he harangued them on their injuries. They would gather round as usual, and listen for a bit, and then begin to saunter off towards the nets, as if that corner of the field drew them by magnetic attraction, and as if, after all, Barnum's wasn't the *only* interest in life. Now Calver was a very clever little chap, and he must have been a good deal older than he looked, for there weren't many things he didn't know. Some of the fellows, who were fond of talking on their own account, thought him a bit above himself, and called him "Cocksure Calver"; but his general nickname was the "Cynic," and that was the one he liked. Calver it was who introduced "arbitration" into the playground, and made it work, and though the bigger chaps never asked

his advice—of course, they wouldn't do *that*—they discussed things in his hearing, and certainly didn't discourage him to make remarks. Taking it all round, the school was rather proud of Calver, and Calver was rather proud of himself; but he had one weakness, and that was for Gilliat, a boy in the lower Fourth, with half his brains and twice his muscle. Being a cynic, of course he would not have admitted it for worlds, yet the funny thing was, he hankered more after Gilliat's applause than the admiration of the whole school. Gilliat was big, slow, and very lazy, but he had his points. He was a cricketer, every inch of him; people who knew said he was going to be a very useful man, and it was an open secret that the captain of the First had got his eye on him for the Brayton match.

It so happened that this show business formed a new bond between the two, for if Calver was keen, Gilliat was in a state of frenzy. He never tired of standing opposite the posters, and his mind dwelt on chariot races to the exclusion of everything else; while Calver was chiefly concerned with the long line of freaks, because he said he was absolutely certain they were all frauds, and he evidently felt specially called upon to expose them. Then the blow fell suddenly and crushed their hopes, and Calver found relief in haranguing the crowd while Gilliat slunk silently away by himself and brooded in quiet corners. The worst of it was he went right off his game, and didn't seem to care.

It was the Thursday before the day of the show. Gilliat was lounging against the playground wall kicking at the stones, when Calver came quietly up to him. It was a melancholy sort of evening, and just suited Gilliat's state of mind, but it appeared as if Calver's brooding days were over. There was a new light in his eyes, and though he wore an unconcerned air he evidently felt a little excited.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Gilliat," he remarked, in his grown-up way, "Why don't you come to Barnum's with me?"

Gilliat turned and faced him.

"Are you going?" he exclaimed.

Calver nodded.

Then he drew closer and for several minutes talked in a low voice. Gilliat was silent; at length he said, in his slow way—

"Rather low down, isn't it?"

"Low *down!*" cried Calver, with a kind of peevish anger, "and isn't it low down to stop us going to the Greatest Show on Earth when it *does* come our way once in a lifetime, for no reason whatever?"

"Yes," said Gilliat, "it is."

"Very well, then," returned Calver; but he looked offended, and walked away by himself.

Gilliat stood still and began kicking at the stones again viciously, then his eyes turned to the Cynic's retreating figure, and then he looked back over the meadows.

Calver was just turning out of the doorway into the field when he heard footsteps behind.

"I say, old chap, wait a second," said Gilliat. Calver waited with inward relief, and this time the conversation was continued to the end without interruption.

It was early summer; a week of tropical heat had been followed by a spell of cold with a north-east wind, and next day Gilliat had the toothache. He sat about with his face in his hands in a vile temper, and wouldn't speak a word to anyone. The matron gave him stuff to put in it, and homœopathic pills and things, and made him sleep with his head in a pepper plaster, and he became so frightfully impregnated with menthol that the fellows near him agreed that he must rub himself all over with it. The cold winds continued, and a day or two later poor little Calver got the toothache as well. He came in for a lot more sympathy than Gilliat, for, though he didn't make half so much fuss, you could see from his face how much he was suffering—and toothache is a trouble everybody feels sorry for—even a schoolboy.

The great Monday came and went, and Barnum's came and went, too. But not very far—only as far as Manningford, a neighbouring market town. Calver kept unusually quiet, which was rather disappointing, but we put it down to the intensity of his sufferings, which at last grew so bad that, in a tone of sympathetic suggestion, the matron mentioned the name of Mr. Searson, the dentist. Mr. Searson went to Manningford every Wednesday—Manningford market day—and received victims in a little room at the back of the chemist's shop.

"Gilliat has the toothache too," said the matron; "you know Gilliat?"

"That hulking big chap in the lower Fourth? Yes, I know him slightly."

"You won't mind him going with you—he wants his out as well. Jonas can meet you at Manningford Station, and go with you; he'll be driving the Doctor over to the Board meeting in the morning. I'm sure," she added tenderly, for she was very partial to the Cynic, "no one dreads the thought of the dentist more than I do, but I'm afraid there is nothing else for it, poor boy."

Calver sighed an assent and seemed prepared to meet his fate like a man.

"But how about Jonas?" said Gilliat doubtfully, when, later in the day, they contrived a stealthy interview.

The Cynic seemed quite bored at such a remark.

"Oh, my dear chap, don't you worry. I have managed things so far and I fancy I can manage Jonas. You forget what a squash there will be at Manningford Station; it's not impossible we may miss him—in fact, half a crown would make it a cert. Still, I don't want to start tipping—I object to it on principle."

"I don't mind tipping anybody," said Gilliat, simply, "when I'm flush——" Then he paused, for he was anything but flush just now, and, as it was, he would have to dip deeply into the last of the pocket money he had put by for a birthday present at home. That, however, was an unpleasant detail he had been trying to forget, for he was keener on the show than anything else in the world.

As the Cynic had foretold, there was quite a crowd at Manningford Station, and when the boys arrived by the 12.45 from Cuddithorpe, they had to push their way with some difficulty through the country joskins who were going to the show with their market baskets on their arms.

"And now for Jonas," said Calver, as they emerged into the station yard. "Mind how you go. I do wish you weren't such a confounded size."

Gilliat heartily wished the same, and tried to keep himself as much in the background as possible. But, so far, Jonas was nowhere in sight, and while they were looking about somebody came behind Gilliat and touched him on the shoulder. They turned, and mechanically pulled off their straws, for it was the Doctor.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the Cyric, rising coolly to the occasion; "we're just looking about for Jonas, he's coming with us to Mr. Searson's to have our teeth out. I expect he's just outside. Good afternoon, sir," and he raised his hat and began to move away.

"No," said the Doctor, "you won't find him just outside. We had a slight accident coming over this morning, and I've had to send Jonas to the saddler's to get the harness mended. I've got half an hour to spare, however, and I'll come with you myself to see fair play." He smiled pleasantly. "I'm sorry to hear you have been having such a bad time," he added, glancing at Calver.

No one would have guessed the Cynic's importance from the look of him, and the Doctor only saw a slight little chap whose face had suddenly grown white and worried.

"Toothache," said the Doctor, "is a tyranny

POOR LITTLE CALVER CAME IN FOR A LOT MORE SYMPATHY THAN GILLIAT.

no self-respecting fellow will put up with for more than three days. Isn't that so, Calver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! how do you do?" exclaimed the Doctor, for a lady was bowing to him very graciously, and called him to her carriage door.

The boys faced each other.

"Here's a mess!" said Calver, "what *are* we going to do?"

There was a peculiar expression about Gilliat's face that Calver didn't like the look of, and

somehow, from this point slow old Gilliat began to take the lead.

"You've just told him," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"We'll see it through now, old chap, and serves us right for playing a shady game."

"Have them *out!*" ejaculated the Cynic, incredulously.

"What else is there?" and Gilliat looked at him.

Calver looked away, and he was silent. Then an idea struck him.

"Of course," he said, "there is nothing else, if he is acting square; but what if he knows we're kidding, and is just seeing how far we'll go?"

"No; he doesn't know," replied Gilliat, slowly and with conviction; "besides, he's not that class. He can't possibly know—nobody knows but you and me—and he never need either, that's one blessing."

"*Blessing!*" said Calver, bitterly; "I admire your choice of words, Gilliat. Oh, I wish I'd got a moment to think in!"

But he hadn't, for the carriage was driving on, and the Doctor looked round for the boys.

The whole town was in a state of fluster; the High Street was crowded, and the crowd all going one way. Slowly, and not without pauses, the Doctor's portly figure breasted the current, with the two boys following in his wake, though everything that allured them lay in precisely the opposite direction. The people pushed and hustled—and Gilliat, with sullen, envious looks, hustled back viciously. But Calver was trying to think; he was trying to quiet his whirling brain, for the only idea that possessed it was the awful shortness of the distance from the station to the dentist's. And yet he knew, if it weren't for Gilliat, he could find a way out of the trap easily enough—Gilliat, with his dogged look and his slow-going, stupid ideas, and yet, Gilliat, whose opinion was of such ridiculous importance to him. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind and gave him new hope. Supposing old Searson wasn't there after all? Surely he *wouldn't* be there? Surely *everybody* was going to the show? The hope grew, and the Cynic began to think he saw his way to saving both his tooth and his reputation.

"Good afternoon, Doctor Dickson," said Mr. Judkins, the chemist. "Nice day, sir, but we've had it most unseasonable lately. Town very full, sir. Oh yes, sir, Mr. Searson is here, if you will just wait a few minutes." As he spoke a door opened at the back of the shop. "Ah! I see he is disengaged now, sir," added the chemist, for a countrywoman, with a very white face and her handkerchief up to her mouth came out, and passed hurriedly through the shop into the street.

When Mr. Searson turned to receive his visitors he slowly rubbed his hands together, and his eye sparkled, but perhaps that was Calver's fancy. He was an elderly man with white hair and whiskers, and a very florid complexion.

"These young gentlemen are in need of your assistance, Mr. Searson," said the Doctor, in his genial way. "They have got the toothache very badly, poor fellows, and want you to remove the offenders."

The dentist rubbed his hands together again. Business had been slack to-day, and a couple of half-crowns were not to be despised.

"Dear me, dear me; yes—yes—yes," he replied, in a tone of professional sympathy, "We'll soon manage that for them, Mr. Dickson. Yes, yes; your troubles will soon be over," and he turned with an affable smile to Calver, whose face by this time was a pale shade of green.

"Town very full to-day, sir," he continued, chattily, to the Doctor; "never saw such a quantity of people as came by the 10.20. It was worse than the Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Judkins says——"

The Doctor was a humane man, as his conduct on the way from the station testified; he had neither questioned the boys about their families nor harassed them with the feeble jokelets that are so dear to a head-master's heart. Now he stopped the dentist's gossip with quiet determination.

"Yes, very full," he said, "and I must leave in half an hour, so we'll get this little business settled as quickly as possible, please, Mr. Searson."

"Oh! certainly, certainly," replied the dentist, a little hurt, and he went to a small cabinet at the back of the room, from which came the clink of steel instruments.

"Now," he said, returning, "which young gentleman——?" and paused.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "who's first man?"

The Cynic was breathing short and fast; Gilliat glanced at him and said:—

"I am," and sat down on the chair. "It's this one," he said. Mr. Searman seemed a little incredulous, but hearing there was absolutely no doubt proceeded with his business.

It didn't last long.

"Thank you, sir," said the dentist, and Gilliat got up and went to a side table with a glass of water.

Suddenly he heard some talking going on behind, and Calver's voice raised in an imploring whimper.

"Oh! I can't! I can't," cried the Cynic, "I haven't got the toothache at all, sir! I never had it! I kidded because I wanted to go to the show, sir!"

"What!" cried the Doctor.

"We were frightfully keen on going to the show, sir, and it was the only way. *I* planned it all," and even at this crisis a note of pride crept into his voice.

The Doctor looked from one to the other, and Mr. Searson's eye grew stern, for it became clear to him that half a crown was slipping from his grasp.

THE OPERATION DIDN'T LAST LONG.

"And you too, Gilliat?" said the Doctor.

Gilliat wasn't in a position to answer at the moment, but his eyes met the Doctor's, and he nodded.

Dr. Dickson rose.

"Well, Mr. Searson," he said, "in that case we need not trouble you any longer, and I must apologise for having troubled you at all. Now, Gilliat, when you are ready."

Once more they followed the Doctor's portly figure out into the street, through the crowd, and back to the "Golden Lion," where Jones and the ostler were putting the mare into the dog-cart.

"Put the seat well in at the back, Jones," said the Doctor. It was the first remark he had vouchsafed since they left the dentist's; but once or twice he had looked at them both rather narrowly.

That was a hateful drive. The Cynic heartily wished he was dead. Now and then he shot a side glance at his companion, but he could not bring himself to speak. Gilliat's tongue was fully occupied in nursing the new-made chasm in his jaw, and when at last they reached the school, they avoided each other with the utmost perseverance.

They met later in the Doctor's study.

"I haven't much to say to *you*, Gilliat," said Dr. Dickson; "you have preferred to punish yourself. Remember, in future, please, that I don't stop your pleasures unless I have a good reason; also, that it's better to lose your pleasure than your self-respect."

Gilliat turned red, and said, "Yes, sir."

"That will do," said the Doctor. "You had better ask the matron to give you some bread and milk for supper"

Gilliat hesitated, then he said in a low voice:—

"Am I to play against Brayton, sir, if they want me?"

"Oh. yes," replied the Doctor. "I don't want to punish the school; you can go now. Come here, Calver."

But Gilliat did not go. His face grew very red, and there was evidently something on his mind, and when the Doctor glanced up to see why he was waiting, he blurted out with great embarrassment: "He's only a little chap, sir; he's not used to knocking about like the rest of us; things hurt him more than——"

But before the Doctor could speak, Calver had stepped forward, and was interrupting.

"That's all right, Gilliat," he said quietly. "I don't *always* funk things."

But it was remarked that for some days afterwards the Cynic was unusually quiet.

Gilliat did play against Brayton. He went in when things were looking awkward — very awkward—and made 100 runs. The school quite went off its head.

As for Calver, he forgot all about being a Cynic, and anyone who noticed his wild enthusiasm would little have guessed how much it hurt him to clap his hands.

ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.

THE CITY OF THE WHITE GHOSTS.

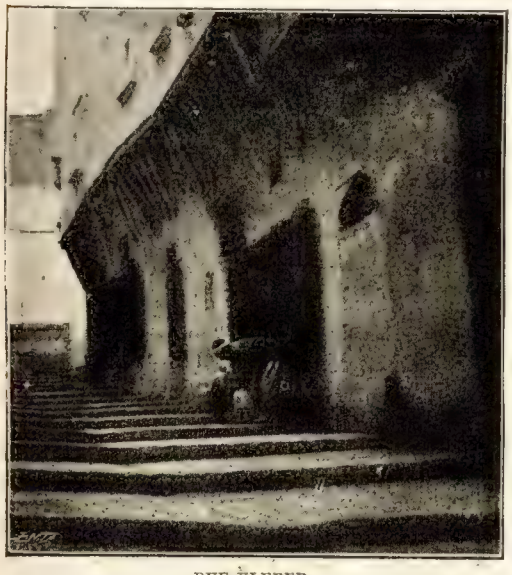
By H. E. Woolley.

WHEN the African shore first comes in sight, every eye is strained to make out the "City of the White Ghosts," as Algiers is justly called.

The white houses, piled one upon another, resemble exactly a chalk cliff. But, on entering the fine harbour made by the French, we see the old town rising up the hill-side, above the more modern one built by the conquerors.

After landing, we naturally make our way along the "front" to the Place du Gouvernment, which, in a way, is the Piccadilly of Algiers. Here Arabs, Turks, and Greeks; English, French, and Americans, wander about quite freely, listening to the band, or chatting together in groups. As will be seen by the photograph, women are marked by their absence. Continuing to the right is the unique white structure the Mosquée el Djedia, one of the most famous mosques in the town.

LA PLACE DU GOUVERNMENT.



RUE KLEBER.
The widest street in the Arab quarter.

But to the casual visitor, Arab Town proper offers most attractions. So we turn back and climb the Rue Kleber, a very narrow street, composed of long steps, full of shops without windows, and not particularly clean; and yet this is the widest street in the Arab quarter. Algiers has no dust carts, and this part of the

ARAB LIFE IN THE RUE KLEBER

town is dependent on the herds of lean and hungry dogs to do the scavenging part of the street cleaning, and we may here mention that carts are never used by the Arabs—donkeys and camels form the chief beasts of burden.

As we get higher and more into the heart of the town, the streets become narrower. After wending our way through a great number of these passages we arrive at the top of the town; and on the hills around are situated many villas, belonging to the richer Arabs, who prefer the fresh air of the hills to the heat and smell of the streets.

THIS IS A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GOOD-LOOKING ARAB WOMAN.

These villas are beautifully decorated with mosaic work and brightly-coloured tiles, and, surrounded by magnificent palms, look quite fit to live in. The next photograph illustrates one of the finest of these villas.

We will now have a look at some of the customs of the Arabs. This fine race of men, who make the little French-

A TYPICAL VILLA ON THE HEIGHTS BEHIND THE TOWN.

man look very insignificant, seem to spend most of their time in the *cafés*, smoking cigarettes, drinking black coffee, and playing cards. The photograph below shows one of these *cafés;* but, instead of being a shop in the town, this one is a tent out on the hills.

The photograph on the left shows an Arab woman in her quaint costume. She has come in, and has only just removed her veil. These women are horribly afraid of any man seeing them unveiled. Sad to say, this sex suffers great cruelties in Algeria.

Before we finish this short account of the Arab, we should like to say that great difficulty was found in obtaining some of these photographs, as the eastern gentleman is forbidden by his Koran, and otherwise strongly objects to being "kodaked," and only a very few will submit to this, even when enticed by the offer of money.

AN ARAB CAFE IN THE SUBURBS OF ALGIERS.

A BIT OF OUT-FIELDING.

A Tale of an Ocean Liner.

By George G. Farquhar.

The result of the fifth and final representative match between the Australian and English elevens was made known to those on board the *Bunyip* when that steamship called at Teneriffe on her outward voyage. The vessel had sailed from Southampton while the game was still in progress, and it was a private cablegram to Mr. Outhwaite, one of the ship's passengers and an old "gentleman player" himself, which announced the news of England's lack of success in that memorable contest. Mr. Outhwaite's dissatisfaction at the indecisive outcome, however, was beggared by the ludicrous chagrin of his son, Hector.

"If it isn't enough to make a fellow chuck up cricket in disgust!" said he, as, with face melancholy as a circus clown's, he lounged over to where three boys were awaiting him on the bridge deck. "Have you heard, Tyke? Another beastly draw!'

"Ugh! Didn't I say they ought to have picked more Yorkshiremen for the match? What's the good of a committee if they don't choose the——"

His further remarks were cut short by a strident cheer from the other two listeners.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they yelled, capering around in the height of glee. "Well done, Australia! Australia for ever! Hurrah!"

Their ardent enthusiasm will be readily understood when it is explained that Tom and Ernest Wanfield had been born and brought up in New South Wales, whither, after a twelve months' sojourn in England, they were now returning.

"That's something to crow about, anyhow!" exclaimed Hector Outhwaite, a trifle glumly. "What have the Kangaroos done, after all? Only one game out of the five test matches has been played to a finish——"

"And we won that, didn't we?" Tom Winfield chipped in eagerly. "We'd have come out on top in half the others, too, but for that idiotic rule which tries to squeeze a cricket match into three days only. Besides, we were handicapped by the climate all through. What's cricket mean in a climate like England? Why, it's playing on baked brick one day, and in a swamp the next. Skill and science don't count at all——"

"Crikey, man! Don't you see you're taking the credit off your own men by talking like that?" the Tyke ejaculated, sharply. "And anyway, what's cricket in Australia? Nothing but skittles on a Brussels carpet!"

"Not it!" repudiated Tom, flaring up at the retort. "It's matting we use, and that's better than sticky, sodden turf, say what you like. One innings isn't played on a hard wicket, and the next, after a shower of rain, in a clay puddle. It's fairer for both sides."

"Oh, all right," rejoined the Tyke, waiving the point. "What I maintain is this—that we Englishmen can lick you Colonials at cricket, if we only care to try, under any conditions you please to mention. There!"

"Yes," interposed Hector, hastily; "and if you don't believe that, we may have a chance of proving it before we get to Cape Town."

All three looked in bewilderment at the speaker.

"This way," he went on in explanation. "You say it isn't fair for Australians to have to play on English pitches; neither would it be for us to play on yours. The only way to settle the question is to arrange a game under conditions that are altogether new to both sides. You're agreed on that?"

"Yes, of course."

"Very well. Then the Tyke and I challenge you two Cornstalks to a deciding match. We'll represent Great Britain, while you're——"

"But when?—how?—what are you talking about?" said Tom Winfield, half in anger. "You forget that although you both leave the ship at Cape Town, we don't land there at all but go straight on to Melbourne. What's the good of jabbering rot?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll enlighten you," added Hector calmly. "I heard father arranging with some of those African millionaire chaps for a game as soon as we get into smoother water. It's deck-cricket, you know. The stumps are stuck in a slab of wood, and a net is rigged up over the side to stop the ball from flying overboard. I'll see if I can borrow the tackle after they've finished with it. My sister Elsie will lend me her ball so we needn't trouble——"

"What! a soft ball!" exclaimed Tom in derision. "Is it to be a kid's match, then?"

"But the captain wouldn't allow us to play with a hard ball, even if we had one. Besides, that's where the new conditions come in—that's one of them. Still, if you're going to back out just because of——"

"Oh, no, we're not! We'll play you, and chaw you up anyhow, too. Won't we, Ernest?"

"You accept the challenge, then?"

"Like one o'clock. When's it to come off?"

This was more than Hector could decide. Indeed, for close upon a week from that date the roughness of the sea put an absolute *veto* on the projected sport, and it was not until the *Bunyip* had crossed the Equator that the waves moderated, and the hot blistering effect of the sun was fully felt. Meanwhile, the rules and regulations as laid down by the M.C.C. had to be altered and modified to suit the exceptional circumstances of the case. In the first place, no umpires were considered necessary, for, of course, there were to be no disputes. Again, as the numbers in the rival teams were so very limited, the game was to be a "single-end" one. And, furthermore, if a ball struck by the batsman were caught by an opponent before it touched the deck—no matter whether it rebounded from the saloon frontage, the rail, boat-deck, netting, or the rigging overhead—the batsman should be given "out." To these novel laws, and several others, all the players subscribed without demur.

At length the great day arrived. We need not dwell upon the play of the oldsters; it was a travesty of real cricket—an excuse for mere merriment and ludicrous antics. The four lads looked on with disgust, and when at last the stumps were handed over to them, the serious and resolute purpose that shone in their eyes would have lent gravity to a bench of judges. Theirs was to be a life-and-death struggle for supremacy—the prestige of their native countries hung on the skill and prowess now to be displayed.

"I say, you fellows," Hector remarked, lugging out a large, gaily-painted rubber ball, "be careful with this. Elsie thinks a heap of it, and she doesn't know I've sneaked it."

"Oh, all right; we can't hurt it much with this thing," rejoined Tom, holding up the "bat" for inspection—a ship's carpenter's notion of a cricket bat, something between a sand-spade and an Indian club. "We're to have an innings each, you say? Well, hurry up, or we shan't finish before dark."

Hector, winning the toss, put his man in first. Tom Winfield went on to bowl, while his brother kept wicket; both had also to act as fieldsmen and make the most of their meagre forces generally. Quickly the bowler discovered that to trundle overhand or roundhand was but so much energy thrown away; the hollow ball, rebounding from the hard deck planks, sprang over the bails harmlessly when the batsman failed to hit it. Therefore Tom had recourse to underhand "grubs," to which, after a little practice, he managed to impart a particularly awkward twist. And it was one of these "curlers" which finally beat the batsman, the score being then at eighteen.

Hector went in with a fixed idea as to the best method of getting runs. He had noted, for instance, that it did not pay to hit to square-leg, nor to attempt the cut; in one case the ball only plomped full against the panels of the saloon, and in the other, against the netting, bouncing back each time to a spot more or less close to the batting-crease. His sole aim, therefore, was to get the ball away past the bowler by long vigorous drives. And these tactics met with instant success. A merry time Hector had of it until, stepping out to a short-pitched ball and misjudging it, he was smartly stumped by the wicket-keeper. England was all out for forty-three!

The first Australian wicket, Ernest's, went down for seven—caught out. But the unusual character of that "catch" deserves more than a casual notice, illustrating as it did the vicissitudes of the game on board ship, as well as the peculiar applicability of one of the new laws above-mentioned. Hector had sent up a tempting "lob," at which Ernest hit out vigorously; the ball, glancing off the willow, flew hard towards the port rail, whence it was deflected by the net to the boat deck above and again on to the front of the saloon. Darting forward, the Tyke stooped low and caught it with his left hand ere it reached the deck.

"How's that?" cried he, with a whoop of delight. "How's that?"

"A neat catch, young gentleman," said the second officer, who chanced to be the only disinterested spectator—most of the passengers having sought the shade and breeze to windward. "A very clever bit of work, indeed!"

"I wasn't out!" blurted Ernest, his cheeks burning crimson with disappointment. "It couldn't have happened—it wouldn't have been out—on any cricket field in the world. A rotten, silly game! No, I wasn't out, there, not fairly!"

"Golly, just listen to that!" Hector replied, indignantly. "What're you to make of a chap who first agrees to a certain rule and then tries to wriggle out of it when it tells against him? Here, I say, Tom," he added, appealing to the Australian captain's sense of justice. "What's your opinion? Wasn't he out then?"

"We won't bother to dispute it," said Tom, magnanimously. "Never mind, Ernest, we're not whopped yet. Give me the bat."

Tom's confidence in his own ability to wipe off the arrears soon seemed likely to be justified by his deeds. He made ample amends for his brother's failure. Completely collaring the bowling, he piled up the runs at an amazing rate. More than that, he further developed and perfected Hector's system of attack by swinging

round at every ball which came to leg and slogging it hard past the stumper in the direction of the *Bunyip's* bows. With the score at thirty-two, Hector tried a change of bowler, and the Tyke was entrusted with the leather. Still the notches mounted up—faster, indeed, than ever. The Antipodean was unmistakably firmly set, and the faces of the English "eleven" grew longer with the score. Clearly they were fighting an uphill battle now.

Then, unexpectedly, came the end. The colonials wanted no more than six runs to win, when Tom took advantage of a loose ball to bring his favourite stroke once more into play. Impelled by one of his mightiest swipes, the painted sphere whizzed past the protecting corner of the saloons, ricochetting off a bollard-head to skim swiftly across the deck to windward, Hector going full pelt after it.

"Throw it in, man!" yelled the Tyke, hurrying up to the wicket. "If you're quick we'll have him run out. In with it, Hector—sharp, now!"

But while the fieldsman was yet a good half-dozen yards behind it, the ball shot between the unguarded starboard rails and dropped into the sea.

"Reckon that's a boundary hit, young sir," laughed the second officer, watching Hector's flying figure. "At any rate, you may put it down as a 'lost ball,' if ever there—— Hi, stop him, there! Great Scott, the young shaver's overboard!"

It was true. Naturally of an eager and impetuous temperament, heedless now of all else but the one absorbing desire to win the match, carried away by the keenest excitement and blind for the moment to his surroundings, Hector had dashed impulsively forward, and, before his intentions could be guessed, had sprung over the rail after the ball into the waves.

At once the *Bunyip's* deck became a scene of wild commotion; the yell of "Man overboard!" was followed by rapid orders for reversing the engines and for the clearing away of a boat. Half a dozen lifebuoys were flung over the side, but to these Hector paid no heed; he did not even hear the rattle of the davit falls as the boat was lowered, nor did he note the fast-lengthening gap between him and the ship before the liner could be brought to a standstill. He had eyes and thoughts only for the crimson globe that bobbed so jauntily on the wave-crests, some two hundred yards away, and towards this goal he struck out with all the vigour of his hardy limbs. Yet, although Hector prided himself on his abilities as a swimmer, he made but slow progress — the weight of his saturated clothes hampered him and dragged him down. Clenching his teeth, he redoubled his exertions.

THE MONSTER HAD SEEN ITS PREY!

Perhaps half the distance between him and the ball had been covered when, peering anxiously ahead, Hector suddenly emitted an explosive shriek of horror. In a line with the ball, and not far from it, there appeared a black, leathery, triangular object—the dorsal fin of a shark!

Even while Hector gazed awe-stricken at the sight, the fin quivered for a moment in the air, and then disappeared. The monster had seen its

prey! Hector's blood went cold within him—a sensation of nausea came over him. The boy gasped and gurgled convulsively, plunging madly with hands and feet, the briny water filling his mouth, his nostrils, his ears and eyes, blinding and choking him. Of a sudden he felt his elbow seized as in the jaws of a vice, his arm seemed to be dragged out of its socket, a vivid flash of fire shot athwart his eyes—and the rest was pitchy darkness.

* * * * *

"See, he is coming round at last. You need have no anxiety about your son now, Mr. Outhwaite; he'll be as sprightly as ever by to-morrow. Yet, indeed, it was a narrow squeak. The seaman grabbed him by the arm, and hauled him into the boat only just in time. Another second, and the shark would have had him. In fact, the brute shot so closely past the bows of the boat that one of the men leaned over and jabbed it with his oar."

Hector stirred slightly and opened his eyes. He was lying in his own bunk on the steamship, his father and the ship's doctor being the only other occupants of the cabin. It was the latter who had just spoken.

"The ball—did I shy it up in time?" murmured the boy wearily. "How many did he make, Tyke? We never settled anything about boundaries, you know, and I wasn't sure whether—— Eh? Why, where are you, Tyke? I wanted to ask you if we'd won or lost——"

"Don't worry, laddie," interposed Mr. Outhwaite tenderly. "You're still too dazed and excited to understand."

"However," added the doctor, smiling, "if it will ease your mind, I may assure you that the ball *was* picked up—by the shark. I'm afraid it didn't prove such a toothsome morsel as you would have been. And, by the bye, Hector, if I were you I don't think I'd hurry to get well again—unless, that is, you're longing to hear one of the captain's lectures on shipboard discipline and the idiocy of foolhardy exploits."

IMPRESSIONS I HAD AT SCHOOL.

THE FAT BOY.

(1) When George Augustus first went to school, this is what he expected the fat boy would be like.

(2) But he was pleasantly surprised when he found that it was a nice chap like this who was called the fat boy.

Drawn by D. McEwan.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Askean's football results in the number before us (June) are printed in a concise and business-like way, which other editors might imitate with advantage.

The Bathonian (July).—Cricket—sports—the war! A shilling seems a large sum to ask for such a small magazine; a reduction in price might raise the circulation. Still, "Bobs" are very popular just now.

The Blue (May).—Obituary notices should not be printed *on the first page* of a school magazine. "Sports' Day" is well described in humorous verse; but why are the results of the sports "held over" until the next number?

The Breconian (July) is notable for the very touching and manly article on H. C. M. Locke—a prefect of Brecon, who died at home during the Easter Holidays. "He was in the front rank of everything. His character may be summed up in three words: Thorough, Manly, Honest." I think the readers of this magazine will do well to study the following paragraph:—

> Intellectually, he might be described as patient and retentive, more than brilliant . . . . All that he did, in every subject, was done thoroughly. You often saw him puzzled with a difficulty. But, if you were his teacher, you would find it worth your while to help him through. His difficulties, certainly, were odd enough at times, but they meant thought and struggle: every teacher knows that the most solid progress often comes of just such struggles and application. What he gained, he held. It was equally the case in play. His talents needed cultivation. But they got it. You would watch him patiently applying what he learned from those who knew, and conquering, as he conquered in his work.

The Colstonian (April), publishes a good portrait of the head-master's wife. This magazine seems to be flung together rather than edited. School Notes *must* come first.

The Cottesmorian.—Very good paper and printing. Publication of each boy's weight, height, and chest measurement is a useful idea.

Cooper's School Magazine (July), is noteworthy for an excellent parody of "Excelsior," entitled, "Teuf-teuf," by somebody who modestly signs himself "W. A. A." The subject is a motor-car. We reproduce the parody on next page.

Carthusian (August) is very fine and large. "The oppressive heat," says the newly-appointed editor, "has given rise to the introduction of several novelties. Perhaps the most appreciated of these is the permission given to the whole school to take off their coats during the examinations. In Hall the transformation in one minute from black to white was quite wonderful."

Danensis (Doncaster Grammar School) announces that T. E. F. Turner, their crack long-jumper, has left the school to take an appointment in the Civil Service. If his jumps at work equal his jumps at play, he will soon find himself at the top of the tree.

Dunelmian (Durham School) tells us how the School beat "the Bar" by 170 runs. Rowing flourishes at Durham. When will there be a "Public School Cup" at Henley?

Edinburgh Royal High School Review gives result of debate, "Was Napoleon or Wellington the greater general?" Napoleon got ten votes, and Wellington twelve. Anybody who has *studied* Napoleon's career will disagree with this decision, although, of course, being Britons, we like to put our own man first. Napoleon was undoubtedly the greatest general the world has ever seen. At the end, especially, the luck was dead against him. Wellington was a very talented leader, but Napoleon was a genius—that was the difference between them.

The Elean (King's School, Ely) has a trenchant book reviewer on its staff. His two pages on "Stalky & Co." are especially well done, although that does not mean that we altogether agree with him. A story about good boys is not nearly so interesting as a story about boys who are not as good as they might be, and this Mr. Kipling knows. The *Elean* is one of

the most literary magazines that reaches me. I congratulate its editor.

Elizabethan (Westminster School).—We trust the editor will attend to his correspondent's complaint *re* "Football Reports." These should be brief and pithy, and players who distinguish themselves should always be mentioned — a seasonable word of commendation puts a lot of heart into a man.

Giggleswick Chronicle is very neat and nice, but inclined to be dull. Why lead off with two essays? School Notes should come first. The headmaster, we observe, has presented the whole of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (sixty-three volumes) to the school library. A very generous and useful gift.

The Haileyburian (four numbers) still, like Malvern, goes coverless, although Westminster and Charterhouse sport pink, Shrewsbury light blue, Merchant Taylors' a pale green, and Mill Hill a gallant "khaki." However, the *Haileyburian* is well conducted, and it is evident that the editor is a painstaking gentleman.

The Hurst Johnian is a dear little pocket magazine. As the oldest but one of all school magazines, the O. F. has a great regard for it. The "Editorial" is written with a bright, anecdotal touch that surely wins all hearts.

Hymerian (Hymers College, Hull) reports an interesting debate on "Ghosts." The motion "That this house believes in ghosts" was lost by 17—5. This is the only school magazine we have lighted on whose price is 7d.

Ipswich School Magazine.—The editor complains that his contribution box "is empty; empty, too, the editorial waste-paper basket." We hope his readers will mend this matter. No wonder the editorial notes end with a pathetic announcement to the effect that "the air of Ipswich favours not the poet of spring."

The Johnian (St. John's, Leatherhead), in sober grey, is an excellent paper. C. W. Perkins (O.J.), of the Imperial Light Horse, sends an interesting letter from Ladysmith. He was one of the first twenty to enter that city on the occasion of its relief.

Other Magazines Received:

Aberdeen Grammar School, Alperton Hall, Barrian, Bathonian, Bethany House School, Blue, Brighton College, Bramptonian, Clayesmorian, Cliftonian, Colonia, Dundas Vale Monthly, Eastbournian, Elstonian, Glasgow Academy Chronicle, Invalid, "Jottings," Kelvinside Academy, Leys Fortnightly, Llandovery School Journal, Llanelly County School, Lorettonian, Ludlow Grammar School, Malverian, Mercers' School, Mill Hill, Monmouthian, Mount Record, N.E.C.S., Novarcensian, Olavian, Ousel, Owlet, Pauline, Peterite, Pilgrim, Pioneer, Plymouthian, Plymouth Corporation Grammar School, Portmuthian, Princess Alfred College Chronicle (Adelaide), Quernmorian, Radiator, Ramsеian, Reptonian, Review, Saint Andrew's College (Grahamstown, S.A.), Saint Thomas' College (Colombo), Salopian, School Bell, Scribbler, Sedberghian, Shandonian, "S.S.G.A.," Skegness College, Streatham School, Student's Friend (Malabar), Sydneian (Sydney), Taylorian, Tettenhallian, Touchstone, Truro College, United Services College Chronicle, Victorian, Walsallian, Westward Ho!, Williamsonian, Xaverian Oracle, Yellow Dragon (Hong-Kong).

(Further reviews will appear next month.)

"TEUF-TEUF!"

With profuse apologies to Longfellow.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As on a dusty high road passed
A youth, upon a motor-car—
The noise of which was heard afar:
Teuf-teuf!"

His brow was wet; his throat was dry,
But still he made that motor fly,
And all the time, at every jar,
There came from out that plunging car:
"Teuf-teuf!"

In happy homes he saw the time
Had nearly got to half-past nine;
"Ah me!" he groaned, "I must not bide,"
So opened he the throttle wide—
"Teuf-teuf!"

"Go not so fast," the old man said,
"Lest you should pitch upon your head—
Because the road's not very wide."
But loud that wicked motor cried:
"Teuf-teuf!"

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest;
I'm sure to do so would be best."
The youth—to save his breath, it seemed—
Said nothing, but the motor screamed:
"Teuf-teuf!"

"Beware the tin-tacks in the way!
Beware the stones, you chap, I say!"
This was the old man's last good-night.
The youth's came as he swept from sight:
"Teuf-teuf!"

That day a motor-car was found
In little pieces on the ground.
It never more would rush along
With its interminable song:
"Teuf-teuf!"

There in the twilight cold and gray,
The youth mid oily fragments lay.
His journey ended in a cart
Drawn by a horse—Not in a smart
Teuf-teuf!

[By "W. A. A." in *Cooper's School Magazine.*]

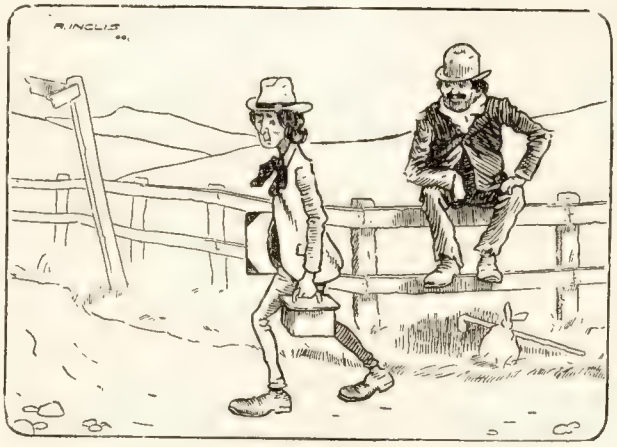
SPECIAL·PAGES
CONTRIBUTED·BY·READERS

This month One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to A. INGLIS, 30, Campbell Street, Johnstone, N.B., for his three drawings (published in these pages).

Scotland for Ever, England in the——!

What can be the meaning of this curious title? Is it—can it be the result of a war? Is it an election, proving victorious for Scotland? Is it the announcement of an international cricket match?

No, readers, it is not one of these. It includes something of vast importance, of magnitude, of strength in the world of reasoning and of the understanding. What sultry mind could think for a moment of these occurrences, which become so paltry, so insignificant, before the contest between the bravest nations of the world—the Anglo-Scottish contest for the celebrated CAPTAIN competitions. Three cheers—nay, three thousand cheers, for Scotland! Yes, I say again, three thousand cheers and more for thee, O wild Caledonia!



LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES IN FOREGROUND.
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

Let us now relapse into a more serious and more sober frame of mind, and consider the results of THE CAPTAIN competitions from April 1899 to April 1900, inclusive.

Taking for each month, respectively, the numbers of Scottish winners, we have: 7, 3, 1, 0, 3, 5, 7, 3, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3.: Total, 47.

What a great difference this seems to the English numbers: 16, 23, 17, 16, 17, 24, 33, 25, 23, 29, 24, 16, 15: Total, 269.

Why, then, this noise—this "Scotland-praising-to-the-skies?" Oh, ye unbelievers, ye English phantoms! Yea, truly was it said, "Pride shall have its fall." Is not England larger by far than Scotland? Are not the English more numerous than the Scotch? Aha!

Yes, the English are more than eight times more numerous than the Scotch, eight times forty-seven is 376—107 more than the English winners.

Bring forth the purple robe and put it on the youth of Scotland; put a crown on his head, and kingly shoes on his feet; and bring hither the diadem of victory; let us feast, drink, and be merry.

"Scotland never did, and never shall, lie under the proud foot of" an English CAPTAIN competitor!

"SECOND MATE."

[This young gentleman seems to be quite excited over Scotland's victories. Well, it is good to be enthusiastic, so long as you don't break a blood-vessel.—O.F.]

Food for Rabbits.

In the August number of THE CAPTAIN I notice "Brer Rabbit" informs your readers that "Hare's Parsley" is a very good food for rabbits. Cow's, hare's, or hedge parsley, as it is sometimes called, is a tall plant, with a white flower, which much resembles the hemlock, and with this resemblance comes the danger, for, should any of the deadly hemlock be given in mistake, the rabbit is certain to die. I am a rabbit keeper of eight years' experience, and find the following list of foods the best: greens, chicory, dandelion, tares, plantain, lettuce, milk thistle, and clover. Cabbage should never be given. Also, the following roots for winter: carrots, turnips, parsnips,

and beetroots. The rabbits should be bedded with hay, and fed on oats, bran, scalded Indian or barley meal, boiled potatoes, to which may be added a little crushed linseed, wheat, and sharps. Grey peas which have been soaked in water for twenty-four hours are a capital pick-me-up. Boiled rice may be also given for variety. Above all, keep the rabbits as clean as possible, and you are pretty sure to succeed with these pretty and profitable pets.

ROBSON ARROWSMITH.

"CAPTAIN" MOUNTAINEERS TOP OF "LE LUISAN," SWITZERLAND.

"You don't seem to get in the least tired however long you are out."

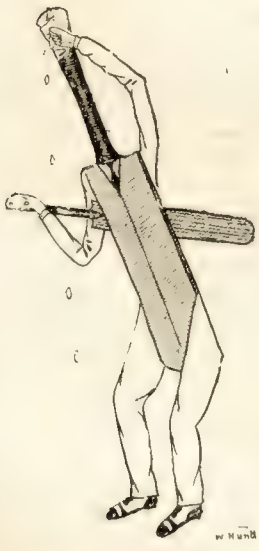
Sent by "D. A."

An Optical Illusion.

This is a perfect little illusion, which can be easily done by carrying out the following instructions.

Take a piece of fairly stiff paper (cartridge for preference) about a foot long, and roll it into a tube. Now place your left hand before your face, with the palm towards you; take the tube in your right hand, and place it against the right side of your left hand (just below your little finger), then put your right eye close to the tube *keeping both eyes open*, when, lo! on looking through, it will appear as if you have *a hole through your hand!*

HUGH HUGHES.



THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Drawn by W. Huntly.

Among the Kaffirs.

Although I am an English girl, I have lived a great part of my life in Africa, and perhaps it may be interesting for English boys and girls to hear a little about the Kaffir's mode of living.

I can distinctly remember, during the six months which I spent on an African farm, enjoying many an early breakfast of sour milk and mealies (or maize) with the Kaffirs.

They lived about 100yds. away from the farm, in their round mud huts. The outsides of these huts are covered with mud and skins, and are quite waterproof. Let us enter one and investigate a little inside. The floor is composed of cow dung, which has been hardened and beaten down with the tread of many bare feet. In the centre of the hut is a thick, smooth pole, which is used for hanging their blankets and household articles upon.

At a short distance away from the pole a peat fire is kindled, and emits a good deal of smoke, which finds its way out by the hole in the side—called the door, for there is no other opening. Nine or ten Kaffirs often collect together and smoke their long clay pipes; at such times I used to feel a sort of dread to enter the huts, for the great black men and women looked very fierce in my eyes. But they were always pleased to see me, and often offered me a seat by the fire. Outside the huts the men, women, and children squatted in sleepy idleness, basking in the hot African sun; while others bathed in the river a short distance away. The Kaffir babies were not as amiable as their seniors, and if ever I tried to talk to them, they would crawl away, jabbering like little monkeys. As soon as a Kaffir is ten or eleven, he is sent to look after the cows and sheep, or drive the waggons with their teams of oxen; and he enjoys the life, too.

In my opinion, the Kaffirs are a very fine race, but misunderstood, and suffering from the cruel treatment they have received from the Boers. Under our rule

"THE SWEET TOOTH."

By Vic Steer.

"THE RIVALS."
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

and protection, I believe they will become true and loyal subjects of the Great White Queen!

NORAH N. TAYLER.

A Poem in Three Verses.

[Extract from page 282, June, 1900.—*Owen Parry.* . . . "I like little poems of three verses."—O. F.]

This is a "poem" a wily wag
  Has made of a certain size
For the purpose of catching the dear Old Fag;
  (And a contribution prize)—
    You see?
  For the wily wag is wise.

The dear Old Fag likes verses three.
  And this shall be no more;
For a "Captain" must be obeyed at sea
  Or the ship may touch the shore—
    You see?
  And the Old Fag be no more.

Gay or grave, the wide world round,
  Our crew don't wish for that.
They wish to keep him *above* the ground,
  Cheerful, happy, rich, and fat—
    You see?
  OUR crew looks out for that!!!

WILLIAM SAMPSON (Australia).

A Glimpse of the Paris Exhibition.

Till this summer I have been able to speak of myself as one of the few Britons who have never left their native shore. But at length fate sent me the desired opportunity to see the Continent, and I found myself in pleasant company on board the *Pas de Calais*. Over the voyage across I will draw a veil; suffice it to say that, "life on the ocean wave" will not henceforth be one of my ideals.

It was dusk when we reached Paris, so we could see but little of its beauties, especially as the drive occupied our whole attention; for a cab drive in Paris is excellent training for the nerves How eager the man seemed to bring our holiday to a sudden and untimely conclusion, as if he knew we were the terrible English—and then actually had the audacity to demand double the usual fare!

Next morning saw us up early and hastening through the quiet streets to get our first glimpse of the Exhibition buildings—and fairy-land it looked in the bright sunshine, the structures are so delicate in form and colouring.

All along the banks of the Seine stand buildings representative of the different European countries. Up and down the broad river steamers plied, crowded with passengers anxious to get a general view of the beautiful grounds.

Three 60c. tickets were soon purchased, and we were inside. For a bird's-eye view of the whole, we mounted the moving platform, and were carried the complete circuit. The floor moving under one is slightly suggestive of the Spanish Inquisition, but a popular item of the programme evidently. Then we sauntered along the Rue des Nations; saw a Turkish mosque, with merchants in the alcoves around displaying their embroideries. Close by stood a duplicate of a mansion near Bradford-on-Avon, which only lacked the peacocks and greensward to complete the picture.

FEROCIOUS-LOOKING TRAMP (to poor old gent'eman in an unfrequented lane): "Say, guv'nor, would yer like to buy this 'andsome loaded revawlver? I'm desp'rite 'ard up."

By J. P. Grandidier.

Further on was a copy of the Capitol, with Washington's statue. After *café complet* we crossed the Seine, and wandered through galleries

HIS LITTLE MISTAKE: "No, sir, not a word, I won't listen. You can't have my daughter's hand upon any consideration Please let that be sufficient."
"Than'k you, sir, but I didn't call for your daughter's hand. I've come for your little gas bill, which you'll understand is now three months over due."
By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.

of grand pictures from all parts of Europe; and then from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the form of side shows, where stands the topsy-turvy house, resting on its chimneys.

Next day saw us waiting at the gates for the hour of admission. All that long, yet all too short, day we tramped about, regardless of fatigue or heat. We hurried past the exquisite exhibits of German porcelain ware, and reached the Japanese section, only to find packing cases still unopened. Much of the Exhibition was most unfinished—the section devoted to machinery, for instance—and late comers will have a distinct advantage over early visitors, whose views of glorious exteriors were marred by scaffolding and builders' materials.

The days spent there slipped away all too soon, and we found ourselves back at work, but with pleasant and helpful memories to stimulate us to "renewed assiduity," as Miss Penelope Kitson would say.

E. R. SIMMONS.

Some Dictionary Boys.

A military boy.	Reggie Mental.
An orderly boy.	Dick Orum
A warlike boy.	Tommie Hawke.
A benevolent boy.	Phil Anthropy.
A literary boy.	Eddie Torre.
A merry boy.	Joe Viality.
A good-natured boy.	Ben Evolent.
A brave boy.	Val Orous.
A cowardly boy.	Tim Idity.
A typical British boy.	Pat Riotic.
A gem of a boy.	Chris Olyte.
A strategic boy.	Artie Fisse.
A seafaring boy.	Bill Owey.
A boy bound to get on.	Percy Verance.

JOHN LEIGH TURNER.

A Very "Tall" Tree.

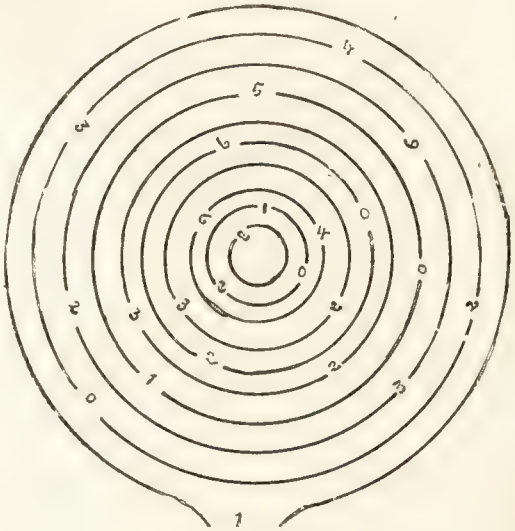
A school friend told me a rather curious story the other day.

His uncle in America once bought a kitchen table. The Americans do not always season their wood, so not long after he had bought the table he found that it was sprouting, so he put the four legs of the table into the ground, and it is now seen growing up as a tree.

FRANK L. CHRISTIE.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Seaflower.—You write earnestly and seem to know your subject well, but your essay is weak in composition and spelling. Watch these points, and next time make your contribution about half the length of this one. **Charles F. Clarkson.**—Your "Tournament" essay is neatly written, but the way you express yourself is too "schoolroomy." Write freshly and naturally—as a boy would write—on some subject very near to your heart, such as your favourite hobby, game, or book. **H. Chamberlain.**—Essays written on *both* sides of the paper do not "meet with my approval." Keep an eye on your



A MAZE.
To get to the centre counting thirty.
Drawn by Edgar A. Leigh.

punctuation, young man, and send along something rather stronger than "How we lost our top-mast." **Arthur Stanley.**—You'll make money out of comic verse if you persevere, but don't neglect your daily-bread work for this pleasant hobby. Do it in the evening, and bang your things at the comic papers. Keep copies. "Muff" not quite up to your usual standard. **Herr Skein** and **Maud Parsons.**—Your figures are stiff and wooden-looking. Draw from the life, and make a careful study of perspective before you venture to send anything else in. **T. Judson.**—See reply to "H. Chamberlain." There are about twenty spelling mistakes in your story. Why not send an essay on "What I want to be when I'm a man"? **R. C. Tharp.**—Well, your Carnival verses are not very good and not very bad. Fair to middling. Rhythm irregular. Try a more inspiring subject. **A. E. Jones.**—The puzzle is ingenious. Sorry cannot use it. **H. Kershaw, F. C. Owen,** and **G. A. Watkin.**—Special page sketches have to be reduced small, so please make your lines stronger and clearer. **I. Kelsey.**—The joke is an old one. **E. O. Pearse.**—(1) Photo not strong enough. (2) Not the kind of joke for the Special Pages. Many thanks for letter. **Frank Crisp, H. Doig,** and **A. S. A.** are requested to try again. **G. W. Mason.**—Your design looks like a copy. Is this so? **Sid P. H.**—Don't copy; draw from Nature, and send in again. **G. Walker.**—No; take more pains. **Geo. Monks.**—Not the kind of thing we want. **A. W. Dicks.**—Sorry we cannot use photograph of waterfall. **A. J. Judd.**—Will keep puzzle for future use. "S. P. R. A." stands for "Special Page Royal Academy."

Also contributions from: C. G. Megginson, Mabel Shepherd, "Dorothy," Frank K. Brady, J. D. Hughes, T. L. Westerdale, L. G. Lawson, "Shortfellow," J. S. Leese, J. Gunn, Richard Mellish, O. C Whiteman, V. Glenmore, D. O. N. Key, and others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—"**A Chance for Artists.**" THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS will be awarded for the three best "Initial Letters" or "Tail-pieces." (See pp. 517, 522, 535, 565, etc., of September number for good examples.)

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**My Favourite Monarch in English History.**" The "character" competition in September having proved very popular, we are giving another this month. Do not exceed 400 words. Prizes will be THREE HANDSOME BLOTTING CASES.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**From London to Sydney.**" Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded for the three best maps showing "Shortest Course of a Vessel Bound from London to Sydney." Marks given for neatness.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"**The Field of Fair Renown.**"—Describe, briefly, the bravest deed you have ever heard or read of. Prizes will be three books—value 6s. each—which the winners may choose for themselves.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Nineteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 5.—"**Poem on Christmas.**" HALF A GUINEA will be paid for the best poem on "Christmas."

One age limit ... ... Twenty-five.

No. 6.—"**Books that have Influenced Me.**" THREE "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be given for the three best essays on this subject. Limit of words: 400.

Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

HIS October will be a red-letter month for many young men leaving the confined life of school for the great area without. Numbers will be going to Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities; many will be coming to London to "walk" the hospitals, read for Army and other examinations, enter offices and banks, and, in brief, begin that WORK which will lay the foundation stones of their future fortunes.

To all such I should like to say a word in season—on the subject of Manliness. The majority of these fellows, free from the fetters of home and school, will be left pretty well to follow their own devices—to cut paths for their feet to tread in the illimitable Garden of the World. Their conduct may to a certain extent be checked by tutors and guardians, but not in every respect. It rests with a fellow himself to do right or to do wrong, and the course he adopts now will certainly affect the whole of his after career. So will you act as a MAN? Will you run straight, or will you make a fool of yourself?

Very much depends upon what sort of a "set" a man gets into. If he mixes with worthless companions, and weak-mindedly "follows his leader" into all sorts of follies, there's no saying what will—or won't—become of him. You see, I don't want to make prigs of you; but, at the same time, I would lay emphasis on the fact that dissipation is not the fine heroic thing that some folk imagine it to be. If it doesn't knock you over at the time, it tells on you later, and when this happens you can't blame anybody but yourself. This is ordinary, straightforward advice from a man of the world to young men entering upon the serious business of life, and you can take it or leave it—as you please. But if you take it, you will live to feel very much obliged to me.

You fellows are starting off now with clear heads and hard muscles. Everything is in your favour. If you've been to a decent school you ought to know what's the square thing to do and what isn't. Now, just make up your minds that you won't fall into this silly error of deeming a sober man a molly-coddle and a clean-living man a "saint." They are simply *sensible men.* Smith and Jones are here on earth to do the best with themselves. At twenty they go to the 'Varsity, and Smith reads hard while Jones drinks hard. They both get their degrees somehow, and go down and start earning their livings. They proceed as before, and reach forty—the age at which men are supposed to be in "the prime of life." Result: Smith is a fine, stalwart, healthy fellow, taking a keen interest in everything he does, and still playing games with all the zest you please. Jones is perhaps earning quite as much money as Smith; but is he the same man? The medicine bottles on his bed-room mantelpiece and the state of his tongue in the morning will explain to you his exact condition. Smith is "all there"; Jones is "breaking up." And yet, at twenty, Jones was as good a man as Smith, every bit. That's the picture: have a look at it.

I just wish to add one thing. If any fellow just going into the world from school wants any special advice, let him write to me and ask for it, and I will help him all I can. My fee is one penny stamp—on an envelope.

Books recommended:—*Golden Deeds of the War*, by A. T. Story (a contributor to

ALBERT T. CRICK (AGED SIXTEEN),
Champion Diver of Tasmania, Season 1899-1900.
(Sent by Sandy Bay Swimming Club.)

THE CAPTAIN), is just the book for a school library, for it tells the story of gallantry in South Africa in a most concise and interesting manner. The price is 6s.—*Stories from the Diary of a Doctor*, by L. T. Meade and Dr. Halifax, now appear in sixpenny form. For a sixpenny book the printing and get-up are wonderfully good.

From the *Southampton Times*:—

In the August CAPTAIN—an excellent holiday number—there is a tale entitled "How Woodlandshire found their fast bowler," which embodies a fancy we should like to see realised in the case of Hampshire. Woodlandshire was at the bottom of the list of first-class counties. The one thing necessary was a good fast bowler, which seems to be the special need of our county to-day. Opportunely for Woodlandshire there arrived one day from Australia a tall, sunburnt, slouching youth, who strayed to the county ground at Westport, and went to sleep in the club dressing-room. There he was found, and, as the price of liberty, had to bowl at the captain for an hour at the nets. The result was a revelation of his prowess, and as it turned out that he was born in the county, he was taken on with enthusiasm, and the fortunes of the county were retrieved. When will such a piece of luck fall to the share of our county, we wonder?

"Seaflower" writes: "It will be of interest to readers of THE CAPTAIN to know that the black silk scarf worn by sailors is an emblem of mourning for Lord Nelson. The order for the wearing of this scarf has never been recalled, and I don't suppose it ever will be."

Like the star
Which shines afar,
Without haste,
Without rest,
Let each man wheel
With steady sway,
Round the task
Which rules the day,
And do his BEST!

Marlborough College Slang—

Basjon	...	biscuit	Fug	...	a collegiate monitor
Bolly	...	pudding	Jowse	...	ice
Browse	...	to enjoy oneself	Kish	...	cushion
Collegiate mincers	...	mince pies	Nip	...	a non-collegiate
Collegiate newers	...	new potatoes	Rhino	...	cash
Choiser	...	chestnut	Preeks in cleeks	...	prayers in the classrooms.

Sent by "Jollyboy."

F. A. writes from South Africa:—

You were kind enough last February to send me a postal order for a prize essay which I sent to THE CAPTAIN. Possibly it may interest you and your readers to hear its adventures. Being made payable at Grahamstown, it remained some weeks in my pocket-book, visiting Belmont, Graspan, Enslin, Colesberg, Thebus, Stormberg, and other interesting places. At Stormberg I accidentally left the pocket-book in the tent of Captain H——, of the Cork Militia. I wrote and asked him for it, but he replied he had seen nothing of it. A few weeks ago he sent it from Riet River (!) saying it had been found on a native, who was caught and

DECK GOLF.
(By C. Medorington.)

searched as a spy, and who refused to explain how he had got it. It has at last been converted into eau de Cologne for our typhoid cases in hospital here, and is much appreciated.

I may add that THE CAPTAIN is eagerly sought after by the men in hospital as one of the few first-rate magazines of the kind which is printed in decent type.

Winning prizes in THE CAPTAIN brings shoals of correspondence. I got letters from readers in England, Scotland, S. Australia, Jamaica, and New Zealand.

Siege Stamps.—The siege of Ladysmith vividly recalls the siege of Paris, which lasted from the 19th September, 1870, to 28th January, 1871. During this eventful period, and while German shot and shell were wrecking Paris, balloon posts were established, and were the means of conveying two or three million letters to England and elsewhere. The above is a *fac-simile* of such a letter, which it will be seen bears in the upper left-hand corner the inscription "*par ballon monte*," and is dated 29th September, 1870. What the balloon has been unable to perform in Ladysmith has been carried out either by pigeon-post or heliograph.

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER SENT BY BALLOON POST DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS, 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1870.

From Longfellow.—

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will,
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. Burchall.—Yes, I have heard that certain parts of London are supposed to be haunted. West Kensington has recently sported a ghost, and it is a well-known superstition that Oliver Cromwell "walks" in Red Lion Square.

F. G.—(1) I suppose the longer you keep your tortoise the tamer it will get. Never frighten it, and by degrees it will get very chummy. (2) To keep a dog from getting fat, give it plenty of exercise. Dogs only get fat by eating a lot, lying about, and doing nothing. Boys get fat that way, too.

FAC-SIMILE OF STAMP USED BY THE BOERS WHILE IN THE PART OF CAPE COLONY WHICH THEY "ANNEXED."
Sent by Harry Ashe.

Fountain Pen, Esq.—You may not send your prize poem to any other paper. By the way, why don't you put your name on your letter?

Anti-Boer.—(1) As far as I know, the "King's Red Coat" has not been published in book-form yet. (2) To get the volume you mention you had better hunt round the second-hand booksellers' shops, or ask a second-hand bookseller to procure it for you,

"Eene van het zuid."—(1) All information regarding the salaries of masters can be obtained from Messrs. Askin & Gabbitas, Scholastic Agents, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. (2) I hope to use your little article on French boys' dress.

For Schoolmasters.—The "New Science and Art of Arithmetic" and "The A. B. C. of Arithmetic," by Messrs. A. Sonnenschein and H. A. Nesbitt, M.A., will in future be published by Messrs. Adam & Charles Black.

M. R.—I don't know how you can get crests of foreign regiments except from friends who are in postal communication with members of such regiments.

"Timbres" writes: "Can any of your readers inform me of the name of the London firm who perforate their postage stamps with the initials "E. B. & O."?

H. Pearson.—We have never had an article on "How to Become a Steward."

Naylor Howarth.—(1) The bat best suited to you would be a size No. 6 of medium weight. (2) Read "Ranji's" book on "Cricket," also C. B. Fry's "Book of Cricket."

R. M. C. (TORONTO) tells me great things of THE CAPTAIN in Canada. Among his own circle of friends there are no less than thirty-six subscribers to THE "CAP."—eleven of these having taken it in at his suggestion. Excellent!

Tomboy.—(1) Bound volumes of THE CAPTAIN cost 6s.; postage, 6d. extra. (2) To avoid bites from midges, sleep with a revolver under your pillow.

Puella. — Exercise, fresh air, regular meals, and plenty of sleep (say eight hours) in a well-ventilated room, all tend to make a young person *grow*. Hope for the best and you may put on a few more inches yet.

W. J. Riley (1), being under age limit for Class III., wishes to know if he may enter for Classes II. and I. as well. Yes, certainly he may. (2) A jeweller or curio dealer could advise him about the value of his coins.

C. H. Bermingham wants to know how to make a tent. Will some reader send a short article on this subject to the "Special Pages"?

Designed by D. G. Barnsley, after THE CAPTAIN.

M. T.—I believe what you call "dandy-legs" can sometimes be cured, when the subject is very young, with "irons" especially made for this purpose, but I do not think you can alter the shape of your legs now.

Football Result (1899-00).—The Plymouth Corporation Grammar School played thirteen matches—won six, lost four, and drew three.

A. R. Lisle.—(1) Maps can be any size. (2) The O. F.'s birthday is on the 27th of June. (3) Certainly, glasses improve the sight of short-sighted people. (4) Albums for crests cost anything from half a crown to half a guinea.

Marlboro' Boy.—Most of the facts you are good enough to send have appeared in THE CAPTAIN.

F. L. Christie.—I cannot insert exchange notices.

3-2th Mate.—Euclid and the other subjects you mention help to train and develop the mind, so they are not useless. Euclid, especially, teaches you how to reason.

Afflicted.—People with prominent ears sometimes wear elastic bands round them at night-time. No doubt a chemist could supply you with these.

Hazel Ford.—I will always write in readers' albums when stamps are enclosed for return of same. "Excelsior" means "Onwards and upwards."

Mark Vaughan.—What did "Pedro" want to know?

Jumbo (registered nick-name No. 54404·7).—Remarks noted. Joke given to the office dog. Good summer for the fish, wasn't it? Well, that's all! S'long!

Joan Thomas.—The O. F. will write his name in any birthday book when stamps are enclosed for return of the book. You needn't believe all the lies the palmist told you. Judging by your handwriting you are a very nice girl, and ought to have a good time if you always take in THE CAPTAIN, and mind what I say.

May.—In time Kruger shillings will, no doubt, be very valuable.

Perplexed.—(1) The quotation that begins "Ships that pass in the night," comes from Longfellow. (2) I don't know where "She built herself an everlasting name" comes from. (3) A "weet-weet" is a bird.

Toby says there are five in his family; and adds, that there have only been two numbers of THE CAPTAIN in which at least one of his family has not known something about one of the "prize-lifters." By seeing a prize-lifter's name in THE CAPTAIN they recognised an old chum, and renewed their friendship with him.

"What We Think of Boys."—A great number of young ladies have sent me their opinions of the opposite sex (in its youthful stage). I hope to make up a page of extracts from these letters very shortly.

J. A. Rose.—"School Cricket results" will be published as soon as all the returns have come in. Some secretaries are very slow, and some are so slack that they don't trouble to send in results at all. Thus they are not published, and a great many "Boys and Old Boys" belonging to those schools are disappointed.

At the Front.—There are 250 Old Haileyburians at the front, and eighty-four Old Paulines.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER OF "THE CAPTAIN" HAS BEEN NAILED TO THE BARN GABLE AND PHOTOGRAPHED FOUR TIMES WITH VARYING POWERS, 15YDS. OFF.

In the largest original the smallest print is quite legible.

(See "Tele-photography," on p. 15.)

Well-wisher gives me some advice about the way to edit this magazine, and hints that he is qualified to do so, because he was himself once an editor of an amateur magazine, which "ran on for five months and then had to be broken up, because I had to go to business." However, I take "Well-wisher's" hints in good part, because he writes to me quite sincerely and nicely.

Le Bourse.—"The Stockbrokers' Handbook" will, I think, meet your requirements.

Anxious.—Yes, consult a doctor. If anything is the matter with you, of course you must tell your parents.

Communications (letters, photos, drawings, etc.) also received from "Kiddie," "Constant Reader," "Buffer," C. J. McManus, "Lover of Dark Blue," Elsie E——, Bob Muffle, "One of Your Advised Crew," J. C. Ireland, Frank Halford, F. Martin, F. Delafond, "Leslie," Khaki, "Crystal Palace,' Gordon Barnsley, J. Jungheim (South Canava, India), "Bobs," H. Peabody, "Friendly Critic," and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. 1.—"Longest Words."

WINNERS OF 7s.: KATHLEEN DEERING, Long Ashton Vicarage, near Bristol; JAMES M. CHURCHFIELD, 138, Northcote Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; HARRY BURTON, 27, Dartmouth Park Road, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CECIL ROWDEN, 5, Chaucer Road, Wanstead; JOSEPH ROBINSON, 31, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland; A. W. G. KIDD, 11, Forest Drive West, Leytonstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. Heard, Alex. G. Templeton, Percy Auger, A. W. Annand, J. W. Hilton.

No. II.—"Punsters' Competition."

WINNERS OF 7s.: CYNTHIA SEYMOUR, The Royal Mint, London, E.; F. C. KIRBY, Tor Bank, Cromwell Road, Bristol; HARRY MULLETT, 208, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. C. NETTLETON, 70, George Street, Portman Square, W.; LEONARD BINGHAM, "Mantonville," Baxter Road, Sale, Cheshire; S. E. PAUL, 4, Dalkeith Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. D. Boulton, H. R. Morris, Herbert J. Worrell, S. H. Mellor.

No. III.—Best Essay on "My Summer Holiday."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: LILIAN R. ORMISTON, Cameronian Cottage, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: M. E. COCE, 35, Milton Road, Fitzhugh, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Ashby, Dorothy S. Morris, Celia C. Evans, William Henry Bytham, Leslie Howe.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. S. WEBSTER, 26, Victoria Street, Shrewsbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ALAN LESLIE SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent; DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frederick G. Bristow, William B. Huntly, N. Heard, Doris Petley, David Pryde, "Aitchee."

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: F. MILTON, 8, College Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JESSIE HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Horace C. Easton, Gladys Vivian, Henry J. D. Clark, Ronald C. Wainwright.

No. IV.—Best "Map of South America."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: WILLIAM CARRIGAN, 55, Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Spain, Mary Moreton, Caroline R. Barrat, Cecil Rowden, Ethel Walker, Edith Brewis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. V. Aheeler, Gladys M. Burnham, Alan L. Snow, A. A. Adams, John Wood, H. Gayton, Violet A. Sothers, Francis E. F. Crisp, Dorothy Watkins, Marjory Crantham, A. J. Airston, Maud Sothers, Garforth Bradley, O. C. Whiteman, J. O. Nicol, T. S. Adams, S. Attwell, Eric E. Temple, T. Walker, Dorothy M. Cross, Gertrude Clark, A. E. Andrews, P. M. Fremlin, Olive Garfit, W. Mathews, J. Weir, W. W. Goalen, Hylda Easton, J. Y. Laidlaw, W. F. Macdonald, Jessie Hepburn, Mary Stedman, Phyllis Peel, H. Whitehead, Frank Cole, C. Smith, D. S. Walker, W. E. Giffen, B. Baker, K. Vaughan, H. Coulthurst, Amy Head, T. W. Middleton, Mabel Webb, C. H. Newman, Sylvia Burnett, K. W. Hirons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: LEONARD RIGBY, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Storey, J. F. Harlow, Nancy Huntly, G. Mammatt, Winefride Hill, A. H. Smith, C. G. P. Laidlaw, R. Inglis, W. B. Horne, Margaret Rose, H. Taylor, Gertrude Talbot, G. B. Allens, C. M. Kerr.

No. V.—Best Sketch of "My Home."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EVA E. BARRETT, Chantry Villa, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: THOMAS A. CHAPLIN, 50, High Street, Winchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Longman, S. Payne, W. S. Eardley, J. Seddon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF 7s.: DUDLEY G. BUXTON, "Rose Dene," Dollis Road, Finchley, Church End, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. T. Hughes, W. Milburn, E. Stopford, W. Vennard, Dorothy Wheatley, W. McBurney.

No. VI.—Best "Amateur Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM; A. E. RADFORD, Tunnel Road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora Whitley, Lily R. Brazier, S. P. Billington, E. C. Bradburn, Maggie Mackerchar, Ernest Mountney, G. Standen, L. E. Bressy.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM: ALFRED M. BODET, "Bon-Accord," Dowsett Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Brown, W. Loffhagen, "Rabbits," F. Davis, F. C. Owen, A. D. Wood, W. H. Lucas, J. T. Silcock, Flossie L. Booth, D. Hardy, R. U. Pilbeam, Ruby Oliver, H. Lee, V. C. S. Oliver, R. K. Howard, W. H. Croucher, F. Grundy, D. O. Milledge.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF MOUNTING ALBUM: S. H. FITTER, Richmond Lodge, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Stanford, A. E. Davis, E. H. Shield, Jack Swan, A. H. Pearce, A. M. Gray, Mary Boothroyd, F. S. Storr, C. G. Arthur, C. Dible, Cecil C. D. Fox, W. F. Medlock, E. Garratt, F. R. Johnson, F. Overton, T. F. Oliver, G. Walter, A. W. G. Oliver, Georgina V. Bradshaw, W. J. Riley, H. S. Thompson, E. E. D. Duval, H. S. Harrison, C. S. Milledge, E. Hepworth, W. H. Simmons, E. Baker, A. C. Hutt C. H. Barfield, A. C. Collins.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

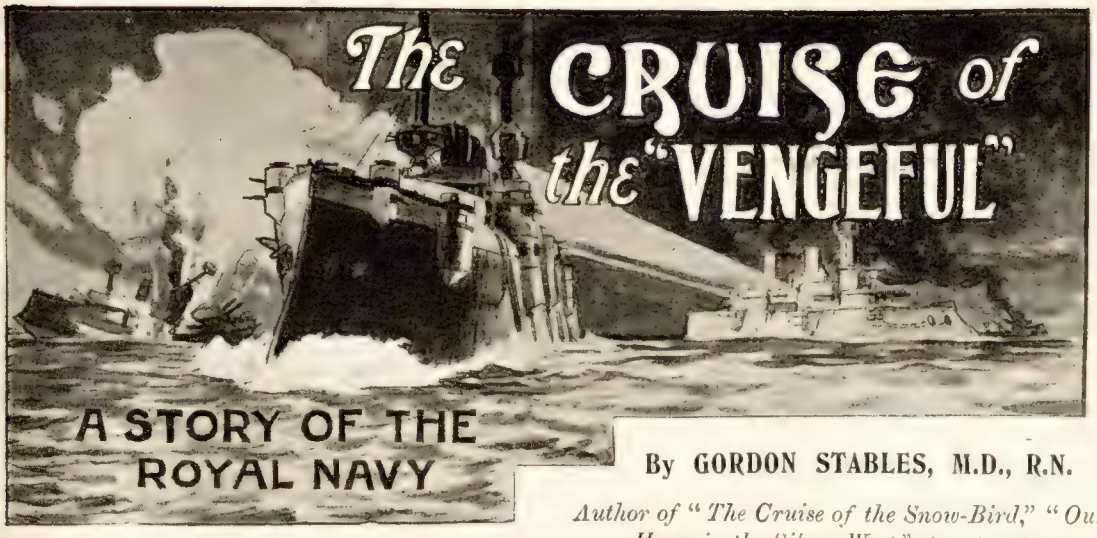
NOVEMBER, 1900.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	**Thursday**	*All Saints' Day*	5.33
2.	*Friday* ...	*Siege of Ladysmith began*, 1899	5.31
3.	*Saturday* ...	*Ian Maclaren, novelist, b.* 1850	5.29
4.	**Sunday** ...	*Twenty-first after Trinity*	5.27
5.	*Monday* ...	*Battle of Inkerman*, 1854	5.25
6.	*Tuesday* ...	*Holborn Viaduct opened*, 1869	5.24
7.	*Wednesday*...	*Sir Martin Frobisher died*, 1594	5.23
8.	*Thursday* ...	*John Milton died*, 1674	5.21
9.	*Friday* ...	*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales born*, 1841 ...	5.19
10.	*Saturday* ...	*Oliver Goldsmith born*, 1728	5.17
11.	**Sunday** ...	*Twenty-second after Trinity*	5.16
12.	*Monday* ...	*Sir John Hawkins, navigator, d.* 1595 ...	5.14
13.	*Tuesday* ...	*Arthur Hugh Clough died*, 1860	5.13
14.	*Wednesday*...	*General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., b.* 1833 ...	5.12
15.	*Thursday* ...	*Queen's first Parliament assembled*, 1837 ...	5.10
16.	*Friday* ...	*John Walter, founder of "Times," d.* 1812...	5.9
17.	*Saturday* ...	*Suez Canal opened*, 1869	5.7
18.	**Sunday** ...	*Twenty-third after Trinity*	5.6
19.	*Monday* ...	*Charles I. born*, 1600	5.5
20.	*Tuesday* ...	*Sir Wilfrid Laurier born*, 1841	5.4
21.	*Wednesday*...	*F. S. Jackson, cricketer, b.* 1870	5.3
22.	**THURSDAY**	**CHRISTMAS "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.1**
23.	*Friday* ...	*Gilbert Parker, novelist, b.* 1862	5.0
24.	*Saturday* ...	*John Knox died*, 1572	4.59
25.	**Sunday** ...	*Twenty-fourth after Trinity*	4.58
26.	*Monday* ...	*Princess Charles of Denmark born*, 1869 ...	4.57
27.	*Tuesday* ...	*Duchess of Teck born*, 1833	4.56
28.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Modder River*, 1899	4.55
29.	*Thursday* ...	*Cardinal Wolsey died*, 1530	4.54
30.	*Friday* ...	*Robert Abel, cricketer, b.* 1859	4.54

Calendar Events for January are Invited.

IT IS THE BELL-TOP OF THE ENEMY'S SUBMARINE BOAT AS SHE RISES TO TAKE HER BEARINGS. SHE WILL PLUNGE BENEATH THE WAVES AGAIN, ALMOST IN AN INSTANT, AND THEN—*THEN!*

"*FIRE!*"—(See page 103.)



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—IV.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MOONLIT FOREST.

"HANDS, up anchor!"

That used to be the cry at one time in brig, in frigate, or ship-of-the-line. Steam might have aided, as round and round the great winch would turn, and slowly about its waist would wind the chain or cable as from the dark depths below the anchor rose slowly, reluctantly, towards the cat-head.

But everything on board the *Vengeful* was worked by steam or electricity, at the bidding of the commander or officer of the watch, and the order was silently given by touching a key and talking down a tube.

"Hands, up anchor!"

Well, the *Vengeful* is free of the shore, anyhow, and steering in a south-westerly course as if bearing up once more for the distant Cape of Good Hope. It was well on in the afternoon before she stood out to sea; but as soon as darkness fell she once more altered her course to the N.N.E.

Why this caution? Why, because every hill on yonder Island of Madagascar, which belonged and still belongs to the French, was a watch-tower—the very woods could see and report the doings of this marvellous British cruiser to the ships of the enemy, which could not be far off.

But Captain Bullard and his brave young commander had no idea of leaving the island without an attempt to unearth the French battle ship which had so successfully avoided them.

Every bay or gulf must be searched—ay, and every creek — for even into shallow water the daring little *Tadpole*, their tender, now cruising in the Mozambique, but expected back soon, could

venture and give battle, if need were, to a foeman twice her size.

Above is a little skeleton map I roughly draw for my readers' convenience, and simply to show the position of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean, for the fortune of war decrees that the island shall occupy no small space in my story.

* * * * *

War at sea now-a-days is very often a game of hide and seek, in which the less-daring captains or commanders strive to avoid a duel with an enemy, which might result in their own vessel's destruction.

There was no timidity, however, about the brave officers and crew of the *Vengeful*. Every one on board, from Bullard himself to Bobby Blair, was itching to try conclusions with the foe, and fight him fair and square in blue water.

The captain of the great French cruiser, called the *Cronjé*, possessed no such zeal. In every way his vessel might have been said to be a match for the *Vengeful;* in armour, in weight of guns, and in number of men. Yet the old British prestige hung around the battle decks of the *Vengeful;* we were still mistress of the seas, and Jackie Tar was still as fond of fun and fighting as the brave sailors of old, who trod the decks with Nelson.

On that very afternoon when this British man-o'-war put off to sea, the *Cronjé* lay between the mainland of Madagascar and a small wooded island about seven miles to the north.

"*Sacré!*" thundered her captain, as he shook his clenched fist at the receding cruiser, as she was disappearing on the horizon, "*Sacré!* the perfidious sea-demon has gone! Ha! now shall we sink and burn every craft we meet."

His commander laughed grimly, and clutched his sword.

Your French naval officer—unlike the British—loves to be lashed to his sword. He will go swinging around the quarter-deck with it all day long; he is unwilling to go on shore, even for a walk, without it; he thinks that it gives him *éclat;* thinks that, girt to his old cheese-knife, he really looks imposing, and, indeed, I have known young French officers go to bed with their swords on—not to mention their boots.

No one in this country would think of disparaging our near neighbours, the French. Even when our enemies, they have ever been foemen worthy of our steel, on land at all events; but we have our insular prejudices, and naval officers must speak of them as they see them now on the briny ocean or on the shores of far-off lands. They are then and there just a trifle different from ourselves. Go on board a French cruiser—you being an officer, let us say. As soon as you set foot on deck you naturally enough lift your cap to quarter-deck and flag. But who is this advancing? Why, the lieutenant of the watch, and he quite takes your breath away and makes you feel somewhat *Boer*ish that you have not *kept* your hat off. The man who comes to meet you has uncovered his head, and his cocked hat is on his heart, as he bows a stagey bow; then he stands erect once more, with a smile on his face, and his half-bent fingers on a level with his nose, his forearm semaphoring "G." He wants to shake hands, or rather, touch finger-tips, but you stretch your arm straight from the shoulder, and semaphore "A," while you grasp that white hand of his in your brown one with a grip he'll remember for many a day.

Two of the men that accompanied you on board stride forward, and are highly amused at the excessive palaver and politeness with which they are received. Ten to one our Jack ends the performance by bringing down his horny palm with a ringing smack on the shoulders of one of these stagey mariners.

"Got e'er a bit o' baccy, Froggy?" says Jack.

In the old days of frigates and three-deckers the French had always an immense display of plate-glass windows astern—ours were ports.

The same rule regulates the internal economy of our ships of war till this day. We have nothing for show alone, but everything on board of us—including the men's clothing—and their *skins*, mind you—is the very acme of cleanliness and sanitation. Health and strength are enthroned on Jack's brown face, and sparkle in his frank and fearless eyes, while a courage that is indomitable dwells in his honest heart. All things around you here are made for use and work, and so are our sailors themselves. Here we find solidity. In the French men-o'-war, and in the French men and officers, much of this gives place to mere polish and politeness.

In physique we beat the French sailors hollow.

We serve our guns steadily, quietly, determinedly, with none of that Gallic fuss and nervousness by which Froggy is always characterised.

Strange as it may seem, the Frenchman never quite gets over *mal de mer*, and a man who has been long at sea may curl up in a gale of wind. But the gale of wind never blew that could make the British tar squeamish.

French sailors are sometimes better swordsmen than British, but when it comes to hand-to-hand work, Jack's cutlass, wielded as Jack wields it, can beat down every guard that e'er was taught.

Let me make one more remark in favour of our sailors — they fight as well on shore as afloat. Whereas French sailors are all at sea when fighting on shore—and, blame me! if I don't think

they would rather be on shore than fighting at sea.

The *Vengeful* made the land long before the moon rose, and silently dropped anchor once again at the mouth of a bay.

Not a light but was extinguished on deck, and orders were given that no one should speak above a whisper, strike a match, or even tread the decks with noisy footfall.

It was somewhere near to the mouth of the Iseereebeeheenah (native pronunciation) which rolls its dark waters from off the distant mountains and vast plateaux of the interior, through lonesome forests and rocky glens, till it falls silently into the Indian Ocean, about latitude 20degs. south, that the *Vengeful* lay to-night in deep water, only a few hundred yards from the wooded shores of Lyra Bay.

Not a breath of wind rippled its waters; the far-off hills were darkly outlined against a star-studded sky, and from the adjoining forest came seldom a sound, save the plaintive cry of the strange little aye-aye, or the shriek of some startled night-bird.

"THAT IS SHE! AH! THOUSAND THUNDERS! THAT SHIP IS NOW DOOMED."

Surely no one can be abroad in these darkling woods to-night. But the rule in war time, while the ship is so positioned as the *Vengeful*, is to act as if every tree on shore concealed a foe, and every dark shadow on the water was an advancing boat. A man-o'-war on foreign service must slumber not nor sleep.

So, 'twixt shore and ship, and in under the darkling shadows which the rocks and cliffs cast over the water, armed patrol boats row, with muffled oars. And each carries a maxim gun at the bows, while the officer astern has ears for the slightest sound, and eyes that seem to penetrate every shadow.

Nothing suspicious.

And so hours pass away, and those patrols are silently relieved by others, and are soon once more attached to the booms of the great cruiser.

Nothing suspicious? Nothing visible from the water certainly, and yet the ship is being watched from the woods.

Behold, the moon is rising in the east. A glare of yellow light first begins to banish the darkness; rolling clouds grow white as snow-banks, the hills become clearer and still more clear, then up sails the silver shield, and sea and land are flooded with light.

Two men have crept silently out of the woods, out from the bush and down to the beach, and there they stand for a few moments, like dark statues, the hand of the one resting on the shoulder of the other. Both are armed with swords and revolvers.

"That is she," says the taller of the two, in French. "I told you, Rigault, I told you, that I, Louis mon Brave, could not be deceived. Ah! thousand thunders! that ship is now doomed—

captain, commander, and officers, who would have taken from me life—all shall die. Now haste we back, Rigault, and make our report, and long before the moon shall sink beneath the western wave that ship and her crew shall slumber far below!"

Both men disappeared as silently as they had come.

Black as wintry midnight were the limbs and faces of the two figures that soon joined them, but the singlets they wore were white.

Louis mon Brave and his companion signed to them to go forward, while they followed, keeping these guides well in view. A winding, narrow, and tiresome path, through moonshine and shade, over rocks and hills, and across narrow streamlets that went singing seawards through the woods. But in less than an hour they were clear, away up out of the woods, and found themselves on a treeless table-land, high above the moonlit sea.

"Ha!" cried Louis the spy, "this is indeed joyful. Like the birds, I would sing; Rigault, your bass voice will oblige."

And sweet indeed was the melody that now rose in duet, though, save the dusky guides, there was none to listen.

"Yes, you are clever, Louis mon Brave," said Rigault, when the song had ended. "Yet would I fain know for what you expose yourself to such terrible risks?"

"Ah! for love, my friend. For love of the sweetest child in fair France. My own Annette."

He stopped suddenly in his march, and, grasping Rigault by the arm, pulled him right round, till the two stood there facing each other in the moonlight.

"Listen, Rigault! Annette loves me. I had a rival; I shot him. By thunder! Rigault, had it been the President himself who had dared to come between me and the light of Annette's love it would have been the same, I would have killed him where he stood. But," he continued, "I had to fly. Then war broke out, and now I have but to deserve well of my country to be restored to all I hold dear in life. What will it matter, Rigault, that I killed a count, if I but sink that British cruiser? They call me brave—Bah! I am not brave; I am but working out my destiny, but working—mayhap for myself alone. *She*, my sweet Annette, is high in the society of our fair France. Yet she has thoughts for none but me. She is to me more than life itself. For her love I live. Were she lost to me, Rigault, then——"

He nodded and smiled as he tapped his pistol pocket. "I should die," he added. "But now, *mon ami*, sing we once again to lighten the way, for joy flows from my heart to-night like music soft and sweet from lover's lute."

* * * * *

A swift boat darts away from the wooded shore, and soon is lying alongside that terrible floating engine of war—the French cruiser, *Cronjé*. And Louis mon Brave, with his companion, are making their report to captain and commander.

"Then my mind is made up," said Captain Lambro, "and you, Louis mon Brave—you will yourself guide our boat to the scene of action."

"To the scene of devastation, my captain. Yes, and I would that no hand save mine should touch the trigger or fire the torpedo which shall send my brave British mess-mates to their charming Davy Jones. Shall it be so?"

"It *shall* be so," said the captain.

The moon is far in the west. There is not a single shadow now over the water in Lyra Bay. But the woods are just as silent as before.

It is well on in the morning watch, and wants but an hour of sunrise. With scarce five minutes of twilight another day will then begin.

Commander Capel himself is on the bridge of the *Vengeful*. Uneasy dreams had crept into his slumbers, and he found he could not rest.

Here, too, is the bold midshipmite, Merridale.

"Look, sir, look!" cries the latter. "A whale, sir! A whale out yonder in that strip of moonlight!"

Capel brings his glass to bear on it for a few seconds, then as quickly lowers it.

"God help us all, boy!" he says, hurriedly, "that is no whale. In fifteen minutes more, unless we can get up anchor and clear off, we are dead men, every man Jack of us!"

In another minute Commander Capel is in his conning tower, and the orders issued awake the ship from stem to stern.

It is a period of extreme danger, and everyone seems to know it; danger that has come to the apparently doomed ship and all hands, like a bolt from the blue, and may not be averted.

For a French submarine boat is bearing rapidly down upon them!

CHAPTER VI.

"THAT SPOKE OF THE DEAD LYING FAR BELOW."

All hands have not been called as they would have been in the old fighting days. With the tremendous power under his command, and the aid of but a watch on deck, Capel is master of the whole situation.

All hands have not been called, yet as steam

rushed forth, the anchor begins to rise, a thrill goes through the iron walls and fire-proof decks of the *Vengeful*, that is communicated even to the hammocks themselves—ay, even to the hearts of our sleeping heroes.

Middies peacefully slumbering—many dreaming, mayhap, of home—grasp rope and raise themselves to listen. Fists are clenched, and round eyes stare in wonder.

A quick footstep is heard on the deck beneath the hammocks.

"Is it fire?" asks a cadet, looking timidly over his canvas.

"No," answers the bold voice of Tom Harris, "it ain't quite fire, sir; it's worse The blessed French submarine boat'll be under us in five minutes, and blow us bloomin' well sky-high."

In another minute the hammocks were empty, and their late occupants swarming on deck in their night-shirts. They did not mean to die like rats in a dark hole if they knew it.

But the mighty cruiser was already on the move, and begins to answer her helm.

Capel is standing in the tower, erect, determined, with stern set face. If this is to be death, he will die like the hero he is, at the post of duty.

Guns are depressed and ready, maxims are cleared, and the search-light is slowly revolving. Nothing larger than a man's hand can be invisible beneath those fierce eyes.

"But, look yonder!"

Something dark and terrible has suddenly appeared not fifty yards ahead.

It is the bell-top of the enemy's submarine boat as she rises to take her bearings. She will plunge beneath the waves again almost in an instant, and —*then!*

"*Fire!*"

Every gun that can be brought to bear on the dark spot has now given voice, and the maxims whirr and hiss, but that dread something has sunk once more, and sunk *intact*.

There is a prayer on the commander's lips now—short it is, but earnest—as he telegraphs the last message he believes he will ever send to helmsmen and engineers.

"*Full speed ahead! Hard aport!*"

The monster craft heads round with what appears to those who see the motion fearful tardiness.

But, little though her course seems to be altered, the movement has, at the very last moment, averted the catastrophe that seemed inevitable. Next moment a huge balloon-shaped dome of spray and smoke rises skywards, close beside her sta'board bow, and tons of water fall on board. It is as if a water-spout had burst in the sky above her.

For just a second or two the *Vengeful* quivers like some great monster in the throes of death, then raises her black bows proudly in the air—unhurt!

The horror of the situation, the terrible earnestness of impending danger, had prevented anyone from taking note of what was passing around them. But lo, the sun is already over the green rim of the horizon, and 'tis day!

"Thank God, we are saved!" says the commander fervently, and then—"Away, life-boat's crew!"

That is the order now, for lives have to be saved. Not British lives, it is true, but lives that are doubtless precious to friends and relatives far away in fair France.

Some terrible accident has befallen the submarine boat that had so gallantly gone forth to do battle with the *Vengeful*—like David of old against Goliath, like a thresher against a whale.

There are dead and mutilated bodies floating round the ship; and among the dead are living men, with pale upturned faces, crying aloud for mercy and assistance. And no one ever begged in vain for help from British sailors.

Every man on duty, I should tell you, is part and parcel of any life-boat's crew on board a modern ship of war.

And now some of our brave Jackies do not even wait for the lowering of the boats. One, two—four in all dive off from the ship's deck-waist, because beneath them they see men who cannot swim rising apparently to look their last on sun and sky.

"Enemies of Britain," did you say? True, true! But what signifies it? They are men, and they are drowning! Men who, like Jack himself, have fathers, mothers, sisters, and little sweethearts whom they have left at home and may never see again.

"*Bien, bien!*" cry our tars. "*Bien, mon ami!* Don't fuss and fling about so. If you sinks Jack sinks with you—it's a way we've got in the navy. There, don't grasp me so bloomin' tight! Easy does it. *I'll* do all the kickin'—you just lie still and dream of 'ome, will yer?"

In ten minutes' time all the French sailors are safe on deck, except those who have sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead.

But it is not until half an hour after that, questioning a French officer on the quarter-deck, Commander Capel finds out that for this terrible night's entertainment they have to thank their quondam mess-mate, Louis mon Brave.

But where is Louis now?

All that Lieutenant Rigault of the *Cronjé* can tell Capel is, that, just as the great torpedo that was intended to sink the *Vengeful* was hurled

upwards, the submarine boat heeled astern, and struck the rocks with fearful force; then all was a mist, a chaos, and Louis mon Brave, who stood beside Rigault in the dim light, was seen no more.

* * * * *

Not a ripple on the bosom of the ocean now—only the glitter of the morning sunshine; only the leaden gloss of a tropical sea; only the tell-tale bubbles rising to the surface and slowly breaking, that spoke of the dead lying far below.

We may easily believe that neither in wardroom nor in gunroom was anything talked about that morning except the providential wrecking of the enemy's submarine boat, and the marvellous escape from destruction of the *Vengeful* with all hands.

But except among the middies themselves there was very little excitement. The feeling that was probably uppermost in the minds of the older officers was that they had gotten a further lease of life, for which they felt thankful, though somewhat chastened, as a man ever is who has been suddenly snatched from the jaws of death, as Eternity appears opening to receive him, while all things earthly are fading from his view.

"And so, Rawlings," said Commander Capel smiling, "your arch-enemy has gone at last!"

"Avast, Captain Capel! Not so fast, Captain Capel!" returned the assistant paymaster. "He really was no enemy of mine, only something seemed to impel me to measure my mental strength against his hyper-natural acuteness. He was playing *his* game; I played mine to the best of my ability, and, assisted by your messenger boy, sir, I won."

"Well, if ever we get back again to Old England, Mr. Rawlings, I shall induce Captain Bullard to mention the whole affair in the right quarter, but that is neither here nor there at present."

"But I say, Rawlings," said O'Shane, "what a pity it is—for yourself, I mean—that you ever came to sea at all, at all."

"And why, doctor dear?" asked Rawlings, smiling.

"Why, because it's a most excellent detective you would have made on shore."

"You really flatter me, Dr. O'Shane," answered Rawlings; "but, my dear fellow, if I'd had any great desire to stop on shore I could have done so, just as you yourself might have done. But I love the sea, as I suppose we all do."

"Sometimes," said the chief surgeon, rubbing his well-shaven chin, "and sometimes not. Only it's a real easy life for a medico in times of peace."

"That's so, and now we're at war, though you haven't had a deal to do yet. But listen! I had the chance of retiring but lately, and becoming partner with a sort of Sherlock Holmes. I didn't, however, because in these days of espionage one can serve his country as well at sea as on land if he has the brains and the desire to do so."

"And zeal for the service?" said McDrift. "Well, if you please, my friend; but we're not paid for that, are we?"

"Well, well," said the commander, "be that as it may, McDrift, we should all be glad that arch-spy has gone to his account."

"Amen!" said McDrift. "The de'il has him in a hot corner by this time, sir."

"Ahem!" The interjection came from Rawlings. He seemed intent for the moment on trying to balance his spoon on the rim of his coffee-cup. "Ahem! I don't think, gentlemen, we would like to swear that the devil *has* got hold of Louis just yet. We haven't held an inquest, we haven't seen the body. The man who cheated *us* so prettily is clever enough to cheat the old gent himself."

"Well, well," said McDrift, "well, well, Rawlings! Madagascar, you know, is celebrated for its crayfish, and if a coroner's inquest be any comfort to Louis, there is more than one sitting on him by this time."

"Now, Mr. Curtis," remarked the commander, turning to a smart and effective-looking midshipman who had just entered, dirk by his side and spy-glass in hand. "If it is two bells, make it."

"Not quite, sir; but it isn't that, sir. There is a sail in sight on the lee bow and close in towards the land, high up to the nor'ard."

"*A sail?*"

A bombshell bursting inside the wardroom could hardly have caused those officers to spring more quickly to their feet. In a few minutes' time all were on deck, and the young commander was on his bridge once more.

And none too soon!

CHAPTER VII.

IN FIERCE AND DREADFUL EARNEST.

NONE too soon, for hardly had the commander commenced to examine the "sail" through the glass, before his attention was called by the midshipman of the watch to quite another part of the distant horizon.

"Another sail in sight, sir!"

"What, still another? Where away, Mr. Curtis?"

"Right down south yonder, sir, and she is also creeping out from under the shadow of the land

They are both about the same distance away, are they not?" he continued.

"About five knots, as nearly as I can make out. And Frenchmen, both," replied Capel.

The commander shut the glass with a snap. Then two bells were struck, the bugle sounded merrily over the water, and the ship's company hurried up to divisions.

There was the usual amount of quick talking and laughing among the officers assembled aft, but it was evident enough that the prospects of a battle with the French, which seemed now to be a certainty, was the chief theme of conversation.

This morning—and it was an ominous sign—Captain Bullard went round the ship. As on a Sunday, he was accompanied by the commander, and other officers, and it was evident he was pleased.

Finally, he and Capel held a hurried consultation, and it was evident that they had quickly come to an agreement as to the tactics that ought to be pursued.

BOBBY THREW HIMSELF INTO A FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

While the *Tadpole* was scouting "up the Bique," and the *Vengeful* examining the coast of Madagascar, after pursuing and losing sight of the great French cruiser *Cronjé*, no one on board had had any idea that more than this vessel was on the prowl in these waters. But here were two, and there might even be more.

"What do you think of it, Bobby?" said Tom Harris, who was standing near the fore turret among a group of warrant and petty officers.

Bobby threw himself into a fighting attitude.

"Let 'em *h*all come!" said Bobby. "That's wot *I* finks."

"Ha, ha, ha! Why you, indeed!" and as he spoke, Tom Harris made a clutch at Bobby. Bobby turned to bolt, but Tom caught him by the slack of his nether garments, right astern, you know, and hoisted him high in air; put him up, in fact, as a man puts up a 50lb. dumb-bell.

Tom put Bobby up five times in succession.

"Fine exercise for the biceps," said Tom, handing the boy over to Ayler, as if he'd been a 'baccy box.

Then Ayler put him up a few times, and passed him to a messmate, and so on all round the ring. Bobby was very much put up. No wonder that when he got his feet once more firmly planted on the deck he had to rub his hull in a sympathizing sort of way, making queer pained faces as he did so.

"I sye, men," said Bobby, "'ow unkimmingly 'ard your knuckles is! Needs more bilin' they does. But, never min'," sang Bobby:—

The French ships is comin', hurroar, hurroar!
The French is a-comin', hurroar!
The French is a-comin', the British is runnin',
And our decks 'll be drippin' with gore!"

Tom Harris made another grab at him, but Bobby escaped, and next minute was sedately hovering near the commander, as usual.

For the time being, at all events, the British were really running, as Bobby said.

Here is the position at present of the ships that would soon be engaged in deadly combat.

Let us take the capital letter Y as our plan. The base of its upper triangle is the Madagascar shore, its two sides the courses being steered by the enemy, the union of these lines the present position of the *Vengeful*, the straight line beneath, the course she means to take.

Capel told no one what his intentions were, but it was evident his retreat was only a feint.

"The *Vengeful* isn't going at full speed," said Rawlings the Wise to Dr. McDrift. "She's playing the lame partridge trick; you'll see."

"May be, Rawlings; may be," said McDrift; "he who lives the longest sees the most ferlies (wonders)."

The captains of those French cruisers were wonderfully elated and joyous now. What a splendid prize was just within their grasp! They were soon observed to be signalling to each other; and it was evident their plans were well matured.

Had they been British commanders, they might have wondered how or why the *Vengeful* managed to keep the same distance ahead all the forenoon. Being Frenchmen, they didn't. Both were wondering what they should do with so many prisoners when the *Vengeful* surrendered, as she was certain to do, just before she was beginning to sink.

The *Cronjé* was the cruiser that lay to the north; the other was her twin-sister, the *Majuba*. Twins though they were, however, Capel, to his unbounded satisfaction, soon found out they were not of equal speed. Both were doing their very utmost, but before the men's dinner hour, the *Cronjé* was a good mile ahead of the *Majuba*, and slowly increasing the distance.

When the commander went down to luncheon he was unusually taciturn, and ate but little. It was an anxious time for both himself and Captain Bullard.

That there would be a grim fight was evident, and their motto was to be "Death or Victory!"

By four bells in the afternoon watch there was a distance of three miles between the two French cruisers.

The chase was getting exciting.

Rigault himself—the lieutenant who had commanded the ill-fated submarine boat—was on parole, and did not hesitate to give the officers of the *Vengeful* his opinion on the state of affairs, in fairly good English.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think your escape is imposs-a-beel."

"Very well," said Rawlings, who was generally the spokesman; "it will be but the fortune of war, and no doubt your countrymen will treat us well."

"*Oui, oui.* Yes, sare, yes, de French are a nation of all goodness. They weel treat you well. *Ha!*"

That last exclamation was almost a shout, for a white puff of smoke had suddenly rolled out from the *Cronjé's* sta'board bow, centred by a spiteful tongue of fire, and a great shell came hurtling towards the *Vengeful*, but burst hundreds of yards astern.

"Ha! ha! My countrymen have commenced. Now you weel lower ze flag. Peace with honaire! No?"

"I think," said Rawlings calmly, "we shall try to hold on for five or ten minutes yet."

Commander Capel had looked quietly on as the shell struck the water and burst. He was singing low to himself and seemed to see nothing.

But Bobby Blair was terribly excited. Bobby, I fear, forgot himself momentarily.

"I sye, Capting Capel," he cried, "if I was in them patent leathers o' yourn, I wouldn't stand that. Give 'em old Tommy, sir. Give 'em fits. *I* would!"

Capel looked at that London lad for just a second or two, then burst into a hearty laugh.

Bobby blushed to the roots of his tow hair, but remained silent. Bobby really felt that he had gone a trifle too far.

Are our British sailors like Irish soldiers, who move to death with military glee, and along whose serried ranks ripple laughter and song even while preparing to charge the enemy? It would seem so, and yet I do not believe there was a man or officer on board the *Vengeful* who did not know and feel the danger he was soon to face in fighting such fearful odds. All knew, yet no one feared. There was a feeling of extreme impatience, nothing else. They were waiting for the word. They were ready. Everyone was at his quarters. The terrible was to come; for all the scientific forces of modern warfare would soon be let loose, and who could tell as yet how the struggle might end?

Waiting for the word. Yes; but no one heard it. That word was simply signalled to those below by Capel from his conning tower; Capel, who, even more than Captain Bullard himself, was the soul of the ship.

But the word was given, and slowly round came the *Vengeful*, to the astonishment, not to say

consternation, of the foeman's leading ship, which at this moment was fully two knots and a half ahead of her consort.

In that conning tower is not only the commander, but First Lieutenant Morris, young Davis, the midshipman of the watch, and the messenger boy.

For just a few moments Capel stood there, with his left hand clasped over brow and eyes. His lips were moving, and those who stood near by knew he was praying.

He asked no one to join him in that prayer. Nor was he selfish enough to cry to the God of Battle to give him the victory. It was only a simple sailor's prayer; but beautiful in its very simplicity. "God protect and help us in this terrible hour: O God, bless our arms if it be Thy will. If we must fall, guard and comfort those at home."

Prayer first!

Action next!

It is hot up here—for the fierce afternoon's sun is beating down on the conning tower—despite the fact that the air is rushing in through the openings, as the great ship forges ahead now at a truly fearful rate.

Capel rapidly divests himself of his sword and coat and cap, and rolls up his sleeves to the very arm-pits. For a second or two he glances around him, and a most inspiring figure he looks. He is all a hero now.

So thinks Bobby Blair, at all events, and following his commander's lead, he speedily throws off his extra garments, folds them up, and lays them carefully in a corner.

Bobby, too, has "peeled" for action!

"I sye, Capting Capel," he cries; "it's you and me, sir, hain't it sir?"

The boy's love and respect for this kindly officer leads him into talking in a way that some might consider disrespectful. He is innocent, however, and truly sincere, and the commander is to him a hero of heroes.

Rapidly now Capel touches electric buttons and keys, communicating with every part of the ship, and even to its lowermost depths. With almost inconceivable speed, back rushes the *Vengeful* to meet the advancing foe. Columns of water are dashed from her bows; all along both sides it rushes and foams with the roar of a cataract; and the good ship seems to tremble with excitement as the first shot leaves her forecastle.

But very soon now the range is found, and the battle begins in fierce and dreadful earnest.

What may be doing in England at this very moment Capel thinks not, cares not. His every thought is concentrated, is focussed to one point, his determinaton to crush and sink his foremost foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

"IN HONOUR TO THE BRAVE."

THOUGH the *Vengeful* rushed down like a whirlwind on the foremost cruiser—figuratively speaking, taking her right aback with the celerity of the all-unexpected evolution—the Frenchman soon recovered his presence of mind.

A line of little flags was run up, which a light breeze that had sprung up sufficed to float, and at the same moment the *Cronjé* was put about, turning almost on her heel, and darting speedily landwards to join her lagging consort.

This was just the manœuvre Captain Bullard or Capel would have made himself, and he smiled as he signalled to the engine-room.

"Go ahead at fullest speed."

At this first stage of this great sea-fight the view of the combatants, from a captive balloon, would have represented the *Cronjé* steaming swiftly back on the right hand line of our capital letter Y, the *Majuba*, still two miles to the west, hurrying up to meet her; the two French cruisers, therefore, bows to bows; and the *Vengeful* heading apparently straight for the farthest off ship.

Capel knew exactly what his craft could do at full speed, and his present tactics soon told home, and in a very short time brought the *Vengeful's* port bow in a bee-line with the *Cronjé's* sta'board quarters, and well within range.

Bullard and Capel were together for the moment in the fore conning tower.

"Yes, sir, yes," cried the commander, hastily.

Then, at a touch with his finger, the awful signal was transmitted; and almost immediately the fore-turret gave voice, and a shell, such as has never yet been fired by any modern man-o'-war, went hurtling, shrieking shrough the air.

"Good! Good!" shouted Capel, a few seconds afterwards. "It is glorious!"

I have heard it said that the best laid shot ever fired from the adamantine lips of a great naval gun at sea is always more or less of a fluke. If this is so, then surely fate and fortune fought on the side of the British in this battle.

The effects of that first shell were fearful. It may have found a vulnerable spot, I know not. Only this I *do* know; it tore in through the enemy's quarter hardly a yard above the water, utterly demolishing the captain's and officers' quarters, blowing to atoms the fighting and main-deck, and firing the after magazine. It was no balloon of dark smoke that rose upwards there like that from a torpedo bursting under water, but a circular column of white straight lines of fire fully 100ft. in height; and in that column, by means of their glasses, those on board the *Vengeful* could see a *débris* of blackened beams, of splintered

wood and iron, and—mercy on us!—limbs and trunks of men.

The roar of the explosion came hurtling over the sea, and was succeeded almost immediately by a silence more dreadful even than the din of battle.

It was the silence of death. But the Frenchman was not yet beaten. She still forged onwards, though much more slowly. It was evident she would fight to the last, and her barbette guns began now to belch fire, though every shot fell short.

Quickly now the *Vengeful's* course was altered, and she commenced tearing along in a line that would enable her to cross the crippled *Cronjé's* stern, and thus rake her.

As she kept on in this new line every available gun was brought to bear on the enemy, while high aloft floated the signal in French code "Surrender or sink."

The two ships were now well within each other's range, and the roar of the great guns was deafening. The enemy was firing sullenly but wildly, and though some of her shot tore through the *Vengeful's* rigging, and men fell on her decks, most of it was too badly aimed to do mischief.

But the *Majuba* was bearing gallantly up to the rescue. She seemed to divine the *Vengeful's* intentions and kept to sta'board, as if to meet her on the disabled *Cronjé's* port.

The doom of the *Cronjé*, however, is a foregone conclusion, and those on board her seem to know it. Yet they will not yield, even to save their lives.

So the battle rages on, fiercely and fearfully for a time. The *Vengeful* is battered, for the foremost guns of the *Majuba* have now begun to play on her like the fires of hell. The *Vengeful* heeds them not. One supreme effort has to be made against the already hulled and riddled *Cronjé*, whose dark sides reek with the blood of the brave.

And now comes the advantage that shall—

Turn the odds of deadly game.

All the batteries of Britain's might represented in the *Vengeful* combine to rake the enemy.

For just a moment Capel almost hesitates, so dreadful will be the carnage that one touch to those keys will effect.

Next instant his hand is down—the die is cast.

The *Cronjé's* last hour is come. Nay, even her last few minutes.

The fore battery has blown up, and she has already commenced to settle down.

Lower—and lower.

She staggers, she reels, like some gigantic beast of the forest in its death agonies.

Yes, and death is plainly depicted in the pale faces of the men, who at the bugle's call now crowd bridges, tops, and rigging. Hark to those wild, defiant shouts! They are easily heard now, for firing has ceased both from the *Vengeful* and the *Majuba*, and men on both gaze horror-stricken at the fearful tragedy that is being enacted before their eyes. Even when smoke and flames from the blood-dripping chaos below reach them they are cheering still, and still the tricolour is floating out on the breeze.

"Thank God!" says Captain Bullard fervently, reverently, when at last she takes the plunge and disappears beneath the waves. "Thank God, Capel, their sufferings are over. Dip the ensign, Capel—dip the ensign."

And for a few brief minutes, while our gunners stand silent, and every head is uncovered, the British flag is lowered in honour to the brave.

But another kind of flag is almost immediately run up, and at the same time the *Vengeful's* speed is slackened, and a swift boat lowered. The *Majuba* sees it and she too slackens down. It is the flag of truce, and the boat is going in search of any of the enemy who have come to the surface and may be swimming for dear life.

She is soon recalled, however, for from the look-out on board the British cruiser it can be seen that the few men that do come to the surface sink again in less than a minute.

And now the battle begins afresh, although the combatants are a good two miles apart.

Surely now the *Majuba* will win, for although the *Vengeful's* powerful engines are still intact and she can manœuvre well, she has not come off scatheless from that dreadful duel with the *Cronjé*, and her fore turret moves not so easily to the touch as it ought to do.

The captain of the Frenchman seems to know this, and the *Majuba* bears herself bravely as she courts even closer contact with her enemy. One lucky shell will give her all the advantage now, and the *Vengeful* will sink as sank the *Cronjé* hardly half an hour ago.

"She thinks to frighten us," said Captain Bullard to Capel.

"She evidently wants to force the fighting, anyhow, sir," was the quiet reply. "Edging near enough to launch a torpedo, perhaps."

"Well, it is a game two can play at, my dear commander. Would you launch our submarine, and give her a chance of death or glory?"

"I think so, sir, for even if she does no harm she may frighten or unnerve the enemy. I'll give orders at once."

The largest and heaviest tackle was needed to raise and hoist overboard the terrible submergible boat, a strangely-shaped little craft, which, if good luck favoured her, was capable of destroying three

SHE STAGGERS, SHE REELS, LIKE SOME GIGANTIC BEAST OF THE FOREST IN ITS DEATH AGONIES.

of the largest battle-ships in the French navy one after the other. Sub-lieutenant Scott would command ; Midshipman Merridale would be second ; five more hands, including brave Tom Harris, would complete the crew, all told, and every one of them were not only smart, but *small* men.

While preparations were being made the battle still raged on. Shells were bursting upon and around each ship, bursting in the air, bursting in the water, and the roar and din on board the *Vengeful* was terrific and deafening to a degree.

The midshipmite's face was flushed with excitement as he stood beside young Scott, who was superintending the work.

Death or glory ! Yes, and he was to win it. Oh, it could not be the former—he felt too young to die, too full of strength and action—aye, and of hope. Would he himself not launch the torpedo that should destroy the mighty *Majuba ?* And on his return to his native land would not promotion await him? Better even than that, for his guerdon might be the Victoria Cross !

The little *Sea-dragon* is slowly rising, as if by magic. She is almost clear when, with a rushing roar like a thousand war-rockets, comes a shell. It hits the great derrick, bursts, and shivers it, and down with a fearful thud drops the *Sea-dragon*. And that young exultant face is sadly now bespeckled with blood. Two men lie still in death, and ten, at least, are wounded. One by one they are borne away to the sick-bay, among them poor little Merridale.

The upper decks of even the *Vengeful* are beginning to look like a shambles now, but everyone does his own duty and thinks of nothing else.

The doctors and trained nurses are very busy indeed, and the deck of the sick-bay is slippery with blood.

When, however, the middy — and a great favourite he is with all hands—is laid on the table, and his face and hands sponged, it is found that he is unwounded and suffering only from concussion. So he is tenderly carried away and placed in a hammock—to die or live, as Fate may ordain.

The ships are near enough now to exchange torpedoes, and one is seen to burst right under the fore foot of the *Majuba*, and the next, mayhap, will sink her.

At this time it would have greatly puzzled any landsman who happened to be on board to witness the strange manœuvres and evolutions of both ships. No diagrams could give these. They seem to be circling round each other, exchanging shot and shell, and describing the letters O and S, and the figures 3 or 8. Sometimes the *Vengeful* uses the old non-smokeless powder for the sake of cover, but the *Majuba* only the invisible.

But suddenly the British cruiser turns stem on to the Frenchman, and at full speed goes

tearing onwards, as if to finish the fight with one blow.

The fate of her sister ship must have bereft the *Majuba* of much of her heart and courage. She hesitates now for a few moments, as if afraid to fight longer, yet ashamed to flee, then, putting about quickly enough, begins to forge ahead at full speed.

It wants but an hour of sundown yet; there is still a chance of escape, and a stern chase is a long chase.

The *Vengeful* goes rushing after; her fore guns are splendidly handled. The signal, "Surrender or sink," is once more floating out from the halliards high over the main fighting top.

Whether understood or not, no heed is taken, and the battle is now a running fight.

If the *Vengeful* gets near enough, she will rake the enemy aft and fore, even as she raked the *Cronjé*.

* * * * *

HE WAVED THE WEAPON ONCE ABOVE HIS HEAD, THEN, WITH AN ELDRITCH SHRIEK, SANK, AND WAS SEEN NO MORE.

A whole half-hour went by. To Capel in the conning tower it appeared the longest of his life. When he started in pursuit of the *Majuba*, he had at first made sure of overhauling her long ere sunset. He was coming up hand-over-hand indeed, and, although the breeze that had sprung up some hours before had increased almost suddenly to nearly half a gale, his guns were working well, and shell after shell was falling, not only around, but on the enemy.

Yet something strange had surely happened, for the *Majuba* now began to show the *Vengeful* a clean pair of heels, and the shot of the latter was falling short.

Something had indeed happened—something strange and sad as well, though not without its parallel in modern naval history.

The chief engineer, a staid and sober Welshman, called Williams, had gone suddenly mad. This officer had been partially under the care of Dr. O'Shane for some weeks, suffering from insomnia, but the doctor had apprehended nothing of a serious nature.

The marvel is that, owing to the fearful responsibility that rests on the machinery chief at all times, but especially during action, more do not go mad at some critical moment. But now the speed began to slacken, and finally the engines were reversed.

What had happened? Over and over again Capel rang up the engine-room, but without receiving a satisfactory reply.

Then from below came the wild appeal:—

"For God's sake send the doctor below! The chief has gone out of his mind!"

It was just after this that the tragedy occurred which, in a story like this, is too awful to relate in detail.

But, hurrying below with all speed, Dr. McDrift met the chief with a drawn sword wet with blood in his hand, and eyes that shone with the fierce fire of mania. McDrift was a powerful young fellow, and at once closed with the madman, but was hurled, stunned and bleeding, to the deck. All attempts to save the chief engineer were in vain, for, still grasping the sword in his hand he leapt into the sea. He waved the weapon just once above his head, then, with an eldritch shriek, sank, and was seen no more.

He had slain an assistant and a stoker!

At any other time such a tragedy as this would have spread a gloom over the ship that weeks would hardly suffice to banish. All thoughts, however, and all interest, were centred in the chase, which was soon continued as fiercely as ever.

But it is now evident that the sun, already near to the horizon, will set, and darkness ensue, before the battle can be decided. The *Majuba* has already altered her course and is bearing in towards the land, to seek the shelter of that friendly little island where her consort had lain *perdu*.

But nothing is certain at sea save the unexpected. The *Majuba* has fired another gun, and her men are cheering wildly—defiantly, for safety seems already assured—when round the northern cape of that very island, to the intense joy but astonishment of the *Vengeful*, appears the tiny *Tadpole* herself, with signals flying.

The *Majuba* is now indeed between the devil and the deep sea. She cannot escape the ferocity of that torpedo destroyer, a bolt from the bows of which can sink her ere the men have time to pray.

One last broadside she gives, however, as if in desperation; then, just as the sun begins to crimson the waves, down drops her ensign, and the *Vengeful* now takes up the cheering, for the Frenchman has surrendered and the battle is won.

Lordon - Stables

(*To be continued.*)

A RUN IN A TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.

It was a beautiful morning when we first caught sight of the low black hull of the destroyer, nestling against the stone sea wall, the sun glinting on her black, even sides, and on her rounded deck, only about 4ft. or 5ft. above the sea's surface.

A few sailors were about, hastily preparing for our departure; others were busy with our lithe-looking six-pounder quick-firing guns, five of which she carried—two to port, two to starboard, and one mounted astern. Stepping aboard, we took our stand right for'ard on the platform beside the twelve-pounder, with the small conning tower right under our feet, and the rounded turtle-back deck sloping off down to our knife-like bow. Even as we looked round, our young, clean-shaven lieutenant-commander took his stand on the platform. He notes everything is shipshape, and his hand touches the telegraph indicator at his elbow; a bell tinkles somewhere below, and rapidly rings again; men dart forward, hawsers are cast off, and a bubbling eddy astern tells us we are off.

Faster and faster we move with the quay running rapidly astern, and the waves chasing past in a never-ending succession. Ting-ting! The "plunk-plunk" of the engines is louder; the whole fabric shivers with vibration, like a hound in the leash; we pitch up and down, and roll first to starboard, and then a green wave comes aboard to port. We cling on for dear life—teeth set, eyes half-closed—and await what's to happen next. In the distance, a brown sail looms up against the sky line, and comes, seemingly, dashing towards us; three or four dirty men on her deck give us a cheer, and we are past, and she is astern, bobbing in our wash. Ting-ting again goes the bell down in the engine rooms, and the whole force of 6,000 h.p. jumps us ahead—a rushing, roaring, little sea-fiend, rolling and pitching—and we frantically clutching on the iron rails. A large black liner comes up, with a crowd on her decks, and music floating across the sunlit sea. We pass her like a hare would a tortoise, and then with a big, tumbling wash, we swing right round back to port; roaring and foaming, with huge masses of black smoke pouring from two of our three funnels, the wind shrieking in our ears, and the salt spray cutting our faces. The bell tings two or three times, hawsers are cast, and with the steam roaring from our exhaust tubes we bring up alongside the quay, and we step ashore, feeling little use for our legs, and "funny" all over.

"Geo."

Concerning FIREWORKS

How Pictures in the Air are MADE

By J. A. Kay

A FLOWER OF FIRE.

DESPITE the fact that all the big firework displays take place during the summer months, when it is so warm that one longs to idle about out of doors in the cool of the evening, and there is little or no wind to spoil the elaborate set-pieces, yet there are many people who are so far behind the times as to associate fireworks solely with the fifth of November.

Still, one cannot help feeling it would be a matter for regret if the modest "flare-ups" in which we all, at one time or another, have taken part, either at school or at home, were moved to any other week in the calendar than the first one in November. The curious odour left in the air by departed fireworks would lose half its charm were it not associated with that cold, misty smell which is so peculiar to a November night. But whether it is this, or the delightful uncertainty as to what the firework you are about to set light to is really going to do when it goes off, that makes an amateur flare up on Guy Fawkes' day so delightful, it is really hard to decide.

Whatever parents and guardian may say to the contrary, there is really less danger in taking part in an ordinary amateur firework display than there is even in cycling, or cricket, or football; always supposing that the fireworks themselves are not of the home-made variety. At any rate, that is the conclusion you will arrive at if you ever visit a big firework factory and see how carefully the explosive and harmless parts of a squib, or Roman candle, or Catherine-wheel, are filled and fitted together.

THE LARGEST MORTAR EVER MADE FOR A FIREWORK DISPLAY. THIS WAS USED AT THE OPENING OF THE LYNTON AND BARNSTAPLE RAILWAY.

Illustrations from photographs reproduced by permission of Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co.

The heathen Chinee played at football long before a goal-post was ever seen in these islands, and likewise revelled in firework displays centuries before "Guido Faux" and his fellow conspirators conceived their idea of converting the Houses of Parliament into a gigantic rocket, and sending King James and his counsellors on an aërial voyage. Moreover, it will probably surprise many readers to hear that to this day Chinese crackers are really made in China! Last summer seven different steamers brought consignments of these crackers from that far-off clime to London for Messrs. Brock's use alone.

At first sight a firework factory is disappointing. All you see are a number of small wooden sheds dotted about amidst trees; and save for several ferocious-looking bulldogs, who prowl about the grounds, the place seems more like a cemetery than a busy hive of industry. The bulldogs just mentioned are wonderfully effective in keeping mischievous people out of the grounds. Their teeth and ferocious appearance are more feared by evil-doers than the most terrible explosive ever invented.

FIREWORKS IN THE MAKING.

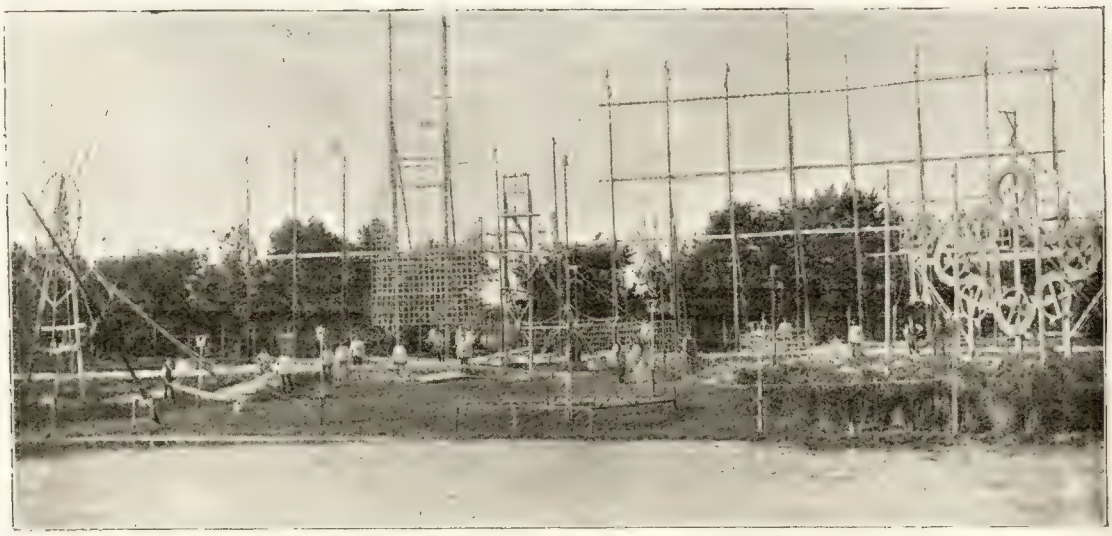
The reason why a firework factory consists of a number of small buildings instead of one large one is because the risk of explosions is thereby greatly reduced; and so far Messrs. Brock have never had a serious accident at their factory during all the years they have been established. But though by dint of even more elaborate precautions against disaster than those required by law no serious explosion has ever occurred, yet the constant anxiety lest anything should go wrong makes the work people turn grey rather early in life.

"There are few occupations," however, said our guide, "more healthy than ours. All our people are so thriving and healthy that it is not found necessary to run a sick club amongst them, and many of the chemicals used in making fireworks, if taken in small quantities, are far more effectual than most advertised medicines."

All the external parts of a firework are made in sheds especially set apart for that purpose. Here, of course, there is no danger, but it is the men who do the mixing and filling who have to take the greatest precautions.

Everyone is searched in the dressing-room near the gate before he goes to work, and very weird the men look, too, in their fireproof clothing and ungainly leather boots, which are innocent of nails or metal of any sort. If the men in any shed run short of materials or want assistance they have to put a little red flag through one of the windows. Never, on any account, must they enter any other shed, for, although the compositions they are working with may be quite harmless when kept by themselves, yet a few grains carried on their clothes to the composition used in some other building might result in a fearfully dangerous compound.

There are never a large number of finished fireworks in any single shed, for as soon as they leave the maker's hands he drops them into a



PREPARING SET-PIECES FOR THE DISPLAY AT KIEL IN CELEBRATION OF THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

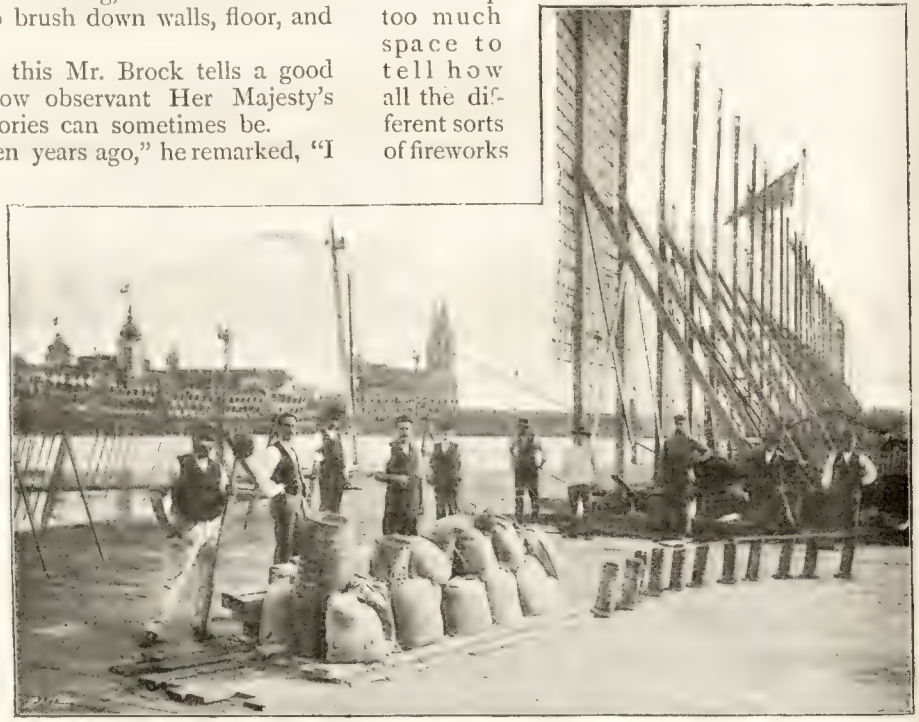
box, which is pushed through a hole in the wall, whereupon the fireworks are at once taken away to the great magazines where they are stored.

The scrupulous cleanliness of all the different factories is what most attracts the visitor's attention. All the floors are covered with linoleum, and there is not a speck of dust to be seen anywhere. It is always the duty of the last person to leave the building, when work for the day is finished, to brush down walls, floor, and benches.

In reference to this Mr. Brock tells a good story, showing how observant Her Majesty's inspectors of factories can sometimes be.

"About nineteen years ago," he remarked, "I was fined £10 because of some cobwebs which were found in one of the buildings. No doubt that seems to you a most arbitrary proceeding, as spiders, as a rule, are quite harmless creatures, and I must confess I felt it was so at the time. But the inspector remembered the rule that it is the duty of the last person leaving the building to clean it up, and it was apparent to him that that particular wall had not been dusted for some time, as cobwebs in any quantity do not accumulate between one meal-time and another! That fine did me good because it impressed on me and on my workpeople a routine which, as a preventative measure, is most valuable when rigidly followed."

It would take up too much space to tell how all the different sorts of fireworks



A BIG FIREWORK DISPLAY OFTEN TAKES WEEKS OF PREPARATION. THIS SHOWS A GROUP OF MEN GETTING READY FOR A DISPLAY HELD ON A RAFT AT LÜBECK. NOTICE THE ROW OF ROCKETS.

are made, so we must content ourselves with the rocket, which, apart from a "set piece" (Mr. Brock says), is the most difficult to make satisfactorily.

Only the most experienced and trusted employés are engaged in the rocket factory, as the least carelessness might have dire results, especially as a large number of rockets are made for use at sea by ships in distress. If the rockets they carry failed to go off properly in the hour of necessity, it might mean all the difference between life and death to a large number of people.

shutter in the wall, where it rolls down a broad tape into a box outside. Then it is carried along with many others in one of the miniature tram-cars that run about the grounds to the building where the finishing-off work is done.

The mention of the finishing-off work reminds me of two popular delusions about fireworks which will get once and for all dispelled from your mind if you ever visit the factory of a big firm of pyrotechnists. In the first place, most people think that squibs, and star-lights, and golden rain, and all the other pretty contrivances

HOW A STRONG WIND SOMETIMES SPOILS THE EFFECT OF A FIREWORK DISPLAY.

"A big rocket," remarked Mr. Brock, "will often ascend to a height of over 2,000ft. by its own initial force, carrying a weight varying from 1oz. to 1lb, according to its size. From this you will readily understand it is one of the most dangerous fireworks to handle until it is finally completed and can be let off in the ordinary manner."

The ingredients and paper and case used in a rocket have to be all of the very best, and the mixture evenly poured into the tube. As soon as it is completed it is dropped through a

which are so much in demand at this season of the year, are closed up with sealing wax. As a matter of fact, it is done with a mixture of glue and red lead. The next illusion is, that fire-works are very largely composed of gunpowder. In reality very little gunpowder is used. About twenty tons suffice Messrs. Brock for a year; as it is only used in very small quantities in shells, and generally for making a noise. As regards the smaller fireworks which are sold in shops, their chief ingredients are saltpetre, sulphur, charcoal,

chlorate of potash, shellac, and various mineral salts.

One of the greatest events in firework history was the introduction of the set-piece, or firework picture, in lieu of painted transparencies, to which the fireworks themselves were but a mere embellishment and accessory. By this invention scenes of life, bombardments, battle pieces by land or sea, naval reviews, and all sorts of great events of current interest are actually represented in fireworks on a colossal scale and with a realistic vividness that is absolutely startling. Some of these pictures in fire are reproduced here as well as black and white will permit.

It is with these set-pieces, such as, for example, the Naval Review at Spithead, the Battle of Manilla Bay, and the Storming of the Taku Forts, that Messrs. Brock have scored their greatest triumphs.

Two of our illustrations give a good idea of what an elaborate business preparing a set-piece really is. In the first place the set-piece is sketched out on paper by artists and draughtsmen. Then the different parts of the design are modelled in cane. To this framework the fireworks are fixed. When the day for the display comes round these frames are all joined together on the ground and hoisted into position. At the Crystal Palace the set-pieces are fastened to a big iron girder, and hoisted into position by hydraulic power. By this means, an operation which used to require the assistance of fifty men can now be performed by four; in much less time, too, than was formerly the case. Often a set-piece is a third of a mile long, with a surface area of about 60,000 square feet, but though hundreds of men may be employed in making it and putting it together, all the firing operations can be performed by one person. In most cases three rockets are used to fire a set-piece. These run up wires and meet together at the touch-match in the centre of the piece, which twists about in all directions, and after a hiss and a buzz in an instant all is in a blaze; and the sea of upturned faces which have been revealed by its light are "o-o-o-o-h"-ing in wonderment as they watch the fiery picture in the air before them.

One of the largest firework displays ever held took place on the Tagus in Portugal in 1888, at only a month's notice. All the resources of the arsenal, as well as the services of three ironclads and ten other craft, were requisitioned.

LUBECK EXHIBITION: PECULIAR EFFECT PRODUCED ON WATER BY THE DISCHARGE OF MAGNESIUM ROMAN CANDLES.

All these were moored together along the centre of the river in one line over a mile in length. Temporary decks and masts were added, and all sorts of precautions taken so as to guard against fire. Altogether, this evening's flare-up ran into £5,000, the cost being defrayed by the Portuguese Government. The display of fireworks at Delhi, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India, cost £3,500, whilst that given at the close of the Crimean War cost £100,000. But the greatest amount ever spent on displays of fireworks at any time of national

rejoicing was a quarter of a million sterling. This was the amount spent in connection with Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinaman about whom we have heard so much lately, once fired a set-piece at the Crystal Palace during a display which was given in his honour when he visited this country a few years ago. He did not actually set light to the rockets, but pressed a button, which did it for him by means of an electric spark. When Li saw his own portrait in flame appear in the air before him and a message underneath in Chinese characters saying "We wish your Excellency a Long Life," he was overcome with surprise. Li was quite upset that his own country had fallen so far behind the times in the art of pyrotechny, and even asked Mr. Brock if he could not find time to go to China in order to give the firework makers in that land a hint or two, but upon Mr. Brock somewhat prosaically asking who would pay for the instruction "Li" quickly turned to the next item on the programme.

A WONDERFUL SHOWER OF ROCKETS.

Like most other big things, the great firework displays with which Messrs. Brock & Co. delight thousands of spectators have sprung from very small beginnings. The present state of perfection is the result of a wonderful system of organization. If you ask Messrs. Brock how it is that everything seems to work so smoothly at one of their displays they will tell you it is because nothing is left to chance. Everything, in fact, is worked out with mathematical precision. Since the first Crystal Palace display, in 1865, the art of conducting a big firework show has developed into quite a science.

Now-a-days 150 men are at work in the glare of the blazing fireworks on Thursday and Saturday evenings at the Crystal Palace; each with his own special duties to attend to.

Many people have wondered whilst watching a big firework display why it is that though showers of sparks fall in all directions yet nothing catches fire. This is because the bark of a firework is far worse than its bite, so to speak, and the average firework is composed of a mixture of chemicals which sets fire to nothing except itself. Even the men who form the living fireworks which have proved so popular during recent years are only partially clothed in asbestos; yet they often seem to be in the very centre of a frame of fire. The fact that the wooden frames to which the fireworks are attached can be used over and over again is yet another proof of the foregoing statement.

Illusion to a certain extent plays an important part in firework displays. For example, a good deal has been said about the living fireworks that have a boxing bout. As a matter of fact the fireworks are attached to the wooden frames, looking something like skeletons, whilst the real

men stand close by and work the limbs. The burning saltpetre sends forth such a strong light that the real living men are almost hidden from the spectators' view.

But besides the manufacture of fireworks to be used for people's amusement Messrs. Brock make a large quantity of fireworks, of all kinds and sizes, that really perform very useful work both in times of war and peace. What would

and is a sort of large Roman candle, which throws up twelve red balls, one after another, to an enormous height. Besides these, many fireworks are made for use in mining operations, for cleaning out flues and testing drains.

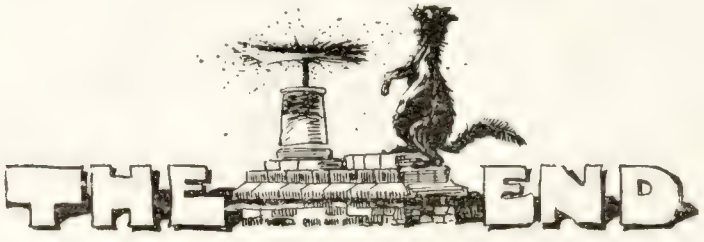
Some very remarkable fireworks were once made for the Royal Niger Company for use in times of war and revolts among the blacks.

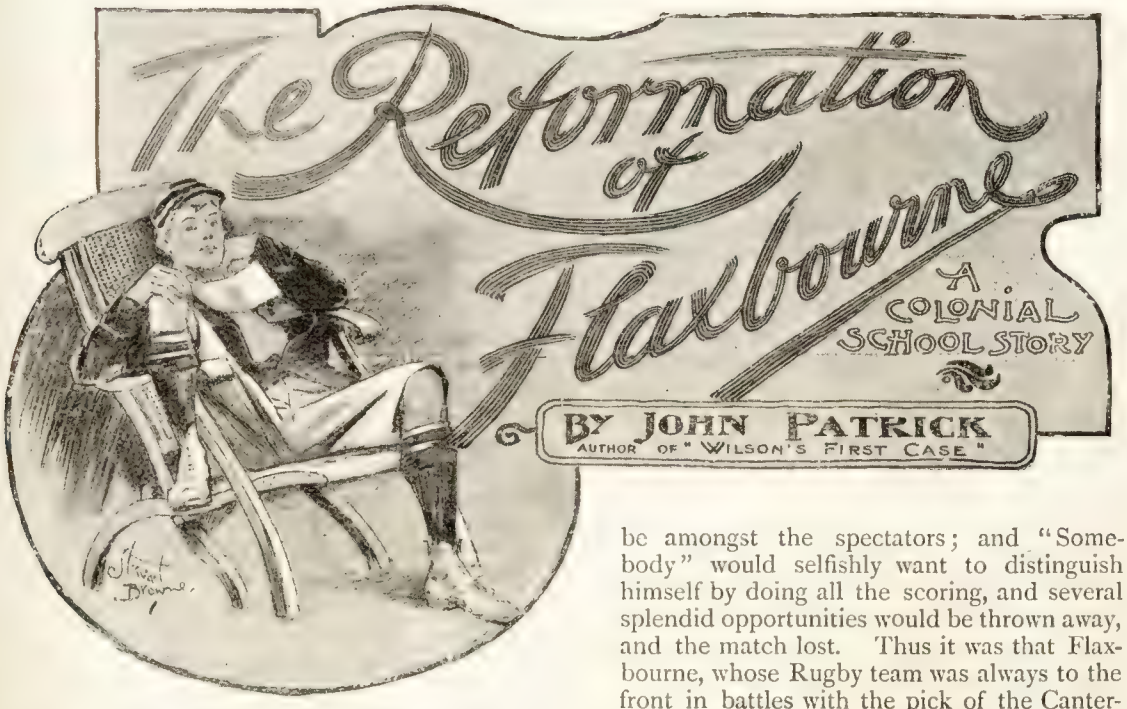
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS SET-PIECE?

our railways do without the humble but necessary fog signal? Thousands of these are often exploded under engines' wheels in a few hours of fog. Every year enormous numbers of rockets are manufactured for the Trinity House officials, to be used on ships as signals for pilots or in times of distress. One of these maritime fireworks is called the "Crundell distress signal,"

One of these consisted of a long snake-like coil which was left lying on the ground at night. If anyone touched it a number of magnesium stars rose into the air from one end of it, lighting up the country for miles around.

But whether fireworks be used for work or play, they, like so many of our brightest hopes and desires, all end—in smoke.





I.

TO speak metaphorically, Flaxbourne had gone to pieces. In two years it had descended from the first place amongst New Zealand schools to the tenth; and at the time of which I write it was at its lowest ebb.

There are plenty of fellows in every school who look upon the Captain as a mere ornament, and fondly imagine that anyone with the required amount of muscle could fill the position satisfactorily. Brains, pluck, and perseverance, they argue, are quite unnecessary; but they are wrong. The Captain must organize and get the fellows to pull together; and it is want of organization on the Captain's part that was mainly instrumental in bringing about Flaxbourne's downfall. Campbell (one of the best and most popular captains the school ever had) left two years previous to the commencement of this story; and his successor nearly succeeded in ruining the good old school. Muscle he had in abundance, but he lacked the power to make himself popular; nor could he get the fellows to work with him. Again, he was selfishly inclined, and in less than six weeks everyone was pulling sixes and sevens, instead of all together.

It is truly marvellous what a disturbing element self is, especially in a large school; and we soon had plenty of it at Flaxbourne. Take, for instance, an important football fixture. "Somebody's" cousin (?) was almost certain to be amongst the spectators; and "Somebody" would selfishly want to distinguish himself by doing all the scoring, and several splendid opportunities would be thrown away, and the match lost. Thus it was that Flaxbourne, whose Rugby team was always to the front in battles with the pick of the Canterbury schools, sank lower and lower, until, athletically, it became one of the weakest schools in the colony. Then gradually a certain type of arrogant pride began to spread through Flaxbourne; and when Bowen left, the place was in an awful state.

However, the darkest hour always precedes the dawn; and when I returned, two days after the commencement of the winter term (my steamer had been delayed) I was overjoyed to find that my chum Frankish, the head monitor, had been elected to the position of Captain.

He and I occupied adjoining studies, and, both being monitors, we saw a good deal of each other. During the past three years I had discovered that he was a right good fellow, in more ways than one; and I felt confident that if anyone could pull Flaxbourne together, he would. Hence my joy.

He told me privately, the evening I arrived, that he was going to do his best to bring the school back to its old standard, and asked me to give him a helping hand—which I readily consented to do. However, let it be clearly understood that I can take no credit for what followed. Frankish organized, I only carried out his wishes.

A fortnight after the beginning of the term, he came into my study one evening after tea, and promptly sat down on my best chair. He held a letter in his hand; and carried a very anxious, troubled look on his face.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked, as I poked the fire.

"Will you play against a fifteen from Boys' High School next Saturday?" he asked.

"Most certainly," I replied, "you know I'm always willing."

"That makes five, including myself," he muttered, half aloud.

"Come along, old fellow," I urged; "don't talk in parables. What's in the wind?"

"Just this, Pat," he began, as he held up the letter, "I've just received a note from the Captain of the Boy's High School fifteen, offering to play us next Saturday; and there's only five out of the fifteen best men in Flaxbourne who'll consent to play! They are Bisset, Evans, Mills, you, and myself."

"What objection do the other ten raise?" I asked.

"Well, as you know, those who attend Boys' High School are mostly sons of working people, and consequently our fellows—'gentlemen,' they call themselves — declare that they will not 'degrade' themselves by meeting their 'poverty stricken inferiors on equal terms.' Isn't the school in a lovely state? I'm in a regular fix, for we must accept the challenge. It would never do for it to get about that we openly refused to play them. Honestly, old man, I don't believe that ever there existed such ignorant pride, or ever there was, within the walls of any school, such a hopeless collection of cads."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, after a lengthy silence.

"Pick the other ten members of the team out of the second fifteen," he replied, with a smile, "and," he continued, as he leaned forward in his chair, "there are some very promising, *unselfish* youngsters there, and I'm going to give them a trial. If they buck up well, I'll see that they get their footer caps," he added, as he rose to go.

"We'll get beaten," I said; "it would take our best men to match them."

"I fully expect that," he replied, as he made towards the door, "but, whatever happens, we will have demonstrated that there are still a few gentlemen in Flaxbourne. Good-night, old man!"

II.

When we took our places on the field, the following Saturday afternoon, I think we were the most uneven team that ever played as the "Flaxbourne First." There was Bisset at full back, Frankish centre three-quarter, with me on the wing, and Evans and Mills amongst the forwards. The rest were untried men. Most of the school had turned out to hoot, and see us beaten by "a pack of low class kids," so we came in for a lot of sarcastic chaff.

Almost immediately after the "kick-off," High School scored a try, which they failed to convert, and it looked as if they were going to run rings rounds us. However, our fellows got to work and prevented a further score. So we suffered defeat by three points to *nil;* but even that was glorious, for Flaxbourne's honour was still unimpeached.

When the Captain entered the dining hall at tea time, several of those who had refused to play attempted to raise a hoot; but somehow it fell very flat, and the instigators looked rather foolish.

After tea Frankish came into my study, and again usurped my best chair (a habit of his). He looked into the fire for a few moments and then said:—

"I've made a discovery."

"What is it?" I asked.

"That we have some first-class footer men in Flaxbourne. When I have made a few alterations in the present team, and we have had a little more practice together, I'll guarantee that I captain one of the finest fifteens the school has ever turned out. I never for one moment imagined that we would do half as well as we have to-day. Fancy a lot of raw recruits, who never played together before, standing up to the Boys' High School First, and only suffering defeat by three points? It's marvellous!"

I agreed that it was, and he continued:—

"There's one thing certain, Pat—you won't be referred to as 'Flaxbourne's crack three-quarter' much longer; young Friedlander is the coming man; again, little Simpson is as fine a half-back as ever played behind a school scrum. There is only one thing wanted to make the team complete, and that is the inclusion of Wells as a forward. Why he refused to play I don't know, but I suppose the others influenced him. Somehow, I can't bring myself to think him a cad. Can you?"

I was about to answer in the negative, when a knock came at the door, and Wells himself entered.

"I thought I'd find you here," he began, as he advanced towards Frankish; "I want to apologize to you for refusing to play to-day. I'm sorry I was such a howling cad."

With a smile the Captain freely held out his hand, and Wells grasped it.

"Frankish, you're a brick!" he murmured.

Wells was not Frankish's only convert; but to none of the others would he give a place in the team. He said he couldn't turn out the men who had stood by him in the time of need,

as long as they continued to "buck up"; and "buck up" they did. Flaxbourne played every school—with the exception of Clifton College—in the country side, and defeated them all. Slowly, but surely, Frankish was pulling the old school together; and most of the fellows soon began to take an interest in the work, and to lend a helping hand.

However, the Captain was longing for a greater victory—he wanted to play Clifton College, the strongest school in New Zealand! There was a time, away back in the past, when Flaxbourne could match their first fifteen; but of late the greatest thing we had attempted was to play their "second," the year before, and suffer defeat at their hands by twenty-two points to *nil!* But Frankish had great ambitions, and a lot of confidence in his team. He challenged the "Clifton" second, and we romped over them, by ten points to three.

On the Wednesday evening following the match I was having tea with my chum, and during the meal he grew confidential.

"Pat," he said, almost affectionately, "we know each other fairly well, don't we?"

"Yes; fire away," I answered, and I knew something important was coming.

"Well," he began, "I believe the old school is righting itself slowly."

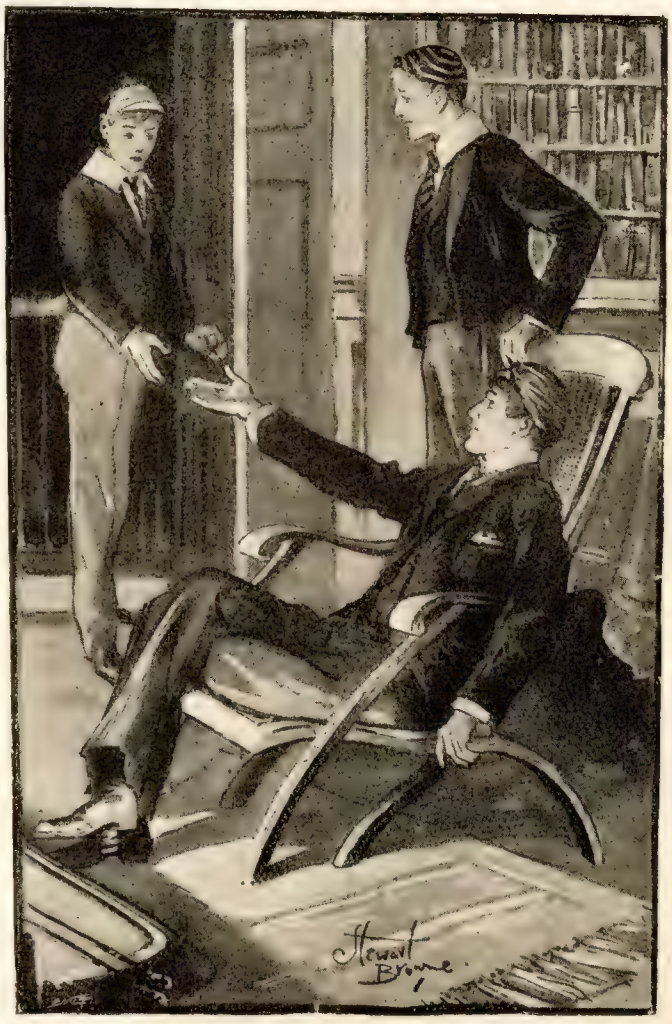
"Yes, thanks to you," I interjected.

"We've beaten all the school teams, excepting 'Clifton First,' he continued; and, I think, that if we tackled them we'd be entitled to remain in the front rank. What's more, if we succeeded in defeating them—and I don't see why we shouldn't—the few waverers who still exist in Flaxbourne would come over to our side."

For a few moments I stared at my chum in speechless amazement, for he had told me sufficient to show what was in his mind. Even I, who knew him so well, was not prepared for what he was contemplating.

"Surely, you don't intend playing 'Clifton College'?" I gasped at length.

He smiled that old confident smile of his, and calmly said: "Yes, old man, I do, if the team is willing; and I assure you I don't expect a refusal. Will you play?"



"I AM SORRY I WAS SUCH A HOWLING CAD."

"Rather!" quoth I. "'For how can man die better than facing fearful odds'?"

At this juncture the Captain's fag put his head in at the door and asked if anything was required. Frankish sent him off to hunt up the members of the first fifteen; and, ten minutes later, they assembled in the study. All were "thirsting for a go" at the Clifton men; so the affair was settled then and there, and a challenge written out.

After some considerable delay, owing partly to the fact that the Clifton men thought we were joking, a reply was received and the news ran through the school like an electric shock, that we were going to play "Clifton First," a fortnight later. Little groups gathered about the "quad" after morning school, and excitedly discussed the prospects of the coming match. The general opinion was that we would

be "smashed"; but a few—and only a few—declared that we would make a fight for it.

The members of the team spent every spare hour of the following fortnight in hard training, and every day saw fresh improvement. Everything went splendidly until two days before the match; then I had a bad attack of influenza—the bugbear of a New Zealand footballer's life. To play was impossible; so Frankish was compelled to put Ross, the three-quarter who had refused to play against "Boys' High School," into my place.

III.

At length the day fixed for the match arrived, and, with two big overcoats on, and feeling somewhat like unto an Egyptian mummy, I went out to witness the struggle, in which, alas! I was to take no active part.

The Clifton men arrived a little before three, and, as the school clock chimed the hour, our fellows kicked off. The College back returned the ball, and the great match had fairly commenced. The opposing forwards got to work at once, and, taking the ball down the field in splendid style, scored! A few minutes later they started another brilliant, passing rush, and scored again! Our hopes went down to zero. Was this to be the ending of Frankish's most cherished dream? Six points to *nil* within ten minutes of the kick off!

However, suddenly, as if by magic, our fellows woke up; and, although they were on the defensive the whole time, no further score was registered during the first spell. As I watched the play from the front seat of the crowded pavilion, I felt positively certain that our men were not playing up to their usual form. The brilliant combination which had characterized the previous matches was entirely absent, and each man appeared to be playing alone. As the bell rang it dawned upon me what was wrong. Frankish was playing a forward game, instead of making use of his backs as usual.

As he came off the field, I walked out and met him.

"What's come over the team, Pat?" he asked, in a dazed kind of way; "everything seems to have gone wrong, and I'm bothered if I know what I'm doing."

"Pull yourself together, old man," I answered, as I patted him on the back, for I could see that he was awfully excited, "and feed your backs—especially Friedlander."

"Thanks, old fellow," he said; "I see the mistake I have been making. I have been letting the fellows work as they liked."

Poor Frankish had lost his head for the time being. But then, even the best of captains make mistakes occasionally.

However, from the very commencement of the second spell it was evident that he had altered his tactics. From a scrum the forwards heeled the ball out to Simpson, who passed to Frankish. The Captain dashed round the scrum and our fellows lined out across the field. By a series of rapid passes the ball went to Friedlander, who raced up the field, and, entirely outpacing the opposing backs, scored at the corner. What a roar went up!—such a cheer had not been heard at Flaxbourne for many a year.

Bisset failed with the kick, and a lot of give-and-take play followed. Gradually, however, our fellows, who were now playing with machine-

FRIEDLANDER FELL OVER THE LINE WITH THE BALL A MOMENT BEFORE THE BELL RANG.

like accuracy, took the ball into the enemies territory, and kept Clifton on the defensive. The college men, though outclassed, fought stubbornly, and the time dragged slowly on, until only ten minutes remained. Then little Simpson, who was always in his place, got the ball from a scrum, and passed to Ross, who in turn passed to Frankish. Then it went across to Friedlander, then back to the Captain, who, after a short, dodgy run, scored, amidst tremendous excitement, and cries of:—

"Frankish! good old Frankish!"

It was six all; and the crowd yelled themselves hoarse.

No goal resulted, and with four minutes left for play Clifton kicked out. The backs exchanged kicks, there were a couple of small passing rushes, then a scrum in the college twenty-five. Our forwards heeled out, and, with the ball under his arm, Simpson made for the line with the three-quarters close at hand. He dodged four men successfully; then the leather went to Ross; then to the Captain. The opposing three-quarter took him low; but not before he had transferred to Friedlander. A Clifton man dashed at him, and the ball went back to Ross. He was laid low and little Simpson got possession of the leather; but he had not gone five yards before an opponent threatened, and the ball again went to Friedlander. With it under his arm, and twenty-eight men behind him, he made for the corner at top speed; while the Clifton full-back raced across to intercept him. It was all a question of speed, and all eyes were centred on the pair. As our crack three-quarter tore up the touch line a faint cheer arose, then it swelled into a mighty roar, and high above the din went up the cry:—

"Friedlander scores! Friedlander scores!"

The Clifton back was beaten by a foot, and Friedlander fell over the line with the ball in his arms a moment before the bell rang. A frantic, never-to-be-forgotten yell of triumph went up, for we had won the match on the call of time!

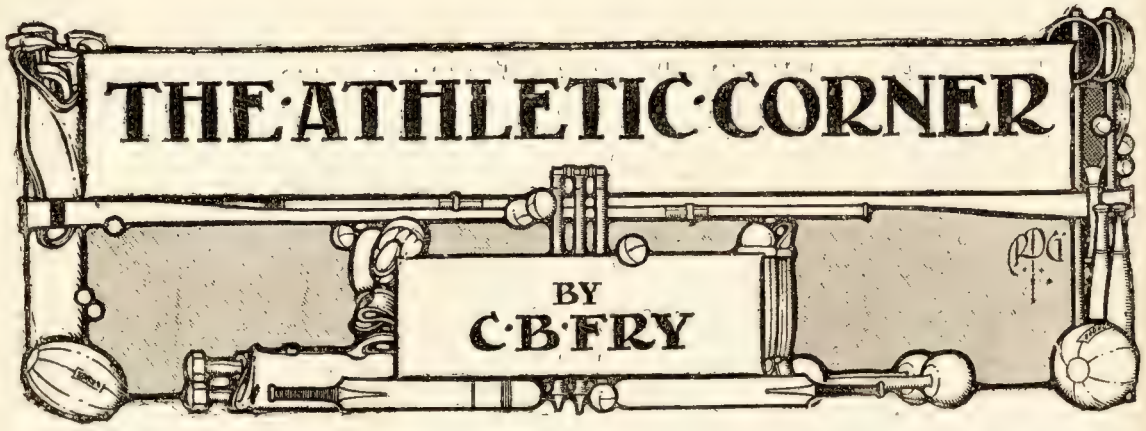
Never before had there been such a scene as that which followed. Every member of the team was carried shoulder high round the field, and cheered again and again. Poor Frankish was quite overcome, and when he reached the dressing room all he could say, as he faced his plucky little team, was, "I'm proud of you fellows."

That night, when he walked into the dining hall, looking as fresh as a daisy, every fellow rose to his feet, and, having cheered his loudest, sang:—

For he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
And he's our captain, too!

Flaxbourne was itself again.

AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL BOY "OUT-BUCK," WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF THE GOAL FRANKISH SCORED.



ON KEEPING FIT.

A CELEBRATED physician once remarked that his income would be reduced from thousands to hundreds, and not many of the latter, if only people took more exercise and less food. Perhaps he exaggerated a little, but the gist of his remark, viz., that the majority of humans eat and drink too much, and do not take enough exercise, is undoubtedly true. Readers of THE CAPTAIN are, of course, not very likely to be given over to excessive indulgence of the appetites, or a constitutional abhorrence of exercise; otherwise they would not trouble to peruse a magazine which does its best to be manly and well-conditioned. English boys and men, fortunately, for the most part have a distinct contempt and dislike of ill-health. I do not mean the ill-health that cannot be avoided—organic complaints, and diseases, and so on—but the ill-health that comes from

SELF-INDULGENCE, SLACKNESS, AND IRREGULAR HABITS.

A person who, through his own fault, is in a continual state of never being fit certainly does not deserve any pity. He can easily avoid it, and it really serves him right. Some people are so strong and robust constitutionally that they can take great liberties without feeling much discomfort, but the average individual who is too ignorant or too careless to keep himself fit is sure to suffer for it; and, in the long run, even the man of iron and brass is found out by his sins. This is an old story, but the longer I live the more firmly am I convinced that people either do not recognize or else forget what a priceless possession is perfect health. I do not wish to sermonise, but, really, the matter is worth more consideration than it receives.

Properly speaking, everyone ought always to be fit—in training, if you like; not, of course, what you might call strict, or special training, but good, sound, hardy condition. In writing about training in a back number, I took great pains to convince boys — especially boys at school—that

THEY DO NOT NEED TO ALTER THEIR ORDINARY DIET.

The usual school diet, the food, in fact, which nearly every boy has provided for him, is absolutely exactly the sort that is "good for training"; it is a mere fad to imagine that this or that strange and uncommon food promotes fitness. The human body needs certain chemical fuel. To go into the scientific side of the question would take too long. Suffice it to say that specialists on the subject agree that plain English food—the ordinary meats, puddings, etc.—cannot be improved upon. The great point to understand is this, that when you take more exercise your body needs more food. Similarly—really similarly—a ship that is steaming twenty knots needs more fuel than if only going ten. When you go into special training for any form of athletics you take an increased amount of exercise — that is, your tissues use themselves up in an increased degree, and you need more meat. But it is not much use going in for weighing your food; your body judges for itself; if you need more meat, you are hungrier, and you take it. In the case of an ordinary healthy person, who lives in England, on ordinary English food, it is absurd to make any material change in kind of diet; the thing to do is to

EAT MORE WHEN YOU FIND YOU NEED IT.

It is, of course, a mistake to plunge from a small into a large amount of exercise; and equally a mistake suddenly and of afore-thought to make a big increase in what food you take.

And, even in full training, the increase is nothing very big. I am quite sure that by far the best plan for a boy or youth to follow is not to bother about diet at all. The chances are you cannot make any material change, and to fuss about inessential little details is useless. I remember once being told by a big boy that if I ate apples my calves would get flabby. I was an "under-fifteener" and much impressed by the advice of the prospective winner of the steeple-chase. It is, no doubt, a great mistake to stuff between meals; but I should have eaten my apples had I known what I know now.

We are not, however, concerned at present with strict training, but with keeping fit in general.

Fitness depends almost entirely upon two things: food and exercise. Your food should in kind and amount be suitable to your climate, manner of life, and the amount of exercise you take.

PLAIN FOOD IS FAR BETTER

than richly-spiced, much-sauced food, for the simple reason that what your body needs is the meat, vegetables, bread, etc., not the spices and sauces; so if your food is highly elaborated with condiments you fill up your internals with stuff that is no good to your tissues and give your digestion almost useless work. Of course, condiments are not bad, and even good in moderation. As to the proper amount of food, it is vitally important to understand that it varies with your mode of life and what exercise you take. The proper amount of meat is really the chief item. And with regard to this the case is simple enough. If you lead an active life, full of out-door exercise, you need a good deal of meat; if you lead an in-door, sedentary life, you need very little. The commonest mistake is for people to eat too much meat. All this is very homely, but it is very true. The less exercise you take the less meat you need; if you eat more meat than your amount of exercise warrants you upset your liver.

People who have been used to a good deal of exercise, but for some reason have to give it up, nearly always

FALL INTO THE ERROR

of not regulating their food accordingly. And, in a similar way, athletes, on going out of training, stop their work but not their food.

Dr. Henry Hoole, in his admirable book, "The Science and Art of Training," writes:—

> Another evil, and one which athletes are prone to, is the sudden cessation of muscular work as soon as the period of training and competition is passed. Weeks of a healthy life in the open air have brought all their organs into a state of perfect functional activity and created not only the need for the stimulation of exercise, but also, with a keen appetite for animal food, a remarkable power of assimilation. During the lazy existence which some of them lead in the dark days, these organs miss the accustomed stimulation, and plainly show their sense of neglect by an irregular and incomplete discharge of their functions. To add to the trouble, the desire for a large meat diet is often unchecked, although the athlete must be conscious of no longer requiring so much sustenance. Is it to be wondered at, that the digestion soon becomes unequal to the demands thrown upon it, and that serious derangement of the stomach, liver, and kidneys follows? I have been impressed by the number of cases of indigestion, bilious attacks, gout, skin disease, and mental depression it has been my lot to treat in this class of patients. These ailments can, undoubtedly, be traced to this cause alone.

Dr. Hoole's remarks are extremely worth the consideration of those they concern. I hope I am not being too medical, but, really, you cannot discuss fitness without discussing food.

I CANNOT MAKE OUT WHY PEOPLE WHO TAKE NO EXERCISE DO NOT DIE.

On the other hand, I cannot make out how those boys who start training off-hand by indulging in an amount of work that would astonish Bredin or Bacon when almost fully trained manage to survive their self-imposed and exhausting ordeal. When not training strictly you still need a regular amount of exercise to keep you fit. The more you take within reason the better, but it is astonishing how little, provided you take it often and regularly, will keep you in condition. It is said that W. G. George, whose mile (4mins. 12secs.) record is perhaps the best record there is, is said, and I believe truly, to have trained for one race round a table in a large room. I am sure you can keep quite fit upon no more exercise than a quarter of an hour's dumb-bells per diem, and a few short walks or runs per week. Many of us, unfortunately, have no time to devote to out-door games, and little to spare for exercise of any kind. But there is no one who, if he cares to, cannot get some sort of regular exercise. Boys and men engaged in sedentary office work make a most tremendous mistake not to get

A LITTLE OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN THE MORNING,

if it is only a walk round a square, and a little exercise of some kind in the evening. Bicycling is, of course, a first-rate form of athleticism for people with limited time and opportunities.

Nearly all the men I know who go in largely for any form of game take trouble to keep fit in the off season. W. G. Grace does a lot of walking, and runs with the beagles in the winter. A. E. Stoddart plays golf and hockey. Ranjit-

sinhji is a tireless walker out shooting, and plays racquets. Anyone who neglects to keep fit between whiles not only gives himself much trouble at the beginning of the cricket or football season, but stands a good chance of injuring himself by suddenly taking too heavy exercise after a period of complete slackness.

If you take no exercise your muscular development cannot be good. If you never had any muscle to speak of, what you have is flabby, rusty, and slack. If you have had good muscles they change into fat and get flabby by disuse. But, more than that, if you do not exercise your muscles,

YOUR WHOLE BODY IS THROWN OUT OF GEAR

by a defective circulation of the blood. Yet the blood is the life.

The defect a man out of condition finds, perhaps, most inconvenient is what is called "shortness of wind." Few people know what they mean by a bad wind. The fact is that any unwonted activity of the muscles drives into the chest a large quantity of blood which has previously been stagnating in the veins. The heart, lungs, and the large vessels of the thorax are not prepared for this, and become congested. Hence a feeling of discomfort or even faintness. Moreover, in ordinary life one only uses part of the lungs: exercise produces deeper breathing and taxes the muscles of the thorax and the diaphragm. These muscles, being flabby from non-use, are thrown into a state of painful spasm, the common or garden "stitch in the side." Any young man or boy whose self-respect would not be injured by the idea of being unable to run half-a-mile without "losing his wind" or "getting a stitch" is not up to the standard of which THE CAPTAIN and our friend, the Old Fag, approve. Remember George and the kitchen table.

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sec., S.H.G.S.F.C.—Our mutual friend, the Old Fag, has handed your letter on to me. I think, you know, the Latin frightened him! There is no rule about caps; you are at liberty to have any sort you like. It is customary, however, for "Soccer" clubs to have ordinary flannel articles like those used at cricket; whereas Rugby players usually affect a velvet cap with or without a peak in front, trimmed with gold or silver wire lace and with a tassel attached to the centre of the crown. At my old school, Repton, we played "Soccer," but our first-eleven caps were made of dark red velvet, ribbed with silver-wire cording. International "Soccer" caps are made of velvet, with a badge in front, but shaped like cricket caps. With regard to your mottoes, I much prefer "*multa opera, multa praemia.*" I do not agree with you that "much pains, many gains" is not always true: you may not always, however much you try, achieve the particular and direct object of your pains; but incidentally you are bound to gain much, for if you gain nothing else you are bound every time to increase your power of taking pains—a power the value of which is inestimable, and which you can only acquire by continual practice. I do not favour your Latin translation of "'Tis not for mortals, etc." Shakespeare does not go well into Ciceronian prose; and your translation is not good Latin. The grammar is correct, but the Latin is what we call very late, so late, in fact, that a Roman would not have understood it. *Poscere* means "to ask for": and anyone can ask for success—*Impetrare* is the right word: it means "to ask for, and get." *Fortuna* does not mean "success." But the whole thing is too long for a motto. A football club needs no motto: or, if any, one that is short, simple, and English. But good luck to you all the same! **W. Nettleton.**—Funny fellow! The man is not-out, as the bail is still in its place. My idea of 220yds. in 22secs. by a boy of fourteen is—inexpressible. On a grass track, too! Marvellous! In fact, absurd! **Wicket-Keeper.**—As Ranjitsinhji is a gentleman and also a player you may correctly call him a "gentleman player." As he is not a professional you will not be wrong in describing him as an "amateur." The former phrase is new to me, but I knew a man who used to call himself a "gentleman-professional." **J. Fuller.**—Glad to hear you like THE CAPTAIN. I do not much like a tight belt; a loose, yet close-fitting one is all right. Is it for cricket? Because you can have your trousers made so as not to need a belt, *vide* my article in Vol. I. (May, 1899) on "The Contents of your Cricket-Bag." **Scisne.**—I am sorry about your accident, but trust you are all right again now. I am sure your "younger sister" writes an excellent letter, for which no apologies are necessary. Of course they like THE CAPTAIN at Malvern! Who wouldn't? V. F. S. Crawford is the son of a clergyman; you will find a lot about him in last year's cricket almanacks. **Athlete.**—Don't trouble about your measurements; you are "all square." I have contributed several articles on training to THE CAPTAIN, *vide* back numbers. Practice a little every other day and do not alter your usual diet. **Periwinkle.**—I assure you I am much interested in your cricket. That jealous Old Fag did not send me your letter in time, or I would certainly have looked up your brother. I was not in very good form that day, and the light was bad, so I fear your brother may have been disappointed. What a pity I did not know sooner! You did very well in your matches. Analyses excellent! Do not let your brother over-bowl his strength. He has a fine chance of doing really well if he does not fall into this too prevalent error of promising young bowlers. **H. Rimington.**—I have lately discovered that the best oil for bats is a mixture of two parts linseed and one salad or olive. Keep bats in any dry place, but not in a room where there is a fire. Oil once a fortnight. **B.P.** (GLASGOW).—I should say (not being a physician or surgeon, in spite of the article above) that you have contracted slight rheumatism. Bathe your knee well in the evening with hot water, and keep a roll of flannel round it always; when it gets better, rub it well with Elliman. **O.H.** (WORCESTER).—Glad to hear you are in form. I wish you much success.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING'S YOUNG WOMAN.

THE King of Kingland's palace was a corrugated iron school-room that had been raked out of the hold of a tramp steamer which, after being deserted by her crew, had been driven on to the shores of this strange country. It was wonderful how the islanders could adapt themselves to the performance of jobs in the carrying out of which they had had no previous instruction whatever. They turned carpenters, blacksmiths, boot-menders, and most other things *by instinct*, and so somebody was soon found to run up a corrugated iron school-room—even to putting the windows in. One end was curtained off, and this was the sovereign's bedroom. In the lower end, originally intended for an entrance hall, lived a terribly old woman, whose appearance thoroughly warranted her name of Hag Haggety. She "did for" each successive King, and served him as door-keeper, housekeeper, cook, and "boots." Hag Haggety was a very rough old soul, albeit kindly. From the first she took rather a fancy to Waterbottle because he resembled a son of hers who, venturesomely entering the powder magazine of a stranded gunboat with a lighted torch, was blown—with the gunboat—into a million fragments.

Hag Haggety had decorated the palace to the best of her ability. Everything on the walls, of course, had been cast up by the waves. There were some impressionist water-colour paintings (hung wrong way up, as Hag couldn't make head or tail of them), and there were skins of animals, texts, almanacks, posters, portions of curtains and blinds, and many other decorative articles which had never reached their rightful destinations.

The furniture was of a like heterogeneous nature. The King's bed was an (apparently) very ancient four-poster which had been manufactured by a Birmingham firm for an American museum of old English curios. The chairs were of all sizes and shapes and colours. There were Windsor chairs and saddle-bag chairs and deck-chairs; there was a sofa, covered with light blue silk, that had been intended for a Russian princess's suite of rooms in Paris; there was a kitchen table in the centre, and here and there a vaulting-horse, a lady's walnut wood desk, a bagatelle board, a piano, and a dainty little what-not.

The King could never have sighed for a little more variety in his reading, for the royal library contained, among other works, a log-book, a cookery book, a copy of Wisden's Cricket Almanack, a book of fairy tales, "Lady Audley's Secret," "Tom Browne's Comic Annual," a Greek

lexicon, a "Life of Napoleon," and "Robinson Crusoe." This last-named work had a strange fascination for the islanders, who were able to appreciate Robinson's position as other readers never could, and trembled and triumphed with him whenever the reigning King, as a great treat, gave a reading from the book.

The King had a plentiful supply of food, wine, and tobacco; there was no reason why Waterbottle should not have been completely happy. Why, then, did he suffer sometimes from the dismals? Why? Because he was a man, and, like men of all ages and countries, he had a heart.

Waterbottle was in love.

One day, as the King was miserably endeavouring to play a waltz (from a bundle of music

that had arrived in the usual way) Hag Haggety entered without knocking and hobbled softly across the room until she arrived at the King's elbow.

The King was fumbling away among the bass notes when a gruff voice suddenly exclaimed:—

"Young woman to see you!"

Waterbottle was so startled that he tumbled off his stool.

"Ha! he! ho!" chuckled Hag. "I thought that would wake him up." And then, croaking mirthlessly, she tottered off to admit the visitor to the royal presence.

A girl, dressed in a neat black dress, cap, and apron (once the property of a stewardess on an ocean liner) came hesitatingly into the room. When Waterbottle saw her he coloured up and looked very sheepish. This being the case, the girl—who had all *her* wits about her, as women generally do under such circumstances—tripped forward, and, stopping within a few paces of Waterbottle, said mockingly:—

"I crave a few words with your Majesty. Does it please your Majesty to grant me audience?"

"Oh, Buzzie, *don't!*" cried poor Waterbottle. "You've been readin' those Ainsworth novels, I know you 'ave—drop that talk, do you 'ear?"

"Yes," admitted Buzzie, "I've got to the part where Lady Jane Grey is led out to die by the crool axe——"

"I know it—I know it," sighed Waterbottle, "don't remind me of it; it's too 'arrowin'. And now—tell me, why are you here?"

Buzzie, after the manner of go-ahead, modern young women, had really come to see whether Waterbottle meant to keep troth with her—in brief, to marry her. King or no King, she was very fond of him, and although she was only a waitress she intended to wed the man of her heart's choice. But it was by no means her intention to admit this all at once.

"Oh," said Buzzie, "I called to make sure you were quite comfortable, dear, and enjoying your meals, and having them quite regular. And are you sure your sheets are well aired?"

"I have nothing to complain of," answered Waterbottle, drearily, "and I suppose I ought to be very 'appy. There's only one thing I want in the world, and that is——"

She thought she knew what he was going to say, and cast down her eyes most demurely.

"——somebody to teach me the bass notes of this waltz!" concluded Waterbottle.

"Oh, then," cried Buzzie, tossing her head, "if that's all you want, Mr. Waterbottle, I daresay you can find *heaps* of girls in Kingland who will be only too glad to give you lessons *all* day long!"

And with a snap of her little white teeth she flounced away towards the door.

"Buzzie!"

Waterbottle caught her up as she put her fingers on the handle.

"How could you?"

"Well," replied Buzzie—artful little cat!—"what did you say that about the piano for?"

"Because I thought you could play it well, dear."

But Buzzie was not going to understand him too soon.

"And *so*, Mr. Waterbottle——"

"Excuse me," was the King's timid interruption, "it's nothing, of course, but somebody might overhear you You called me 'Mister'——"

"Yes," retorted Buzzie, "I did call you 'Mister,' and I'll say it again—'*Mister* Waterbottle'—'*Mister* Waterbottle'—I'll say it ten times, and twenty times, and a thousand times, if you don't take care, *Mister* Waterbottle."

"Of course, it doesn't matter much," apologized the King, "but I thought I would just mention to you that anybody who calls the King 'Mister,' is put to death."

"*What!*" cried Buzzie, with blanching cheeks.

"Don't be frightened, darling. I thought I ought to tell you, especially as Hag Haggety generally listens at the keyhole."

The door was flung open and, sure enough, Hag Haggety appeared before them.

"Yes," she growled, "I generally do listen, and I heard her, but I won't tell on her because you're like my son who was blowed up." And after looking fiercely at Buzzie, Hag made a curious choking sound, pointed significantly to her throat, scowled again, and withdrew.

"You understand now, dear," said Waterbottle, gently, "why I asked you not to say 'Mister.' It wasn't because I was proud, or anything of that sort."

Buzzie flung her arms round his neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, I knew it wasn't—I felt wilful, that was all. Please forgive me, Wattie; I mean—your Majesty."

Waterbottle kissed her tenderly, and thus did a little quarrel cause them to become more united than ever.

They sat down on the blue silk sofa, and talked as lovers talk. We must not listen to them, for that would not be fair.

But after a long time they arose, and the King said:—

"Dear Buzzie, I promise and vow that you shall be my Queen. Yes, I give you my word, and with this kiss I pledge myself to you for ever and ever."

"You said it ever so prettily," said Buzzie, nestling to him, "and shall I say it too?"

"DEAR BUZZIE, I PROMISE AND VOW THAT YOU SHALL BE MY QUEEN."

Then she said: "I will be your Queen while you are King, and after that I will be your wife for ever and ever, and with this kiss I give myself to you."

The lovers were engaged thus sweetly when a harsh cough startled them. They drew apart, and saw that they were being sternly scrutinized by the Lord Chancellor.

"I await your Majesty's pleasure," sneered the Chancellor.

"Then," said Waterbottle, stepping boldly forward, "await my pleasure in the proper place."

So fiercely was this said that the Chancellor was struck dumb for the moment. He realized that Waterbottle was not such a weakling as he had supposed, and retired to the entrance hall as directed.

When the King looked at his sweetheart he saw that her face was full of terror.

"Wattie" she cried, in suppressed tones, "don't trust that bad old man. He means you harm. Oh, there was such an evil look in his eyes."

"I never did trust 'im," said Waterbottle sturdily, "and I never will."

"Take care of yourself, dear!" said Buzzie anxiously, "because you know there's no one to protect you if he means villainy. He has the Army to back him up."

"Let 'em all come!" cried Waterbottle, putting his arm round the girl's slim waist, "an' see what they'll get."

"Well," said the prudent little Buzzie, "I don't want to make him any angrier—don't you hear him clearing his throat out there? That shows he's angry—it's a saying in Kingland: '*The Chancellor is clearing his throat!*' Mothers frighten their naughty children with it. Even when the sky is black, they say the Chancellor is clearing his throat."

"Do they?" returned Waterbottle defiantly, "all right—let 'im clear it. I'll show this Chancellor who's King in this 'ere *h*island!"

"But pray be careful, Wattie."

"The Chancellor can do what he pleases," said Waterbottle, "I'll come out top yet. And to begin with, I'll announce my engagement to you. So now you'd better be going—this Chancellor and me are going to have words, *I* can see."

So, with another embrace, the lovers parted.

As Buzzie hurried down the passage leading to the street the Chancellor cleared his throat with such tremendous force that Buzzie, in her fright, simply shot through the front door and went plump into the gleaming breast-plate of the tallest soldier in the Army, who was on sentry-go outside the palace. The sentinel staggered back a pace, and then, seeing that his assailant was only a girl—and a comely one withal—did not draw his sword.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" breathed Buzzie, all in a flutter; "I really didn't see you—I—am very sorry."

"Nay, beg no pardon, my pretty!" rejoined the sentinel, with an amorous glance, "for your weight is but that of a fly. Still, you must pay penalty for having assaulted in such grievous fashion one of the King's bodyguard—stay, my pretty, do not fly—oh, but thou *shalt* not fly—I say thou *shalt* not——" and with these words he advanced upon her, as if he would snatch toll from her red lips.

Seeing that flight was impossible, Buzzie faced round on the bully, and, when he came near enough, dealt him a blow across the cheek which roused hearty laughter amongst the passers-by.

The jeers irritated the sentinel.

"Oh, thou saucy vixen—I will make thee smart for that. My tooth was aching, and thou hast made it worse. Now I will make thee pay penalty ten times over——" and so saying, he rushed at Buzzie and clutched her roughly by the arm.

None of the crowd endeavoured to interfere—so afraid were they of the Army.

Buzzie screamed, for the man hurt her.

"So thou didst smack me," quoth the soldier, who, in his spare time, was a great reader of the historical novels that were found in the officers' libraries of wrecked ships, and had caught up something of the phraseology of such works, "thou little spiteful wench! Nay, struggle not—for 'tis useless. I have thee fast, and now will I give thee that which thou wouldst not take before in maidenly good part."

Now, Hag Haggety had been a grim observer of the whole incident. She hated all women, especially nice girls, and the soldier's conduct had rather amused her until he lost his temper. Then Hag came to the conclusion that something ought to be done. Quickly putting her head into the royal sitting-room she called out to the King: "*You're wanted!*" and withdrew her head as abruptly as she had thrust it in.

Waterbottle obeyed her summons leisurely; but when Hag silently pointed to the crowd on the pavement, and what was interesting them, he flew out, and in an instant had wrenched his sweetheart from the cowardly soldier's grasp.

"'Ere—take 'er," he gasped, handing Buzzie to Hag; "now, you long-legged son of a sea-cook," he continued, stripping off his coat, and handing it, with his crown, to a bystander, "I'll teach you manners."

And with that he went square for the sentinel, and after planting a beautiful straight left on the end of the bully's nose, he swung him one in the ribs, and supplemented this with a neat upper cut that stretched the sentinel in the mud. But Waterbottle's anger was not yet assuaged. He dragged the soldier up and leant him against the palace wall, and then, seizing him by the back of the neck he ran him down the street to the barracks, and, with a final kick, sent him flying through the doorway into the middle of his comrades, who were gambling with an excessively greasy pack of cards.

"I'll tell the Chancellor of this," roared the soldier, getting behind his companions, "see if I don't! Who are *you?*"

"I'm the King," said Waterbottle.

"Who's the King?" blubbered the bully, forgetting his historical patter; "the Chancellor and the Commander-in-Chief rule this country—pooh, you're really no better than any of us—not so good!"

"Well, I won't give you any more just now,"

said Waterbottle, "because I think you've had enough, judging by your nose. But never dare to lay hand again on my sweetheart—*on my sweetheart*," reiterated the King, turning to the crowd and then back to the soldiers; "for that, know all of you, is the lady I am going to marry."

And with these words the King returned to the palace.

The people in the crowd gazed wonderingly at each other, for never before, in the history of Kingland, had any King dared to defy the Army in this way. The injured soldier strode out of the barracks' entrance and began to cuff the crowd right and left. "Move on, you gaping fools!" he roared; "move away—be off!" and he hit every old man he could get near enough to until he suddenly ran against the cabman who had driven the Commander-in-Chief and the Chancellor to and from the beach a few days previously.

"Don't you move *me* on," said the cabman, "or there'll be a military funeral, my friend! You got what you deserved, and 'e's a good plucked 'un, is young Waterbottle. And wot I say is: Three cheers for King Waterbottle—hip—hip——"

"HURRAH!" shouted the crowd three times.

"And one for the King's young woman!" bawled the cabman: "Hip—hip——"

"HURRAH!" shouted the crowd right lustily, in spite of the scowls and threats of—the Army.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN ON THE BEACH.

"WITH all due respect to your Majesty——" began the Lord Chancellor, on the King's return.

"Ah!" said Waterbottle. "I know that means you are going to say something rude. Well, out with it!"

"With all due respect to your Majesty," repeated the Chancellor, I must humbly put it to your Majesty that your Majesty has engaged yourself to that young person under false pretences."

For the Chancellor had received from a passer-by news of the King's speech regarding Buzzie.

"False pretences! What do you mean?"

"You have promised to make her your Queen!"

"That's so—and the sooner the better, old man."

"Passing over your vulgar allusion to my advancing years," snapped the Lord Chancellor,

PLANTING A BEAUTIFUL STRAIGHT LEFT ON THE END OF THE BULLY'S NOSE.

"may I ask your Majesty how the young person——"

"The young lady, by your leave," interrupted the King.

"How the young lady can be your Queen when you are not the King?"

"When I'm not the King she won't be the Queen," bluntly replied Waterbottle, "but she'll be my wife—that's all I care about."

"What I mean is," explained the Chancellor, gently, "she won't be Queen at all, because you are going to abdicate, you know."

"Am I?" replied Waterbottle, pretending not to remember. He was beginning to enjoy his reign. That little dust-up with the soldier had done him a world of good, and he felt a man again. As a man, it behoved him to do his duty; as King of Kingland he must reign his full year. There must be no crying off. Although he felt sure that Buzzie would marry him were he only a waiter, he knew enough of women's natures to understand that the fact of a man's possessing a throne does not necessarily belittle him in the estimation of one of the opposite sex. Putting it plainly, he was certain Buzzie would be grievously disappointed if she were not allowed to share this high position with him. Waiting was all very well, but a palace appeared to Buzzie a far nicer place to live in than a third-rate restaurant. Making batter pudding is one thing; making laws is another. Playing duets with a real live King is far better fun than serving peasant women with pea soup, or crossing-sweepers with "currant dump."

Waterbottle now repented of having offered to resign his throne, and, being a King, he felt that he would be fully justified in changing his mind. So he said: "I ain't goin' to abdicate."

The Chancellor's mouth opened involuntarily, so taken aback was he by this speech.

"Not going to—you *must!*" he gasped.

"Who says '*must*' to me?" was Waterbottle's haughty rejoinder.

"You can't break your word!" exclaimed the Chancellor.

"As easy as pie!" cried the King, as he sauntered over to the piano.

The Chancellor glared wrathfully at him, and then made an indignant exit.

"Hi!" shouted Waterbottle, as the Chancellor was striding down the passage.

"Ah! he has come to his senses," chuckled the Chancellor to himself. "I thought he would when I went off like that. What is your Majesty's pleasure?" he asked softly, as he re-entered the King's sitting-room.

"You left the door open—that's all," replied Waterbottle, without looking round.

The Lord Chancellor banged the door furiously, and, with flying robes, made for the residence of the Commander-in-Chief.

Late that night the conspirators sat over their gin-and-water, toasting each other copiously, and, anon, plotting destruction to the King. With a serene countenance the King slept in his curtained-off bed-room; he had mastered the bass of the waltz; there was a smile on his lips. In the entrance-hall snored Hag Haggety. In a top attic, rather more than a mile away, Buzzie was dreaming sweetly. Waterbottle was going to marry her; she was to be Queen of Kingland. No wonder Buzzie's dreams were sweet ones.

And all this time a teasing half-gale was arousing the wrath of the ocean. Higher and higher leapt the waves, lashing the stalwart cliffs of Kingland in their fury. Presently a portion of cliff which had been loosening for years came away from the breast of Mother Earth, and fell with a thundering crash to the beach.

The Commander-in-Chief and the Chancellor sprang out of their chairs.

"Listen!" exclaimed the Chancellor.

"I heard—'tis a wreck!"

"That was a signal of distress."

"We can render no aid; but we can be in first at the death," said the Commander-in-Chief, with a leer horrible to behold.

They crept out of the house, and, making fast their garments, walked hastily to the shore. As fate willed it, there actually *was* a ship driving towards the island, though no gun had been fired by her, for her crew had escaped in their boats many hours since.

"'Tis a schooner!" cried the Lord Chancellor, who was well versed in the rigging and build of vessels, "and, if my eyes don't deceive me, 'tis the one that passed by the other day. I can always recognize a ship again, once I have seen her. Look, she has struck on the 'Shark's Tooth'—there is no hope for her."

The moon, struggling from behind a bank of clouds, shone full upon the doomed vessel.

"I can see a figure," cried the Commander-in-Chief; "but only one. See—ah!"

For at that moment the one human being to be descried hurled himself into the boiling waves.

The Shark's Tooth was a jagged rock situated some 80yds. from where they stood. The conspirators could plainly see the man as he rose on the crest of a wave, only to lose sight of him as he went down, down, down. He was clutching a spar and struggling right gamely.

"He may be carried ashore," said the Chancellor.

"What—alive?"

"Yes. Look, here he comes. Now then, get ready to dash down and pull him up when the wave leaves him on the strand."

The Commander-in-Chief shivered.

"'TIS HIS TWIN BROTHER!"

"Why should we save him?"

"Oh, a little fancy of mine. *Now then!*"

Down the wet slope of shingle dashed the Chancellor, followed by his military friend, and together they dragged the man into safety. He was insensible—for the crash on the beach had stunned him—but still breathing.

The moon came out again most opportunely, and as she did so an exclamation broke from each of the rescuers.

"Wonderful!"

"Marvellous!"

"Waterbottle himself—whiskers and all!"

"'Tis his twin-brother!"

"What luck!"

In their glee the conspirators capered about the shore like school-boys. It was, indeed, Waterbottle's twin brother, and the vessel going to pieces off the Shark's Tooth was the whaling schooner that called at Kingland once a year.

"Nobody will know," cried the Chancellor. "Nobody will know except us two. We can put Waterbottle out of the way, and place this gentleman on the throne. We can promise him death if he speaks a word, so he'll hold his tongue."

"Oh, he will hold his tongue—the Army will see to that," added the Commander-in-Chief.

"Strikes me that Army of yours has been a bit over-rated," said the Chancellor. "Waterbottle simply made flour of your biggest soldier when he set about him to-day."

"Yes, that is another reason for my hating Waterbottle," growled the Commander-in-Chief.

Examining the prostrate man, the conspirators now perceived that, fixed tightly in his right eye was *an eye-glass*, which all the buffeting and banging he had received had failed to disturb. It might have grown there, so immovably was it set between brow and cheek.

The man opened his eyes. The Chancellor leaned over him.

"I say, you know," murmured the man, "where am I?"

"With friends, my poor fellow. We have saved you from drowning."

"Oh, I say, you know, that's awfully good of you! Thanks!"

And with this he fainted.

"The pink of politeness!" cried the Chancellor. "Oh, how different to Waterbottle! Come, friend, let us help him home. My cellar will hold him nicely till we are ready to act."

The Commander-in-Chief managed to revive Waterbottle's brother with some gin he had brought in a flask. Then the two pushed and dragged him to the Chancellor's house, where they stripped his clothes off and rolled him up in blankets. A strong dose of hot brandy and water was administered, and soon the young gentleman was looking quite intelligently at his rescuers.

"I say, this is a rum go," and he laughed feebly. "You'll excuse me, but—but you two really do look so comic."

And as he laughed again he fainted again, and it took a good deal more of the Chancellor's precious brandy to bring him round again.

"This is getting expensive," grunted the Chancellor; "and what did he laugh for? Do *I* look comic?" he demanded of his companion.

"Picturesque," said the Commander-in-Chief, diplomatically, "but not *comic*. Oh dear, no!"

"That's all right, then. Now, hadn't we better get him to bed? Just for one night he can have my bed—the cellar would be a little cold for him in his present condition."

So they put him to bed, and decided to sit up all night, as the dawn was already peeping through the curtains.

About six o'clock—when both were shivering and feeling miserable—a sound proceeded from the rescued man. The Chancellor hurried over to his bedside, and came back just as quickly.

"Well?" queried the Commander-in-Chief.

"Laughing in his sleep," snapped the Chancellor, very crossly, as he went off to the kitchen to get some breakfast.

(To be Continued.)

CHEER FOR MILL HILL.

A School Song.

HERE's to the School at the head of the valley,
Girded and crowned by her lawns and her trees,
Sure to her aid all Millhillians will rally,
Others may sing there own School if they please,
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

True to our motto, the morals and muses
Severed by some, in our hearts shall unite;
Here's to the lad who no learning refuses,
Sworn to use all in support of the Right.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish and flourish she will.

Battles for freedom were won by our sires,
Freedom e'en now has her fulness to gain;
We seek the light that the future requires,
Strong and impassioned in muscle and brain.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

This be our Day-star when manhood shall claim us,
Hair may be whitened and backs may be bent,
Yet shall no thought of Mill Hill ever shame us,
We cheer for the School where our boyhood was spent.
Fill the cup, fill,
Cheer for Mill Hill,
We see her flourish, and flourish she will.

W. R. D. A.

(From the "Mill Hill Magazine.")

A Thrilling Experience on the Alps

By George H. Best.

FOR some time previous to my departure from England I had been preparing a programme of a somewhat ambitious nature. A perusal of various numbers of the *Alpine Journal* had filled me with an all-absorbing desire to attempt some climbing exploit which, in my inexperience, I considered myself quite capable of performing.

Armed with alpenstock, ice axe, rope, and other articles necessary for my purpose, I set out for Switzerland, with the fixed determination to put my purchases to as severe a test as possible.

Leaving the railway at Grindelwald, and continuing my journey on foot, I endeavoured, as far as possible, to avoid the frequented districts. Proceeding in this way for a couple of days I reached, towards evening, a wayside *auberge*, in which I decided to put up for the night. The situation of the house was isolated, and evidently used more for the purpose of furnishing relays for the diligence that plied daily between N—— and D—— than for the entertainment of casual tourists. Although the accommodation was primitive, and the bill of fare extremely modest and limited, I managed to make myself comfortable. With a bottle of country beer at my side, I took out my Baedeker, in order to learn from its pages as much as possible of the nature of my new surroundings. I was running my finger over the map of the neighbourhood, when the door opened and a native walked in.

He was the man, apparently, who could give me every information of which I stood in need. Fortunately, as is common with the majority of the better class of Swiss guides, he was able to converse in English, which, I found out, he had learnt partly during his occupation as an hotel waiter in England, and partly while engaged on the numerous excursions he had taken in making ascents with my fellow-countrymen in various parts of the Oberland and the Chamonix district.

The accounts he gave me of his climbing experiences thrilled me. He had made one of the quickest ascents on record of the Wetterhorn, and was the first to discover the easiest route up the dizzy Finstaarhorn. In the course of conversation I gathered from him that the only peak of importance in the neighbourhood was the Dent du Chat. I turned to my Baedeker to find out its exact location, but failed to discover the whereabouts of the mountain.

Droz—for that was the name of the guide—came to my assistance, and explained that the Dent in question was comparatively unknown outside the Oberland. He had twice made its ascent, but no Englishman so far had attempted to reach the summit, although its terrors were more apparent than real.

Here was the opportunity for which I had been longing, and I was anything but dilatory in sounding Droz as to the practicability of an early attempt at reducing the peak.

I thought at first that he would be willing to conduct me, and I offered him a fair average remuneration. He excused himself, however, on the ground that his time was too limited, as he had an engagement to fulfil at Courmayeur, which would prevent him from undertaking a prolonged climb in advance.

I could see that he was not over anxious to assist me, but I was determined to make it worth his while; so I offered him a larger sum as a temptation.

After turning the matter over in his mind, Droz said that he could accompany me, but only on condition that we started the same night, so that he would be able to return in time for the evening diligence on the day following.

Needless to say, I jumped at the offer. I should have preferred to have made the start by daylight, but Droz pointed out that I should be at the disadvantage of having to climb over a large area of snow surface while under the melting influence of the sun's rays—a drawback always to be avoided on a necessarily fatiguing excursion.

We collected our instruments as quickly as possible, for Droz, like myself, was only too anxious to make a start. The night appeared to be anything but favourable for our journey. The sky was overcast, and we could hardly distinguish anything a yard or two distant. Droz, notwithstanding, was in good spirits, and assured me that there was every prospect of a change, and fine and clear weather later on, when he hoped to reach the top of the Dent.

How he managed to pick his way through the pitchy darkness was a marvel to me. He seemed to know, as though by instinct, every deviation which formed the shortest route to our goal. I simply followed in his steps until the path suddenly became steeper, and crag climbing became the order of events. It was at this point that he advised the use of the rope which he uncoiled, attaching one end to myself, and making himself fast to the other. We proceeded cautiously, winding in and out amongst the rocks until we came to a ledge-like gallery. We rested for a few moments, and Droz told me to brace up my nerves, for we were about to encounter the worst portion of our ascent.

I ventured to question him as to the safety of proceeding in the inky darkness, for I was not feeling absolutely comfortable in having to grope about as though blindfolded; but he laughed at the possibility of danger on a route he knew so well, and I summoned up courage accordingly.

Our progress now became exceedingly slow, and at every half-dozen steps or so Droz had to assist me forward by virtually lifting me from one projecting point to another.

We reached a fairly even surface, when the lamp, which the guide carried for use on emergencies, became detached from the pack, and rolled down the slope beside us. It was a serious loss under the circumstances, but nothing daunted Droz resolved at all hazards to continue the journey, expecting that the clouds would break before long. Had I not had perfect confidence in the practised skill of my guide I should certainly have collapsed. If previously I had underrated the difficulties and dangers which mountaineers have to encounter, I was fully alive now to the trying ordeals which they are constantly exposed to.

Had Droz lost his way? He was groping about in as large a circle as the slack of our rope allowed, and he seemed to be at a loss to know what to do.

Telling me to stop where I was for a few moments while he looked around, he disconnected the rope and mounted a crag that was close at hand. He had not been absent for the space of half a minute when he hurriedly returned. He seemed to be shaking with agitation, in spite of his attempts to hide his feelings, and his voice quavered as he told me how he had slipped, and had only just been able to save himself from being hurled over a precipice by seizing a piece of projecting rock at the last moment. He then confessed that he had lost his way, and that instead of being on the path to the Dent du Chat, we had most probably strayed on to the Weissbahm.

I suggested that the best course to pursue under the circumstances would be to stay where we were until daybreak; but Droz would not listen to my proposal. He said that the slopes of the Weissbahm were frequently swept by stone avalanches, and that the sooner we got away the better it would be. As he spoke, he detached several blocks with his foot, which rolled down beneath us.

Again the guide took the lead on our return journey; but it was evident that he had only a hazy idea as to our exact whereabouts. To keep to the identical path by which we had

commenced the ascent was doubtless beyond the powers even of a man so experienced as himself.

How we cursed our misfortune in losing the lamp, but it was too late now to worry over the unfortunate circumstance.

We seemed to move in circles, and every now and then we found ourselves in the same place that we had left only a few minutes before.

The guide, however, maintained his self-possession in spite of the uneasiness we felt as we dreaded that the fearful rush of *débris* from the higher crags might at any time sweep us from the face of the mountain.

Fortunately, no avalanche threatened. After some refreshment from a bottle of wine which I carried, Droz exclaimed that he fancied he had at last found his bearings. We had a difficult piece of work in front of us, but if I kept a steady head, he assured me we should be able to reach level ground in less than half an hour.

Then commenced a series of short ascents and descents alternately over sharp rocks and along narrow ledges.

I felt thankful, for the first time, that the extreme darkness of the night prevented me from seeing the dizzy precipices which I knew must be falling to appalling depths just beneath us The sight alone of these would have utterly unnerved me.

Then followed a series of horrible experiences. My guide had the greatest difficulty in moving me from one point to another. The minutes seemed like hours in duration, until at last we left the rocks for comparatively level ground. It seemed to me as though I had passed a lifetime since we left the *auberge*, only a few hours before.

The strain which I had been subjected to was beginning to tell on me. My legs gave way, and refused to carry me further. Droz produced the wine bottle, and I took a long draught, which put new life into me. I managed, with the support of the guide's brawny arm, to make a fresh start.

Then I learnt more of the dangers of our excursion, for Droz hitherto had purposely been silent, in order to prevent me from collapsing at the most critical junctures. He informed me that we had made a journey at which the most practised native would have trembled. We had skirted one of the most terrible of Alpine precipices, and it was nothing short of miraculous that we had not perished amid the hundred-and-one pitfalls that surrounded us.

MY GUIDE HAD THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN MOVING ME FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER.

We at length reached the *auberge*, and Droz advised me to turn in and obtain as much rest as I possibly could.

Before carrying out his injunctions I felt that I had a debt of gratitude to perform. My life had been in the hands of the guide, and, thanks to his skill and conscientious devotion, I had been brought back safe and sound. I paid him the sum due, and after allowing just sufficient to carry me back to England, I handed him the rest as a small acknowledgment of the indebtedness I should always feel to one who had performed his duties so ably.

Droz at first demurred. He explained that although my inexperience in climbing had caused him much anxiety, he should not depart from his accustomed principle of never charging for unforeseen contingencies, however dangerous they might be.

I was firm in my resolution, however, and he accepted the donarium, evidently with great reluctance.

I slept soundly until mid-day. When I rose I inquired for Droz, who I was informed had left word to say that he had been obliged to pursue his journey to Courmayeur, and could not stop to bid me good-bye.

I felt an irresistible desire to witness the scene of my overnight adventures, and made my way in the direction of the Weissbahm. I had proceeded for about an hour over the slopes when I suddenly came across the lamp which we had lost.

THEN I GUESSED THE TRUTH.

I felt puzzled. Could it have been removed from the spot where we dropped it? Evidently not, for there were the marks of our temporary resting place.

Where were the traces of the fearful stone avalanches? There was a long ridge, about twenty feet or so in height, which appeared to me to be of moraine character, but no beetling crags were in sight!

Then I guessed the truth!

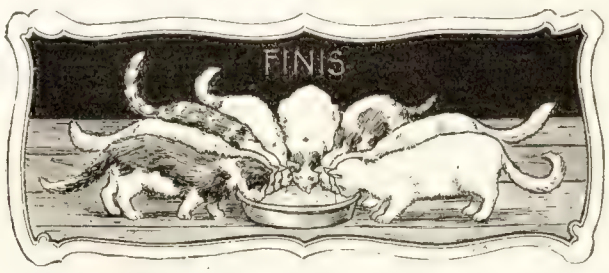
I had been fooled over and over again by Droz. He had taken me down in right earnest, and had swindled me into the bargain!

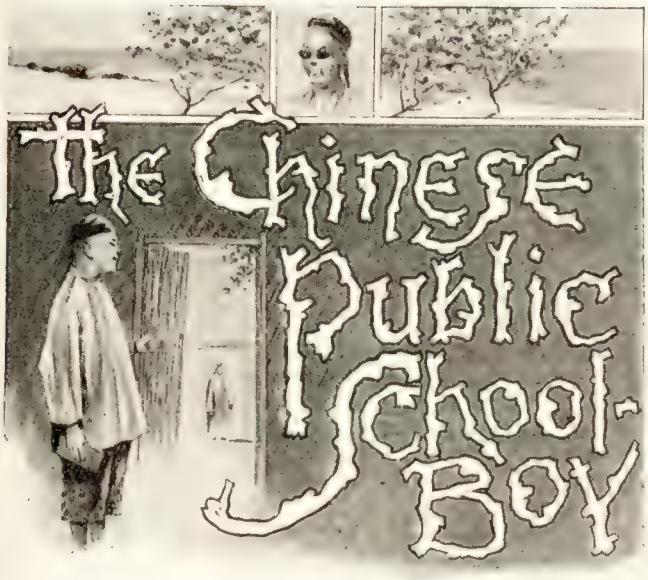
Under cover of the intense darkness, we had been climbing up and down and circulating around the moraine-like deposit for an hour or more!

I trudged back to the *auberge*, packed up my belongings, and two days later found myself at home.

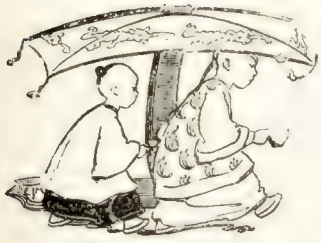
I had bought my experience in elementary mountaineering at an expensive figure.

Since then I have made many *bona fide* ascents, both thrilling and difficult, but I have to confess that my adventures on the imaginary precipices of the equally imaginary Weissbahm were fraught with infinitely more horror than any I ever experienced in my subsequent climbs in the higher Alps.





PART I.



THE streets were crowded with Chinese boys, all wending their way in one direction. Over 1,100 were about to commence their daily studies at Queen's College, Hong-Kong. They did not hurry; they walked sedately along, with their books under their arms. There was no boisterous laughter; at the most a reserved smile lit up the face of a boy here and there, as he listened to the conversation of his fellows. There was little variety in the colour and cut of their dress. They wore no hats. Some had brushed all their hair straight back into their long queues; others had a fringe of stiff, upright bristles dividing the shaven from the unshaven territory of their heads. All carried fans. There were none that ran and none that leapt "like troutlets in a pool." Such proceedings would have been very undignified, and quite contrary to Chinese ideas of schoolboy "form." The more sedate and quiet he is in his behaviour, the more he conducts himself like a little old man, the more "toney" he is considered to be by his school-fellows, and the more his school-masters and parents will praise him. In England, parents and sons do not always agree as to what virtues are to be admired in a schoolboy; but in China they do, and, strange as it may sound to an English boy, Chinese youths mostly go to school with the sole idea of acquiring knowledge. Hence the stolid faces

THE CAPTAIN OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG.
Photograph by Pun Lun, Hong-Kong.

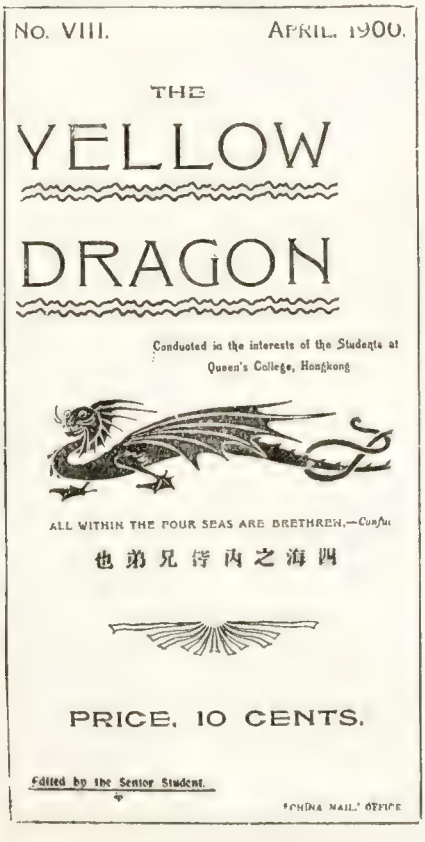
REV. BATESON WRIGHT, D.D. (OXON.), HEAD-MASTER OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG.
Dr. Wright is a famous Hebrew scholar.
Photograph by Mee Cheung, Hong-Kong.

of these 1,100 boys as they entered Queen's College

That institution was my destination as well. Having entered the gates, the four coolies lowered my chair, and I at once inquired of the Chinese hall-porter if I could see Dr. Wright, the headmaster. To this he replied, "No can," which, being interpreted, meant that I could not see the gentleman for whom I was inquiring. However, I presented my card, and, after waiting a few minutes, my Chinese friend returned and fired this at me:

"Can go topside—look, see."

I immediately went topside, and, having looked, I saw Dr. Wright, who, in a characteristic, energetic way, bade me welcome. Shortly afterwards I was walking through class rooms and halls, gaining my first experience of Chinese public school boys. The first thing that struck me was how quiet they all were. We went into class rooms where forty


No. VIII. APRIL, 1900.

THE

YELLOW

DRAGON

Conducted in the interests of the Students at Queen's College, Hongkong

ALL WITHIN THE FOUR SEAS ARE BRETHREN.—*Confu*

四海之内皆兄弟也

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

Edited by the Senior Student.

'CHINA MAIL' OFFICE

Hung Hing Kam

(6)

The Future of China

After the disgraceful defeat by the Japanese, many would think that China would surely do a great deal of reform in its political affairs as well in its superstitious custom abounding all over the empire. Few year ago—say 1898—many great reformers as Hoang Ju-wei, had took offices and were much favoured by the Emperor. ~~many~~ But the kings favouring them only made the other officers especially the relative of the Empress-Dowager-envious by. More than once they had tried to do away with all of them, and at last with the Empress Dowager's assistance, the all the Reformers were either accused of treason and were either beheaded or banished and the Emperor was thought by many, one to have been imprisoned by the Empress-Dowager. Hoang Ju-wei the famous reformer occasionally escaped. His family was nearly imprisoned and large reward

A CHINESE SCHOOL-BOY'S ESSAY.

or more boys were studying by themselves in the absence of their master, but we heard no uproar as we approached, and there was no cry of "Cave" and a sudden cessation of noise when we entered.

The ages of the boys at Queen's College vary from nine up to twenty-three, and many of them have family cares in the shape of a wife and children at home. Each year sees a decrease in the proportion of married schoolboys, and the average age becomes less every year. In its early history boys of all ages were to be found in the school, and it was quite possible to find father and son run a dead heat for the first prize. Sometimes family rivalry was productive of dire results, as the following experience of Mr. May, the second master, bears witness. Mr. May had been but a short time at the school when one day he noticed that a boy was absent, and he made inquiries as to the reason. The following dialogue in Chinese took place:—

OFFICIOUS BOY: "Please, sir, Li-ho-wack isn't well."

MASTER: "What is the matter with him?"

OFFICIOUS BOY: "His father thrashed him last night, and he is too bad to come to school to-day."

MASTER: "He must have committed a grave fault to merit so severe a thrashing. What did he do?"

OFFICIOUS BOY: "Please, sir, he laughed when you caned his father yesterday."

On the staff at Queen's College there are ten English masters and ten Chinese professors, besides several Chinese probationers or pupil-teachers.

The subjects taught are the same as in schools in England, and the standard of work attained is that of the Senior Oxford Local. Hung Kang, a Queen's College boy of seventeen years of age, was twelfth out of the twenty-three boys who gained the mark of distinction for mathematics in 1898.

I obtained permission to take classes in the school, and was much struck by the intelligence displayed. The silence was appalling. One boy had no pen; he did not tell me, but simply sat still and left me to find it out. How many times an English boy would have acquainted me with the fact before I was fairly in the room I dare not venture to guess.

Whilst taking these classes, the only approach towards disorder that I ever had was during a history class.

"We have been reading," I said, "of Nelson, a great English hero. Now, tell me of some naval hero celebrated in Chinese history." I at once received replies from different parts of the class; but the want of unity among the Chinese was displayed immediately. A boy would call out in proud tones the name of one he considered a hero; but a large section of the class would receive the name with shouts of derision. Name followed name, but none gave entire satisfaction. Indeed, the opposition and resentment displayed on one occasion was so great, that, fearing a riot, I changed the lesson.

Their taste in the choice of subjects is similar to young English boys in a preparatory school.

They hate "Euclid"; they like geography and history. Their knowledge of the history of England was very good, and they took great delight in the doings of our naval and military heroes. English grammar is not a favourite subject, and the omission or insertion of final "s," "ed," etc. is a constant bugbear to them. Most of them were very orderly and attentive; but I was sorry to find a few of a *genus puer* we all know—lusty mother's pets, who are "not very strong," and they bore a striking resemblance to the specimens found in England of the same class.

Successive English masters have endeavoured to make cricket, football, and other English games popular. They have met with a certain measure of success; but comparatively few Chinese boys at Queen's College go in for these games enthusiastically. Their favourite game is a species of battledore and shuttlecock. For battledores they use their own feet, and they exhibit great skill and accuracy in the game.

The game cannot be called *battledore* and shuttlecock, if we wish to speak correctly. There is no battledore. The shuttlecock is made of layers of snake's skin and shark's skin, and is crowned with three duck's feathers. It is usually played by irregular groups of four or five. The game is begun by one player throwing the shuttlecock to another, who receives it on his foot, and punts it into the air towards another player. The play is carried on with the utmost solemnity, and the object of the game is to keep the shuttlecock in the air. If you have ever seen a party of professional "Soccer" players "keeping a ball up" with fancy kicks,

"PLEASE, SIR, HE LAUGHED WHEN YOU CANED HIS FATHER, YESTERDAY."

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HONG-KONG—THE ONLY BRITISH GOVERNMENT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

you will have a very good idea of the character of some of the strokes—with this exception, that the Chinese make all their strokes with the broad sole of their shoes. It is very amusing and interesting to watch skilful players, who usually drive the shuttlecock 20ft. or 30ft. up into the air at each stroke. There are no sides; it is a winter game, and is played by men as well as boys.

The school hours are from 9 a.m. till 1.30 p.m. and from 2 p.m. till 4 p.m. There is a break at 11.15 a.m. On Wednesday and Saturday there are half-holidays. During the intervals between school hours the playground is visited by itinerant tuck-shops, which tempt the young Chinee to part with his "cash," a coin worth about one-tenth of a farthing, in return for some succulent sweetmeat or stick of sugar-cane. Ice-cream vendors are also to be found, and John Chinaman junior has quite an English boy's thirst for "ginger-pop."

There are three vacations. Four weeks are given in February—the Chinese New Year; Ten days are given at Easter, which coincides with the native festival, "Tsing Ming," associated with the worship of their ancestors; four weeks are given during August, the hottest month of the year.

There has been established recently a school magazine, called the *Yellow Dragon*. The current number contains a lengthy article on the follies of foot-binding. This article is illustrated by two drawings. The first shows the pain and discomfort of the practice, the second the intelligence and industry of those of China's "new women" who discard the custom and go in for rational feet. The whole of the magazine is produced by the school, and printed partly in English, partly in Chinese. In the Upper School there is a reading club, in which THE CAPTAIN and other school papers are to be found, in addition to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Weekly Times*, and *Public Opinion*.

Dr. Wright was about to leave for a well-earned holiday in England—the first he had had for eight years—and, on the morning of his departure, I witnessed a curious custom con-

nected with the school. When a popular master leaves for England they give him a "send off." Dr. Wright kindly invited me to go with him on his launch, when he crossed the harbour to join the German mail ship. Around the steamer we found fourteen launches, each carrying about eighty boys. At the bow of each of these launches was a long pole, and attached to these poles long strings of powerful Chinese crackers. As soon as Dr. Wright stepped aboard there was such a banging that conversation was out of the question. The strings of crackers were replenished again and again, and Dr. Wright left Hong-Kong amidst thousands of cracker reports, loud shouts, and other manifestations of good will from his young Chinese friends. The object of this firing of crackers was to frighten the devil away from their beloved Head, and I trust, for the Doctor's sake, that this noisy remedy has proved effective.

I have spent much time in describing Queen's College, because it is the only school in China under the British Government.

My next experience was at Canton, when I visited the Tung-Wen-Quan. This is an International Government School, and has for its avowed object the teaching of foreign languages and the preparation of its pupils for a commercial career.

"EUCLID" 103DEGS. IN THE SHADE.

English Class Room, St. John's College, Shanghai.

[Part II. of this article will appear next month.]

ON THE CARE OF PETS.

By Percy W. Farmborough, F.Z.S., F.E.S.

ITH many boys pet-keeping is a temporary fad; they get some rabbits or some white mice, put them into a badly constructed cage, and then think they have done all that is necessary. It does not occur to them to gain any knowledge beforehand as to how their animals should be kept. Starting in this ignorant manner, after a short time they get dissatisfied, and gradually neglect their pets, in the end throwing them up in disgust. Let me now endeavour to remedy this sad state of affairs.

There are two words which are indispensable in pet-keeping, and if every boy were to adopt them as a motto a great deal of good would be done; these words are "*kindness*" and "*cleanliness*." The writer has found, after an experience of many years, during which time he has kept nearly every animal, bird, or reptile that can be considered as coming under the category of "pet," that it is only by kindness that pets become trustful and confident, and only by cleanliness that they can be kept in a wholesome and healthy condition.

No boy should attempt to keep a pet of any kind, be it rabbit, dog, or mouse, until he has read up everything he can concerning the particular animal he has in view; and when he purchases it he should be able to take it straight home to a place absolutely prepared for its reception in every particular; if it be a rabbit, the hutch must be perfectly clean, the floor well strewn with sawdust, a bedding of sweet hay provided, and the food trough supplied with good clean oats. On the arrival of the rabbit it must be put into its hutch as quickly as possible and allowed to rest as long as it cares to; all desire to have a look at the animal should be repressed, as it is very unkind to disturb it after it has possibly come a long journey, cramped up in a tiny travelling box, in which, probably, there was not room enough to barely move, let alone turn round in.

Ventilation and exercise are two other necessary things, as no creature can be healthy without either; fancy mice are the chief pets that suffer from want of ventilation. This is because many of the cages intended for these little rodents have a glass front in place of wires, owing to the fact that a mouse can creep through a very tiny crevice, and it is a comparatively easy matter for one to get between the wires of a cage; every cage that has a glass front ought to have a large piece of perforated zinc let in at both ends, so that a current of air—not a draught—may cross the cage, and thus insure perfect ventilation. Exercise is beneficial to all living creatures, or else they become lethargic in constitution. Who has not seen pet pug-dogs coddled up in their mistress's arms, never getting any more out-door exercise than an afternoon drive in a carriage? They develop

IT IS VERY UNKIND TO DISTURB IT AFTER A LONG JOURNEY.

into waddling, wheezy lumps of animation, a disgrace to their owners, and an eyesore to all who behold them.

A WADDLING, WHEEZY LUMP.

How, then, should pets be kept? Firstly, they ought to be kept in a cage large enough to give them plenty of room for exercise. Rabbits and guinea-pigs should not have a hutch of less dimensions than 4ft. or 5ft. in length, 18ins. to 2ft. in breadth, and about the same in height. A dog—well, a boy's dog should be a companion, and not a prisoner; it might be confined to a kennel for temporary purposes, but if kept continually on the chain, uncertainty of temper and moroseness are sure to be developed. A cage for a pair of white mice need not be a patent mechanical box of the usual type sold for the purpose; no advantage is derived from the poor mice having to drag up all their food and water by means of a string, pulley, and bucket, nor by rapidly running inside a revolving wheel for people's edification; a plain, box-type cage, 1ft. square in front by 6ins. in depth, divided into unequal parts by a partition, the smaller serving as a retiring chamber, and covered in front by woodwork to shelter the mice from prying eyes, the other compartment being either wired or glazed. All cages, whatever animals they contain, should be cleaned out every day, and scrubbed out with boiling water and disinfectant soap at least once a week.

The floor of the rabbit hutch or mouse cage is to be strewn with fresh sawdust each time, and new bedding of sweet hay every other day. Mice are generally credited with being very offensive little animals, but if cleaned out as directed no one would tell whether a boy kept them or not. The writer had over a hundred white rats always on hand at a time for several months. They were used as food for some large snakes he had, and by being always kept in a state of perfect cleanliness, none but those who saw them knew he had them.

The food vessels for fancy mice and rats should be of glass; the reason is that glass can be more perfectly cleansed than any other material, all that is necessary being to drop the vessel every day into boiling water and then dry. What remains of the food one day should never be used the next, unless it be seed food, as all slops of bread, water, meal, and milk go sour in a very few hours, and if left for the animals

THEY WERE USED AS FOOD FOR SOME LARGE SNAKES.

to eat generally produce illness of some kind. Of course, if no other food be given the animals are obliged to eat the sour stuff, with the inevitable result that, if the state of affairs be allowed to continue, they will die. Fresh food at every meal is just as important a matter as fresh air. Earthenware food dishes and troughs for dogs and rabbits are always more suitable than metal ones, as, by the method of manufacture, a certain amount of deleterious matter is always left on the surface of metal, which is licked off by the tongue. The *freshness* of the food has been alluded to, but always let the quality be the best. Take canary seed as an example: the best quality is known as Spanish, and is a fine, smooth seed, dried by the sun; it usually costs half a crown a peck; ordinary canary seed can be got for 1s. 4d., and is, in nine cases out of ten, dried by means of sulphur fumes. To use the commonst and cheapest seed is cruel to pet mice and birds; the pungent taste of the sulphur causes a throat irritation, which is most distressful to both bird and beast. The green food for rabbits should be firm, and free from dampness; the oats the heaviest and sweetest to the taste that can be bought. Change of diet is essential for all animals, and for rabbits in particular. A rabbit requires feeding three times a day, varying the food at each meal; the first meal, at eight in the morning, can be a handful of hay and a little scalded barley-meal; the second meal, at one o'clock, might be green food and carrots, and the last meal, at six or seven in the evening, oats or Indian corn.

The food for mice must not be too sloppy; the bread should just be dipped in the milk and taken out again, so that it is merely moistened; at intervals of two or three days canary seed and oats may be substituted with advantage.

A dog should rather be under-fed than over-fed, and one good meal a day is quite enough; a couple of dog biscuits and a dish of boiled bones and greens at ten in the morning being the best food any dog requires. A bath ought to be given every week during the summer months, and less frequently at other seasons of the year.

Kindness with all animals is the great factor in gaining their confidence and affection; a boy that is kind to his pets will always look after them well, and they will well repay him by their docility to his wishes, and by the absence of fear at his presence. No animal should be thrashed without reason, as many boys do their dogs which disobey commands at times, and anyone who strikes an animal whilst trying to teach it a trick is doomed to failure from the beginning. Remember, boys, always to keep the two words, "Kindness" and "Cleanliness," in your minds.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE Headmaster of Greyhouse dies suddenly, and Mr. Forbes, the second master, whose methods of government are extremely tyrannical, is temporarily appointed to fill his place. Much discontent is occasioned, and Bannerman, a Fifth Form boy, organizes a rebellion. Taking advantage of the absence of most of the masters one night, Greyhouse (with the exception of the monitors) breaks into open mutiny. Just as they have locked themselves into Big School and barricaded the door, Mr. Dodson ("Doddie"), a very popular master, arrives back at the school, and commands Bannerman to open the door. Bannerman emphatically refuses to do so

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CHAPTER IV.

MR. DODSON was, in every-day affairs, quick to chide and passionate—like a changeful western sea, full of sudden storms. But to-night he saw that it was necessary to keep his temper cool and his brain clear.

Do you imagine that he thrashed upon the door with his fists and wildly demanded admittance? Do you think he thundered threats at those within, and promised dire penalties to all who should resist his authority?

Nothing of this sort characterized his actions.

After that most audacious reply of Bannerman's there was an awful stillness. Mr. Dodson made no reply. Greyhouse, within the barricades, kept mute.

Bannerman slid his hands into his pockets and strolled towards the fireplace. He felt that he had taken the fatal step and meant to abide by it. What if he *was* expelled? He could easily persuade "Sir Jim" that he was the victim of most untoward circumstances, and finish up the interview by wheedling his grandfather into a promise to send him up to Oxford the following autumn.

So he planned it all out. It will be seen anon to what extent his calculations "came off."

Presently Mr. Dodson turned coolly to the pack of frightened kids who lingered at his heels.

"Off to bed with you—sharp! Last fellow up, fifty lines!"

Of course—as they knew—he wouldn't remember to ask the most laggardly for the "impot," but this wheeze always had the desired effect. Those kids sprinted to their dormitories in breathless haste, and Mr. Dodson was left alone in the dim corridor.

"Two hundred to one," he muttered. "at least, till 3 a.m. Hullo!"

This exclamation was elicited by the appearance of the monitors, headed by Farrar and Phillips. With the exception of the last-named, they all looked extremely sheepish. Their discomfiture was not lessened by the scornful look Doddie cast upon them.

"I think you are rather late, gentlemen," he observed, with a curling lip.

"We found it impossible to preserve order, sir," was Farrar's lame retort.

"Your idea of discipline has always been so extremely delicate," said Doddie, "that I am not surprised to hear it gave up the ghost entirely to-night. I really do not think," he added, "that you can avail much by sitting up any longer, so suppose you go to bed?"

And he turned his back on them with a gesture of dismissal.

Phillips strode forward.

"Excuse me, sir——"

Doddie's eyes lit up dangerously as he wheeled round on the one strong man of the Sixth.

"I thought I told you to go to bed."

"I simply wished to inform you, sir," said Phillips, standing his ground doggedly, "that Farrar was too hurt by things they threw at him to be able to stop the row. I took down the name of every fellow I saw out of his dormitory. Here is the list."

And with this attempt to vindicate the spectacled Captain and himself, Phillips handed the roll of offenders' names to Doddie and walked away.

Doddie now perceived the bruises and cuts on Farrar's face. When he spoke again his tone was more gentle.

"You had better see the matron," he said; "ah—Phillips!"

"Sir!"

"I wish to speak to you in the common room. As for the rest of you—do as you please about going to bed. I can take no further steps to stop this business until Mr. Forbes and the other masters return."

Then Doddie—this was so like him—slipped his hand round Phillips' arm, and they disappeared down the gloomy corridor. The other monitors, gazing blankly after the retreating forms of master and boy, heartily wished they had plucked up courage enough to do even as Phillips had done, for undoubtedly he had acted pluckily and to the best of his ability.

"What now?" asked one.

"Sit up till Forbes comes," said another.

"And then?"

"Oh, I suppose they'll send for the police. There's one comfort—Bannerman's bound to be expelled for this. He's the head and tail of it."

"Yes, that's one comfort," muttered a puny scholar who stood in constant dread of the leader of the rioters.

"Think they'll send for the police at once?" asked the monitor who had first spoken.

"When it's light. Oh, yes—they're sure to—if Bannerman doesn't give in."

Thus the monitors. But Doddie had other plans.

"You must forgive me for having been so short with you," he said to Phillips, when they reached the common room, "but this matter is calculated to upset a saint's temper!"

"I think, sir," began Phillips, "that Mr. Forbes has been a trifle too——"

"Quite so," interrupted the master, "too much iron hand, and not enough velvet glove. No use mincing matters. I speak to you in confidence, as a monitor. All the fellows in the Sixth seem to be old women, except you—that's why I've brought you along to help me. I want you to go and find Cripps."

"Cripps?"

"Yes, as the school porter, he has charge of the gas arrangements, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good; rout him out and bring him here."

The worthy Cripps, having been much disturbed by the raid on the pantry, had taken refuge in the kitchen. Here, discussing beer with the cook, Phillips found him.

"Cripps, Mr. Dodson wants you."

"Shockin' in—sh—bordinashun!" slobbered Cripps, waving his glass above his head, "ought t' read t' Riot Act!"

"Come on, you old fool," said Phillips, in his blunt way, "and bring your keys."

Cripps preceded Phillips with unsteady steps to the common room.

"Call out t' military," hiccupped the porter, fixing his glassy eye on Mr. Dodson.

"Cripps," said Doddie, "passing over the fact that you've had too much to drink——"

"I'm an ole policeman," Cripps interrupted, "and what I shay is, read the—hic—Riot Act——"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"And then fireovertheir'eads," concluded Cripps, all in a breath.

"Where is the gas-meter?" demanded Mr. Dodson, sternly.

"In the boot room," Cripps managed to say.

"Very well, then. Go to the boot room and—but stay, we will accompany you." And Doddie took a lighted candle off the table.

Pushed and pulled by Phillips and Mr. Dodson, Cripps descended a long stone staircase to the basement, and at length managed to reach the boot room. The door was locked, but the key was in the lock.

"Let me out," whined a voice.

"Ghosht—it's a ghosht," gurgled Cripps.

"No it ain't—it's me—Mike. They locked me in 'ere when you sent me off on my bike to tell the masters. Let me out—won't you?"

Mike was promptly released. He slunk off to bed, looking very cold and miserable.

"Now, Cripps, *turn off the gas!*"

"But there won't be no light anywhere," objected Cripps, astonished into lucid reasoning.

"In Big School, for example," murmured Mr. Dodson, "yes, that is the idea. Turn it off, Cripps."

So Cripps plunged Greyhouse into total darkness by turning off the gas at the main meter.

Cripps went off to his sleeping den, while Phillips and Mr. Dodson returned to the common room.

"The next thing on the programme—Cripps being useless—is to turn off the tap of each

gas bracket wherever gas has been left burning. If you will take the whole building on the left of Big School, Phillips, I will take all on the right."

So master and monitor went each his way, meeting in the common room again half an hour later.

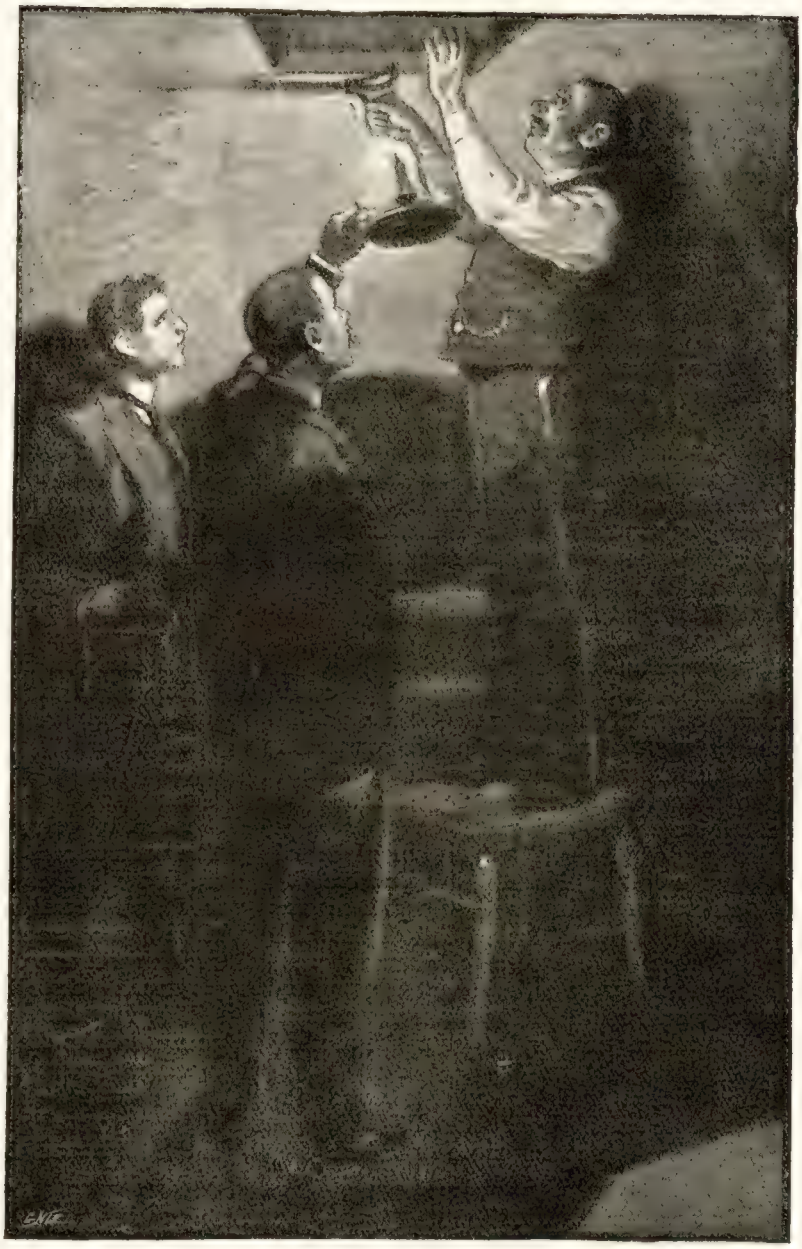
"I wonder how those beggars in Big School are getting on without any light?" said Doddie, with a chuckle.

He quite appreciated the humour of the situation.

"Shall I find out for you, sir?"

"Certainly — but how?"

The windows of Big School, it should be explained, were built high up, at a considerable distance from the ground. Each lay snugly back in the shade, between two huge buttresses. On the right of Big School were situated the Hall and Head-master's House, with dormitories above; on the left came, first, the most ancient portion of this old building, dating back to the fourteenth century, and tacked on to this was the rest of the school, of more modern architecture — some of it a hundred, some of it two hundred years old. The chapel lay away down near the gates, and the infirmary in a corner of the upper playing field.



"NOW, CRIPPS, TURN OFF THE GAS.'

But Mr. Dodson had forgotten one bit of Greyhouse — a new bit. Straight across the wide expanse of asphalt, which was divided from the upper playing field by palings 9ft. high—and which was, in fact, the playground proper — stood the gymnasium, an absolutely up-to-date structure. Its predecessor had been nothing like so grand, or so well equipped with all appliances that could develop the human frame, and had been burnt to the ground some years previous to the happening of this rebellion. One could get out on to the roof of the "gym." by means of a trap-door, and from the roof obtain a glimpse of what was going on in Big School.

Phillips explained this to Mr. Dodson.

"And if you will lend me your field-glasses, sir, I can tell you what they are up to. They're bound to have some sort of a light."

"Good idea," said Doddie, and went off to

his private sitting-room for his glasses. Returning with these, Phillips and he again roused up Cripps and procured the key of the gymnasium from him.

It was dark and dangerous work scaling the rope ladder which depended from two big staples close to the trap; but Phillips was a gymnast. He drew the bolts, crept out on to the roof, and got the glasses into position. He could see many lighted candles—and another light.

An ejaculation of alarm escaped him.

"What's the matter?" anxiously inquired Doddie from the darkness below.

"They'll set the school on fire if they're not careful, sir. They're breaking up the desks, and have got a huge fire roaring up the chimney. I can see the sparks coming out of the top. Bannerman may not care much about the old place," he concluded, speaking rather to himself than to his companion; "but it's a trifle low of him to risk burning it down in this way."

Mr. Dodson overheard him.

"As bad as that?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

Doddie put on his thinking cap. The other masters wouldn't be back for three hours; until 3 a.m. he was the general officer in command, and he felt that he must damp the rebellious ardour of the fellows in Big School somehow until reinforcements arrived.

"Look here," he said, "there are plenty of trap-doors in the main building, aren't there?"

"There's one leading to the big tank on the top of Head-master's House," Phillips bawled in reply, "because the other chaps and I used to lark about up there on summer nights, when I was a young 'un. You can get on the roof of the Hall from there and so on to the roof of Big School."

"You were a bad boy to lark round the tank," Doddie howled back, "but I'm glad you did. It'll be something more of a lark this time, however, so come down, and I'll tell you what I think we can do."

It was cold and windy on the gym., and Phillips was quite willing to leave his post up there.

"Tell the other fellows in the Sixth I want them; I will go and dig Cripps out yet once again."

The blood of battle was flowing through Doddie's veins, and he felt that in Bannerman he was meeting a foeman worthy of his steel.

There was none of the warrior thirsting for the fray about the lethargic Cripps, however.

"Lemme alone," grunted the porter. "If you read t' Riot Act an' fireovertheir'eads, it'll be aw' right."

Mr. Dodson shook him fiercely.

"Wake up, wake up!" he cried, "do you want to be burnt in your bed?"

This frightening had a wonderfully sobering effect on the ex-policeman.

"*Burnt*—oh, lor! Where is it?"

"Close here," said Doddie; "now then, come along quick. Collect all the fire-buckets, and take them into the playground."

Having made sure that Cripps understood his order, Doddie repaired to the main ground corridor and found that Phillips had collected the Sixth. Then Doddie explained.

"I have plenty of rope in my room," he said to them, "and I want three of you to get out of the trap-door by the tank, each taking a long rope, and swarm along till you reach Big School chimney. Then let your ropes down, and haul up very carefully the buckets we fasten to them. Who will go with Phillips—its risky work, and will require some nerve?"

Several volunteered at once. Doddie provided them with ropes, and they were soon out of the trap-door and creeping carefully towards the chimney on the roof of Big School.

Cripps had collected the buckets. The playground tap, with its iron cup dangling by, was close at hand. One by one the ropes came skipping down—thus announcing that the roof-journey had been accomplished in safety—and a bucket of water was made fast to each line. The venturesome and agile Phillips descended the broad leaden water-way which skirted the roof, and passed each bucket up to the next fellow, who emptied it down the hot and smoking chimney.

Swosh! Swosh! Swosh! Swosh!

Bringing dirt and soot with it, the water pounced on to the huge fire in the grate below, causing a great outcry amongst the fellows sitting round the blaze. Those most close to it, of course, were Limmell and other worthy ones in the Fifth, and these received a rich coating of wet grime.

The fire was just recovering itself from the watery avalanche when—the buckets having been replenished and drawn up again—down came another torrent, quite drenching Limmell and Jewell, who, by Bannerman's orders, were coaxing the damp wood with torn-up exercise books.

And even after this the fire might have burnt up again, but no—five minutes later came a third dreadful downpour, completely putting an end to any hopes the rioters may have entertained of toasting their toes again at the bars. The huge grate was quite under water.

"I think that will do," said Doddie, when, to make doubly sure, the Sixth Form fellows on

PHILLIPS PASSED EACH BUCKET UP TO THE NEXT FELLOW, WHO EMPTIED IT DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

the roof had poured four more buckets down, "I think that will do for the present."

CHAPTER V.

When Mr. Forbes and the other masters got back to the school at three o'clock that cold and frosty morning, they found themselves compelled to hunt their pockets for matches, the gas jets that usually afforded a dim and ghostly light in entrance hall and corridors being nowhere visible.

"That fellow Cripps must *go*," said Mr. Forbes irritably; "this is too bad."

Stumbling into the common room, one of the younger masters found a candle burning, and his colleague, Mr. Dodson, slumbering peacefully in a big armchair.

"Hullo! Dodson back already!"

A sigh from one sleeping in another part of the room drew his attention to the recumbent form of Phillips, and still another deep-drawn breath to that of Farrar.

The assembly of masters gazed upon this interesting trio.

"Seems to have been entertaining the Sixth to some purpose," said Mr. Forbes.

Just then Doddie opened his eyes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Glad you fellows have come at last. We were just having forty winks,"

and then he briefly informed the temporary Head of what had taken place.

"A *rebellion!*" cried Mr. Forbes. "Oh, this is absurd! You cannot have spoken seriously to them, Dodson."

"Suppose you try the effect of your dulcet tones, then," said Doddie, with a yawn. "Personally, I'm for bed."

And so, taking it that he was now "off duty," Doddie lit another candle and marched upstairs.

Mr. Forbes strode down the corridor, followed by the other masters, and halted in front of the massive portal of Big School. He rapped loudly on the door.

There was no response.

"Open this door, I say! Open this door!"

Not a sound.

Again he thundered on the staunch panels.

"You in there, I say! Open this door! Do you hear me?"

Apparently they did not.

Mr. Forbes gazed round at his staff. It was dawning on him that Mr. Dodson had not used the word "rebellion" inadvisedly.

At length a sporting young master, fresh from Cambridge, spoke up.

"If I may make a suggestion, sir," he said, "I think we had better leave them alone for the present. Possibly at daybreak they'll think better of it and steal off to their rooms."

"But it is incredible!" gasped the Head, "to think—to think that they should *dare* to defy me in this way. Bannerman," he went on, raising his voice so that those inside should hear him, "Bannerman, I understand you are in there. Open this door at once—I command you to open it."

By way of reply a chorus of long-drawn, highly exaggerated *snores* were produced by those within for the benefit of the masters without.

Mr. Forbes turned pale. He had heard and read of rebellions in public schools, but never before had he had experience of the actual thing.

"I must ask you to be down for first school as usual," he said to his staff, "and then, if these boys are not in their places, we must take vigorous action. In any case I will make the ringleaders bitterly repent having acted in this outrageous manner."

At 7.30 a.m., when the masters repaired to their respective class-rooms, they found that the rebellion was indeed a thing of substance and of fact. Only the Sixth and a feeble minority of the Lower School were present.

So a council of war was held in the common room. The master fresh from Cambridge proposed beating down the door and bursting through the barricades; another suggested that a force of police should be summoned; a third provoked ironical laughter by uttering the word "Military"; and it was left to Doddie to voice a proposition which all accepted as most practical.

"I think," said he, "that we had better keep the matter as quiet as possible. Calling in the police or the military would make us the laughing stock of the whole neighbourhood. No; *let us starve them out.*"

"But I understand that they are well provisioned," said Mr. Forbes.

"What they have won't last very long," replied Doddie, cheerfully, "if I'm any judge of Greyhouse appetites."

Which he was, for often had he carved until his arms ached from shoulder to wrist.

"What do you call 'very long'?" demanded Mr. Forbes anxiously.

"Oh, three or four days!"

"Three or four days! Good gracious—they must have an enormous amount of food!"

"You see," explained Doddie, "I have no doubt Bannerman will put them on siege rations. But if he *doesn't* stint them they will get through what they have in twenty-four hours."

"We will see," said Mr. Forbes; "we can at least give your plan of campaign a trial, Dodson. Meanwhile, classes, such as they are, will be held as usual"—an arrangement which the young master fresh from Cambridge found most agreeable, for, having no work to do himself, he obtained a half-holiday for the monitors, whipped up as many of his colleagues as possible, and organised a Rugger match—Common Room *v.* Sixth—which the Common Room won with the greatest of ease.

"It would have been very much the other way if we had been playing the Fifth," observed that athletic young master, when "Time" was called.

When the players returned they found that things were getting very lively indeed in Big School. The malcontents were kicking up a deafening row—shouting, singing, and—as observed through a hole bored in the door—playing such vigorous games as leap-frog, high-cock-o-lorum, and "bull-in-the-ring." It was evident that Bannerman had set his men to these pastimes with the laudable object of keeping them warm.

After a time he stopped all promiscuous rompings, and was seen drawing up his army as if for drill. Presently, when he had got the

whole lot into a double line, he rattled out his orders in smart military fashion.

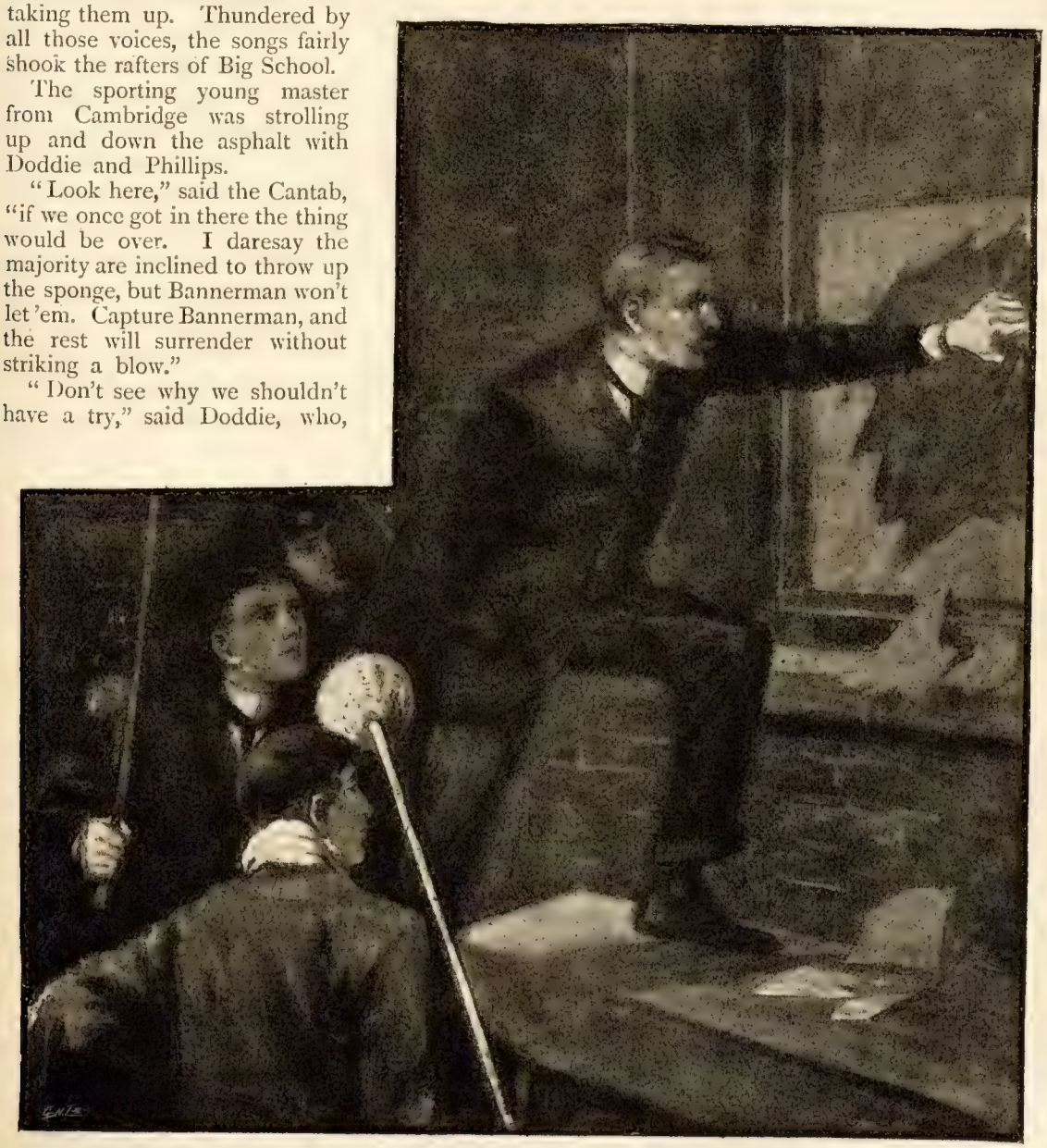
"Form fours—right wheel—quick march!" . . and as these pent-up Greys tramped up and down they gave tongue to various stirring war-songs, what time Bannerman, at the head of his foemen, blew furious blasts on a penny trumpet, which had been commandeered for the purpose from a small boy. The swinging choruses proved most infectious, and it was with some difficulty that the fellows in the corridors could refrain from taking them up. Thundered by all those voices, the songs fairly shook the rafters of Big School.

The sporting young master from Cambridge was strolling up and down the asphalt with Doddie and Phillips.

"Look here," said the Cantab, "if we once got in there the thing would be over. I daresay the majority are inclined to throw up the sponge, but Bannerman won't let 'em. Capture Bannerman, and the rest will surrender without striking a blow."

"Don't see why we shouldn't have a try," said Doddie, who, although he had advised the "starving-out" policy, was burning for more active warfare. "See here—why not pile up desks *outside* the windows, just as they have piled them up inside? Then we should meet them on a common level. Some of us might make a feint of attacking at the top end, and draw all the big fellows away from the bottom, which we could then rush with our main body."

Both the Cantab and Phillips were much excited by the prospect of a hand-to hand



DODDIE CLIMBED ON TO THE BARRICADE, SMASHED THE LOWER PART OF THE WINDOW, AND DRAGGED THE BLIND ASIDE.

encounter, and suggested that if Mr. Forbes' permission could be obtained, it would be as well to put Doddie's idea into practice.

Mr. Forbes gave in unwillingly—but he gave in—and as soon as it was quite dark preparations were made to build platforms of desks and forms from which to attack. This was effected at the top end with as much noise as possible, while at the bottom end everything was done quietly.

Whilst the platforms were being constructed, the besieged kept up a continual marching and singing, giving all the popular ditties of the day a turn, and filling up intervals with mad whoopings and cat-calls. At times faces appeared at the top window, though hardly long enough to be recognized. Evidently the doings of the besiegers at that end were being kept, by Bannerman's orders, under strict surveillance.

Shortly before the platforms were completed the huge blinds with which the windows in Big School were provided were pulled down, thus rendering the darkness within doubly dark. Some covering was thrown over the door, effectually preventing any more spying through the hole which had been bored in it from the outside.

Doddie knew Bannerman well enough to be sure he had some wily game on hand, and wondered what it might be. He had posted a fellow on the roof of the gym. to watch what he could of the proceedings, but when the blinds went down there was, of course, nothing to be reported from that point of vantage. Thus, though the besieged were undoubtedly in the dark, the besiegers were, too—as regards the tactics of the enemy.

"No hurry," said Doddie, when all was ready; "it won't be a bad plan to keep them in suspense. They may get careless and think we are not over anxious to come on, and so we may catch them napping."

But although he spoke confidently, he had considerable misgivings as to the ultimate success of the manœuvre he had planned. What was going on inside? What cunning preparations had been made to "receive boarders"?

The singing and shouting, Doddie noticed, had, during the last half-hour, been diminishing in volume. It seemed as if they were closing their mouths "by sections." Gradually and gradually the noise subsided, until at last all was quiet. Not a sound reached the ears of the storming brigade. The two sections were itching to begin, but Doddie held them firmly in check.

At last—at last—after what seemed to his men to be an interminable period, Doddie climbed softly on to the barricade under the top window, and, calling to those with him to follow, smashed the lower part of the window with a drill stick, and dragged the blind aside.

Not a movement on the part of those within—not a word—not a stroke.

"Rum," thought Doddie, and stepped back, fearing a trap.

At that moment the man whose duty it was to look after the playing-fields came up at a run.

"They're down there," he cried, "in the pavilion—all yellin' and shoutin' like demons."

"Where? In the *pavilion!*" gasped Doddie.

"That's it. Ten minutes ago I saw some young gentlemen entering the fields, and then more, and then a big crowd of 'em. I got behind the stable door an' watched. They went straight to the pavilion and swarmed into it, and there they are now.

"But—but—" exclaimed Doddie, "its impossible—they couldn't get out of Big School."

"Well, sir—they *have*," returned the man; "of that I do assure you. If it's not them in the pavilion now, I dunno who it is, and what's more I recognised Mr. Bannerman's voice shouting orders to them."

The pavilion, as Doddie knew, would easily hold the rebels. It was a big place, with a spacious balcony and changing room.

"Well, sir," said Phillips, who was standing near, "it's quite easy to find out whether they're there or not by looking in Big School for them."

"It is," said Doddie, and, getting cautiously over the jagged edges of the pane he had broken, disappeared inside.

A few moments elapsed.

"Quite right," he shouted; "nobody here! Somebody get a light. Tell Cripps to turn on the gas again."

"Cripps did that this afternoon, sir," replied Phillips.

"Good. I'll light the gas—there—why—why—*what on earth's this?*"

The storming party surged through the broken window, sustaining many cuts in so doing, and soon all were by Doddie's side. And it was indeed a strange thing that they beheld.

(To be concluded in the Christmas Number.)

Warren Bell

THE CHASE OF FOX.

By Our French Contributor.

Sketches by Tom Browne.

MR The Editor,—Since that I have write to you the last time I have had an opportunity to make my observations of another of your national recreations — the chase of fox.

See then how it has happened. My friend pay me a visit. He say: "Look here, M'sieu. What sort of horse-man are you?" "A horse-man! me! but, my faith, I am not Horse-man! a horse-man is perhaps a Centaur, eh? me—I am not a Centaur! I not comprend." "No, no, M'sieu, but I mean do you know to ride?" "Ride? Ah, I know! Eh Bien, I am not a famous cavalier but always I make my promenade at horse in the Bois when I am at Paris." "Ah, that is all right! then will you come with me and my sister tomorrow to see the meat?" "The meat? At the Butchery? Ah, bah! I love not much the meat!" "No, no, M'sieu!" he say in laughing, "but this is not the Butcher's meat, this is the Dogs' meat?" "The Dogs' meat! Pah! that shall be more disgusting than never — no, no, it is not possible — and Mademoiselle?" "But you don't understand, M'sieu; I ought to have said the hunt; they are going to hunt the fox—chasser le reynard, savez-vous?" "Ah, ah! Chasser le reynard! That goes well! I comprend! My dear friend I am glad! I am enchanted! I shall come and I shall bring my fusil—gun, is it not?" "No, no, M'sieu, we chase the fox with dogs, not with guns." "Ah, I did not know; and the dogs, is it that they attrappe him themselves?" "Yes, M'sieu, that is it." "And after? they eat him, is it not?" "Yes, M'sieu, right again." "Ah! now I comprend for why you say the Dogs' meat; the Dogs' meat is the fox, is it not? The fox—the Dogs' meat—good! it must to recollect the phrase. But, pardon—you march at horse, is it not? and me, I have not one of it—what to do?" "Oh, it is easy to hire; there is a good man in the next street, he has some very good cobs—horses you know; his name is Madgin." "Ah! a thousand thanks! I will write him on my tablettes: M. Madgin, horser? cobbler? stabler?—how you call him?" "Well, M'sieu, you had better put job-master." "Ma foi! but what drôles of names! Job, cob—pardon one moment while I write: M. Madgin, Cobmaster, has some good jobs, n'est pas?" "No, no, the other way! the other way, M'sieu!" "Ah, no matter, I shall remember; and is it for to-day?" "No, tomorrow, M'sieu." "Good! and at what hour?" "At 10 hours exactmently." "I shall be there—and Mademoiselle?" "She will be with us." "What happiness! I thank you of all my heart." The next morning arrive, the sun gives, all is gai—I shall see a chase of fox—I shall meet again Miss Mary. I put on my pantalon of cavalier, my long boots, my spurs. I take my horsewhip—mais voyons! to chase the fox it must a cor—a horn—I have not of it. N'importe! I go out and purchase one of it. After, I visite M. Madgin. He is short, square, with mounting gaiters; in his mouth a straw, it

is perhaps a sample, he puts it to the proof—if it is good he will buy of it for his horses. We salute ourselves: "Good morning, M. Madgin," I say. "I wish a job." He regard me very strange. "Oh! you wish a job, do you?" say he, not at all with the politeness, "and may I ask what sort of a job you want?" "I want a good job," I respond, "a *very* good job." "Now look here!" he say, "what is your little game?" "My little game! I do not comprend! I have not a little game! only I wish a very good job." "All right!" he say, of a tone insolent, "can you clean a stable?" "Me! a stable! what you mean? insolent! Coquin! Blackguard!" "Now, take care!" he respond, "just now, you want a very good job—well, if you blackguard me it will be a very good job for you if I don't give you a thrashing. I can't speak plainer than that, Canaille!" "Ah!" I exclaim, all furious, "if I call you blackguard, you call me Canaille! Canaille! me! a french gentleman!" "A gentleman, eh?" say he, "but a gentleman does not go about asking for jobs! perhaps it is a mistake—*are* you a french gentleman?" "Certainement," I say, "but n'importe! you have call me Canaille, and——". "Not I," he say, "what is Canaille? I don't know your french. What I said was, 'I can't speak plainer than that, Can—I?' Now do you understand? But there is some mistake—what is it that you want?" "I want a horse." "A horse? but you said a job." "Mais, yes, but a horse is a job, n'est pas?" I produce my tablettes. "See then: M. Madgin, Cobmaster, has some very good jobs—you are M. Madgin, Cobmaster, is it not?" "No, Mossoo," he say, "Jobmaster, not Cobmaster." "Ah, ah! that I am sot! Now I remember. I have made a mistake; accept my apologies. It is not then a job that I desire, it is a cob—a horse—you have, without doubt, some horses?" He smile. "Yes, Sir, what sort of horse do you wish?" "I wish a good horse." "A good horse," he reply, "that of course." "Of course! mais, certainement *non!* I am not jockey, me! it is not that I shall ride a course—a race! I wish a horse of the chase—un cheval de selle, n'est pas?" "Oh!" he say, this so stupid man, "to sell, eh? I thought you wish only to hire, but I have of them to sell." "To sell! no, no! you not comprend again. I do not say a horse to sell, I say a horse de selle, a horse of—of—ciel! what then, is your little beast of word—ah! of saddle, that is it—a horse of saddle." "Oh! you wish a saddle horse, eh, Mossoo, to hire?" "Yes, yes! a horse of saddle to hire—I go to chase the dogs' meat." He shall see, this stupid man, that I know well the English phrase. "Oh!" he respond, "to chase the dogs' meat, eh? John" (to the valet), "this gentleman wish a horse to chase the dogs' meat." John say something all low, his patois is execrable, I cannot hear, it resemble "a donkey to catch the catsmeat," but I am not sure of it. He enter quickly a stable, to go seek perhaps a horse. From the stable come a loud noise, it is without doubt of a horse, mais never I hear a voice of horse as that; it is as some rude laughter—it is, perhaps, an English horse. After, I ask my friend, he tell me that yes, it call itself a horse laugh. But it is strange—the horses of France have it not. By-bye, John bring the horse; it is a horse gris; it appear docile. I ask "Is it good for to ride, this horse?" He tell me "yes, it is thoroughly broken!" "Broken! but, ciel! I do not wish a broken horse! I wish a sane horse, a sound horse, is it not?" "Well," he say, "this is a perfectly sound horse." "Mais, it is not possible! he cannot be broken and sound in the same time! which then is he—sound?" "Yes," respond M. Madgin, "he is quite sound." "Ah, good! then it is a mistake, he is not then broken?" "Oh yes, he is thoroughly broken!" But, ma foi! regard these English, how they cannot reason. He cannot see that it is impossible. No matter, the valet assure me that he is sound—me also I think it. I hire him. I mount. I march at horse towards the house of my friend. The horse march perfectly well, he does not appear to be broken in no part. I find my friends attending me. Miss Mary is more enchantante than never. She is one veritable Diana. She has an appearance in saddle the most beautiful that I have never seen. Her figure! Ah, la, la, la! it is not possible that one shall descript it. My friend appear to regard me with surprise. He did not perhaps think that I could make a toilette so comme il faut. He admire my horse—he examine him. He also, cannot find any fracture. He say, "the horse is alright; but I see you have a horn." "Certainement," I reply, "a horn of the chase." "Hang it!" he reply all low—"Blow it!" "Mais yes," I respond, "sans doute. I hang him on my shoulders, and by-bye I shall blow him, but not now, mon ami, not now." He is on the point of reply, when Miss Mary call him, her horse will not rest tranquille. We put ourselves in route; we march at horse on the road, the sun brills, the birds titter in the trees. I am at the side of Miss Mary! en verité, the chase of fox is delightful. All at a blow I see some soldiers—at a distance—near a little ticket of some trees; they are of the cavalry. I ask what it is that they are—the soldiers. Miss tell me they are not soldiers, they are huntmen. We approach more near;

in truth they are not some soldiers, they have some red coats, but not some casks nor some sabres. I say to Miss Mary, "what damage that I have not also a red coat, but Mr. your brother has not one of it, neither." "No," she respond, "we do not propose ourselves to follow the dogs—only to see the meat." "Ah, ah!" I say, "the meat! I hope also to see him; I shall, perhaps, attrappe him, me myself!" She laugh in showing her

I SEIZE MY HORN, I CRY, "TO ME! TO ME! THE DOGS' MEAT!".

little teeth of perle. The dogs are in the little ticket; they make some sad cries; they are, without doubt, miserable. The more part of the huntmen are in face of us at a distance. All at a blow I see a red dog come out of the ticket to my rencontre. It is, perhaps, one of the paque. No! sapristi! it is the fox! The others do not see him! I seize my horn, I sound him with the most grand force, I cry "To me! To me! The Dogs' meat! The Dogs' meat!" I give of the spur to my horse. What happiness! I shall attrappe the Dogs' meat myself! See here the dogs! they bark; they are all around me; they will not make place; my horse tread them at feet; they howl, the so stupid dogs; the huntmen follow me in pushing loud cries; but I am first, me—a french! I lead the chase! But, alas! in face of me a palissade; I do not see him until too late; my horse essaye to throw himself at him, but he batters himself upon the ground. I descend upon the head! for me the chase is finished; I know no more.

* * * * *

I am in a chaise; we drag ourselves slowly back; I have ill at head; my arm makes bad; for me no more of fox chase; I have the full back of it.—Agreez, Monsieur, etc., etc.

VIVE LA FRANCE.

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTOETUMTOOTYKIETOKE.

'TWAS in the month of December, and the sun shone fiercely down upon the unmelted snow, and people in flannels and sunshades were playing tennis on the ice of the river.

Among them was a young man of sixty years of age, who was skipping with a clothes-line 16ft. long.

He looked a gentleman, but was really a burglar and a safe opener, etc.

Presently he left the throng, and made his way to a large house beside the river, and, knocking at the door, asked if he might look over it, as he wanted to break into it that night.

The servant who answered the door thought that she would let him look over it, and see everything, so that when he did break into it she could fetch some policemen and have him locked up.

When he had seen everything, and was in the top room, she asked him if there was anything else he would like to see.

"Yes," he said, "the safe in which they keep the plate."

"Here it is, sir," she answered, "in this very room—there is the safe," and, unlocking it, showed him all the plate.

"Thank you," said he; "now I must be going." And, so saying, he snatched the key from her hand and jumped through the window, glass and all, about a hundred feet from the ground, where he alighted on his feet. Picking himself up, he walked to the nearest prison to get a hair-cut and a shave.

"THE SAFE IS IN THAT MAN'S POCKET!"

* * * * *

That night he went to the house, and, opening the front door with a pickaxe, went into the dining-room and rang the bell for some tea. After this he hid himself in an armchair.

At twelve o'clock he went upstairs, shouting loudly, so that the people should not hear his footsteps.

When he reached the top room he opened the door and went in, and, picking up the safe, put it in his pocket.

Then, looking out of the window, he saw a lot of policemen waiting for him. Turning round, he ran into the arms of some more policemen. Dodging these, he ran along the bannisters, out of a window, into a tree, under a leaf of which he crept and hid himself.

He eluded all pursuit until a dog climbed the tree. He then picked it up and threw it down. He was at last captured by the policemen sawing down the tree.

He was then taken to the lock-up, but on the way he managed to put the safe into one of the policemen's pockets.

When the magistrate asked him whether he found himself guilty or not guilty, he replied: "The safe is in that man's pocket," pointing as he spoke to the policeman in whose pocket he had put the safe. Upon the policeman being searched, he was found to have it, and was then sentenced to be hung, and afterwards to be transported for life.

Then Tintoetumtootykietoke (the burglar) was set free, but as he was going out he stabbed a policeman with the key of the safe, and was then given seven days.

After he had done this, he came out a younger and older man. He then decided to become a hunter, and purchased a revolver, a Maxim, and a 4·7in. naval gun. With these in his pocket, he went to Australia, and killed a lot of wild animals such as flies, bluebottles, sparrows, and old tin kettles, and one or two tamer ones, such as lions and elephants. The people were thankful for this, and presented him with a farm of twenty square feet, and also a house, so that he was nearly rich.

One day, as he was reading the *Yearly Exaggerator*, he saw that his American-Indian uncle was dead, and had left him a farm of five thousand winkles. Taking his house and other farm with him, he went to Jabalagalagoo, and claimed them. He reared them by himself, and soon had fifteen, which was an enormous increase (of space) on the farm.

He then came to England and settled down (because he was obliged to by his keepers, who had traced him and brought him back).

The last I heard of him was that he had found a button in his cell, and had dug a tunnel, alone, unaided, and by himself, to the nearest riverside, where he had a bathe every morning.

C. EDWARD WEIR.

How Sparkes Upset a Kopje

By H. Hervey.

Sketches by T. W. Henry.

I sat on the platform of the little railway shanty of Nukkacheru awaiting an up goods that would take me back to camp. I heard that Sparkes was down the line; but I was "fagged" with the morning's march, and did not feel up to going further. It was now ten o'clock, and presently the goods came lumbering along, drew up, and a native, springing out of the brake, presented me with a note:—

Dear Hervey,—Come straight on to this—Futtackcheruu. I'll wait breakfast. I send my trolly; so look sharp.—Yours truly,

F. S. Sparkes.

While I read, the trolley had been shipped on to the metals; so telling the goods guard to shout to my people—as he passed my camp—not to expect me till the morrow, I started the trolley, wondering why Sparkes wanted me.

There he was, seated on the platform, smoking; he collared and lugged me off to breakfast in the tiny waiting room.

"Well, old chap, what's it to-day?—tigers?—crocodiles?"

"No—stones."

"Stones!"

"Aye; see there," pointing through the window. "Do you mark those hills?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are!"

I saw several hills; ideals of what one would now term "kopjes." Had it been to-day I should almost have expected to see slouch-hatted Boers on them, and hear Mauser bullets whizzing about. They were hills of rock—of boulders rather—as if piled up by giants. Had a party of whimsically-inclined Titans purposely heaped those *tumuli* in as grotesque and tantalizing a fashion as they could devise, the result could not have been more successful. Enormous boulders rested fantastically on the verge of similar masses, in a manner to suggest that the addition even of a feather-weight would topple them over. Others lay piled pell-mell; a single fragment retaining the superincumbent load jammed to the hill-side, conveying the idea that one wrench of a crow-bar would dislodge the whole and send it thundering on to the plain beneath. These hills, about 200ft high, were entirely devoid of vegetation, and their appearance was altogether grim, stark, and forbidding.

"Only heaps of uninteresting boulders, Sparkes—what about them?"

"Do you see this one?" pointing to the nearest hill, about 100yds. away.

"Yes."

"Well, do you notice at the very top those two round boulders, exactly like fellers at see-saw on that long horizontal monolith gingerly poised on a vertical support?"

"Yes."

"And that the heavier chap has pulled down the other?"

"Well?"

"Let's weight the lighter end, and bring them

even. Every time I pass this confounded place I itch to equalize those fellers. Going down yesterday I determined to break my return journey for the express purpose. Then, hearing of you at Nukkacheru, I thought I'd grab you to come and see the fun."

He spoke of stones as if they were sentient beings! I did not expect much "fun" from the experiment: however, having come, I resolved to see it out. After breakfast we put on our hats and sallied forth.

The down goods—the next train—did not pass through till four, and it being then one o'clock, we had ample time before us; so my chum requisitioned the single porter and signalman, and we proceeded to the foot of the "kopje." He told the men what to do, promising a reward, and they, nothing loath, set to to scale the hill; we remaining where we were. They reached the summit in no time; the porter mounted the "see-saw," and crept towards the lighter end, shinned up the boulder, and squatting on it, grinned down at us; but the balance was not disturbed by his weight. Sparkes now shouted to the signalman to hand up stones to the porter; the latter to gradually pile them on and around the boulder. They were about proceeding to business, when the signalman climbed frantically to his companion's side, and both gesticulated, pointing among the rocks beneath them.

"Hi you! what's the matter?" bawled Sparkes in the vernacular.

Without replying, the men commenced throwing stones at a certain spot. We were wondering what possessed them, when, like a flash of yellow light, a great cheetah sprang out of its lurking place, bounded from rock to rock, reached the level in a twinkling, and careering past us, dashed into the open back door of the station. Sparkes' servants and trolley-men scattered in all directions, and the native station-master, the only occupant of the building, now appeared at an iron-barred window, and yelled for help

"Where is he?" asked my chum, as we breathlessly gained the window.

"Under the booking counter, sir!" blubbered the station-master.

"And where are you?"

"On the counter of the booking-office, sir."

"Can you see him?"

"Yes, sir. *Naraina! Naraina!*" cried the unfortunate Brahmin, in appeal to his god.

"Hold your confounded jaw! Can't you slink out?"

"No; it is between me and the door, sir."

"Look here, you're on the counter; climb over the partition into the waiting-room; take my rifle, which is loaded; climb back, and shoot the beast, either while you're astride the partition or after dropping back on the counter. Go on, you silly owl!" he added, seeing that the station-master "hung in the wind."

Unfortunately we could not spot the animal. Scared rather than angered, he had fled for the first cover; the open door had tempted him—he bolted through, and, as luck would have it, took refuge in the booking-office, cutting off the station-master's retreat, and making him jump for his life on to the counter

Again urged by Sparkes, the wretched Brahmin clawed up the partition wall and dropped into the waiting-room. Presently he reappeared on the coping, handling my chum's Martini with an air of ludicrous apprehension.

"Now then, let fly! Aim at his head if you can see it; if not, at his shoulder!"

"Sir," wailed the fellow, "I do not know the use of this instrument."

"You jackass! Stick the thing to your shoulder, point it at the brute, and pull the trigger!"

"Trigger, sir?"

"Yes, the thing protruding from—not that!" roared Sparkes, seeing him bungling with the ejector. "Turn it round—there, that's it! Now clap it to your shoulder; press hard, point the end at the beast, and pull the trigger. That's it; now, pull!"

He pulled; there was a deafening report, accomby a heavy "thud." When the smoke cleared, there lay the cheetah, shot through the head. But where was the station-master? Not on the wall: he was not in that room. Hark! a moaning; we rushed round to the wicket, on by the platform into the waiting-room, where, sprawling and writhing on the floor, still grasping the rifle, lay the Brahmin!

"Halloa! how did you come here?" asked Sparkes, when he had ascertained the man was not seriously injured.

"That gun, sir," he moaned.

"What about the gun?"

"It pushed me off the wall, sir."

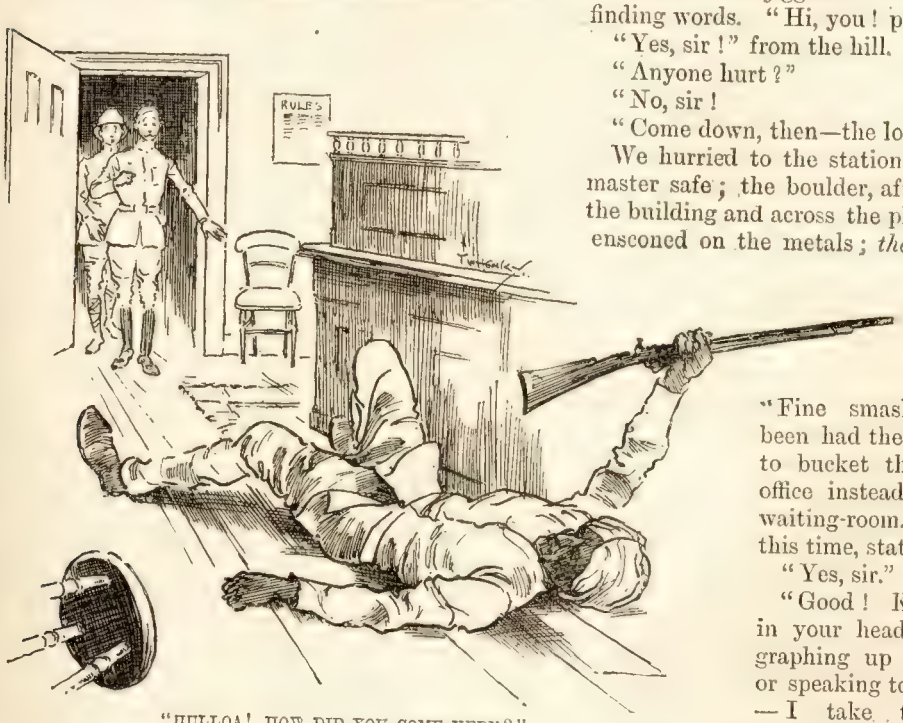
"Kicked you off, you mean; I told you to press it tightly. However, no harm's done, and you've shot the cheetah clean through the head."

Rallying the followers, we lugged the dead cat into the open. In the meanwhile the station-master was the hero of the hour; he had never fired a gun in his life, he averred; and when the recoil tumbled him off the wall, he said he thought he had shot himself!

"Now," cried Sparkes, after the excitement quietened down, "come on! I shan't rest till I have balanced those fellers on the 'see-saw.'"

It was nearly three o'clock; we had barely an

hour before us, so, to expedite matters, Sparkes reinforced the porter and signalman with two of his trolley-men. The porter mounted to the transverse slab, while the others collected and handed up stones, which the man deposited on and around the uptilted boulder. The pile grew, and with it the caution of the porter increased. We watched with breathless interest, for, after all, there was really something fascinating in unshipping an



"HULLOA! HOW DID YOU COME HERE?"

arrangement that had existed since the days of Noah!

The porter now hailed us. "I feel it moving, sir!"

"Well, get off. Two of you climb on to those big rocks close by, and gently throw on more stones."

They obeyed, two mounting the neighbouring boulder, two handing up *débris* as before. The process went on till, with a slow majestic "swoop" the hugh monolith came into the horizontal, paused, and then, bowing yet more, slid with a hollow rumble off its perch, upsetting, in the twinkling of an eye, the equipoise that had been there for ages! The stones worked and ground against each other; everything appeared to be slipping down, and we two had just time to spring aside to avoid an enormous boulder that hurtled past us, ricochetting and bounding madly in the same direction taken by the cheetah—towards the station! Involuntarily we followed its course with our eyes; we hoped it would exhaust its momentum in the intervening open; we saw the station-master, who stood at the back door watching us, turn and fly; and in a "jiffy," before we could realize it, the huge mass, with a horrible rending sound, plunged through the wooden structure, and was lost to our view!

Then a silence, as if of the grave.

"Well—I'm—jiggered!" observed Sparkes, on finding words. "Hi, you! porter!"

"Yes, sir!" from the hill.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, sir!

"Come down, then—the lot of you!"

We hurried to the station, to find the station-master safe; the boulder, after charging through the building and across the platform, comfortably ensconed on the metals; *the single line of rails without even so much as a siding!*

"Here's a pretty go!" remarked my friend "Fine smash-up there'd have been had the beastly thing chose to bucket through the booking office instead of the third class waiting-room. You are all right this time, station-master?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Keep a close tongue in your head! Don't be telegraphing up or down the line, or speaking to anyone about this—I take the responsibility. See?"

"As your honour wishes."

We pressed every available man, including the few native travellers present. We pushed, we pulled, we heaved away at that boulder to get it off the track, but in vain; it resisted the combined efforts of twenty men, armed with crowbars, sleepers, and ropes. It sat there, fixed and immovable!

I looked at my watch. Three forty-five! Apparently everyone had forgotten that the down goods would want to pass in a quarter of an hour, and I drew Sparkes' attention to the ugly fact.

"By jingo, so she will! Put the home signal against her, station-master!"

"And the mail is due at six," I continued.

"I know, but I've just thought of a dodge," said he laconically.

I did not press him. If any mortal could get out of a scrape it was Sparkes.

The goods came lumbering along, and after doing all she knew to whistle down the home signal, drew up beyond the platform. We walked

down to the locomotive. The driver craned over the railing, eager to learn the cause of the stoppage.

"Oh, it's you, Marker!" said my chum, returning the driver's salutation.

"Yes, sir. What may be the cause o' the signal agin us—that there stone?"

"Yes; we've had a sort of landslip. One of the confounded boulders came bang through the station, settled on the metals, and now refuses to budge. Uncouple your kettle, and lend her to me a bit, will you?"

"What be you thinkin' o' doin', sir?"

"Make her butt the thing out of the light. Hang it, Marker, don't you fret! I'm responsible."

"All right, sir! It ain't for me to say no. You'll drive her, I s'pose—I've 'eard tell as you be at 'ome on the fut-plate."

"Yes, I can manage her," replied Sparkes, as we clambered up. Marker got down and walked on ahead, while a fireman uncoupled. The guard came up from the tail, and followed the driver.

Having caused a spare sleeper to be lashed to the buffers, Sparkes jammed the engine gently against the obstruction. Then he put on more steam; the locomotive snorted, and brought her whole strength to bear. The boulder moved, but it only slid along the metals!

"Hang it, that won't do!" exclaimed Sparkes, shutting off. "We might push the thing fifty miles before it chose to clear out of the road."

"If we only 'ad some wire rope and a large block!" observed the driver.

"Why?"

"We could shove this 'ere lump abreast o' that there tree, clap the block on to the trunk, pass the rope round the stone, reeve it through the block, give th' end to th' engine, and she'd pull it out o' th' way fast enough."

Marker, as he spoke, pointed to a large tree that grew fifteen paces on the off side of the track a short way up the line. It afforded an admirable "purchase" for hauling on, but where was the block?—where the rope wire? And where was there time?

"Look here," said I, "there's the fencing of strand wire; if tripled 'twould give us the rope."

"Aye, it would, sir," said Marker approvingly. "Now, who'll find a block?"

"There's an engineer's waggon in the train, sir," spoke up the guard; "there may be blocks in it."

"Good man!" cried my friend, springing down. "Show us the waggon, and we'll look."

We hurried down the train till we came to a truck full of "plant," and in it, sure enough, we found some large iron blocks, the very things we required. To cut the requisite length of wire fencing, and twist it to necessary girth was the next task. Then the engine gradually pushed the boulder abreast of the tree, we encircled the obstruction with the rope, paid it out to the tree, made fast the block to the trunk with a piece of the rope, rove the latter through the centre sheave, and, carrying the end to the engine, we looped it to the front coupling hook. Now reversing, Sparkes gently jerked her into motion. She snorted obedience, the rope tightened, the block stood out from the tree, the rope formed a rigid two sides of the triangle, but the boulder did not yield an inch!

"I say!" called my friend anxiously to Marker, who stood below, "will she bear more?"

"Bless you, sir, yes! the rope'll part afore she busts up."

Another jerk, more snorts, then a huzza of triumph, as the boulder, caught by the outer rail, slowly rose on end, and toppled over clear of the line, rolling down the slope till it brought up with a "scrunch" against the tree.

"You can lie there till doomsday if you like," said Sparkes, apostrophizing the rock. "Now, Marker, this infernal business has put you back 30mins.; try and make it up between this and Jimmancherla; you can if you like. And, see here, don't be jawing all over the place; let them get the news from me first hand."

"Ne'er a word shall I say about it, sir."

"Thanks! you're a trump. Now re-couple and crack on as hard as you can pelt. Good-bye!"

In a few minutes the goods thundered past; we let the men to tidy the track and remove all traces of the catastrophe against the arrival of the mail.

"How about the hole?" I asked, as we sat side by side, with our legs dangling over the metals.

"Oh, hang the hole! 'twill be nearly dusk, and they won't notice it; besides, if they do, who cares?"

"None of your bosses likely to be coming up?"

"No fear! they're all busy prospecting for a place to commence their confounded narrow-gauge feeder at. Come along, it's past five; let's have some tea."

We had our tea, and while still talking over the day's doings, the station-master, with an expression of fearful portent, entered, and handed Sparkes a telegram.

"Oh, I say! here's a business!" he ejaculated; "Old Maggs wires me to meet Major Crockdale coming up in the mail!"

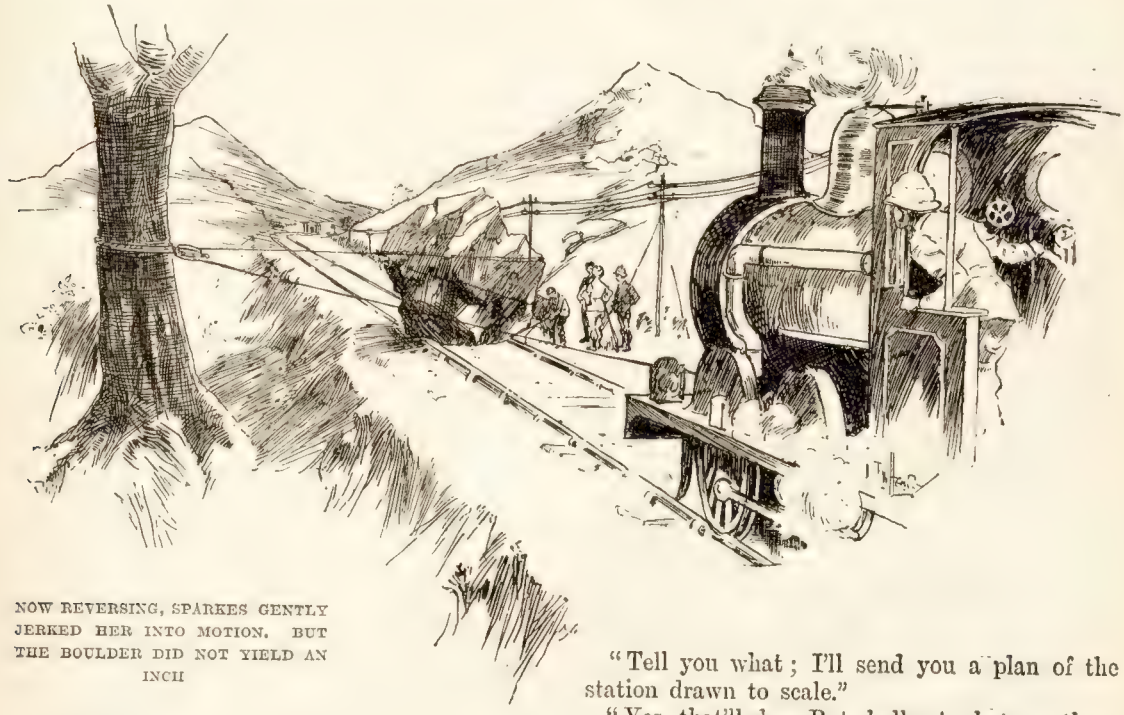
"What! the consulting engineer for railways?"

"Yes; he's an awful bounder. Westholme, our chief engineer, may be with him. But come on! We must smother up that beastly gap; if these fellows get sight of it, and Old Maggs hears of it from them, I shall get into a tidy mess."

Ten minutes to six! We went out on the platform, and ruefully gazed at the yawning rents in the walls. Were there boards at hand? was anything at hand?—no! We stood aghast.

"Your honour," spoke the station-master, "shall we hang up some of my turban cloths over the space?"

"Humbug! they'd spot them at once, and ask what the dickens you did making your station a laundry drying yard. I have it!" he cried suddenly, "my blankets! we'll jim them up, and if they make any remark I'll cock up something or other."



NOW REVERSING, SPARKES GENTLY JERKED HER INTO MOTION. BUT THE BOULDER DID NOT YIELD AN INCH

No sooner said than done. We had barely erected the two blue blankets over the gap when the mail drew up. I followed Sparkes to the inspection carriage, to find the Major and Westholme; they both alighted, and we did all we knew to keep them from straying and poking about.

"There's a question of quarrying, Mr. Sparkes," said the Major. "Mr. Westholme recommends this as a base, and Mr. Lichen referred me to you as district officer on the subject of traffic arrangements for ballast trains, the consequent increase of staff, and accommodation."

"Nothing easier," replied Sparkes. "Make it a crossing station; lay down a siding or two, and there's plenty of stone to quarry on."

"But how about accommodation? I should just like to see what you have."

"My good sir, you've no time," rejoined my chum, and, with the words, gently and unmistakably hustling the Major towards his carriage door; "you are delaying Her Majesty's mail. Take a look round on your return journey."

"I'm not coming back by this route."

"Can't stop the night, I suppose?"

"Impossible!"

"Tell you what; I'll send you a plan of the station drawn to scale."

"Yes, that'll do. But, halloa! what are those blue blankets doing there?"

"Yes," added Westholme, "I was about making the same remark."

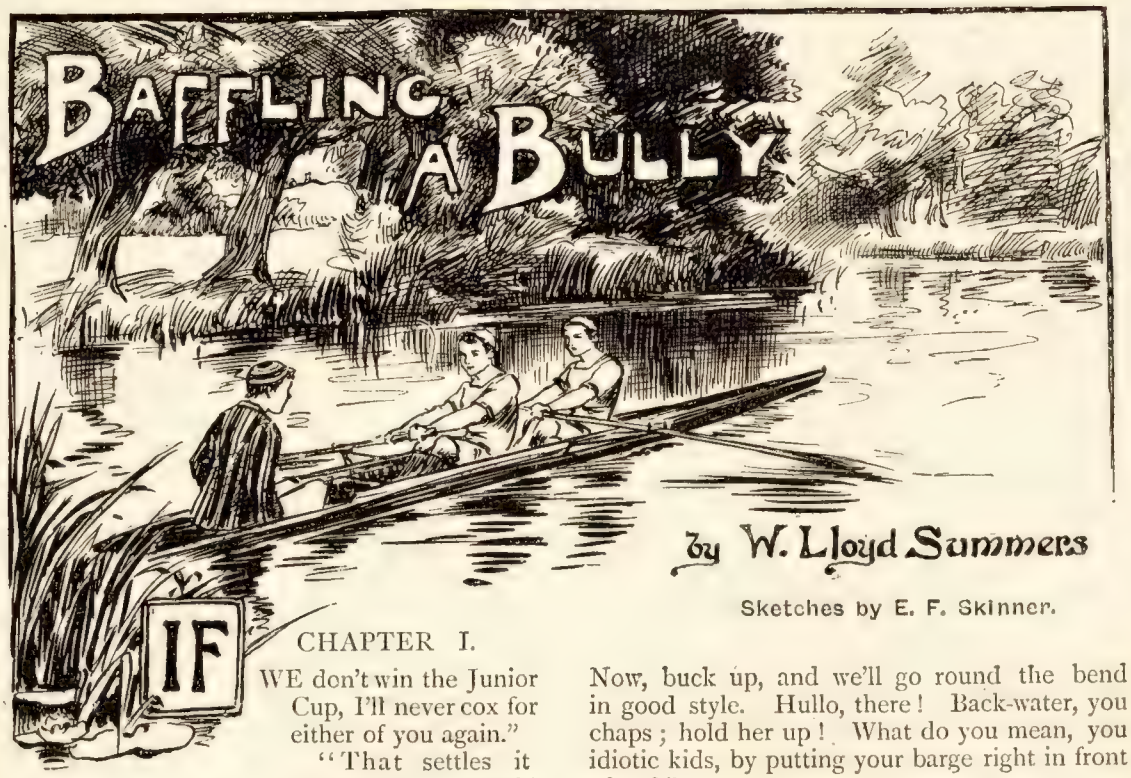
"Blankets!—where?"

"There; up against the wall of the third class waiting-room."

"By jingo! so they are. Hang those idiots of servants, sticking them there to air! I'll spifficate the beggars! As if they could not have selected—Halloa! there's the bell! Good-bye! Good-bye! In you get. I'll get that plan through in a day or two. Good-bye!"

Out glided the mail.

Sparkes weathered the scrape. He went down to Madras and made a clean breast of it to Mr. Maggs, propitiating that gentleman—as on a former occasion—by presenting him with the magnificent cheetah skin; and, barring the paying for the repairs to the station—in which I insisted on going shares—he got off, as usual, scot free!



by W. Lloyd Summers

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

CHAPTER I.

IF WE don't win the Junior Cup, I'll never cox for either of you again."

"That settles it then, Ram. To avoid such a disaster, Blake and I will do our level best," said Beecham.

"Shut up, 'Pills'! I don't want any of your gas. I guess you chaps would have to do a lot of searching before you picked up another cox that would steer you and coach you as well as I."

"Hear, hear!" put in Beecham sarcastically. "I've always thought that the bow oar was the strongest part of our boat."

"Have you? Think what you like; but we've got to 'lift' the Cup."

"I've no objection."

"And we've only got this afternoon and Saturday for practice. We must make the most of our time."

"I think we ought to lick Bailey and Bond," remarked the boy who was pulling stroke-oar. "Nobody else is dangerous, and I don't believe Bond will stay the whole course at racing pace."

"Just what I think, Blake! We ought to have a clinking good chance. Now then, let's have a steady pull."

For a few minutes the light racing pair sped down stream at a rapid pace; the two rowers swinging well together.

"Very good," cried Ramsay; "but, Blake, you ought to get an earlier grip on the water. Pull out the stroke, 'Pills,' to the very end. Now, buck up, and we'll go round the bend in good style. Hullo, there! Back-water, you chaps; hold her up! What do you mean, you idiotic kids, by putting your barge right in front of us?"

In sweeping round the sharp bend, the racing pair had come almost full tilt on a heavy "tub" that was anchored under the trees by the bank.

"Back-water, 'Pills'! Pull, stroke, pull! You staring owls, why don't you clear your Noah's Ark out of the way? I'm gated if they're not Lower Third chaps who are blocking up the river!"

"Pull their ears for them," growled the indignant Beecham, as he manfully backed his scull.

It is impossible to say what the crew of the pair might have done to the occupants of the tub; but Ramsay's eloquence was suddenly quenched by the sight of a red shock of hair that rose from the bottom of the boat.

"What are you making such a row for, you kids?" the owner of the red hair inquired. "I've come out this afternoon for rest and quiet, and I'm hanged if I let you wake me up for nothing. What do you mean by it?"

"It's all right, Mac," said Ramsay, in a deprecating tone, for he recognized the Rufus locks. Their owner was a Fourth Form boy, more remarkable for his loutish strength than for intellect or athletic skill. Mackenzie was a tyrant, who ruled the smaller boys with a rod of iron, and Ramsay decided to be as diplomatic as possible in his unexpected interview

with the bully. "It was only that these kids nearly caused a collision, and I was mildly reminding them that the river didn't belong to Lower Third chaps entirely."

"Nor to Lower Second either!" retorted Mackenzie. "But, in any case, these kids are my boatmen, so I don't suppose you'll want to interfere with them."

"Oh, no!" answered Ramsay readily. "We only want to have a good practice this afternoon, as we are in for the Junior Cup."

"Wait half a sec.! You represent Barton's house, I think. Now, Bailey and Bond are in mine—that is, Goodson's. I was wanting to take a pull down stream; but these youngsters are too feeble to lug this heavy tub along, so you'll have to clear out of that pair."

"Oh, I say, Mac! It's ours for the afternoon. We can't win the race if we never get a chance of practising."

"Who thinks you're going to win? I'd just as soon bet on these kids—though they're beastly lazy—as on you chaps. Besides, I've got a quid on Goodson's house pulling off the Junior Cup, and if your chance is spoiled—all the better for me!"

"But you can't take our boat, Mac; it's against the rules!"

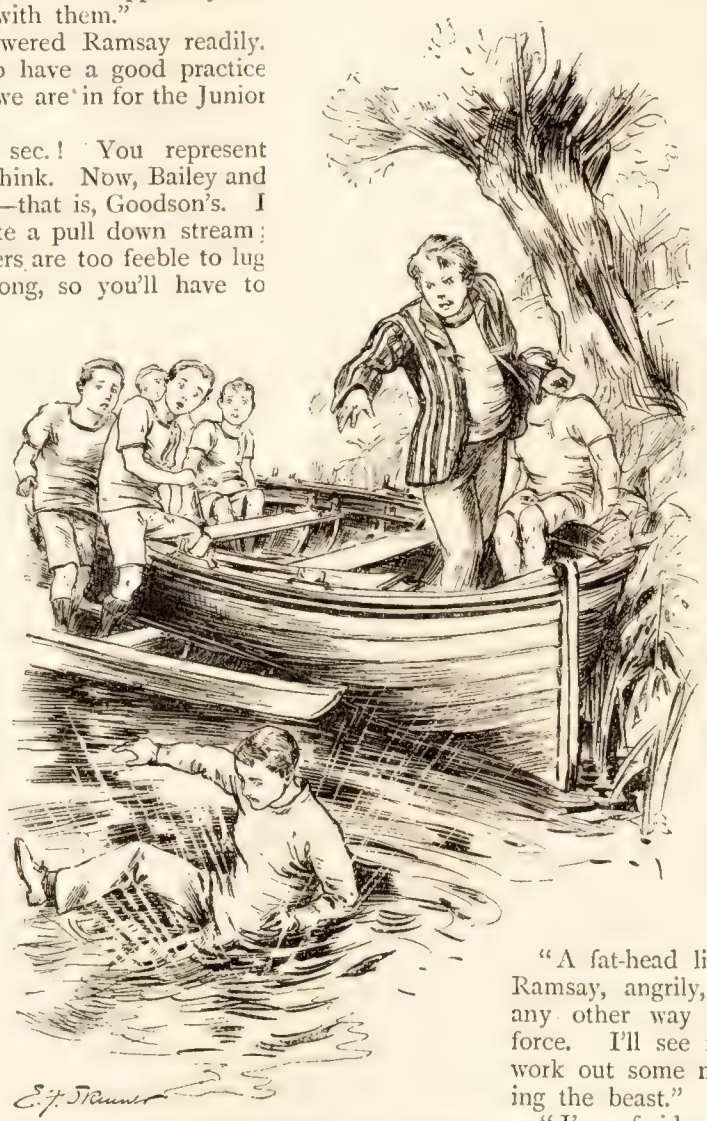
"Who will prevent me?" answered Mackenzie coolly. "It's real cheek on your part to think that I'm going to swot in this tub whilst you are enjoying yourselves in a light pair. Out you come, kiddies!"

"Pull, Blake! pull 'Pills'!" cried Ramsay in desperation.

But Mackenzie had anticipated this action, and he grasped the bow of the boat, so that they could not make their escape.

"You're a beastly cad!" Ramsay said, as he unwillingly stepped out of the pair into the tub.

For answer the bully caught him by the collar of his sweater and flung him into the river.



THE BULLY CAUGHT HIM BY THE COLLAR OF HIS SWEATER, AND FLUNG HIM INTO THE RIVER.

"Perhaps that will cool your temper, kiddy, more effectually than any advice I could give you."

But, to judge from Ramsay's language when he clambered into the tub, his cold bath had failed to reduce his temperature.

"I'll be even with the brute for this!" he vowed, when he had regained some coherence of speech. "He shall wish he had left us alone!"

"Rats!" said Beecham. "We can't very well report him, and you are scarcely big enough to lick him."

"A fat-head like you," retorted Ramsay, angrily, "can't think of any other way than using brute force. I'll see if my brain can't work out some method of punishing the beast."

"I'm afraid we shall have to swallow it," sighed Blake; "although it's a bit thick to have to tug this Noah's Ark back to the boat-house."

CHAPTER II.

"HULLO, young Ramsey, you've signed on for the racing pair this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mac"

"Dale and I want it, so you needn't turn up at the boat-house."

"But Mac——!"

"That's enough, youngster, you don't want a licking as well?"

"But, Mac, I've——"

"I dare say you have, but we're going to commandeer the boat even if you lose the Cup in consequence."

Mackenzie turned on his heel and strode away without listening to any further objections. As the bigger boy reached the end of the corridor and turned into the Fourth Form room a change came over Ramsay's face.

"Oh, you beauty," he murmured, "if the Fates be kind I'll have you on toast yet!"

He stealthily crept down the corridor until he reached the class-room door.

Early in the day the whole of the Upper Fourth had been accidentally shut in with their master in consequence of the handle of the door coming off. Until the necessary repairs could be made the door had been propped open by a heavy weight.

This Ramsay quietly moved away, and the draught from the open windows promptly closed the door. The boy chuckled as he heard an angry exclamation from the prisoner within, but, without waiting to enjoy Mackenzie's discomfiture, he hurried off to warn his crew.

"Come on, you chaps," he exclaimed, "there's no time to be lost if we mean to have our practice. That cad, Mac, wants our boat again."

They were a breathless trio when they reached the river, but the pair was lying ready, and the boatman quickly pushed them off from the raft.

"We've fairly done old Mac this time," chuckled Ramsay. "He'll be pretty mad when he finds we've taken the boat."

Then he explained how he had entrapped their persecutor.

"We shall get a licking when we return," said Blake, "but we needn't think about that for an hour or two."

"We'll have the practice." said Beecham, "and, if we pull off the Cup, Mac's welcome to lick me black and—by Jove! I believe he's sculling after us. Yes, it's not difficult to recognize his back—for it's just like a big brown bear's. Ram, I guess that licking's rather near."

Ramsay turned and watched the solitary oarsman.

"I rather hoped he would come," he said; "but I didn't think he would venture in a light sculling boat. He must be awfully mad. If you can keep ahead at first he'll soon be winded—he's such a fat pig. Then our licking will have to be postponed."

"For an hour or two," grumbled Beecham.

"No; postponed altogether," answered Ramsay, with a smile.

For the next half-mile the struggle was severe, for the boys in the racing pair were scarcely a match for big Mackenzie in the "funny." But, although the latter reduced the lead to a few yards, he rapidly tired, whilst abstention from pastry and "goodies" had rendered the small boys' wind sound and enduring.

"Don't upset the boat, Ram," Blake anxiously exclaimed, as his friend rose to his feet and, holding on to the rudder-lines, scanned the river bank.

"Right O!" replied Ramsay, laughing. "Easy a bit and let that chap come up a little, or he'll give up the chase."

Rather unwillingly the oarsmen obeyed. Mackenzie, looking round, fancied that his chance had come. Making a desperate spurt, he quickly gained ground.

"Sit down, Ram, and steer us better, or the brute will catch us!"

"Keep cool, 'Pills'! You need fear nothing whilst I'm at the helm," Ramsay airily replied. "I'm watching the bank."

"So it would seem. We lost at least three yards going round that corner."

"I wish you chaps would mind your own business—you'll soon find out that I've been minding mine. Ah, there he is—good man!" he murmured, as he dropped down on the seat and deliberately pulled the left rudder-line hard.

"Look out, you idiot!" shrieked Beecham. "We're done for now—he'll have us to a certainty."

"I want him to nab us," Ramsay tranquilly remarked, as he skilfully steered the boat's nose gently into the bank.

Before his outraged crew could release the pair again Mackenzie rowed alongside.

"We'll land first," said he, "and then I'll lick you all round; but young Ramsay I'll thrash within an inch of his life."

"If he miscalculates, and goes an inch further than he intends," said Ramsay calmly, "mind you chaps have him hanged."

Blake and "Pills" gazed in astonishment at their rash comrade, but Mackenzie's wrath was too hot for words. In his rage he nearly fell into the river whilst landing from his "funny." As Ramsay cheerfully sprang out of the pair the bigger boy seized him.

"Now, you young dolt, you won't find much amusement in what I'm going to do to you."

But his victim only laughed in his face.

"What's all this row about?" exclaimed a boy who, unseen by all save Ramsay, had come along the bank towards them.

Mackenzie looked up guiltily. He would rather have met one of the masters than the Captain of the school.

"Oh, it's nothing, Fleming! These kids have been cheeking me, and I was going to lick them."

"We haven't cheeked him a bit, Fleming; but Mac wanted to take our racing pair, and we tried to get out of his reach — that's all."

"What did *you* want with the racing pair?" the Captain demanded of the bully. "You're scarcely young enough to enter for the Junior Cup."

The boys laughed.

"Besides, I had promised Ramsay that I would meet him here and give his boat a coaching lesson this afternoon."

"I didn't know that——"

"Because you wouldn't listen to me," the younger boy retorted.

"Oh, well, if Fleming's going to coach you, I don't want the boat."

"I suppose you won't," agreed the Captain; "but I may as well hear the whole story."

Nothing loth, the youngsters allowed him to elicit the details of their frustrated practice, and "Pills" did not forget to mention that Mackenzie had a bet on their rivals.

"You dirty sneak!" exclaimed Fleming. "You break the rules of the school by betting, and then prevent these fellows from practising — you miserable, mean hound!"

When Mackenzie saw the school Captain turn to the hedge and cut a pliant cane, he began to beg for mercy.

Little enough mercy he obtained. After a sounder thrashing than a master would have administered, Fleming hurled the bully into the stream. Ramsay was in ecstasies over his enemy's discomfiture.

"Let me ever hear of you bullying these chaps again," thundered Fleming, "and I'll give you far worse treatment."

"Now then, kiddies, let's get to work," he added, as the baffled bully clambered on to the bank. "I've brought my bike, and will coach you from the path."

"I believe you arranged this affair, Ram,"

"WHAT'S ALL THIS ROW ABOUT?"

whispered Blake, as they took their places in the pair.

"Of course I did. Thinking that Mac might want to borrow our boat again, I asked Fleming to come down and coach us, and, as he's the head of our house, he agreed. When I saw him waiting on the bank I ran the boat ashore so as to give Mac a chance of 'putting his foot in it.' My plan worked splendidly — it's much better than sneaking!"

Blake laughed.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

"WHAT WILL MY STAMPS FETCH?"

By a Philatelist.

[*The above question has so often been addressed to me that, in self-protection, I have invited an expert on the subject to hold forth on stamp buying and stamp selling. There is sound advice given here to the young philatelist wishing to realize the value of his collection.—Ed.* Captain.]

It is easier to buy stamps than to sell them. It is easier to buy a bicycle than to sell it—or a cow, or a house, or a parcel of groceries. And all for the simple reason that money is the most sought-after, the handiest, the most valuable commodity in the world.

An article is worth just what it will fetch—that is self-evident. But in the case of the cow, and the house, and the parcel of groceries, the value is more or less fixed and certain, being a utilitarian value rather than a "fancy" or sentimental value. All that seems horribly dry and uninteresting, but it is necessary to show that the value of used and unused postage stamps, as bought and sold by philatelists, is a thing quite unlike the value of a horse, or a lathe, or a football.

Stamps, in the fullest sense of the words, are worth just what they will sell for. Now let us see what, at the present time, the various grades of foreign stamps are calculated to "fetch."

Really Rare Stamps.

The Koh-i-nors among these fascinating little squares of gummed paper will always realize the full value assigned to them by philatelists. Thus, the two extremely scarce stamps of the first issue of Mauritius, generally known as the "Post-office" Mauritius, are regarded as worth £300 to £600 apiece, according to their state of preservation; and, so long as stamp collecting remains a popular hobby, so long will these stamps be saleable at what is known as their "market value." I use the expression market value, merely for want of a better term; for in these stamps, of which less than two dozen specimens are in existence, it is plain that there can be no very active "market."

There is one other stamp, the king of all scarce stamps, to which no price has ever been assigned. It stands alone. It is, so far as is known, the only one of its kind in existence. I refer to the 1c. British Guiana of 1856. The single authenticated specimen of this stamp is now in the possession of Mons. Philippe la Renotière von Ferrary, the greatest amateur philatelist in the world. Were this stamp to be placed on the market, its price, judged on the basis of relative scarcity, could scarcely be set at a less figure than £2,000. But, whether the price you are asking be pounds or pence, the solid fact remains that you must first catch your purchaser. And the curious thing is, that the buyer in pounds will be found as easily—sometimes more easily—than the buyer in pence. Readers of The Captain having stamps worth pounds sterling may find comfort in that.

The Value of Common Stamps.

To go to the other extreme, the value of common stamps, the very commonest of common stamps, may almost be said to be nothing at all! There are hundreds, I had almost said thousands, of stamps which can only be sold in bulk. To sell them singly would be impossible without the help of some such coinage as the Chinese, which, I understand, goes down as low as the two-hundredth part of a penny. It is almost unnecessary to instance the sort of stamp I mean, but it may be pointed out that the current 3, 5, 10, 20, and 25 pfennig of Germany; all the low values of the present issue of France; the common current stamps of Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Denmark, Italy, and most European countries, including, of course, Great Britain, are all stamps that are worth simply so much per thousand, and cannot possibly be valued as single specimens. The stamp dealers' catalogues afford, generally, a fair guide to the buying and selling values of stamps, but in the matter of

THE VERY COMMONEST STAMPS

they are little better than useless. For instance, some of the best-known dealers price the current 10 pfennig of Germany, the 15 centimes of France, and the 10 pfennig of Bavaria—three of the very commonest stamps in the world—at 1d. each. It is absurd; but they do it because, like the bankers, they object to halfpennies. In actual practice they will, of course, sell these common stamps much cheaper, but the plan pursued in their catalogues is one that causes much confusion

among young collectors. One big firm certainly condescends to recognize the humble halfpenny; but this makes things only a little better. French catalogues price the commonest stamps at 1c. (the tenth part of a penny), and their German *confrères* at 1 pfennig (half a farthing); so that much of the blame for the absurd catalogue pricing of the rubbish I have described is due to the British currency.

How to Value "A Collection."

Now a collector wishing to realize may arrive at the value of his stamps in one of two ways — he may take them to a dealer to be valued, or he may value them himself, using the current dealers' catalogues as a guide. In the first event the dealer will ask a fee varying from 5s. upwards, and his valuation will certainly not err on the side of exaggeration, for he will have before him the possibility of a "deal" on the basis of the value he quotes. Dealers are necessarily the best judges of the market in stamps; but a collector whose album is of modest proportions will generally find it the cheaper and easier course to value the stamps himself.

How is this to be done? Well, a dealer's priced catalogue is the chief accessory required, and I can recommend the simple and concise

"STANDARD CATALOGUE,"

published by Messrs. Whitfield, King & Co., of Ipswich; the "A.B.C." catalogue, published by Messrs. Bright & Son, London; and the "Stanley Gibbons" catalogue, issued by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., London. Of the two last-named the "Gibbons" catalogue is the more up-to-date, while of the "A.B.C.," a new edition is on the eve of publication.

With the catalogue as a guide, go through the album, and value the several stamps therein on this basis: –

Stamps catalogued at 1d. or less disregard altogether.
Stamps priced in the book at 1½d. to 6d. each value at one-third of the catalogue prices.
Stamps catalogued at 7d. up to 5s. value at one-half of the catalogue figures; and all stamps catalogued at more than 5s. may be taken at about two-thirds of the dealers' quotations.
Unused British Colonial stamps are an exception to the foregoing rules, for these may always be regarded as worth, at least, their face value.

The total arrived at in this way will pretty fairly represent the market value of the album. Allowance, however, must be made for all stamps in a bad state of preservation, or with exceptionally heavy and disfiguring postmarks; and torn or otherwise damaged stamps must, as a general thing, be ignored altogether.

Selling to a Dealer.

Failing a sale to, or a "swap" with, a fellow-collector, there are two ways open to the seller. He can take his stamps to a recognized dealer, or to one of the "philatelic" auctioneers. The dealer, if he needs the stamps, will pay a fair price for them. He will make no offer for them—that is against the custom of the trade—but, if he wishes to buy, he will ask the price, and the rest must be left to the philatelist's own individual skill as a bargainer.

Many a dealer will decline to buy, not necessarily because the price is too high, but because his "stock books" are already full of the particular stamps offered. Rare stamps are always wanted; common stamps seldom.

Selling at Auction.

The sale of a collection of stamps through an auctioneer is not to be thought of, unless the goods are of high quality. A philatelic auctioneer will seldom offer a stamp worth less than 7s. or 8s. as a single "lot," and thus the commoner stamps in any collection committed to his charge must be parcelled out in "mixed lots," which in many cases realize a sum far short of their true value at auction. That there is always "money for good stamps" will be seen from the following prices, realized at the opening auction of the present season, held by Messrs. Plumridge & Co., at their rooms in Chancery Lane :—

	£	s.	d.
Cape of Good Hope, triangular, unused pair of the 1s. green	7	10	0
Ditto ditto the rare "wood block" error of colour, 1d. blue ...	55	0	0
Ditto ditto the "wood block" error, 4d. red	45	0	0
Ceylon, 16c. lilac, perforated 14 and water-mark "C.A.", unused ...	4	0	0
Fiji, 2d. in black on 3d. green, unused, without gum	3	10	0
Mauritius, 1d. vermilion "Post Paid" issue	15	0	0
Spain, 1853, 2 reals, vermilion ...	4	10	0

There were also several of the famous "Mafeking Besieged" provisional stamps, as issued during the historic siege; and these averaged 25s. to 30s. per specimen.

And now I think I have told you all I can, in this number of THE CAPTAIN, at any rate, as to what stamps will fetch, both in the dealer's office and "under the hammer."

A Night of Action

BY MAITLAND S. HERRIES

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

In a fairly large room a dozen or so of very ordinary English schoolboys were gathered together. The night was stormy outside, the fire was bright within, and on the hot bars lay a row of browned chestnuts, which from time to time cracked and burst. The room was part of the Priorhouse, once a monastery, now a school, and the boys were the members of the same, taking counsel together.

The school had only about thirty people in it, including masters, and stood close to the coast.

At that time of the year the autumn storms were at their worst, and the heavy pounding on the shore mingled with the words of the boys round the fire.

"The question is," said one, rescuing a nut from the ashes, "whether the game is worth the candle. You know what happened last time."

"Oh, shut up, Vickers! Things must be kept up, you know, and we've all been through the mill many a time. We ought to be used to it by now."

"Well, I'm on it; but what about——"

"There's plenty already in the old cave. Kids have been at work for a fortnight. Jolly big heap, too."

"And I've plenty of fireworks," piped in one of the smallest, anxious to be in the public eye.

"But what if the '81 game happens over again?" remarked one in a corner, putting at the same time a hot nut down between his neighbour's neck and his collar.

'Eighty-one, outsiders must know, was the year of the "Grand Remonstrance" and the "Universal Caning." In that year the usual November fire on the beach brought the brig *Margaret Annie*, of Hull, on to the rocks of the little bay, the skipper having taken the blaze for the harbour light, further down the coast. There was an historic row, a small lawsuit, an edict from the Head forbidding future fires—(the Grand Remonstrance)—and, following that, the Universal Caning.

"Rubbish! There's no fear of that," said the eldest of the boys. "We'll have it behind the Shoulder on the north side. Everything was quite right last time, you know."

"Yes, including the 'U.C.' Daddy." (This in right of the head boy-ship.)

"Well, and are you afraid of that, my sweet infant?"

"No-o, but——"

"Then shut up!"

At this point a few juniors succeeded in disinterring a box from its wrappings, and got it open. Fireworks in bundles, in boxes, in faggots—the smuggled property of the school.

Each boy grabbed his parcel, and fell to counting out squibs, jumpers, and all the other miniature bombs with which people express their hatred of the great Fawkes.

Attention was centred chiefly round three or four large rockets belonging to the man in the corner; they were as long as broomsticks, and warranted to emit all kinds of surprises in the way of coloured balls and sparks.

"These will be for a final bust-up, I s'pose," said the owner. "My eye, they will whizz!"

There still wanted two days to the 5th, and the school busied itself in preparation. Wood—mainly wreckage—was stored in the caves, and a platform of stones built, on which the fire could burn freely.

Now since the fire had been held behind the North Shoulder, the Head, knowing that there it

could tempt no more vessels on to the Herd, winked regularly at the preparations, but promptly carried out the historic "U. C." on the next day, no one escaping. Indeed, it is recorded that some craven aforetime who pretended illness, hoping to be in hospital out of the way, was specially brought up, whacked in due course, and then escorted back to bed. Whether he was cured by counter irritation is not stated.

Each boy, therefore, knew quite well what lay before him, and took a fresh interest in life. By the morning of the 5th, all things were ready, and the sea, beaten to fury by the wind, banged incessantly on the rugged Herd, smothering it in creamy foam.

School dragged on slowly that day, and no one (save, perhaps, the masters) would have imagined that these rows of figures bending over the "Metamorphoses" would themselves be metamorphosed in a few hours into howling fire-worshippers.

However slowly time seemed to pass, the hour of eight came at last, and the school (in its oldest clothing) slipped off to the caves of supply to stack the fire on its pedestal. The wind was worse than ever, and as it flung the rain in drenching lashes, the boys were soon very wet.

"Rum go this!" shouted one, bearing several fragments of the ill-fated *Margaret Annie*.

"Good thing we're to leeward of the Shoulder, or we'd never light up," remarked Daddy, as the heap rose. "Stick that brushwood in underneath, kids. Now then, here goes!"

It took sixteen matches to set the brushwood off, and the paternal fingers were half roasted when at last the wind whirled the flame into the wood, and fairly set things going. Then pandemonium began, and the air was full of flashing, whirling missiles, responsibility as to eyes being left with Providence. It was not until the blaze was really hot that the effigy in the cave was prepared for the stake. This worthy was strikingly clothed in a top coat (Vickers), a top hat (Mossman Minor), and a pair of trousers which once adorned the lower limbs of Daddy. Two fellows lifted it solemnly, like a sedan chair, and walked toward the fire, on which they placed it. All the school opened its individual mouths for a cheer, when a sounding bang made them close them quickly. The sound was too loud for a firework. What was it?

It took the boys thirty seconds to reach the top of the cliff, and then they saw all. Before them was the Herd, the foam glimmering round it, and above it they could see a dark mass, swung to and fro in the darkness.

"By Jove!" said the school, and turned white.

A lantern flashed over the water, and a glimpse of moonlight showed the stranded peak of the vessel and the only remaining mast. It was not more than 50yds. from the coast, but between them was a seething rocky channel in which no boat could keep whole timbers.

Fishermen, roused by the report, joined the group, and the moon, unclouded for a minute or two, showed them the knot of men huddled on the peak, shouting for help. The boys were too much awed to speak, but the head boy said earnestly: "Could I swim out with a rope behind that rock, do you think?"

"ATTENDEZ-LÀ, NOUS ALLONS VOUS ENVOYER UNE CORDE. M'ENTENDEZ-VOUS?"

The school stared at him, but the men shook their heads. "Thor'll be aneugh drooned withoot ye, ma lad," said one. "We can do nowt but watch."

And then it was that the captain had an inspiration.

"I have it!" he said suddenly; "Vickers, all the school ropes as fast as you can; some of you bring burning wood and make a fire here.

Mossman, take two of those rails from the fence and fix them up slanting across one another. Quick!" He turned and ran to the cave, and when he returned he was splicing two of the juniors' rockets together. "Well done!" he said, as the panting Vickers, five minutes later, threw down several coils. "Tie them together and coil it out so as to run easily."

The rockets were fixed pointing a little to windward of the Herd, and leaning on the forked rails.

"Good old Daddy!" muttered the school.

Some of the fishermen held the end of the rope lest it should be carried too far, and they stood waiting. Denby, standing on the edge of the rock, waved a brand until an answering signal showed that he was observed. Then, in the voice in which he gave directions across the football field, he shouted: "Stand by! We are sending a rope."

"They may be French," put in Mossman Minor.

"Thanks," said Daddy, and then howled out:—"*Attendez-là, nous allons vous envoyer une corde. m'Entendez-vous?*"

A shout answered his question, on which the captain lit the fuses with a burning stick. Everybody stood back watching, until they heard the whizz of the rockets, and the rattling of the rope as it flew out. "Right over, sir," said a fisherman, peering seawards. "They're fastening it to the mast."

"Warp this end of the rope round that post, and hang on behind," ordered Denby, and the stretched rope began to swing as a man came along, hand over hand. A dozen arms pulled him ashore and took him to the red fire, while another came in a few seconds and was landed in the same way. Before ten minutes had gone the ship was empty of its crew, and a dozen seamen were drying their clothes by the bonfire, like St. Paul's crew in the Island of Melita.

That night the school slept three in a bed, and the crew, fortified with hot liquids, occupied the rest of the dormitory. When the morning came they departed, with cheers for their rescuer, in which the school joined. The skipper was coming back, he said, to look into things more fully, with the upshot that, in a day or two, a fine cricket bat arrived for each of the Priorhouse people, accompanied by a flattering letter, signed by the owners.

School was called, and the Head made a speech. He was not given to lavish praise, but his eyes sparkled as he spoke of the bravery of his boys. "And," he added, "it is my pleasure to hand you some reward for the same." And, in order, each received his bat, plus a half-sovereign from the Head.

When the cheering had died down, his voice was heard again:—

"Further, we must consider the circumstances. You have all heard of the Grand Remonstrance, and know what must follow a breach of it. You would not, I believe, break through our ancient institutions. Denby!"

And he stretched out his hand towards the cane.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

L. A. B.—You are quite right in thinking mathematical knowledge is absolutely essential for electric engineering, or, for the matter of that, for engineering of any kind. It is very hard for me to decide from your letter whether you are best fitted for the profession of doctor or some other calling, and I am afraid I cannot undertake to advise you with certainty upon this point without knowing more about you and your capabilities. **Miss P.**—I must apologize for the delay in answering your letter, but the correspondence is so immense that I have no alternative. With regard to your question about the difficulty in speech disqualifying for the Army, this would depend very largely upon its extent. A slight stutter in youth, which might be cured later on, would certainly be no bar, but if it amounted to anything like a malformation or physical difficulty in any way it would certainly disqualify. With regard to your query about a good day-school, I should recommend either the Merchant Taylors' or the Westminster. **A. N.**—I should certainly advise you to write to Sir William Walrond, who would be able to give you exact information as to the value of nomination. So far as a Civil Service clerkship in concerned, no nomination is needed. Full particulars of all examinations for clerkships can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W. **H. V.**—As you are twenty-three years of age now, I should certainly advise you to stay on in your present position rather than try your hand at something else. By patience and perseverance, I should think it would be quite possible for you to work yourself up into a good position with the merchants in whose employ you now are. Certainly I should not advise you to exchange with a view to entering for the Civil Service, which would cost you a considerable amount of hard work and even then might not be altogether successful. **T. T.**—It is rather difficult to reply to your letter, as your queries are somewhat vague. What do you mean by asking the "usual terms for Law?" Do you wish to know the fees necessary to become a solicitor or barrister? And as to your second query, about accountancy, I am also at a loss to know what you wish to inquire; whether you desire to become a chartered accountant and go in for the examinations connected therewith, or what? If you will let me know definitely upon these points later, I shall be pleased to give you all the information that lies in my power. **Dubious.**—Consult a doctor at once. **Merrythought.**—See CAPTAIN, November 1899. **F. McD.**—Write the Secretary, Natural History Museum, South Kensington, S.W. **H. S.**—Cooper's Hill, Staines, would be the place for you. There was an article of mine on "Engineering" in THE CAPTAIN for June, 1899. **J. S.**—You would have no chance until you have improved your spelling and handwriting. **A. M. C.**—Candidates for the Indian Marine must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, must be able to produce certificates of good conduct, and must possess a Board of Trade Certificate as second mate. All applications for information upon this subject should be addressed to the Military Secretary, India Office, Whitehall, S.W. **I. C. D.**—(1) Candidates must be between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. (2) Entrance fee of £2 2s. (3) Passage is paid out to India and an allowance of 250 rupees per month is given. (4) Write Judicial and Public Department, India Office, before May 1st. **B. R.**—(1) A premium varying from £100 to £300 would be required, according to standing of firm. (2) Write the Secretary of the Institute, 9, Conduit Street, W. **Rudolph.**—Apply the Agent-General for the Cape, 112, Victoria Street, S.W. **H. S. F.**—You will find the names of several good coaches in our advertisement columns. I will send you names privately by post. **J. R.**—Stick to your present work and give up the idea.

A. E. M. F.

THE CHIVALRY OF JOHNSON MINOR

BY CHARLES. D. LESLIE.

SKETCHES BY J. MASSALL.

I WAS most awfully disappointed at not getting out of the Fourth Form after the Summer Term. I came out sixth in the exam. at term end, and the first five fellows were moved up and not me. Mr. North said he couldn't part with me, which was just the beastly sarcastic thing he would say. I think it was the Latin paper bowled me out; my translations were, I know, fairly good; but I came some howlers over the classical knowledge questions, and said Aphrodite was the wife of Priam I., King of Troy (I thought it rather smart to say Priam I.; but I believe Mr. North deducted some marks because I did), and Hecuba the wife of Hercules. Why I wanted particularly to get out of the Fourth Form was, once in the Lower Fifth there was no more drill to attend, and besides, it was more swagger, and they wore tassels on their mortar-boards.

The Lower School drilled once a week—on Thursdays. We had to stay when the rest of the school was dismissed at half-past four; and the Doctor, after hearing any excuses to miss drill fellows would give, made us number off. Then he would write the total number down on a piece of paper and give it to one fellow to give the sergeant. Then we all went off to the drill hall, which was in the town, about half a mile away, and there Sergeant Polker (Sergeant Poker we always called him) waited for us. He was a howling bounder, with a beastly temper, and the way he mis-pronounced his h's was simply 'arrowing, as Day used to say.

"Now then, you boys," he would bawl, "this ain't the way to be'ave in this yere 'all," and he'd whack his trouser-leg with his cane.

"Isn't old Poker waxy to-day?" whispered Jackson to me, the second drill of term. "What a bait he's in!"

Jackson was a day-boy in the Fourth Form, and we had desks in the class-room next each other, being both J's. He was rather a decent sort of chap.

"There ain't a back among the lot o' yer!" shouts Poker; "dress there, dress, and 'old yer selfs *h*up! Now, when I says *h*eyes right, look to the right; when I says *h*eyes strite, look at me. Now, *h*eyes right!"

It was a big building, with a cement floor, and we had it all to ourselves; but in the middle of drill the little door opened and a girl peeped in; then she entered very quietly, closed the door, and walked along by the wall to a high bench, clambered on, and sat there looking at us and swinging her legs. No one seemed to notice her. But I did. She was about ten, and dressed in a straw hat and white frock, for it was a hot September day, and she'd natty-looking brown shoes, and altogether looked awfully nice. She wasn't a bit shy, and stared at us quite critically. A little later we were all marching straight towards her, with the sergeant in front of us walking backwards, and shouting:

"Left, right, left, right, left!" and then "'Alt!" He was then close on the girl, and spotted her.

"'Ullo, missy," he says, turning round; "what *h*are you doin 'ere?"

"I am waiting for my brother," she says in a clear voice, and as cool as you please.

"Well, I've just done with 'im. Number off from the right there!" And presently came:

"Dismiss!" and we all fell out. The fellows rushed off at once, for Sanger's Circus was coming to Bosmouth that day, and we could hear the blare of the band outside, which meant the procession was passing. But I stopped to tie up my boot-lace, because I wanted to know who the girl was. And I knew at once, for Jackson went up to her and said angrily:—

"I say, Maud, what do you mean by coming here after me?"

"I want to borrow sixpence of you, Billy," she answers.

"What ever for?"

"I was going home just now from the Brandon's, and I met a poor little girl, crying like anything. She'd been sent out to buy some things, and lost a sixpence, and she said she daren't go home because her mother would beat her for losing it. So I said I'd give her sixpence, and I knew you were here, so I thought I'd come and get you to lend it me."

"Well, you have cheek!" says Jackson; "but you've come to the wrong shop. I haven't a penny."

"You had ninepence this morning," says the girl.

"Well, I didn't say I hadn't. But I haven't got it now."

"I'll lend you sixpence, if you like," says I, coming forward.

The girl looks at me, and then at Jackson.

"Introduce me, Billy," she says, with her chin up and an air as grand as a duchess.

"He's Johnson Minor," says Jackson; "we sit next each other at class. She's my sister Maud, Johnson Minor."

"How do you do?" says she. "It's really very good of you; but Billy will pay you back to-morrow—won't you, Billy?"

"Why, yes, of course," he answers; "that is, if you don't forget to give me the money. Well, I'm off. I want to see the procession," and off he went.

I gave her a sixpence, and she took it and thanked me, and then we stood there, without either saying anything. I stood looking at her, feeling awkward like; but somehow I didn't want to go. At last she looks at me, and said, just a bit shyly:—

"Don't you want to see the procession?"

Now, it's a rum thing, but I didn't. I'd never cared to speak to a girl before; but I did want to talk to this one. I blurted out:—

"I'd just as soon stay with you."

It seemed such a sickening, silly thing to say that I believe I blushed, for I felt hot all over; but I know Maud did, because her cheeks grew pinker. Then she said:—

"Well, I'm going to give the girl the sixpence; you may come if you like."

"Thanks awfully!" I answered.

So we walked together out of the hall and into the street. I was in a funk some of the fellows would see us; but they'd all followed the procession, which had gone along Regent Street. Then I felt easier, and we began to talk. We turned to the left, down the first street leading to the beach, and at the corner of it a shabbily-dressed little girl, about as big as Maud, was standing. Maud ran up to her, and shoved the sixpence into her hand, talking nineteen to the dozen the while. The kid was so flabbergasted at getting the money she couldn't say anything, but just kept dropping curtsies.

After that we walked down to the beach, which was almost deserted at that point, and sat under a boat, and got quite chummy. And at last I managed to get out what I'd been wanting to say all along; that it was awfully fine and plucky of her to come after her brother to get sixpence for the poor little girl, and that I didn't want it paid back again.

She wouldn't let me for a long time; but at last she said it was very nice of me, and, if I insisted, she would let me pay; and then she asked what my Christian name was; and when I said Richard, she was so pleased, because that was her favourite name—Richard Cœur de lion being her particular hero.

Then we began talking about the difference between now and the history times. Maud said how she wished she lived in the days of chivalry. I said the knights had rather a gaudy time then; but it must have been beastly slow for the women, with no books to read or pianos to play, and they lived in the most nasty, uncomfortable way; and I was going to tell her more that Mr. North had told us, but she wouldn't let me go on, and said I was "horrid!"

Then presently (and I don't exactly know how it came about) I agreed to be her knight, and she was to set me a task to prove me, like the girls in the days of chivalry. After I'd promised, Maud put her hands under her chin and stared for a long time out to sea.

"The day after to-morrow," she said to me at last, "Mrs. Brandon is giving a fancy dress dance. It's Sybil Brandon's birthday. I'm going as a Japanese girl. My Uncle Dick brought me a lovely Japanese dress last time he came from Japan. I shall wear chrysanthemums with it. Will you get me some?"

I didn't think that much of a task, as I happened to be flush; I'd sold my stamp album for eight-and-six to Aspland Minor, having got tired of collecting.

"Yes," says Maud, "but I want some of Dr. Greatorex's red chrysanthemums."

I explained that was quite impossible. There had been a chrysanthemum show the week before in the town, and the Doctor's wonderful red chrysanthemums had been much talked about. They were the biggest and darkest red ever seen. He was awfully proud of them too.

"Impossible!" pouted Maud. "Oh! The knights of old didn't talk like that when a lady honoured them by setting them a task to do. They just went and did it."

"But," says I, puzzled, "I can't ask the Doctor for any, and Markham, the gardener, can't be squared."

Markham was an old soldier, and he'd been a long time in the Doctor's employ. He'd caught Tomkins stealing pears the end of last term. Tomkins had been dared to do it, and he was in an awful funk at being caught, for the Doctor thought him a model boy, and he offered Markham two sovereigns to let him go, and he'd have paid it too, for his people are beastly rich. But Markham wouldn't, though he never told the Doctor that Tomkins had tried to bribe him. He always wore a shabby green coat, and after that he got the name of the "Sea-green Incorruptible"—Johnson Major gave it him; it was what one of the French Revolution chaps was called. I told Maud all this.

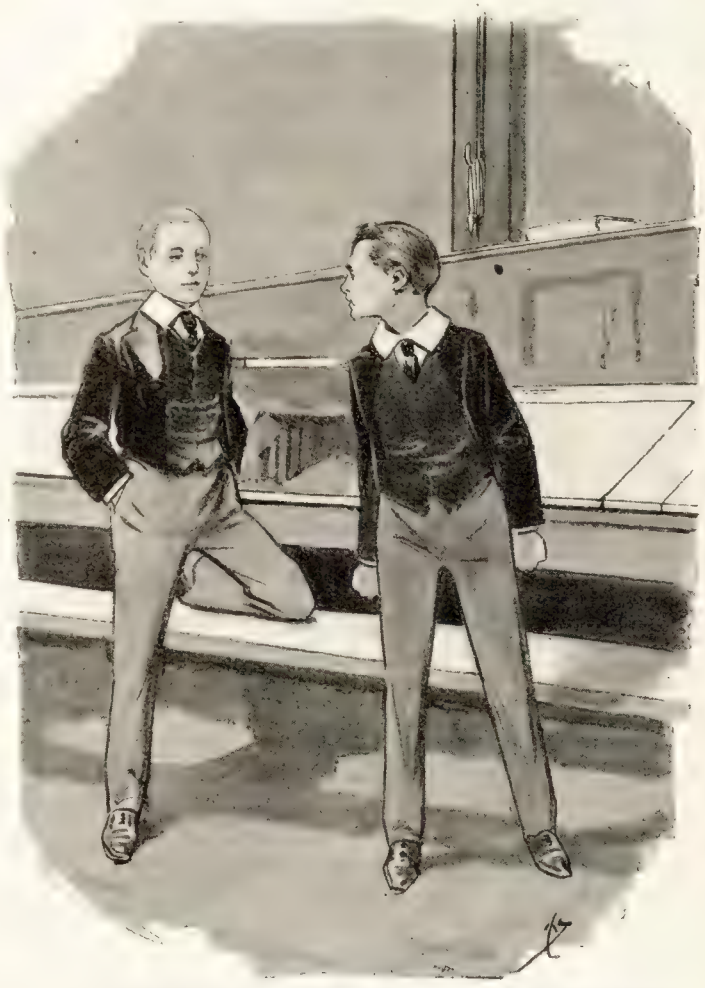
"There are other ways if you aren't afraid," she answers.

"Afraid!" I shouted, and I jumped up. "Mr. Hervey once told Mr. North I'd cheek enough for twenty. It's a fact—Moxon overheard him. There isn't a single fellow in the whole Lower School who dare say I'm afraid, because if they did I'd jolly soon show them what for."

"Then why do you talk about impossibilities when I say I want those red chrysanthemums? Why don't you get them instead of boasting?"

"I will," I answers. "I'll show you the sort of chap I am," for I was in an awful ruck at a mere kid of a girl daring to talk to me like that. And I would have said more, but just then the clock at St. Peter's struck six, and Maud said she ought to be home by now, and I knew I'd get an impot for being late, so we both bolted, hardly saying good-bye to each other.

That evening, as I sat over my Virgil, I thought over it all. Of course, to go and prig the chrysanthemums out of the conservatory looked like stealing, even if I could bring it off without being caught. Still, if I did it to oblige a lady it wasn't quite the same thing, and I could leave half a crown behind me to compensate. That seemed a rattling good idea, and I began to wonder if I could get into the conservatory without the Sea-green Incorruptible nabbing me. That would mean a whacking, and Johnson Major would tell them at home. He wasn't to be squared either, and might think it his duty to lick me into the bargain. I began to wish I hadn't met Maud, and then I



"IF YOU MENTION YOUR SISTER'S NAME AND MINE TO ANY FELLOW IN THE SCHOOL WE'LL MEET IN THE FIVES COURT AFTER TWELVE."

was glad I had. In the end I couldn't decide if I was glad or sorry, but couldn't do the rotten old Æneid a bit that night, and had to get up early next day and sweat it up.

When Jackson came and sat down at his desk, before morning school, he looked hard at me. I nodded, and began arranging the books in my desk. Then he whispered :—

"Maud says she hasn't to pay you the sixpence."

"All right," I answers.

"Has she been getting over you?"

I didn't answer.

"I'll swear she has. I say, this is a joke to tell the fellows."

I reckoned it was time to stop him, and so I got up and said :—

"Jackson, I've a jolly good idea I can lick you. Now if you mention your sister's name and mine to any fellow in the school, we'll meet in the fives court, if you please, after twelve."

"I daresay you can lick me. Anyway, I don't think it's worth fighting over. I'll say nothing. Only I'd like to warn you——"

"Shut up now! I don't want your warnings," I said, but I was more than a bit surprised at his declining to fight. He'd fought three chaps the term before, and was awfully plucky. We were just about a size, so it would have been a good fight.

"Well, here's a note for you," and he jerked a small pink envelope into my desk.

It wasn't till after twelve that I found an opportunity to read it. It ran as follows :—

Leave them at Bridge's the confectioner's before two o'clock to-morrow. Give them to the red-haired girl and mention my name. Brave knight, do not fail me.—MAUD.

Instead of doing my impot before dinner, I sat writing a reply. It took a long time, and I found it beastly difficult. At last I wrote :—

DEAR MISS MAUD,—I'll do my best to gratify your wish, and if I fail the pain of the consequences will be nothing to my grief at disappointing you.—RICHARD.

I thought that rather neat, and sealed it up with wax, and addressed it to Miss Maud Jackson, and gave it to Jackson during afternoon school to give to his sister.

The rest of that day I thought over my plan of campaign. The garden, where the conservatory is, lies to the left of the playground, and none of us boys were supposed to enter it. I decided eleven o'clock the best time to go; Markham came to the kitchen then always for his "elevens," so that gave me the biggest chance of getting at the flowers without being caught. Of course, I must take my chance of Mrs. Greatorex being there, or any visitors, only there weren't any staying at the school-house then. We would be doing algebra from half-past ten to half-past eleven.

At five minutes to eleven next day I pricked my nostril inside with a pin, then I asked permission to leave the room as my nose was bleeding; which, of course, it was. The playground was quite empty; I stood in the shadow of the fives court, till I saw old Markham come through the garden gate and walk towards the house. Then I made a rush in, and went straight for the conservatory where the chrysanthemums were. The prize red ones I was after made a fine show. I took all there were out, about fifteen blossoms, laid my half-crown where old Markham could see it easily, tore out again and back to the fives court.

After I'd rested a couple of minutes I wrapped the flowers up in a newspaper I'd got for the purpose, and then went into the town at a hard trot with them. You see, it was pretty fairly safe, because all the masters were at school. I handed the flowers to the red-haired girl, and was back in the class-room, doing algebra, at twenty minutes past eleven. Smart work, wasn't it?

But all that day I felt a bit uneasy. There wasn't a word heard among us boys that afternoon about the missing flowers, but yet it must come out. When I went to bed that night I thought of Maud, and wondered how she was looking at the dance. But I began to wish I hadn't done it. I'd been thinking so hard how to do it, I hadn't thought much of the consequences; but there was bound to be ructions.

I wished it a good deal more, next day, for, as soon as breakfast was over, the Doctor said: "Johnson Minor, follow me to my study, if you please." And I knew then it had all come out. It had, and this was how: The Doctor and Mrs. Greatorex had gone to the party, being friends of Mrs. Brandon, and the first person they saw was Maud, wearing the red chrysanthemums. The Doctor knew his flowers at once, and began to ask who she was. Maud was in charge of her governess—her mother being away from home—and she told the Doctor the tale Maud had told her, that the red-haired girl at Bridge's had given them to her. That, of course, didn't satisfy the Doctor, and he began to cross-examine Maud, and she got frightened and confessed the whole truth. She was taken home at once by the governess in disgrace.

As for me I had such a long lecture I thought I shouldn't be whacked at all. The Doctor began by saying he knew why I did it, and then to point out I'd committed an immoral, barefaced, vulgar theft, and nothing more. No sophistry could veil the fact. As for my leaving half a crown for the flowers I took, and doing it

to please a girl who had incited me thereto, that didn't make it any better. He was quite patient, explaining all this to me, and so gentle about it I felt awfully mean and shabby, and nearly blubbed. But it really wasn't fair, for when I said I saw how wrong I'd been and all the rest, he said he was very glad to hear it, and then he went to the cane cupboard and brought out a cane.

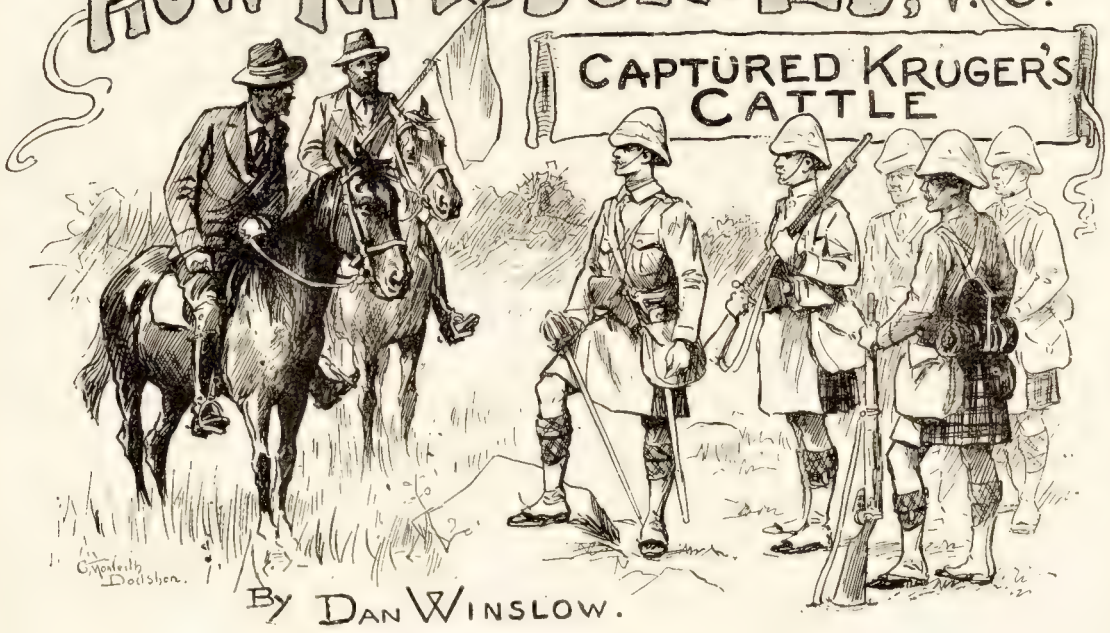
"I should have been sorry to chastise you thinking you had done rather a fine thing in stealing those flowers," he said; "but if you now see your act in its true colours, you see also the justice of punishment," and then he gave me the soundest caning I ever had before or after that day.

Next day Jackson told me why he wouldn't take me up when I threatened him. He was going to the Brandon's dance, and was afraid of a black eye, and now I must either fight him or allow he could lick me. I hadn't the spirit to fight that day, and allowed he could lick me. I did that three days, and then, feeling all right again, punched his nose. It was a good fight, and we were just about even, when Crosbie and Vipan stopped it and made us shake hands. I wasn't sorry. As for Maud, I took no further interest in her; but Jackson told me later she'd been sent to a girls' boarding school.

And I hate drill worse than ever.

I HAD SUCH A LONG LECTURE I THOUGHT I SHOULDN'T BE WHACKED AT ALL.

How MACDONALD, V.C.



By DAN WINSLOW.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

ONE day I was acting as one of the sentries on the south-east side of the town wall. It was late in the afternoon, and the hot sunshine was crackling everything into a dry heat.

A hundred yards or so to the right of where I stood was a length of high wall, on which were seated six little nigger boys, all laughing and chattering like magpies.

Splendid little chaps they were, as merry as crickets, always full of fun and laughter. Bugler Mac had taken them in hand, obtained parts of old khaki uniforms and dummy guns and swords for them, and there they were—the Ladysmith Boys' Brigade. My! weren't they proud—and Mac, too. It was his first command.

Just as I was being relieved for the day the Boers stopped their firing. In the distance we could make out two mounted Boers approaching, holding a fluttering white flag aloft. On they came, nearer and nearer, straight towards the town. When half a mile away, Captain Dusseyne and four "Caledonians" with loaded rifles went out to meet them.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Captain Dusseyne, "What can I do for you?"

The two Boers were evidently men of education, although their "English" sounded comical. From their appearance they seemed to be men of business—lawyers or something—not the least like the ordinary rough Boer farmer.

"Me have a message from Commandant Van Hoorn got for Commandant Sir White," one of them replied.

"A message? Well, come along, gentlemen; but first you will pardon me binding your eyes," said the captain. The Boers didn't half like this, and made some objections. "Tut, men! you will come by no harm."

So they let themselves be blindfolded, and were led into the town, amid the staring soldiers, wondering what was up. Captain Dusseyne took them to Sir George's quarters.

"Hullo! what's this, captain?" asked Lord Edward Cecil, lifting his eyebrows in surprise. "Captures, or deserters—or what?"

"No, my lord. Envoys with a flag of truce, and a message from Commandant Van Hoorn to Sir George."

"So! 'Fraid they can't see him at present. Sir George is dead-beat, and resting. It's his first sleep for three nights, owing to this infernal fire of theirs. You speak English, eh? turning to one of the Boers.

"Ja, mynheer."

"Bring 'em along with you here, guard."

They were ushered into a room, their bandages removed, and were given some coffee and cigars. The door was then locked, and a sentry posted outside.

Now, next door to this room, Major Goyte, of the 13th, was roaring over Bugler Mac's story of his recent capture of the Boer train. After that feat, the little hero was made much of, and he was a favourite in the town. All this praise, well-deserved though it was, was inclined to turn Mac's head, and he was getting just the least bit cocky on the head of it—small blame to him.

There he was, in that room, laying off in his best style to the major—for his story lost nothing in the telling—and making him, as I say, roar with laughter.

"And so, sir," I heard him say, "I crept along to the engine, and sang out: '*Trein-nogmaals-levend!*' which, as you may know, sir, means, "Train—back again—slowly,' or ye're both dead men! I had a loaded revolver to back me up, though I thought it was all up when a Boer beggar begins shooting at me from the foot-board. However, I soon settled him, and then—then, in the end, I just *made* that engine-driver—the other one dropped off rather hurriedly—drive us back, and—and—that's all, sir."

"How did you *think* of it all, you—you wily Wellington?"

"Well, sir," said Mac confidentially, after a pull at his glass of lemonade, "you see, I was the smallest *man* in the train. None of the other men could get through the railway carriage window, and they never thought of *me* getting through. Ho, ho, ho! and then I had——"

Suddenly he stopped and looked round. Tip-toeing across to the door leading into the room where the Boer envoys were, he saw a large listening ear applied to the keyhole.

"Keep quiet, if you please, sir," he whispered knowingly to Major Goyte, backing out of the room by the other door, "and I'll just see what this means," pointing to the ear. Presently he reappeared cautiously, without making any noise.

"Boer envoys from Van Hoorn!" he said softly to the major.

"Now, sir," he continued, looking flushed and excited. "I—I have just—by your leave, sir, we shall give them something to fill their ears with. Ye're not angry with me, major?" But the amused major, wondering what he was after, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took on at once.

"Go ahead, my young Napoleon," he whispered back to Mac, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Then, my lord," says Mac so loudly, yet slowly, that the big ear at the keyhole kind of shook with the concussion, and then returned, "we attack the Boers in full force to-night?"

"To-night, lieutenant, when the sun sets—a surprise attack. Have all your men ready; but let no one know beforehand. Remember, it is to be kept secret. Only a few men are to be left in the town, and all the rest of us are to set out."

The major saw what Mac was after, and spoke as slowly and loudly as he could, so that the Boers could take in what he was saying. There was the sound of pencil on paper, and then Mac, stooping carefully down, drew the Major's attention to *another* ear at the bottom of the door, on a level with the floor.

The major thought he would have to leave the room, or explode; but Mac was too excited, and too deadly intent upon his purpose to deceive these eavesdroppers, to laugh.

"You see, lieutenant," went on Major Goyte gravely, "Sir George White has decided to have a try to repulse the Boers at the nearest point to our lines. The 91st Lancers, with their *pointed sticks* are going to do good work. *Five hundred* of them are going to-night. There's nothing like a good lance for close quarters." The crafty major knew the Boers' dread of these "pointed sticks," and carefully emphasised the words. There were long-drawn, choking gasps from their listeners, and the big ears quivered like aspen leaves.

"As you say, my lord, the 'pointed sticks' will drink deep of Boer blood to-night. Ha, ha!" Mac laughed a bloodthirsty laugh. "They're sharpening them just now—putting a fine edge on them. *I* told them to do so."

Suddenly footsteps were heard coming along the corridor; the Boers sprang back from the door just as the other one was opened, and Lord Edward Cecil appeared—the real and only lord in Ladysmith, I think, and I don't know what he would think of Mac taking his name in vain.

"Sir George White will see you now," said he. "Why—what has happened? You are as white as a sheet. Wasn't the coffee good, or did the cigars disagree with you?"

"No, no, mynheer!" stammered one of them, with a ghastly grin on his face, "corfee ver' goot; smokes goot too; much oblige. Come Piet."

"H—m! Well, come along. Hi, sentry, *you* haven't been playing any tricks, have you?"

"I, sir? No, sir," returned the soldier, looking in surprise at the two visibly quaking Boers.

"These are the Boer envoys, sir," said Lord Edward to Sir George White, who had quite a different look after his long sleep.

"Good evening, gentlemen," cried he. "You have a message for me?"

"Goot *night*, Mynheer Sir White," says one, with chattering teeth, handing "Mynheer Sir White" a letter from the commandant.

Mynheer (ran the letter, in wonderfully good English), in profound admiration of your heroic defence of Ladysmith, but at the same time feeling convinced that you must perceive the hopelessness of being able to bring your brave fight to a successful close, and moved by a sense of pity of the havoc which my cannon wreak amongst your brave compatriots, I hereby solemnly pledge myself to send free to the nearest British lines all your non-combatants, women and children—if you will surrender. You, sir, have done your duty nobly. No one can expect more of you. A Boer could not have done better. If only to spare the women and children, I appeal to you, in the name of humanity, to agree to my terms. But, if you persist in your useless endeavour to save the town, I am determined to take it, if only by bringing it down about you, which I shall be able to do with the siege guns specially brought from Pretoria for that purpose.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

VAN HOORN, COMMDT. AND GENL.

A smile flitted across Sir George White's mouth as he read this extraordinary production, and handed it to Lord Edward Cecil.

"What do you make of it, Cecil? A feeler, eh?"

"Bluff, sir; mere bluff! He is angry at our repulse of his attempts to storm the town."

"Gentlemen, you can tell your general I have not the slightest intention of surrendering. We can easily hold out for months yet, if need be. His talk is absurd. Tell your master, in reply to what he says about the women and children, if he is the humane man he professes to be, he will at least refrain from bombarding the hospital. You can see the Red Cross flag flying over it. That is my answer. You understand what I have said, eh?"

"Ja, ja, goot, I onderstand, Sir White," said Piet, making for the door; "Come, Jacob."

During the interview, both he and Jacob, with a scared look in their eyes, had been glancing nervously round the room; they seemed only too anxious to get away, even without an answer at all.

"And now, Cecil, to work," said Sir George White briskly, when they were gone. "The sentries must be——"

A hurried knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

In came Major Goyte, with Bugler Macdonald at his heels, the bugler stood at attention with a smart salute.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?" asked the major breathlessly. "I have a most extraordinary story to tell. I happened to be talking to Macdonald here, in the room next to the one where these Boer envoys were. To our surprise we suddenly saw a large ear glued to the keyhole, listening to us. Shortly afterwards *another* ear appeared at the bottom of the door. Macdonald slipped out quietly to see what it meant, and then returned and told me. When we were satisfied they were listening on purpose to our talk—and there was the sound of writing on paper, too—we commenced, half in jest, half in earnest, to

"GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN TELL YOUR GENERAL I HAVE NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION OF SURRENDERING."

give them something worth listening to, to teach 'em a lesson. It was entirely Macdonald's idea; he thought of it. We told them of an intended attack on their lines to-night by nearly the whole of the garrison, giving exact details of the intended point of assault, and Macdonald chipped in with a fanciful bit about the Lancers' 'pointed sticks,' and how, with luck, they would drink deep of Boer blood to-night. When we heard their vivid gasps of horror, and their frightened whispers, there could be no doubt about their having understood. It was the funniest thing, sir," and the major started laughing merrily.

"And you did this——?"

"We have a chance of capturing that herd of

cattle, sir. We can watch if the Boers take alarm. The envoys certainly returned in a frantic hurry."

"Well—upon—my—word! *That's* why they looked so scared. You say Macdonald commenced this—this fairy tale?"

"Absolutely his idea."

"The boy is a second Baden-Powell. Macdonald, you will rise to be a great man, my boy, if you always use your wits in this way," said Sir George kindly. "Come with me; we must see into this." They hurried to the look-out tower, and looked long and earnestly through their night glasses. Sure enough, the Boers had not listened in vain. They had returned and given the alarm. The Boer camp, on one of the lowermost hills, where their guns had prevented us hitherto from being able to capture their cattle and sheep (which could be plainly seen from Ladysmith) was in the greatest commotion. The men, in their panic, were swarming pell-mell up the hill; it was evidently a case of every man for himself. This much we could make out, and—they *could not* take their cattle with them up the mountain. Sir George White gave hurried orders for a squadron of Lancers and one of Hussars to have a dash for their capture, and the "Boot and Saddle" sang out clear. In a few moments everything was ready. The troopers, flinging themselves on their horses and seizing their rifles, formed up in the street. Sir George gave Major Goyte his orders, and they slipped quickly out of the town and across the veldt towards the Boer lines. As they cantered up to the base of the mountain, Major Goyte instructed Captain Dusseyne to round up the mob of cattle, and, leaving his horses in charge of a trooper, proceeded, with four others, to climb silently up the face of the hill, to where the yawning cannon peeped. Not a single Boer was to be seen, although they could hear their shouts away at the top. The cannon were quickly spiked. A big wooden shed — evidently the enemy's quarters—was standing back from their guns, and protected by the side of a cliff. Great barrels full of flour and mealies were scattered about, sides of "biltong" were hanging up, and old trunks and cooking pots and pans were lying about anyhow. One or two candles stuck in bottles gave a dim light. Several rough stone steps led down to somewhere beneath the row of cannon. It was full of barrels. A trooper opened one of them. It was full of gunpowder! So were the rest. There was only one thing to do. Quickly all the barrels were prized open, and the gunpowder poured over the floor of the cave. Major Goyte then laid a train up the stone steps, and at the end carefully placed half an inch of lighted candle. Clambering down the mountain side, they leapt on their horses, and galloped back across the veldt towards Ladysmith. Just before they reached it, there was an awful explosion from behind, and the town in front was for a moment all lighted up in a sudden glare of light. Wheeling round their startled horses, they saw with amaze, huge columns of fire shooting upwards, playing with masses of rock and twisted cannon. It was the last of the Boer camp!

Meanwhile, the Boers in charge of the cattle had at once surrendered to Captain Dusseyne. It was the only thing for them to do. The laughing troopers—for it was new work for them—circled the bellowing mob of cattle, and a flock of terrified sheep, and headed them for the town. It was exciting work; but they managed to round them up, and drive them safely in. What a sight it was to us hungry people!

"Bugler Macdonald," said Sir George to him, laying his arm with affectionate admiration on the boy's shoulder: "is there anything I can do for you?

"Yes, sir!" says Mac, saluting.

"And what's that?"

"Please, sir, fit out them jolly little Kaffir boys with *proper* khaki uniforms, and *real* accoutrements!"

It was done.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

[By way of a change I am making the "Reviews" this month a series of extracts. The next time reviews appear they will consist of criticisms in the usual way.—Ed. "Captain."]

"The Charterhouse."

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Carthusian*.]

Now that B.P. has had his turn
Who as a boy erstwhile went from us,
People, I think, might really learn
The name of our ancestral *domus*.

"The Charterhouse"— you shudder—yes!
Is what we're called by all the dailies:
Need I say more? You know th' *Express*,
You know, you well know, what the *Mail* is.

"The Charterhouse!" ah, rankling thought!
Yet when the Boers next are beaten
We'll find that Bobs in some report
Was educated at "the Eton."

A. D.

The Bull Ring.

A bull fight is as much to a Spaniard as a big football match is to the average Englishman. Every Spanish town of any size has its bull ring, and when a fight is to take place all the country-folk from miles round troop into the town, the town puts on a festive appearance, and business is to a certain extent suspended for a time. A fight is usually timed to begin about 4 o'clock, so as to give people time for their *siesta*, the one thing above all others a Spaniard is unable to dispense with. The ring itself is built on almost precisely the same principles as the ancient Greek and Roman amphitheatres, that is to say, the seats are arranged all round the ring, rising one above the other like a flight of steps, so that everyone present is able to obtain a good view of what is going on, and the fact that the Spanish *senoritas* wear lace mantillas over their heads, prevents the grievance of the *matinée* hat. Around the ring there is a good stout barrier about 5ft. high; then, with an interval of about 10yds., there is another and considerably higher barrier, after which the seats commence. The space between the two fences affords a haven of refuge for the men in the ring when chased by the bull, and there is no doubt about its being needed, for it often happens that the bull gets so close to the man he is chasing, that when the man leaps lightly over the fence the bull is unable to stop in time, and madly charges the barrier. There is no roof to the building, and consequently one half is in the shade whilst the other half is in sunshine; the price of a seat in the shade is exactly double what it is in the sun.

The first thing that strikes an onlooker unaccustomed to these sights, is the number of small fans waving to and fro in the sunshine, every lady and the greater number of the men carrying one. Another thing which strikes an Englishman greatly is the number of ladies and small children who attend these entertainments; but it is part of a Spaniard's life, and tiny children may be seen clapping their hands vigorously when anything particularly exciting occurs.

H. G. B.
From the *Portmuthian*.

Bullets.

I have assisted at the dressing of most of the men. Some sights were not pretty, but it has been by no means so horrible as I feared. Bullets seem to be able to go anywhere without touching a vital part, and men seem to have five and more wounds without succumbing. I saw one bullet taken out of a Kaffir's calf that was mushroom shaped, and another had got to be like a top boot. The same bullet in several cases went through a man's arm, and leg or shoulder. One poor wretch

apparently had a bullet clean through his head, coming out just above his eye. He seems all right, and the wound, if not healed, is rapidly healing; but he has forgotten everything, even to his name and regiment.

[Extract from a letter addressed to the *Mill Hill Magazine* by R. J. Johnson, M.A., Head-master of Burghersdorp School—formerly a master at Mill Hill.]

The Shrewsbury School "Eight."

CHARACTERS.

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.—A good stroke, with plenty of pluck and dash, warranted to go to the finish.

GASKELL.—A sterling worker, with very fair style, and also a stayer.

APPLETON.—An erratic slider but most honest shover, rather over-placed at 6.

BUTLER-LLOYD.—A very promising if somewhat argumentative oarsman. In capable hands he should be heard of again.

DIXON.—A hard worker, but owing to excessive arm-work tires early.

COBB.—Proved a great acquisition considering the short time he has had in good company.

WACE.—A good stayer, but rather choppy at the finish.

POYSER.—An excellent stayer, who does not suffer from nerves, and is cheerful even in extremes.

CROSS.—A very promising oarsman for the future, when his cubic contents have been made equal to his length.

VINT.—A sage and cheerful coxswain.

From the *Salopian*.

The Taylorian

VOL. XXII. — No. 6.

JULY, 1900.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY ADLARD & SON,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C., AND 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Through the Battle-Smoke.

COLENSO, *Dec. 15th*, 1899.

On the long, low ridge, the ten guns stand silent and deserted, save only for the dead and dying who lie round them; for no living man could stand there and serve the pieces under that hail of bullets. Down below and behind the row of guns is a subaltern trying to save two of them—all that can be got away. One has but two horses and the other one; and the drivers, with whips up and spurs hard at work, are riding for their lives. Behind comes an ammunition waggon, but with two horses only, and never a man near them. From long habit they follow the guns, and so gain safety. The bare African veldt seems to boil and seethe under the storm of shot and shell poured on it. Overhead the hot southern sun blazes down out of a cloudless sky, while round and round, without a movement of their wings, swing the great vultures from the Drakensberg, waiting only for quiet to come before they descend to the feast thus provided for them. This is war; this is what the thousands who see the great troopships leaving the quays never see; and this is the great game which we—English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, as we may be—hold that no troops can play like our own.

T. H. B.

From the *United Services College Chronicle*.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will Contain a Thrilling Story of The Siege of Paris,

By D. H. PARRY,

Entitled: "THE ASSAULT OF THE STUDIO."

SPECIAL PAGES
CONTRIBUTED BY READERS

THIS month one year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to MISS MAUD PARSONS, c/o Mr. Cooper, East Street, Braunton, N. Devon, for her story printed below.

A Girl and a Bull.

Now of all things in the world that I am afraid of it is a bull—let loose. Inside a strong barn I have often ventured to tease one, but a bull at liberty!

A few days ago I was cycling along the road to Barnstaple, enjoying the scenery, lightened by the last rays of the setting sun—to be poetic—when I turned a corner of the road. Here it narrowed considerably, and was hedged in with tall trees and banks of ferns. I may mention that a deep ditch ran along either side of the road.

It being rather muddy I rode slowly, not wishing to "do a skid," when I heard in the distance a noise which made me feel queer—a deep, roaring bellowing.

Still nothing appeared to mar the beauty of that still evening, and on I rode. I turned yet another corner, and—what's that? My heart—if not my bike—stood still, for there, coming towards me, lumbering heavily along, was a large bull!

What *could* I do? Turn back? Never! The road here was very narrow, and if I skidded in turning!

Get off? For the life of me I *could* not!

Ride on? The only other alternative; so, wobbling along in the mud, and ringing my two bells furiously, I rode at the bull. He came thundering along until about 40yds. away; then he stopped, half turned, and stood lashing his tail about. Then he went back a few paces, and I came nearer and nearer. Again he stopped, this time right in my path, so that to pass him I should have to go into one of the ditches—and then, if I fell off! Oh, the inexpressible agony of that minute! Suddenly, to my relief and unbounded joy, he moved on one side, and stood evidently hesitating as to what he should do. Here was my opportunity. I gave a frenzied spurt, and flew past him. The moment I was beyond him he recovered the use of the senses which seemed to have deserted *me*, and rushed after me. I simply pushed with all my might at my horrid little American pedals, and, of course, missed both and nearly fell off. However, by a superhuman effort I recovered myself, and saw in the distance the figures of a woman and girl with—oh, joy!—long sticks in their hands, evidently heading for the "enemy I had left behind me." As I passed them I shouted out that there was a bull behind who, I thought, was a "little fierce" (if they had only known what I suffered!), and they answered that he had broken down a strong hedge and escaped from a farm, the occupants being in mortal terror for fear he should do damage. I sped on for about half a mile before I dared look back. When I did so I saw the last of

PHOTOGRAPH OF MESSRS. MEADE-KING AND G. H. MARTYN.
Taken by F. A. Bailey.
"I think it was too bad of Meade-King to put up his bat in front of his face just as I was taking it."

my dreaded foe being driven through a gate. And thus ended my adventure with the bull. Whether he was really fierce, or whether only frightened at the sight of a "creature on wheels," I know not, but all I say is this—that never again do I wish to experience such an adventure as I did on that lovely night in the Barnstaple Road.

MAUD PARSONS.

The Marshal and the Major.

I often hear people speak of French and English animosity, especially at this time; so much so, that I cannot refrain from mentioning an anecdote relating to French generosity towards the British in the Peninsular War.

A grand-uncle of mine, speaking one day of Marshal Soult, told me this anecdote, which he himself had heard from the great marshal's lips.

A major, who had been wounded, was taken prisoner by Soult at Corunna. He was well taken care of, and when better was often a guest at the marshal's table. One day, seeing him dejected and very cast down, Soult asked him the reason: "Are you not well treated? Are you not properly looked after?"

The major answered that he had nothing to complain of on that score. At last, after much persuasion, he said that he grieved to think that his mother, of whom he was the only support, had had no news of him since the battle, and that she must of necessity conclude that he was dead.

"If only," said he, "I could write to her, or send her a message, I would feel at rest."

The marshal, much affected at such devotion to an aged mother, said that, if he would write a letter, he (Soult) would guarantee its arriving at its destination.

A few days after, the marshal brought him a piece of paper, saying that, having written to the Minister of War, he had received for him a free pardon. "I thought," said Soult, "that you would prefer to carry the message yourself. A ship leaves to-morrow, and you will soon be able to embrace your mother."

On another occasion, the marshal said that the Spanish could never forget that we (the French) were their enemies, but that the English prisoners were always on the best of terms with their captors.

N.B.—I am proud to say, that my great grandfather was himself one of Napoleon's trusty generals, having been with him through all his glorious campaigns.

JOSE G. DE YBARRONDO.

Wingfield Manor.

I am writing to you about Wingfield Manor—an interesting place I went to see during the summer holidays. It is now in ruins, the only intact part being the crypt. It belonged to William Peverel, a son of William the Conqueror; then it passed through the hands of Heriz and Bellers and came into the possession of Lord Cromwell, and at his death into that of the Shrewsbury family. Mary, Queen of Scots, was entrusted to the Earl of Shrewsbury's care, and she lived at Wingfield Manor for some years. The windows and the only remaining wall of her rooms can be seen to-day. Mary was a great expense to the Earl, for she had in attendance on her forty-seven persons, and she and her suite occupied twenty rooms. Mary left Wingfield for the last time in 1585.

WINGFIELD MANOR.
Where Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned for some years.
Photograph by J. Westerdale.

During the civil war Wingfield was stormed by the Earl of Newcastle and taken in four days. After a long siege the manor was retaken by Major-General Craford's forces, and some of the cannon balls and the holes in the walls can be seen to-day at the manor, one cannon ball recently found weighing 32lbs.

In 1646, Parliament ordered the manor to be destroyed, but this was only partly done. Later on, what remained of the manor came into the hands of the Haltons, and eventually the estate was divided.

It is a very interesting spot and very beautiful, and is soon reached from Matlock. The photograph I send was taken by my brother.

T. L. WESTERDALE.

Concerning Our Whale.

I had the unusual opportunity during the summer holidays of examining a huge whale, which was washed up on the shore of the German Ocean, near my father's vicarage at Grimston—twelve miles east of Hull. The monster was found, derelict and dead, floating in the North Sea. The finders towed it first into Scarborough, intending to exhibit it there; but the authorities of that fashionable watering place objected to the "very ancient and fish-like smell" of the cetacean, and ordered it to sea again. It broke away from the tug during the night, and on Monday morning, September 3rd, was cast ashore about forty miles south of Scarborough. The monster was at first described as a sperm whale; but a local naturalist, Mr. Petch, of Hedon, declares it to be "a common rorqual." "The sperm whale does not attain a length of 70ft. The rorqual is easily identified by the ribbed skin of the throat, small back fin, slate-coloured baleen (whalebone), and absence of teeth." The length of the present specimen is 74ft.; fluke, 7ft. 9ins.; flipper, about 6ft. As there is already a rorqual's skeleton in the Hull museum, it is proposed, I believe, to secure that of the newcomer for the pleasure grounds at the adjacent watering place of Withernsea. It appears that, when washed on shore, it became Her Majesty's property—"fish royal"—and was taken possession of by the coastguard, who sold the carcass to a local speculator for £10. The oil, whalebone, etc., is said to be worth six or seven times as much; but the fish lies in an awkward place, under a cliff, and far from a road. The job of salvaging it will not be a pleasant one. The smell is — well — something *not* nice!

EDGAR DONOVAN,
Cadet: Training Ship *Conway*.

NOAKES: "Why is George Newnes, Ltd., publishing office like a ship?"
MOAKES "Give it up!"
NOAKES "Because there's a CAPTAIN to steer it o'er the *Wide World*, so that it may not be *Stranded*."

By J. Noakes.

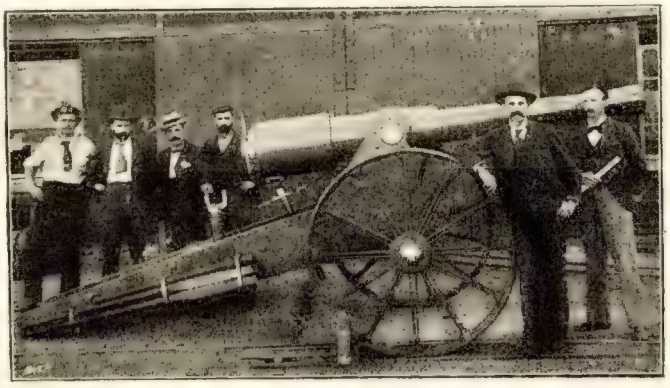
C'est Magnifique, Mais—

Half the school, half the school,
Half the school round them,
All in the camera's lens
Gaze the eleven.
"Forward the Kodak brigade,
Snap for the team," he said.
Into the camera's lens
Gaze the eleven.

Kodak to right of them,
Kodak to left of them,
Kodak in front of them
Clatter and rattle.
Fearless they sit at ease
Minding their Q's and P's,
All so demure and prim,
Try to "look pleasant, please";
Proving their mettle.

When can those photos fade?
O what a sight they're made!
All the school laughed.
Think of what they've endured,
For they've been caricatured,
Not photographed.

From the "Sedberghian."



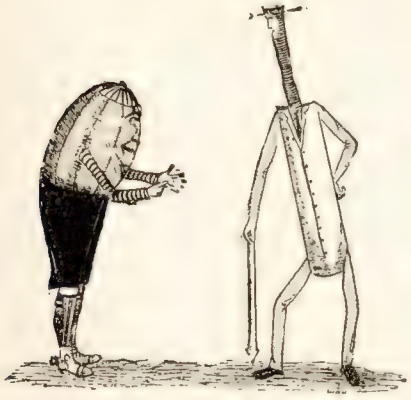
"LONG CECIL," 20-POUNDER BREECH-LOADING GUN.

Manufactured in De Beers workshops during the siege. Mr. Labram, the designer, is standing with his arm resting on the wheel, Mr. Goffe, the draughtsman, being on his left, holding the drawings in his hand. Grouped near the breech are the men who superintended the building of this remarkable and successful piece of ordnance.

From "The Siege of Kimberley."

More about Cheap Photography.

In reply to Mr. Howlden's article on "Cheap Photography," I beg to inform you that it really is expensive. The developing dishes he describes would cost a lot more than 2d. for which you can get them for ¼-plate size in Bristol; and what are the dishes when you have made them? The lamp which he advises would cost 6d. or



MR. CRICKET: "I say, Mr. Football, you might have the decency to divide the seasons more equally between us?"

MR. FOOTBALL: "Well you see, old chap, you make your big scores so quickly that I am obliged to take longer time to get level with you."

Drawn by W. B. Huntly.

more, whereas you can get a neat, square japanned lamp with red glass front for 4d. If, as he says, you paint it with Brunswick Black, the first time you use it it will burn and smell.

I again contradict him about the candle, which is quite unsuccessful, as the heat melts the wax. Why not use a night-light? I will now give a few hints:—

Mounting.—The chief drawback to an amateur is mounting, especially in the case of a gelatino-chloride print. Many boys—or even men—have a great prejudice against starch paste for mounting, but, nevertheless, it is the best. First of all, paste the top of the print lightly, and then gradually lay the other part down; then take a clean piece of blotting-paper and place it on the top and squeegee down. This will cause the paste to ooze out from the edges of the print, and, after carefully lifting the blotting-paper, so as not to drag any of the paste on the face of the print, the edges should be wiped clean with a small damp sponge.

Don't throw away your spoilt films.—I am sure most people throw away their old films, but they preserve all kinds of silver, plating, etc., and boys with bicycles should take particular notice. First get 1oz. of anayl-acetate, and, having stripped the gelatine from your spoilt films in hot water, cut up the celluloid into little pieces and drop them into the liquid. In a short time it will be completely dissolved, and the varnish is ready for use.

FRANK CYRIL KIRBY.

That Simple Barometer!

The barometer mentioned in your September "Special Pages" would vary in the same manner as a real barometer so far as pressure changes are concerned, but it would also vary with temperature owing to the varieties in volume of the enclosed air. And as temperature changes are much greater and more frequent than pressure changes, this barometer would agree very seldom with a real one. Moreover, on a hot day, this barometer, owing to the increased volume of the enclosed air, would fall (the hotter the day the greater the fall), presaging a storm, or, at least, rain. Thus the unfortunate owner would be carrying an umbrella on the calmest day; but it might come in useful as a parasol.

"A CRITIC."

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

An Admirer of C. J. B. Wood.—Mr. Wood must be flattered. What an enthusiast you are! You can get Mr. Fry's autograph by writing to him and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Verses not quite "up to form." **J. A. Rose.**—Your "Ode o Misery and Fatigue" pictures you as being in a very sorry state indeed. Been playing football, or representing yourself as a "pro-Boer"? **H. E. Fost.**—A very ancient chestnut, that one about the butter under the man's coat. **Norfolk Dumpling.**—Why have you got your knife into Major Poore? **Fred. J. Rose.**—Not bad; try again. **W. H. G.**—Hope to print your suggested "badge" design. The essay is a little late, as interest in the war is evaporating. **John Cox.**—Try again. **Welsey.**—Your verses on "Golf" just picture—though unevenly—the feelings a learner experiences. At first it is vexation, which gives way, when you have learned your "drive," "approach," and "putt," to exhilaration, finishing up with intense gratification on landing the Monthly Medal. But *you* "foozle" your metre somewhat. Try again. **P. H. B.**—That baby sparrow was a plucky little chap; I'm glad you rescued it. Send in something rather longer—something you have noticed in your walks, I mean. We people who live in smoky London like to read of country happenings—of birds, and beasts, and flowers. Such little accounts come like breaths of fresh air. **H. S. Fleming.**—I would rather read of your favourite character in fiction. **A. O. M.**—Essay too long. Adopt a simpler style, and do not strain after "flowery" sentences. **Ethel Day.**—Your poem, "The Seasons," is pretty, but goes to pieces in the last verse. You evidently have an ear for music.

THE LAST LAP.
Drawn by G. H. Hampton.

Try yet again. **W. Vennard.**—Far too long. I don't want articles about trials of editors, either. I could easily write twenty pages on the subject myself. **C. S. Baker.**—Not quite suitable this month; try again. **F. H. Timings** would require a great deal more practice before he starts to worry comic paper editors. **Phillis Parkinson.**—Sorry we cannot use the photograph and little essay on Stonehaven; it would be too late for this year. Thank you. **William B. Huntly.**—Many thanks. Can only use one sketch. We are glad to hear you are getting better. **H. E. Hutchison.**—The "Bobs" maze is not clear enough to print. Your idea is a good one. **Francis Crisp.**—Your sketches are not half bad; but I should not like to advise you to go in seriously for black-and-white work until I have seen more of your work. **David Muir.**—Your sketches from life don't show much promise so far; still, with a very great amount of practice you might, perhaps, make your "£200 to £400 per annum." When you do this, give us a call. **H. Keyworth.**—Many thanks for letter. I am never too busy to advise any of my readers. In your case, don't leave your city office until you have made at least £100 a year by sending sketches to comic papers in your spare time. Think this bit of advice well over—there's a lot in it. **C. E. Hall.**—Cannot advise you until I have seen further sketches.

Also contributions from: W. A. Harvey, "Dirk," P. S. Duffett, C. R. Harris, F. Livingstone, "Lucifer," Graeme. D. Williams, W. J. S. C., C. E. J., Daisy Pocock, F. W. Knight, T. R. Davis, C. K. Bird, J. F. K. B., W. F. Sleetburn, Walter Harley, J. O. Hughes, Sidney Smith (Victoria, Australia), W. Nettleton and other members of the crew, Victor Glenmore, Arthur Atkinson, Alec S. Hamilton, R. Jeans and others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified*.

No. 1.—**"Omitted Words."** Supply the omitted words in the following paragraph, which occurs on the first page of the story which Mr D. H. Parry has written for our Christmas number. The prizes will be THREE FOUNTAIN PENS, value half-a-guinea each. The dots represent the number of letters in the twelve words left out. Write out the sentence neatly, and underline the words you supply in place of those left out.

We worked .... all through that siege, because, in the ..... place, there was so .... of interest going .. around one in the daytime that one had to make up for it .... one should have been ....; and secondly, we had both ..... into the absolutely false idea that our ..... flowed .... when the lamps were lighted in the studio, and the ..... stove was glowing ..... in the .....

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"The Article I most want."** Draw (in pen, pencil, or water-colours) a picture of the article you most want—bicycle, pony, camera, etc., etc. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"For Lovers of Dickens."** State on a post-card how many times the word "Pickwick" is mentioned in "The Pickwick Papers"—not counting headings of pages. The prize in each class will be any book the winner cares to choose up to the value of 6s.

Class I. ... . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"For Map-Drawers."** Draw a map of Norway and Sweden. Prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"The Twelve Most Important Events in the Nineteenth Century."** State these on a post-card. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"My Favourite Quotation."** State this on a post-card. Prizes will be three books, chosen by winners, value 6s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"Our Christmas Pudding."—As you will see by the list printed in the middle of this page, the pens of quite a number of CAPTAIN favourites have been chartered to give you goodly Christmas fare. This is not a complete list, as it has been compiled some time in advance; but it will give you an inkling of what you may expect. There will be pages of pictures, and poems, and strong instalments of the regular features. The price will be sixpence, and the cover will be, to say the least of it, seasonable. You will be able to pick it out from a hundred others at half-a-mile's distance—with good glasses.

"The Plums."—Of the special contents I must single out a few for particular mention, *i.e.*, Mr. D. H. Parry's story of the ever-memorable siege of Paris, entitled: "The Attack of the Studio." This relates how two artists, whose studio was situated unpleasantly near the trenches, were——(to be continued in our Christmas Number.) Mr. Fred. Swainson revives his great character "Acton" for our pudding. The story tells how, one Christmas Eve, Acton was —— (but you will see for yourselves in the Christmas Number.) Mr. Whishaw's knowledge of wolves is most extensive and peculiar, and his "Wolf Story" is the finest yarn he has spun on this subject since he began to write for THE CAPTAIN. Mr. J. Patrick, who sends me stories from Australia, relates how two fellows, spending Christmas in the "bush," were held up by bush-rangers.

"THE CAPTAIN" XMAS NUMBER

Some of the Contents.

The Cruise of the "Vengeful."	Dr. Gordon Stables.
The Greyhouse Rebellion ...	R. S. Warren Bell.
King Waterbottle	W. W. Mayland.
A Story of the Siege of Paris	D. H. Parry.
Acton's Christmas	Fred Swainson.
A Russian Wolf Story	Fred Whishaw.
A War Story	David Ker.
A Tale of a Tame Tiger ...	H. Hervey.
A Tale of an Eton Boy's Tip	Rev. E. Bradford.
A Christmas Article	"Vive la France."
A Christmas "Bush" Story...	J. Patrick.
A Sea Story	Charles Gleig.
A Hundred Years of Travelling	J. A. Kay.
Christmas Theatricals	C. Jones.

And Other Stories and Articles.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES.
CHRISTMAS POEMS.

Price 6d. **Price 6d.**

Ready Nov. 22.

"The Captain Club."—Now to other matters. A gentleman said to me the other day: "Do you know, ——, THE CAPTAIN is the most widely 'lent' magazine in the world?" I can quite believe it. I have received thousands of letters in which such phrases as "A friend of mine lent me THE CAPTAIN"; or, "I picked up THE CAPTAIN in the house of an acquaintance";

or, "Turning over the magazines in our public library I came across THE CAPTAIN"; or, "Wandering by a bookstall the other day, I caught sight of THE CAPTAIN"; or—but these will do. They illustrate my meaning plainly enough. THE CAPTAIN is *borrowed* by many people who might *buy* it. Now *borrowing* is one thing, and *buying* is another. It seems that those who *borrow* THE CAPTAIN enjoy the same privileges as those who *buy* it. Is that quite fair? No. Very well. Let us form those who *buy* THE CAPTAIN into a club and give them certain advantages which those who merely *borrow* THE CAPTAIN will not be able to enjoy.

The Same Privileges.—Do you quite understand what a costly periodical THE CAPTAIN is to produce? You write and ask questions about stamps, and employment, and athletics, and your questions are answered by experts. Do you think that these experts answer these questions just for the fun of the thing? I can assure you that they do not. And yet those who merely *borrow* THE CAPTAIN, or see it in libraries and reading-rooms, write in and have their questions answered as carefully as if they put down their sixpences every month. I put it to all of you—*is that quite fair?*

THIS POST-CARD REACHED US SAFELY. CAN YOU READ THE ADDRESS?

"What I Propose."—I want you to write and tell me what you think of my suggested CAPTAIN CLUB, the members to be composed of those who *buy* THE CAPTAIN. For all *bonâ fide* purchasers I want to make THE CAPTAIN a real source of help. I want THE CAPTAIN to be read throughout the length and breadth of this land. So write and tell me how you think a club of this sort ought to be "run." Meanwhile, I want every staunch *purchaser* of THE CAPTAIN to get me as many new *purchasers* (not borrowers) as possible. Send me in lists of the people you "get" to take THE CAPTAIN in, and I shall keep those lists and the names and addresses of the senders, who will see that the Old Fag does not forget his friends.

Imperialist writes:—"We boys are *sincere* enough, but we want encouragement; we are not taught enough. As in the next few years it is very probable that we shall pass through some more war, we must be ready. Is it not possible, somehow or other, to help the Great Volunteer Movement to be a success?—to get fellows to work in deadly earnest, not to do the least (and little enough least it is, too!) required of them as Volunteers, but to conscientiously do their utmost to be efficient?"—I think the Boer War has caused a large increase of school volunteering. I shall be glad to further the movement in every way possible by publishing results of School Class Shooting (exceptionally good scores, of course) and the portraits of "School Crack Shots." Perhaps an officer attached to a School Corps will suggest other ways in which I can help.

Dear Sir,—I write to ask if you could see your way to helping the different "school museums" about the country by devoting a small space to the names and addresses (*only*) of those curators who have specimens to exchange. At present each curator has probably any amount of duplicate specimens which lie useless, owing to the impossibility of finding the names of other collectors who are in the same plight, and to whom one could send a full list of things available for exchange. I feel sure that collectors will pay a small sum to have their names kept permanently in the list, and would equally certainly subscribe to your magazine, if they don't do so already—as they ought.

F. H. SIKES, M.A.

(Head-master, Sutton Preparatory School).

A Patriotic Father.—At the Market Weighton Petty Sessions, held in September, W. H. Grantham, sweep, applied to the Bench for the exemption from vaccination of his child, "Victoria Pretoria May Mafeking Grantham."

"The Siege of Kimberley."—I have received from the editor of the *Diamond Fields' Advertiser*, Kimberley, a very handsome *souvenir* of the "Siege of Kimberley," full of most interesting photograpns, the best of which are those relating to the manufacture of "Long Cecil," a gun made by the De Beers staff.

Another very interesting picture is that of a kaffir wedding which took place during the siege; and still another—a notice on the market buildings stating that *nothing but horse-meat* could be sold! I am reproducing a picture of "Long Cecil" in the "Special Pages"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Pedge, aged eleven, informs me that his brother and he read THE CAPTAIN, and that their "pater pays for it." He wants to know whether he, his brother, or his pater should wear THE CAPTAIN badge when it comes out. Which is entitled to wear it? Well, to tell the truth, "Mr. Pedge," I don't think a person ought to wear THE CAPTAIN badge (when it comes out) unless he takes in THE CAPTAIN regularly himself, keeps it, has it bound, and "swears by it." What do you think, "Mr. Pedge"?

W. G. H. (GOSPORT) has been reading medical books and thinks he has got cancer. Oh, "W. G. H.," what a *hass* you are! Cancer very very seldom attacks young people. Don't read these books, and don't worry about your health.

R. H., referring to my reply as to which way a dog-cart would fall in going round a corner, informs me that tradesmen's carts fall on the outside. At his house there is a sharp corner, dangerous to drive round. Two tradesmen's carts have lately turned over at this point, and they both fell on the *outside*. Yes, "R. H.," but was the fat man in each cart sitting on the outside? If so, the matter is explained.

"Godge."—It is not likely you will get an editor's opinion on your work. Editors are far too busy to criticise contributions from absolute strangers. *I* do so, as that is the burden I have to bear because I am an old fag. If you enclosed a stamped envelope with your drawing, the drawing will come back very quickly if the editor doesn't want it. Do your sketch on Bristol board.

Would-be Author.—Your letter makes me feel quite embarrassed, Miss. "Dearest of dear Old Fags," indeed! Top drawer, blush locker.

Soldier's Daughter wants to know (1) what school has "white with a line of black" as its colours. (2) I do not know of any book containing the colours of various schools, colleges, cricket clubs, and regiments. (3) Certainly I will write in her birthday book.

Scisne is a Malvern boy, whose younger sister (you write very well, younger sister,) acts as his amanuensis because he has broken his arm. He wants to know all about Mr. V. S. F. Crawford, the young Surrey batsman's career. I believe Mr. Crawford is a clergyman's son, and went to Whitgift School, and as that is about all I know about him, I have handed "Scisne's" letter on to Mr. Fry.

Mansie.—(1) If you wish to preserve butterflies you should get a book called "Butterfly and Moth Collecting," price 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London. (2) You must get a separate album for your post-cards.

Seaflower.—(1) No, I am not Mr. Max Pemberton. (2) Get the "General Management of Canaries," price 2s. 9d. post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

J. Gunn (KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, C. COLONY).—Yours to hand. Measurements seem to be very creditable for your age. The English price of "Sandow's Combined Developer and Expander" is 12s. 6d., but in Cape Colony you would have to pay rather more. You can obtain it from Messrs. E. W. & W. H. Fletcher, Wellington Street, Cape Town. You must consult a doctor about the other matter.

F. L. writes: King Edward's School, Birmingham, play Rugby, and not Association, as stated in your list of football results. Colonel Kekewich, the defender of Kimberley, is an Old Edwardian.

Edgar Bungey.—I will endeavour to review your mag. in the December issue. Always glad to receive news of Stationers' Company's School—cricket results, magazine, etc.

Interested Reader has a fox terrier which he thinks has a very good pedigree, but has some hairs which "seem to come out of his mouth like a moustache." He wants to know whether this is a good or bad sign. I am informed by a "doggie" friend that this is a bad sign in a fox terrier which is supposed to be pure bred. I should say that there is more than a slight suspicion that the doggie is a mongrel.

A Yorkshire Schoolgirl.—Salamanders should be kept in a vessel in which they can be in and out of the water when they please—a fernery with a dish of water in it will do admirably. Feed them on caterpillars, worms, and creatures of that sort.

Morton Kenley (CANADA).—Keep your mud-turtle in an aquarium, and feed it on insects and small fish.

G. T. S.—(1) You can obtain a chameleon from Summer's Naturalist Stores, Oxford Street, London, W. (2) Yes, insects are its only food.

Quæsitor.—Your suggestion *re* "Field Club" is good, but it would be a more suitable undertaking for a weekly paper. We have so many regular features, you see, that at present we cannot spare the space.

N. A. P.—Obtain "Scottish Clans and their Tartans," price 2s. 1d., post free, from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C.

Victor Glenmore writes:—The cricket bat has arrived in safety. It is a first-rate one, the spring in the handle rivalling that of the "Enchanted Bat."

Scribbler (Editor of).—Your final issue to hand. I congratulate you on your enterprise, and trust that the literary and artistic skill you display will henceforth be devoted to a more public sphere of action.

Gubbins Minor.—(1) The introduction through the Guild would warrant you to raise your hat. You did quite right. (2) Your record is a grand one. Pray consider yourself official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Dundee.

W. S. Ridge.—I have handed your letter to the athletic editor. I wish your club success and long life.

Geo. A. Gilderson (STRATHROY, ONTARIO, CANADA) would like to know whether the Mr. F. T. Gilderson, whom I replied to in the August number, is a relation of his, as "Geo. A. Gilderson" has not met with any of his relations for a number of years.

F. W. Field.—(1) Don't smoke until you are twenty-five, when you may have one pipe last thing at night. (2) Send your mag.—will review it in its turn. Best regards to all Members of the Crew at G.P.O.

H. T. Charleton.—Yes, I hope to publish short biographies of famous writers for boys, both deceased and living (deceased and living authors, of course).

Muggins' Sister.—You must not ask three

different people three different questions in one letter. If you want to write to Mr. Foster, Mr. Gooch, and Mr. Fry, you must write to them separately, and your questions will be dealt with by them in their departments in due course. Get your people to send THE CAPTAIN on to you at school.

Birdcage.—You might keep all sorts of birds which breed nicely—why not a pair of doves, which are very pretty and affectionate? Get a book called "Notes on Cage Birds," price 6s. 6d., post free from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

Little One.—You crowd your writing somewhat. Put less words in a line. Otherwise I have not many faults to find with it. Best wishes to pater and mater.

E. M. E.—A great many of Dr. Stables' stories are founded on fact, and so I daresay "The Sauciest Boy in the Service" was. Yes, we will have some more short sea stories.

A. L. M.—If you want to exercise your muscles in your bed-room, get a "Ryan" Exerciser. The price is about 12s. Address: Maltby Street, Bermondsey, London, S.E.

Also letters received from "Pennylope," "Anti-war talk" (Valparaiso), "K. G.", "B. L. Society" (Hobart), "A. W. R. Ross," "Joe S. Tombs," "B. R." (photograph of Stockport Grammar School), "Lobengula," Fred Young, "Golf," D. A. E. Mackintosh, and many others.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Mixed Lines."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 10s.: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, S. Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. RYLE NEWTON, 16, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. J. Buttfield, Lilian M. Tee, Charles Leigh, H. F. Mohun, Harold Brough.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, 12, Montague Street, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRED. HIGGINS, 21, Henry Street, Waterford, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Rylatt, W. A. Cragg, Ernest Law, St. Clair Bruce Wood.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

10s. divided between: ANNIE ELLIOTT, 19, Melville Street, Torquay; and BARBARA L. RICHARDSON, 6, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION; Rowland Jepson, G. W. Ferguson, Robert Stevenson.

No. II.—"Best Drawing of a Ship."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: CUTHBERT CROSSLEY, 24, Park View, Halifax.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stanley Wilson, Irene Martin, W. F. H. Clayton-Smith, D. G. Browne, F. E. F. Crisp, C. B. Canning, R. Boxhall, J. H. Parsonage, G. H. Cooke, F. Livingstone, G. Mitchell, G. R. Thornton, R. N. Norwell, Fred. Carter, Olive C. Lupton, Guy Centaro, E. Kirkham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: DOROTHY M. SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Kerr, H. W. Howe, Fred. Inkster, Jack Brown, A. B. Clements, Stuart Boyd, F. H. Grew, A. L. Jackson, Ernest Legard, Bertie Weldren, H. Smith, C. Ruck, T. Petrie, R. Whitaker, T. R. Davis, P. A. Catley, C. O'Neill, H. Revell, T. Holt, H. S. Chamberlain, T. B. Bowis, H. A. L. Laidlow, J. B. Cumming, W. W. Goalen, G. E. Binks, Robert Gordon, Arthur Dosher.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF DRAWING MATERIALS: WILLIAM MITCHELL, 29, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Smith, Christie Hickman, D. S. Herries, M. Lea, M. H. Gilbertson, Anne M. Lupton, Annie Elliott, R. Whitehouse, R. Oldroyd, C. Walton, Dorothy Wheatley, L. Honey.

No. III.—"My Favourite Character in English History."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF 10s.: P. R. PARKINSON, 75, Ormerod Road, Burnley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: ERNEST A. TAYLOR, Mill House, Sudbury, Suffolk; and EDITH A. COURT, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorkshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lilian M. Snow, C. Baker, Gertrude Argyle, Henry F. Leslie, C. Vivian.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: HEDLEY V. FIELDING, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: M. SIDGWICK, 64, Woodstock Road, Oxford; and WILLIAM VAUGHAN, 137, Old Road West, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. A. Elkin, F. A. Bear, H. O. Weller, Helen K. Watts, John A. Shargool, F. Baron.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

10s. divided between: DOROTHY W. JOHNSON, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.; and CHARLES JONES, 50, Yarm Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: GWEN BRADDELL, Brailes Vicarage, Banbury; and SIDNEY E. MAJOR, 46, Santley Street, Clapham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward Dakin, M. Edmonstone, G. H. Pearson, N. R. Rawson, W. R. G. Kent.

No. IV.—"Best Original Anecdote about an Animal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: HARRY WHELDON, 19, Broadlands Terrace, Broomwood Road, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Louise Buckland, Francis E. F. Crisp, L. Thomas, Evelyn Hickman, Mary Monteith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF ALBUM: LILIAN ISITT, "The Briery," Ilkley, near Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. B. HUNTLY, 55, South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. H. Palmer, G. M. McCleverty, W. J. Nettleton, Ernest Legard.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: ALICE SMITH, Crafnant School, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. M. Stringer, Fred. Young, Ogston Honey, Scott Honey.

No. V.—"Best Map of Siberia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JOHN MCMILLAN, 19, Abbey Hill, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Wood, D. A. Redhead.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Seventeen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Stenhouse, Dorothy Robinson, Gertrude Pasmore, James Weir, Francis Heyes, H. Kerr-Fox, Mary Stedman, D. S. Walker.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Thirteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JAMES RICHARDSON, 6, Thornton Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alice M. Cooper, E. A. Leigh Shandon, Victor Waddington, J. B. Pim.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

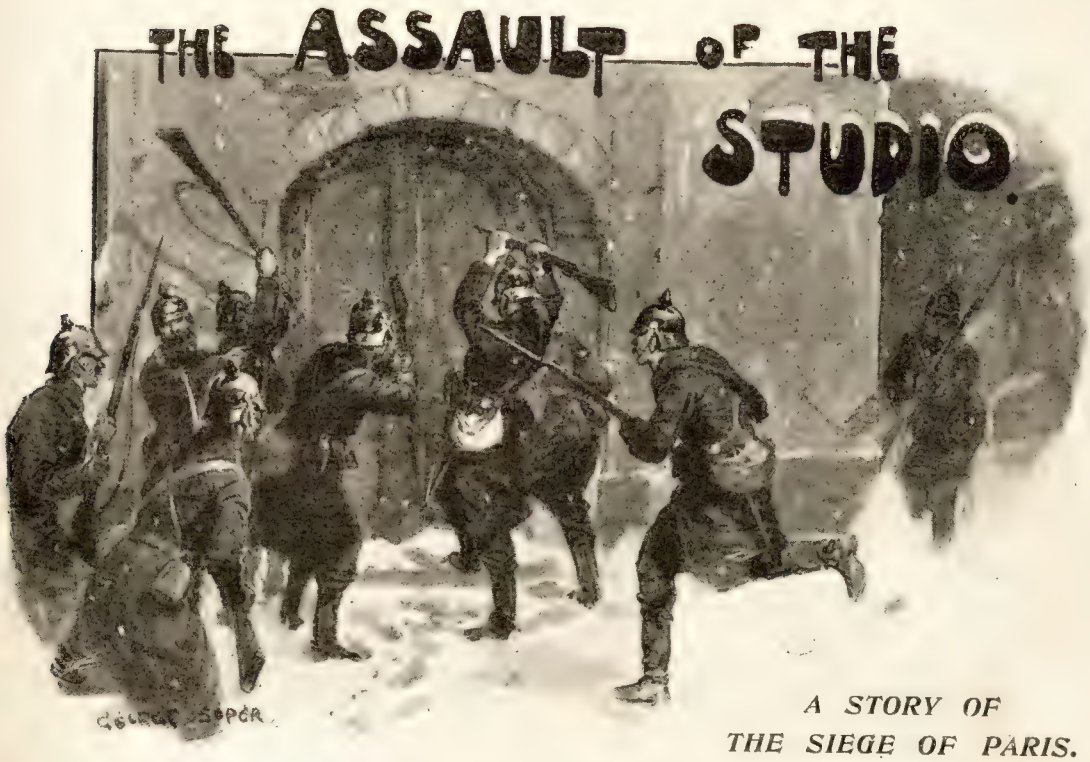
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1900.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Saturday* ...	*H.R.H. the Princess of Wales born*, 1844 ...	4.54
2.	**Sunday** ...	*First in Advent*	4.53
3.	*Monday* ...	*Battle of Hohenlinden*, 1800	4.52
4.	*Tuesday* ...	*Thomas Carlyle born*, 1795	4.52
5.	*Wednesday*...	*Sir J. Bridge, organist, b.* 1844	4.52
6.	*Thursday* ...	*Anthony Trollope, novelist, d.* 1883 ...	4.51
7.	*Friday* ...	*General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., b.* 1839...	4.51
8.	*Saturday* ...	*Q. Horatius Flaccus born*, 65 *B.C.*... ...	4.50
9.	**Sunday** ...	*Second in Advent*	4.50
10.	*Monday* ...	*Battle of Magersfontein*, 1899	4.50
11.	*Tuesday* ...	*Richard Doyle died*, 1883	4.49
12.	*Wednesday*...	*Fall of Plevna*, 1877	4.49
13.	*Thursday* ...	*Dr. Johnson died*, 1784	4.49
14.	*Friday* ...	*Prince Consort died*, 1861	4.49
15.	*Saturday* ...	*Izaak Walton died*, 1683	4.49
16.	**Sunday** ...	*Third in Advent*	4.49
17.	*Monday* ...	*Oxford Term ends*	4.49
18.	*Tuesday* ...	*Slavery abolished in the U.S.A.*, 1862 ...	4.50
19.	*Wednesday*...	*Cambridge Term ends*	4.50
20.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Suakin*, 1888	4.51
21.	**Friday** ...	*St. Thomas' Day*	4.51
22.	**SATURDAY**	**JANUARY "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**4.52**
23.	**Sunday** ...	*Fourth in Advent*	4.52
24.	*Monday* ...	*Christmas Eve*	4.53
25.	*Tuesday* ...	*Christmas Day*	4.53
26.	**Wednesday**	*St. Stephen's Day*	4.54
27.	**Thursday**...	*St. John's (Apostle and Evangelist) Day* ...	4.55
28.	*Friday* ...	*Innocents' Day*	4.56
29.	*Saturday* ...	*Canton captured*, 1857	4.57
30.	**Sunday** ...	*First after Christmas*	4.58
31.	*Monday* ...	*Nineteenth Century ends*	4.58

Calendar Events for February are Invited.

THERE WERE THREE BOLTS TO SHOOT AND A BAULK OF TIMBER TO DROP INTO ITS SOCKET, AND AS I ACCOMPLISHED THIS WITH FEVERISH HASTE THE *RIXE* BEHIND ME WAS TERRIFIC.—*(See page 193.)*



A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

By D. H. Parry,

Author of "The King's Red Coat," etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

STRANGE VISITORS.

"HUSH, my friend!" said Arrentièrre, in a low voice. "I am listening!"

It must have been about ten o'clock, for we were working late, Arrentièrre and I.

We worked late all through that siege, because, in the first place, there was so much of interest going on around one in the daytime that one had to make up for it when one should have been abed; and secondly, we had both drifted into the absolutely false idea that our inspirations flowed best when the lamps were lighted in the studio, and the charcoal stove was glowing redly in the corner.

Arrentièrre was rolling one of his interminable cigarettes, and presently, getting down from his stool, he went over to the stove, and stood there so long in silence that I looked at him.

"What's the matter, old chap?" said I; but he raised his hand, and did not put it down again.

Then it was that he answered, in his calm, low voice: "Hush, my friend, I am listening!"

He was always a quiet, deliberate fellow, my painter chum, but there was something in his tone, and in his face, as he stood there, that made me slide the sheaf of brushes into the thumbhole of my palette, and sit listening too.

Everything was as silent as the grave, except for the occasional grumbling boom of a distant gun on the other side of Paris, where the Prussians where shelling the forts in an aimless manner that we had grown accustomed to.

All else was absolutely still, and if you could have peeped through the curtain, and rubbed the frost off the window, you would have understood why.

Snow muffled the little street, and did its wintry best to hide the shell-hole in the restaurant over the way, and the ruins of the post-house to the left there.

It had covered up an irregular row of objects under the orchard wall beyond the plough land—covered them tenderly with its winding sheet, which was all the burial those seven dead Moblots got until the thaw came, and we had almost forgotten them, for they had been there a week!

Away behind us lay the loop of the river, with the Bois beyond it, and farther away, the beleaguered city; on the other side, little more than a mile and a half, as one looked from the studio door, were the woods of St. Cloud, and in those woods lay the Prussians. And the manner of our coming to that place was this.

A month before, Arrentièrre had come to me in my lodging at Montmartre, and, perching on the edge of my bed, had said: "*Mon ami*, in a very little while you will have to go on short rations; you will be cooped up where you can know nothing, while at my place over yonder, beneath *Valérien*, I have victualled for a veritable siege, and everything is as safe as a church. Come, we shall be good comrades, and you will see what you will see."

The offer was very tempting; at that time the ring of iron had not drawn so close to the city, and as for the danger—when one is young one does not think of that.

So there we had taken up our quarters, disturbed only by an occasional patrol, and protected, as we hoped, from the enemy's guns by the great hill on whose summit was the fort which sometimes played on the besiegers, but more often remained ominously silent, reserving itself for a later day.

The studio was one of six, forming a small colony at one end of the street, and clustering round a yard, which had a grass plot in the centre, and two plaster statues of Tragedy and Comedy—failures of Gensonné's, the sculptor, who had placed them there when the Salon declined them.

Gensonné had gone; Descarolle, who painted those wonderful twilights you have all seen, had gone also; the rest of our brother artists departed after a few shells fell in the street outside, leaving us alone, with the exception of Barotte, who did not count, being a silent, morose fellow, given to *absinthe*.

It may have been foolish to linger there, in spite of the passes which Arrentièrre had obtained from General Trochu; successive captains of the line, and officers of the Mobiles, who visited us in our solitude, remonstrated with us, but we were firm.

We lived in hopes that one day a great fight would take place in our vicinity; as for the loneliness, we did not mind it in the least, and were rather glad than otherwise when the last inhabitant of the village retired with his household goods and left us to our fate.

The departure of that last inhabitant, and the coming of the snow, was why a silence as of the tomb lay over everything outside, when Arrentièrre stood listening, and I vainly trying to discover what it was he heard.

"There it is again," he muttered, sidling on tip-toe towards the window, "don't you hear it now?"

"Hear what?" I whispered, rather irritated.

He glanced at me with a faint twinkle of amusement in his dark eyes, and said: "Someone running on the frozen road; one man, I think, and behind him several, and before that there was a single shot from a rifle, a long way off!"

Arrentièrre had quick ears.

As for myself, I could perceive nothing but that sense of ice-bound hush peculiar to the winter night, and sometimes a little grating hiss as the rising wind, blowing from the direction of St. Cloud, whisked some particles against our window. Once there was a muffled crash not far off, that made us both start.

"'Tis some more of poor Guimard's *établissement* coming down with a run," said Arrentièrre, after a pause; but he was wrong.

I had crept back, still under the hair-raising influence of the situation, to place some more charcoal on the stove, when—suddenly the crash was repeated outside our door, followed by a dull thud against the panel.

I stopped, looking over my shoulder, and I could imagine that I turned white; Arrentièrre peered through the hole we had bored through the shutter of the big window.

"Ha!" said he, quickly, "it is that drunken Barotte; he is lying all in a heap out there," and he glanced at me as if to say, "What shall we do—shall we let him in?"

"He will freeze to death," said I. "It would be only the kind thing to carry him to bed, and see that his fire is burning."

Arrentièrre had not waited for me to finish, but was already unfastening the complicated system of bolt and barricade we had devised for the entrance; and when it was flung open, with the bright glare of our lamps shining on to the snow, we saw that there was more than the *absinteur* before us, and that our romance was only just beginning!

Barotte was on his side, with one arm stretched out towards us; it was the knuckles of that hand that had struck the door, and a curious dabble of blood stained the white ground beside him, trailing away into the darkness, in gruesome pattern of clots.

"Quick," said Barotte feebly, turning his wild eyes up at us, "I am wounded, and I am pursued!"

* * * * *

We sat him on a chair before the stove, and washed his hurts with warm water, after carefully barring the door again.

A bullet from a needle gun had ploughed his thigh, making it bleed profusely, and in his efforts to escape he had fallen several times, tearing his hands badly. He had prowled too near to the Prussian lines, searching for potatoes in the fields on the ridge, and they had fired at him for a spy; they followed him to the other end of the village, but he had dodged them, and they were even then searching the tannery.

So said Barotte, still panting, and very pale, and he told his story in a shame-faced, hesitating manner, like a man who has sacrificed his birthright on the shrine of intemperance, and knows it.

"QUICK!" SAID BAROTTE, FEEBLY; "I AM WOUNDED, AND I AM PURSUED!"

I, young in those days, was filled with a vague pity for him; Arrentièrre, who was older and more experienced, said nothing, but went to the peep-hole in the shutter, and peered out into the darkness; and once or twice I saw him looking curiously at Barotte, which would have puzzled me, had one had time to puzzle about anything but the Prussians, and the probability of a visit from them.

Arrentièrre came away from the window after a while, and we bound up Barotte's leg as well as we could with some strips of an old blouse.

"I think they have given you up, monsieur," said Arrentièrre, rolling a cigarette. "After this adventure, I would give the Prussian lines a wide berth if I were you."

I distinctly saw Barotte change colour, and wince as if in pain, which I have no doubt he was, and his restless, furtive eyes sought Arrentièrre's face for a moment, with keen questioning in them.

I believe he was about to speak, but there happened an interruption at the instant which startled us all. Three sharp raps were delivered on the outer door, and Arrentièrre and I ran to the shutter.

"Bah!" laughed Arrentièrre the next moment, "We are becoming nervous; it is our friends the Moblots come to smoke a pipe with us; you have nothing to fear, Monsieur Barotte."

But Barotte was mounting the wooden ladder that led to the gallery with surprising agility, and had already gained the top.

"They are friends from the outposts," repeated my brother artist, a little scornfully, as he walked towards the door, but Barotte apparently did not hear him, and, limping along the gallery, disappeared into our sleeping chamber.

"Let him stay there," said I. "He is horribly shattered, and does not wish to be seen."

Arrentièrre flung the outer door open with a hasty ejaculation of contempt, and two strange figures strode in, bringing such a draught of cold air and such a gay burst of greeting with them, that the victim of *absinthe* was forgotten for the nonce.

"Ha, we have arrived ourselves," cried the Lieutenant Roucou, stamping the snow from his brown knee boots, and shaking me by the hand. "I do not marvel at you, my English friend, that you delight to hibernate in this *atelier* of Elysium; *peste*, my grandfather's vault in Père-la-Chaise is warmer than the outpost to-night."

A good-looking fellow, Roucou, with light curly hair and a winning smile; when I saw him afterwards at Montretout, when the guns had gone over him, the smile was still there—and I shed tears.

His comrade, Patinot was Arrentièrre's

brother-in-law, and an architect of promise when the war broke out; he had distinguished himself at Champigny a few days before, and his left hand was tied in a bandage, which necessitated his cigarettes being rolled for him.

Then, such an unwinding of mufflers, and drawing of numbed fingers from woollen gloves, and a great monopolization of the stove by the two Moblot officers, who would have sat upon it if it had not glowed so ominously crimson.

Twice every week, when their battalion took the outposts on our side, they stole over to us for an hour, and at the end of that time a sergeant would come and tap on the door for them, and a little glass of cognac would send him away quite happy in their wake.

It was a thing to be looked forward to after the mud and the misery; and a memory my friend and I recall when we meet—but always with a sadness now.

That night was to be unique in the history of the studio; and that is why I no longer care for the snow time!

Arrentièrre looked up suddenly.

He was sprawling on all fours in one corner, groping under the boards into one of his secret *cachets* where the wine was hidden, and, as if the thing had only just recurred to him, he said: "By the way, do you know we have got the Prussians in the village to-night?"

Roucou and Patinot sprang erect and stared at him.

"Bah, *mon ami!*" laughed Roucou, "the thing is not possible, you make game of us."

At that very moment it was that the sharp tap came on the outer door, and Patinot exclaimed, "No, there is something in it; the sergeant is here already."

Then we all looked grave, and I, being the nearest, withdrew the bolts.

It happened in an instant, and for the life of me I cannot tell you who was the most surprised, the German officer in the big boots, who stalked boldly in, crushing me unceremoniously between the door and the wall, or we four inside there, taken completely off our guard.

"Ha!" cried the intruder, falling back a pace, though he was a brave man for all that, "French officers, and in uniform! You will surrender, for you are surrounded."

"Shut the door, but don't fire for your lives," said Arrentièrre, who was still kneeling, with a bottle of Chambertin in each hand, and as I obeyed I saw, over my shoulder, Patinot and Roucou jump at the man like wolves!

There were three bolts to shoot and a baulk of timber to drop into its socket, and as I accomplished this with feverish haste the *rixe* behind me was terrific.

When at last I was free to help, they had got him down on the model-throne, and were shouting for a rope; and the interior of the great room was a sight to behold, for he was strong as Hercules—that Prussian.

Spent with his struggles, we eventually bound his ankles tightly, and had just pinioned his brawny arms, when a strange interruption took place.

The door of the bedchamber which led on to the gallery overhead was violently opened, and a deep voice called excitedly down to us, "Out with the lights—the yard is full of Prussians!"

It was Barotte, the *absinthe* drinker, who, shut up in the room, oblivious of the capture we had made, now saw the prisoner in the middle of us, and, seeing, grew terribly pale, and clung to the gallery railing, his face working curiously, his eyes staring at the officer, who, in his turn, looked up at him.

The Frenchman stood in the full glare of the circle of lamps that lit the studio. The German lay prostrate in the shadow near my overturned easel, but over his visage, battered in the fray, there crept a curious, mocking sneer, that was almost a smile of contempt.

Barotte presented a wild, dramatic figure, his hair tangled, his face of the pallor of marble; the rough bandage on his thigh already showing bloodstains that had soaked through it, and, afraid that he would pitch head-first over as he swayed backwards and forwards, I cried, "Take care, Barotte; what is the matter with you?"

"Barotte, you call him?" growled the Prussian officer. "Bah! it is not by that name we have known him at our headquarters. So it is you, spy, that have led us this goose-chase, you pitiful rat!"

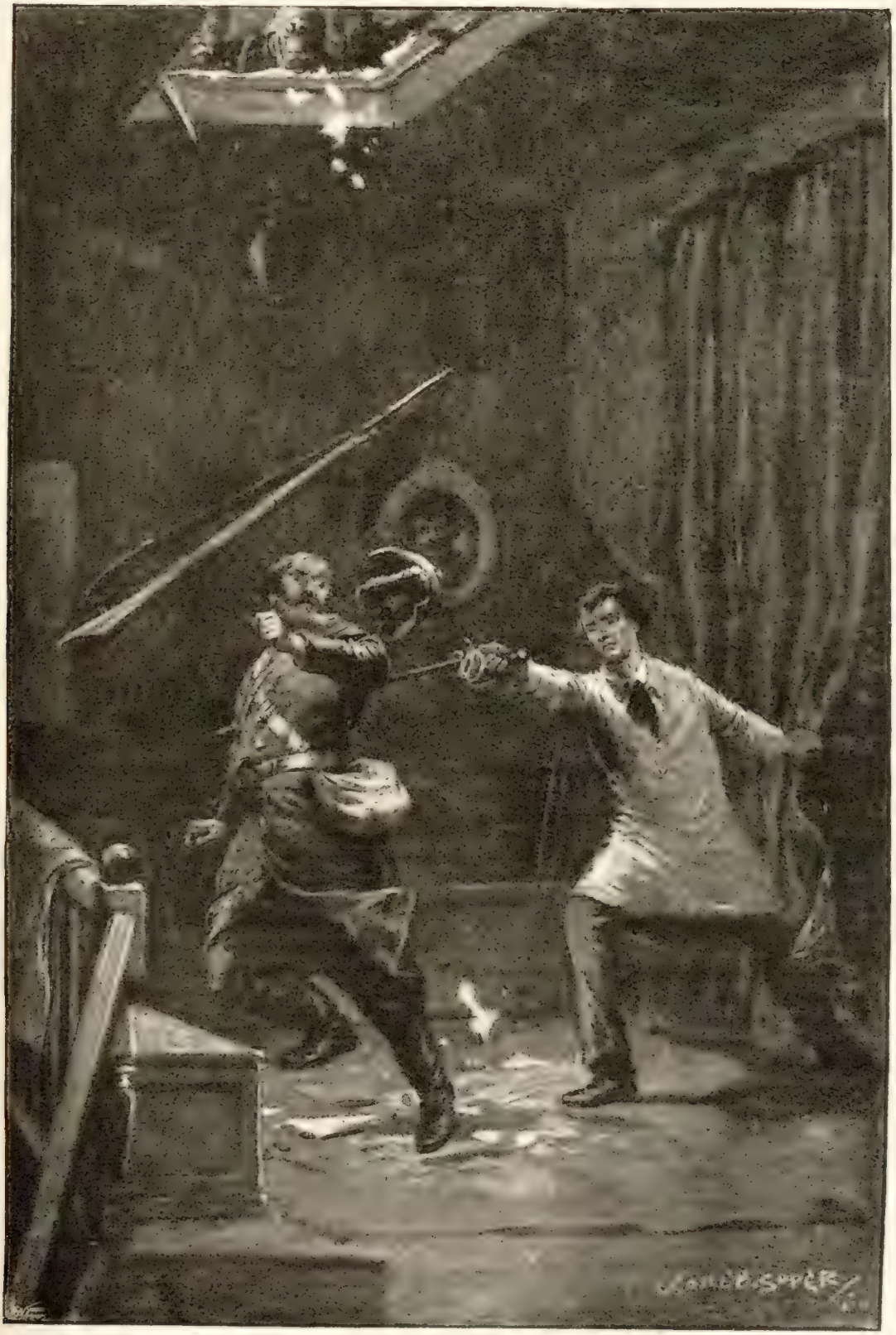
Barotte gasped, and quivered like a leaf, and when he found his voice it was to scream in heartrending tones, "Put out the lights, I tell you; the Prussians are in the yard!"

II.

DEATH IN THE DARK.

THE Lieutenant Roucou had stepped forward a pace and was looking up at the drunkard; Patinot's brows met across his nose, which made him appear very fierce; Arrentièrre's eyes sought mine for a moment, and he said in his quiet way, "I thought as much."

Then the Prussian startled us all by bellowing something in German that made the studio ring, which was immediately answered by a thunder of gun-butts on the outer door.



ARRENTIERRE LEAPED OUT OF THE SHADOW INTO THE MOONLIGHT—*(See page 201.)*

"We are in for it now, my friends," said Arrentièrre, who spoke German; "he has told his men to break in at all hazards, but not to fire lest they alarm our outposts. We must now gag this devourer of the sausage of Frankfort and the cheese of Limbourg; his observations had best be confined to these four walls for the present."

"Sacred head of a pig!" exclaimed Patinot, "if the commandant hears of this, we shall regret leaving the outpost to-night. But tell me, Arrentièrre, will your door stand?"

"Stand! *oui*, it is almost shell-proof," and as he spoke he threw a twisted shawl over the Prussian's head, knotting it tightly behind his neck, so that the poor man could only breathe through his nose and look out of his left eye, "There is only one vulnerable place, Patinot, unless they use pickaxes, that is the big skylight, and to reach it they must get on the roof."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant Roucou had never taken his eyes off Barotte, who still stood up by the railing, his chin sunk on his chest, and when Roucou suddenly addressed him, the lieutenant's voice was so unlike itself that we all looked at him, in spite of the clamour at the door, and the heavy tramping of feet under the end window.

"You are my cousin, Etienne Barotte, then?" said the officer of Mobiles.

"I am your cousin, Emile," replied the livid, miserable man in the gallery.

"It is not true — the thing that Prussian said of you—it cannot be possible?" demanded the lieutenant, making a fine, picturesque figure in his dark pilot coat, with the red-striped, blue pantaloons tucked baggily into his knee-boots.

"It is true, and it is not true," groaned Barotte, desperately, grasping his head in his shaking hands, "it was the *absinthe*. I could not get it, and I could not live without it. I used to visit the enemy's lines, and they filled my bottle, and sometimes they asked me questions. Ah, you do not know what it is to carry that curse with you; to sink so low that the meanest beast of the field is a thing to envy!"

Barotte was a man of nearly forty, Roucou a lad of eighteen, risking his life hourly for his beloved country, which the other had so shamefully betrayed, and the contrast was terrible to witness.

Roucou's face showed the loathing in his soul, and he had already half-drawn the pistol from his belt with an intention there was no mistaking, when Patinot sprang forward and grasped his wrist.

"Not so, my child," said Patinot, sternly; "afterwards, if you will; but if we commence firing those rascals outside will do the same, and that will bring their comrades down to help them. No, listen, I have a plan! Arrentièrre, is there any means of getting into the fields at the back of this?"

"Yes, a window in the bedroom up there, but it is nearly 20ft. from the ground, and the moon is confoundedly bright."

"No matter," said the Moblot, and he looked at Barotte.

"You, *canaille*, attend to what I say. You shall carry a note to the outpost on the road yonder, the chances are a thousand that you will never reach it, but you will try; if you are shot, *ma foi*, you die a better death than you deserve. If you send help in time, you will have done something to purge yourself of your treachery. How say you?"

"I will go!" exclaimed Barotte, throwing out his arms vehemently. "I will go this instant!"

"Not so fast," said the Capitaine Patinot, "you will go when you are told. Quick, Arrentièrre! pencil and paper, and I will reconnoitre in the meantime."

* * * * *

From our peephole in the end window it was possible to see across the yard and out into the street.

The window itself was boarded up on the inside and strongly clamped with iron, so that, although the Prussians promptly shattered the glass, they found there was no getting in that way, and I counted them, talking in council in the moonlight on the snowy path, and there were fifteen, including a red-bearded *feldwebel*, or sergeant.

When three of their number ran off at the double my heart sank; I thought they had gone for a reinforcement, but they were back again directly, dragging a heavy ladder from the ruins of the restaurant, and then I knew that we would have to defend the skylight!

Arrentièrre and Patinot came out on to the gallery as I made this discovery, and when I told them what I had seen, Patinot laughed.

"*Tiens!*" said he, quite gaily, "there are worse things than that; yonder carrion is crawling on his stomach over a ploughed field, and in a quarter of an hour Sergeant Soufflet should have my message—the scoundrel has grovelled so long that he makes remarkable progress after the manner of the serpent, and we dressed him in the Prussian's helmet and a——."

"Pardon me, Patinot," interrupted Arrentièrre, holding up his hand as he came down

into the studio, "we can talk later on; do you hear that?"

The heavy tread of feet mounting the rungs of the ladder was distinctly audible outside.

"Quick! there are weapons in plenty on the walls; choose for yourselves and gain the gallery—for me, I fancy this rapier, it is of the time of 'The Three Mousqueteers,'" he said; "and now I put out the light."

In a moment the *atelier* was plunged in darkness; only the moon streamed down through the slanting window in the roof, and in the corner the stove still glowed redly, like a danger-signal.

The two Moblots and I crouched behind the tapestry that hung over the balustrade, almost on a level with the skylight; we poked rents in the fabric and looked through; Arrentièrre remained below.

Then on the glass, which was dim with the heat of the room, the forms of the Prussians loomed black against the moonlight, like figures in a shadow-pantomime, and it was really a fine study of *silhouettes*, with comical snub noses poked out of the great-coat collars, and the ugly spiked helmets over all. The rifles possibly had less of humour in them!

We could tell which was the sergeant because of his beard, and it was the sergeant who commenced matters by crashing the muzzle of his needle-gun through one of the long glass panes. "What has happened, Herr Captain?" he called; but there was no reply.

The prisoner, in his corner, was tightly gagged, and, moreover, something uncomfortably keen menaced his throat—it was the rapier of the period of "The Three Mousqueteers"!

Again the sergeant's question cleft the silence and the dark, and not a sound made answer, unless it was a fragment of glass broken off by the spike of his *pikelhaube*, which fell with a musical ring on to the stove.

He withdrew his head and gave a gruff command that brought his comrades to their feet like a flock of black crows, and with a sweep of their gun-butts they smashed the skylight to atoms.

"Follow me, men," cried the *feldwebel*, and, lowering himself to the full extent of his right arm, he dropped the 12ft. on to the floor.

Arrentièrre leaped out of the shadow into the moonlight. The rapier of the period of Athos and Porthos passed through the sergeant's lung, and the D'Artagnan of our little garrison said "*One!*"

We three in the gallery instinctively rose, and the sight and sound of us made the Prussians pause for a second's space; all but one, a fair-haired lad, who was very eager and dropped alone.

Before he reached the ground the rapier flashed out again; the boy rolled over like a rabbit, his rifle clashing to the other end of the studio, and Arrentièrre said, "*Two!*"

Then the rest of them came down like an avalanche upon us, bringing a quantity of snow with them to heighten the resemblance.

"Ha!" cried Patinot, as we flung ourselves down the gallery stair, "If one might only fire now!"

There was a fearful chaos of sprawling men in the patch of moonlight underneath the broken skylight. Jump a sheer drop of 12ft. on to a boarded floor and you will know what I mean—try it with a heavy rifle and a great coat and a pouch of ball-cartridge, to say nothing of the short sword on your hip, and the seven-leagued boots of the Prussian soldiery, and you will arrive at a still better understanding.

When I reached the level, Arrentièrre and the two Mobiles were at them with the cold steel, and the floor was slippery with something that was not snow!

But though we had the advantage—for not one of the enemy alighted on his feet—half a dozen recovered themselves instantly, and they were all big fellows.

Nine had jumped, so I concluded that the other six were keeping guard outside; as for the sergeant, he lay up against the stove, and his beard was frizzling.

Even in the heat of it all I had kept rather aloof, for I was an Englishman and had no manner of right to be killing Prussians; but neither, for the matter of that, had they any right to be killing me, and when a burly Pomeranian sprang forward and made a furious lunge, I stepped aside, and smote him with the naval cutlass I carried, and he reeled up against Patintot, who finished him.

Arrentièrre gave a loud yell, and we saw that he was in difficulties.

The Prussian officer had managed to get his head clear from the shawl, and seized my friend with his teeth by the calf of his leg; but Roucou freed him very effectually, and the Prussian officer coughed for ten minutes before he died.

Alphonse de Neuville would have given something to have seen that studio, with the dramatic carnage in every corner; for myself, I could sometimes wish I had never seen it at all.

There was now only one Prussian left, and though Patinot cried, "*Rendez vous*," and lowered his sword, the man darted up into the gallery, maddened out of his wits.

"*Ma foi*, we have done well!" said Arrentièrre grimly. "Shall we open the door and clear the yard of those others?"

"HE IS DEAD, THEN?" SAID PATINOT, WITH A QUICK GLANCE AT HIS COMPANION, ROUCOU.

"Hark! there is no need," replied Patinot, who was bleeding very badly, and outside we heard a volley of chassepots, and a babel of French and German.

Sergeant Soufflet had arrived with the Moblots from the outpost!

* * * * *

We watched them from the porch; it was very fine.

The snow on the ground, and on the gabled roofs of the other studios; the statues of Tragedy and Comedy shivering in the moonlight; and against the pedestal of the latter a dying Moblot gasping out his life, with another stretched out on the step of Barotte's door.

When they had done—it was possibly five minutes—the Sergeant Soufflet came up and saluted; I think he had visions of those little *verres* of cognac, and he was not disappointed

"You received my orders then?" said Patinot, who was being bandaged by Roucou and Arrentière.

"Yes, mon Capitaine, but I am sorry ——" he paused, a trifle embarrassed.

"Sorry for what, sergeant?"

"For the messenger, mon Capitaine; you see we mistook him for a Prussian, and——"

"He is dead then?" said Patinot, with a quick glance at his companion, Roucou.

"Yes, mon Capitaine, Etienne Dubourg fired before we discovered our mistake—that is poor Etienne yonder, on the step over there."

* * *

You may read General Trochu's account of that affair for the benefit of the good Parisians; how a patrol of the Garde Mobiles surprised eighty of the enemy under the hill of *Valérien*, killed sixty, and bore the rest away in triumph.

But I have told you the true story, which was why Arrentière and I returned to Paris; and when we heard some days after that a Prussian shell had blown the studios to fragments I said to my friend "Are you sorry?"

And Arrentière, turning his eyes on the rapier which he had brought away with him, shook his head with a little shrug of the shoulders, and for the space of three consecutive cigarettes neither of us spoke a word.

THE END.

D. H. Parry

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

MANNAMEAD · COLLEGE · PLYMOUTH

KENT · COLLEGE · CANTERBURY

MATHEMATICAL · SCH[L] · ROCHESTER

BLAIRLODGE · SCHOOL · STIRLINGSHIRE

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE · · · I · OF · MAN

THE · KING'S · HOSPITAL · · · DUBLIN

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS.

When old Father Time ushers in, "'mid snow and ice," good old Christmas—or "Christmass"—each country, after its own style, celebrates the sacred season in some appropriate manner.

In Norway a very beautiful custom exists. Everybody, prince and peasant alike, gets a sheaf of corn, and attaches it to the end of a pole. They then place this on some high point about the house, for the birds of the air to have and enjoy a real Christmas feast. And these little songsters, the moment they see the sheaves hoisted up, flutter down, and the eager and noisy chirping announces to the Norwegians the satisfaction with which their generous offerings are accepted.

In Italy all endeavour to make the Christmas dinner the chief item of their day's programme. And, for the humbler folks, whose desires are often more than their pockets can satisfy, gifts, etc., are collected by some who procure them by sending the upper class a card, in return for which they expect some suitable donation, which, needless to say, is seldom denied.

On Christmas Eve, far away in Switzerland, they enjoy the season right heartily, and one of their games is this: All the boys and girls are gathered in one room, and, although they seem to be deeply interested in some way or other, pay more attention to the door. Now and again someone raises a shout, and the effect is magical as well as mirth-provoking. All, in a trice, are hiding, either under tables or chairs, or some other place of shelter, but soon they perceive the false alarm, and boldly walk back again. The result is that, when least expected, although it is always looked for, the door is suddenly thrown wide open, and someone (who is usually a parent) begins to pelt the boys and girls with apples, peaches, nuts, and such like, and with some force.

Again they beat a retreat, this time with reason, and, when the door is closed, they cautiously creep out and attempt to secure some of the stuff lying scattered on the floor. Then, perhaps, whilst in the middle of this, the door is again opened and the volley repeated.

Imagine the fun! There one, dozens of eatables piled up between his arms, is hastening to some place of safety, when he receives a blow on the cheek with a peach, and then another, and still another, until at last he has to drop his burden, and retreat—*bootyless!*

But when this is finished, the best of it comes in when all begin to dispose of everything they have managed to commandeer, and he (or she) who has the most will, I think, have the best time of it.

James Weir.

A "PRINCE CHARLIE" ANECDOTE.

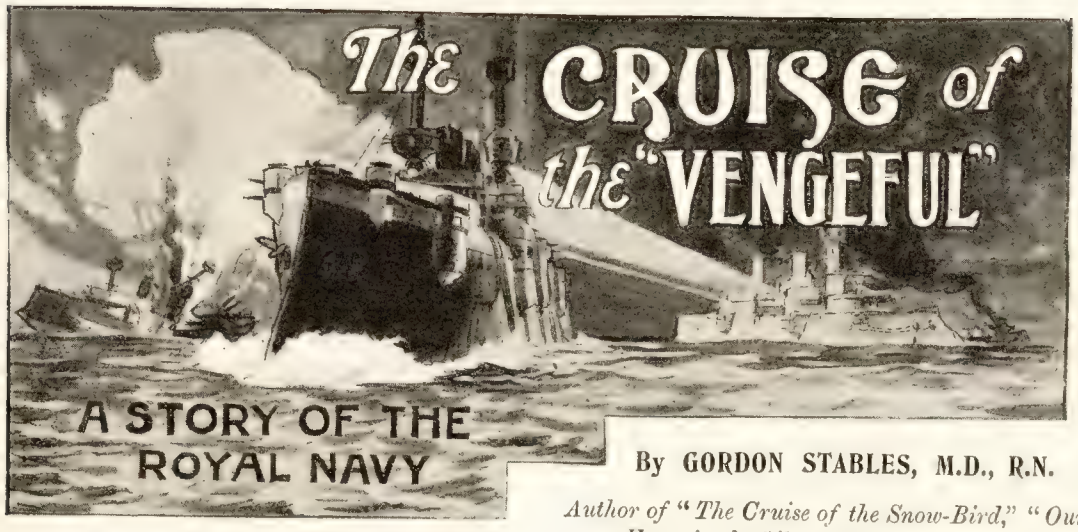
On my father's estate, which is near Inverness, there lives an old woman, ninety-three years of age, whose great-grandfather was the blacksmith who saved Prince Charlie's life at the Rout of Moy. Her great-great-aunt was a servant at an hotel in Inverness, and she heard the English soldiers saying that they were coming out to surprise Prince Charlie at Moy, where the wife of the Macintosh was concealing him; so she stole out of the hotel, and ran from Inverness to Moy, a distance of twelve miles, and told her cousin, the blacksmith, who got together five old men, all that were left to guard Moy Hall. These he stationed at corners of the road. When the English troops came in sight, he shouted military orders, which the men repeated; the English, thinking they were surprised, fled to Inverness, to the great relief of Prince Charlie.

After this the blacksmith had to go into hiding, as the English offered £100 for him, dead or alive. For many years he wandered about the hills, and at last ventured to return to this estate, where he was given occupation as a shepherd; when he died the Macintosh's wife had a monument made and sent from Italy, and put over his grave, as no one in the Highlands dared make it; and you may see it in the Moy kirk-yard, with the Stuart arms engraved on it.

Three years ago, when we had a Jubilee bonfire, old Mrs. Fraser (then ninety) climbed up the hills to light it, and danced as gaily as the younger people; till just lately she would tell us all about the Rout, as told her by her grand-parents, and also about the people whom she calls the "bluidy Stewarts."

Over our moor there runs a road made by General Wade's soldiers, before the battle of Culloden; there is also a stone here, where Prince Charlie ate his breakfast before the battle of Culloden, after having slept at a cottage on our estate, now pulled down. From this stone he could see the English soldiers in the distance. In a house near here there are all sorts of curios of Prince Charlie's, including the blacksmith's sword.

Gertrude E. Malkin.



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—VIII.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Cronjé*. She sinks the *Cronjé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase.

CHAPTER IX.

SANDIE ELLIOT'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

IN less than half an hour a prize crew had taken possession of the *Majuba*, and her decks were being cleared of blood, the dead buried *sans cérémonie*, and the wounded placed under the care of the surgeons, British and French. Ghastly work all this was, and best done under the shadow of night.

The officers were free *en parole*; only the men were guarded, and, indeed, they were but a cut-throat crew—socialists, anarchists, imperialists—all were to be found in their ranks; for, on the declaration of war, every French shipping port had been swept, so to speak, and here were the sweepings—the refuse. In the British army we will have none but Britons, and a spirit of real *camaraderie* exists 'twixt officers and men.

Here it was very different indeed, and among the prisoners you would have found Russians, Germans, Belgians, and Finns—a motley, rubbishy, rubbly crew, that no Englishman would have cared to command. Capital pirates, however, many of these fellows would have made; I don't believe that any one of the lot was encumbered with such an old-fashioned affair as a conscience, and would have sheathed his knife in his own commander's heart, or in that of a messmate, if there had been anything to gain by the act.

Both officers and men of the *Vengeful* turned in all standing that night, with their arms close beside them. Perhaps Capel himself never slept a wink, and all were glad enough when the sun once more silvered the waves.

The ships were kept close together; the little *Tadpole* about one mile ahead. This long, low, desperate-looking craft seemed proud to be allowed to head the procession, and though every great rolling wave hid her from view, she was soon *en evidence* again on top of the next. Thus she made her way, pitching, rolling a bit, but dancing onward and onward as cheerily as any old gun-brig in the dashing days of Dibdin.

The great cruisers followed steadily, soberly, but none the less speedily.

The *Vengeful*, with her prize, was *en route* for Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, that lie about half-way between Cape Amber in Madagascar and the shores of Africa.

Solemn service was conducted this morning, and one officer, with fourteen men of the *Vengeful*, were laid to rest—if rest it should be—beneath the blue waves of the Indian Ocean.

Another day and night at sea would enable them to reach Johanna, which is a well-fortified coaling station; its great, reef-guarded harbour

of Pomoney inaccessible to any but the smaller class of war ships.

But who could have guessed that the little *Tadpole* would have come across, and taken on board, the real Dr. Elliot at Zanzibar! Yet, such was the case, and here, on board the *Vengeful*, he sat on the evening of this very day, relating his adventures to his messmates after dinner.

These adventures, if they could not be called wild, were strange enough at all events. And Elliot, who spoke with a strong northern accent, kept the table interested for a time, and amused as well.

I have not space enough at command in which to tell all Sandie Elliot's story. Nor does it signify *very* much.

I pick him up, therefore, just as the "Flying Scotsman," which now runs at a speed of 100 miles an hour, has passed Peterborough on a dreary day in early January. There is no dreariness at Sandie's heart, however. He is young, and strong, and happy; the world—a world of wild adventure, he believes—is all before him. He is going southward to join the *Vengeful* for foreign service; his commission is in the breast-pocket of his coat, which he taps to make sure of it, then wraps the Scottish plaid more firmly round his knees, leans back and gazes out at the landscape that is rushing past him.

When Sandie had last left his Highland home, with the medical degree in his pocket, which he had won, with honours, at the great northern University of Aberdeen, and took train for London, to stand his "exam." for a commission, November winds were blowing "snell and keen," and as he neared the world's metropolis, just as gloaming was beginning to fall, bleak and eerie enough was the outlook compared to the wild mountain land where his father tilled a bonnie farm. He had even sighed as he thought of the gowany braes his sisters and he used to "speel" in summer; of the wimpling streams in which they used to fish; and the forests, dark and solemn, they were wont to wander through.

But — ugh! — here were only damp, cold meadows, green but flat; patches of unwholesome-looking, stagnant water; leafless, dripping trees, and long rows of bare-fingered pollards lining the river's banks. Anything more weird than those pollards he had never beheld. Each and all of them looked like demons dancing in the cold uncertain light.

But Sandie had passed the Board with flying colours, and all was different now. Nor was it the warm feeling of hope and happiness in his heart that alone gave him comfort. For Sandie had a bit of a sweetheart, to whom he had sworn to be true, and with whom he had broken a "ring o' gowd" before he'd kissed her a fond good-bye; he had gentle, loving sisters, too, whose prayers would help to protect him when far away at sea—ay, and a father and mother whom he loved and respected.

But look at the landscape yonder—how clear! — how brightly beautiful! The meadows are white, the pollards are bunches of beautiful coral, and the river, with its silvery sides, is as black in the centre as ink.

London at last! and Sandie settles down for a few days in decent lodgings. Hotels are too extravagant.

But Sandie does not see why he shouldn't enjoy himself in a rational way. He "does" the music halls and all the sights as if he were a Yankee. And it is while doing these that he meets with the strangest adventure that has ever yet befallen him.

He gets beset one morning in a London frost-fog while on a pilgrimage to Madame Tussaud's. Sandie has never seen such a fog before, and he doesn't like it. Men are like poplar trees walking; hansom cabs come up out of the misty darkness in a mysterious kind of way, and just as mysteriously disappear. The gas-lamps look like farthing candles in the gloom; the electric lights that bob over fruit-stalls are mere glow-worms. It is, indeed, a dismal day.

Sandie is now, in some quiet side street, and is wondering where he can be, when a tall and very handsome gentleman, evidently a foreigner, rushes up to him.

"O, sare, can you tell me where I can find one physician, or doctaire?"

"*I* am 'one physician,'" says Sandie proudly, "one and a-half, you might say, for I'm a doubly qualified man from Aberdeen."

"Then, O sare, will you come—and quickly?"

"Lead on, sir," says Sandie.

Down the street, through a lane, into a warehouse, and out again at the back; then down some dark cellar steps, and he finds himself in a cold, bare, gas-lighted room—finds himself, moreover, looking nervously down the barrel of a six-chambered revolver, presented at his head by his captor.

"My preesoner you are, sare. Make any noise and you are one dead man!"

Sandie saw the fellow was in terrible earnest, and concluded he had best keep quiet for a time.

For three whole weeks he remained here, his bed only a bench, his cellar dismally dark, even in daylight, only he was well fed. But his keys, his purse, and his papers, including the Commission he prized so much, and his appointment to the *Vengeful*, were all taken away. He was robbed

even of his identity; and all he had to be thankful for was the life spared to him.

His gaolers were two, but though they brought him food and water, they hardly ever spoke. Every night he was locked in and left to his own sad meditations. He expected nothing else but death, and had at last even begun to think this would, indeed, be a relief.

But one night he was awakened from a beautiful home-dream by hearing something stir in his cell. To his horror a trap-door in the centre of the floor slowly opened upwards, and a strange-looking being in black oil-skins, lantern in hand, scrambled slowly up.

Was he about to be murdered? The man's first words reassured him, however.

"Hullo, matie, who be you?"

Glad to speak to someone Sandie at once told him all his sad story.

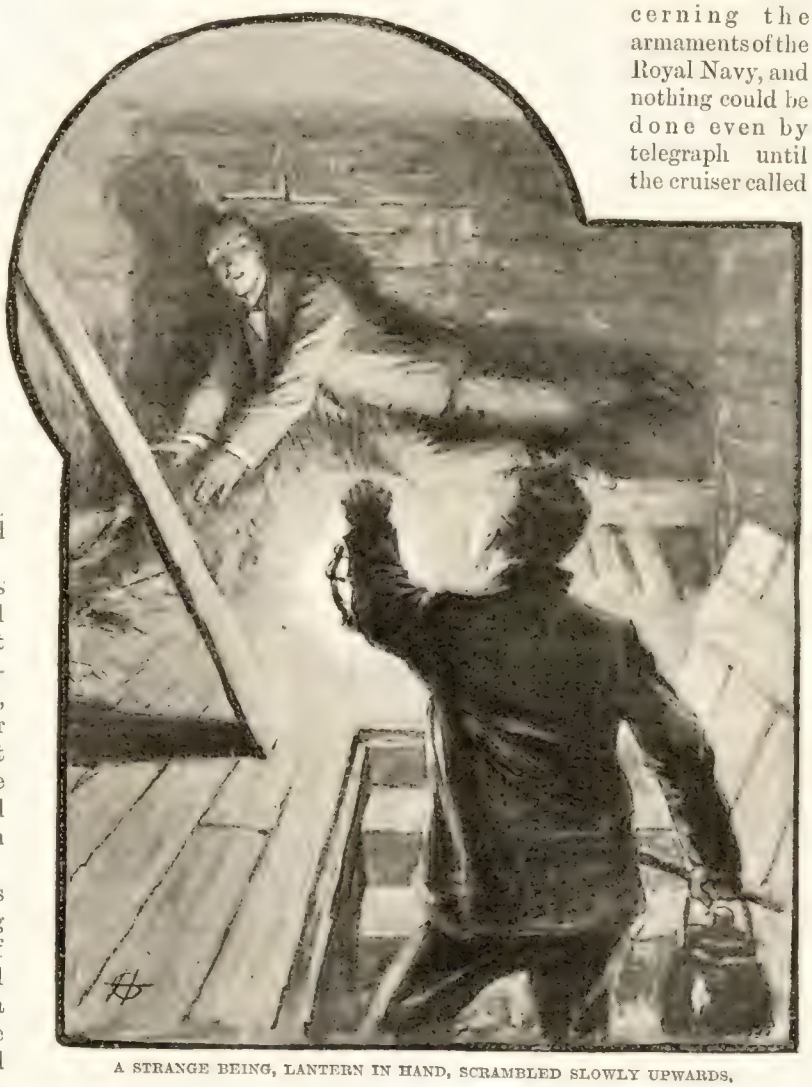
"Well, ye looks harmless enough. Just like me, and I'm a-trying to make a 'onest livin' by catchin' rats and picking up swag, silver spoons, watches and sich in the sewer below 'ere. If ye likes to trust yerself to Jack Scratt, come along, and my 'ole woman 'll make a cup o' tea for yer in no time."

Liberty in any shape was welcome, and together along the slippery black banks of the awful sewer Sandie and his rescuer crept for fully a mile. In half an hour's time he found himself above ground once more, and enjoying a humble but hearty welcome in Jack's one room.

And Jack found Sandie's lodgings for him, too, but his boxes were gone, and it was indeed in a pitiable plight that he presented himself next forenoon at Whitehall.

His story was listened to with rapt attention. He was conducted from one department to another, and notes were taken of all he said, for it gave a clue to one of the most villainous cases of espionage that had ever happened in London. The notorious spy Louis mon Brave had indeed played his game well, for he was a man who could assume any disguise. State papers had been copied and secrets obtained which were worth a king's ransom.

Meanwhile, the man had evidently sailed in the *Vengeful*, in which he would obtain most valuable information concerning the armaments of the Royal Navy, and nothing could be done even by telegraph until the cruiser called at the Cape. Dr. Elliot was sent out by Suez in the hopes that he might join his ship at Zanzibar, and denounce the spy who had stolen his papers and probably usurped his place.



A STRANGE BEING, LANTERN IN HAND, SCRAMBLED SLOWLY UPWARDS.

It is needless to say that the cellar in which Sandie had been confined so long was never discovered. But the police could tell us that even stranger stories than his are brought to light every day in the great world of London.

* * * * *

Arrived at Johanna, the great cruisers dropped anchor outside the reef, but the torpedo destroyer, with the commander on board, got inside, and as soon as the *Tadpole* was moored, Capel landed on the stony beach, was guided up through the jungle and scrub to the Consul's house, and there made his report.

Johanna is one of the most beautiful islands in the Indian Ocean. Hills and dales and bosky glens, with many a wee meandering stream, and woods that climb the mountain sides and fringe their very tops. Fruit of every tropical kind, wild flowers, bright-winged birds—notably king-fishers—snakes, wasps, and flying foxes, but never a wild beast to be seen. An ideal island, and if fairies dwell anywhere in the world, here is their sylvan home.

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE TELEGRAM.

An Arab Sultan still existed in Johanna, away over at the other side of the island. In his fort or palaces, surrounded by the squalid town and its fierce but somewhat malodorous citizens and soldiery, this man lived the life of some old feudal lord. He certainly owed some sort of allegiance to the Sultan of Zanzibar, but he kept his own fleet of dhows, his own little army, his harem of beautiful wives, and fancied himself one of the greatest monarchs on earth.

In truth he was a handsome fellow. Next in picturesqueness to the Highland garb is that which your gentleman Arab wears, and well did it become the splendid form of Sultan Ben Ali. His face was like that of some beautiful statue. Escaping from his gilded velvet turban, his long dark hair fell in ringlets even to his waist, which was begirt with a gold, diamond-studded sword belt.

Now, unless one shoots snakes, flying foxes and black wasps, or goes in for fishing—bomitoes, sharks and skip-jacks—there is very little sport in or around Johanna. Butterflies and beetles, however, afford good exercise, if one desires to make a collection, and does not mind tumbling over a precipice now and then. But during the week the ships lay here undergoing repairs, officers and men—including the middies—found life rather slow.

Mr. Cummings, the Consul, however, and his wife and young daughters were all "jolly fellows," and at this Viceroy's house there was always a free table. The girls were sweetly pretty, and made much of the middies, who, in spite of the fact that patent fuel had to be shipped for the stoke-room, and the prisoners of war to be looked after, managed to get on shore in driblets. I but speak the truth when I say that the sweetly pretty girls made the very most of those middies who happened to be on shore of an evening, quite ignoring for the time being the boys in blue and gold they might have flirted with the night before. Picnics were got up, however, and in one week no fewer than two dances took place on board.

When I knew Johanna first—the Consulate end of it I mean—there was nothing but jungle for a mile or two 'twixt the beach and the Viceroy's house, but now quite a little town had sprung up near to the sea, a tiny pier, entrenchments, a church, a prison, and a fort.

Before the pier was built, landing safely was a fine art, for the beach all along is a chaos of round smooth stones as large as one's hand—as large even as a *cocoa-de-mer*.* Each advancing wave bombards the beach with these, each receding one sucks them back, and by night or by day the hurtling noise is deafening and terrific. When an officer leapt nimbly out of the boat it was generally to find his feet carried away, and he himself sucked seaward in the surf. Then a rope would be thrown to him, and he scrambled out smiling, if there happened to be a smile left in him.

Well, there was not only the fuelling to be seen to, but the landing of the prisoners. The officers were retained, but those riff-raff foreign sailors were sent on shore in the pinnaces—nearly 600 of them—and quartered in prison, where they would remain till transports could be sent to convey them to the Cape, or Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea.

At the Consulate was a telegraph station, and Capel set that to work first thing. He told them at home of all his wonderful adventures, and modestly enough of the battle at sea and how it ended. Newspapers in Britain were full of the glorious naval victory that same evening, and the Admiralty telegraphed its thanks.

But Capel was also informed that the price of £5,000 had been put on the head of that king of spies, Louis mon Brave. This money would be paid to any naval officer or officers, civilian or civilians, who effected his capture, dead or alive.

Capel, who was facetious, wired to the Admiralty clerk that, though it was generally a matter of little difficulty to capture a dead man, it happened that in this case Louis mon Brave had gone below with the French sub-marine boat *Le Diable*, and hadn't made his number yet.

That was a long telegram; but then Capel had

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* The largest fruit in the known world, and growing, I think, only on the Seyschelle Islands of the Indian Ocean.

full command of the wire and nothing to pay. He might have telegraphed the five books of Moses if inclined.

"The crayfish," he added, "will have eaten him ere now; we may not be able to find even the head, with the price on it."

Click, click, click, went the wire a few minutes afterwards, spelling out the words:—

"Hang the head! Let us have proof of the beggar's death."

Thus wired the facetious Admiralty clerk.

Rawlings, the clever A.P., was with the young commander in the wire-room, and knew all that was passing.

Capel turned round, laughing.

"He says 'Hang the head!' Rawlings. Well, hang *me*, if I don't return to Lyra Bay and send down the divers! With apologies to the crayfish, we'll have the head, and Dr. O'Shane shall mummify it; then we'll send it home to the Admiralty in a despatch box."

"Good, sir, good! And isn't it possible we may raise that same rascally boat, *Le Diable*, and read off the enemy's secret? That submarine may come in handy, Captain Capel."

"We'll try, anyhow. That is a grand idea of yours. But now I'm going to get them to tell us what is doing in England. You stand by and write as I read off."

INCENDIARY FIRES IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

Up till now both the commander and Rawlings had been merry enough, but hardly had the little black fingers of the telegraph begun to spell out the news from home, before their faces fell. There was no more laughing now; the tidings received took them flat aback, so terrible and so unexpected was it. And though transmitted in brief, it was easy enough to read between the lines, and even between the words. Let us try to do the same, and we may then be able to understand the fearful straits to which Britain may one day be reduced in case of a naval coalition and subsequent invasion of our dear native land.

Here is how the telegram ran:—

Britain invaded in the north and in the south—Important cities isolated—Rumoured rising in Ireland, and Cork in the hands of the rebels—Destruction of many ships of war by submarine boats—Buoys taken up by the British—Lighthouses darkened by us—For the time being French command the Channel—Russian fleet from the Baltic—Aberdeen bombarded and fired from end to end—Inhabitants fleeing to the mountains, but fighting

grimly all the way—French army of 100,000 landed at Hastings—Two hundred guns—Marching on London—Yeomanry and Volunteers hurrying to meet them—Many cables cut—Incendiary fires in heart of London, the supposed work of naturalized foreigners—Great exodus of the riff-raff East-end population, chiefly foreign—Spreading themselves all over the Midlands—Life as well as property destroyed — Murder, robbery, and rapine — Japanese and American fleets reported put to sea — Italians wavering—All other nations seem neutral, but looking on with interest at the great conflict, many hoping to see the British ship of State burned to the water's edge—Telegram just come in—Windsor Castle has been——

Commander Capel waited and waited, watched and watched, but the tiny dark hand on the white dial clicked no more. It wavered to and fro for just a moment, then stood still.

Capel looked at Rawlings, and Rawlings looked at Capel.

"Good heavens, sir!" said the A.P. "What does all this mean? It is fearful!"

"True, true," Capel replied calmly; "but you, Rawlings, will I think be the last to lose your presence of mind."

"If America, Japan with her monster navy, and Italy, sir, assist us, surely Britain will regain possession of the seas, if, indeed, she has lost it. What think you, sir?"

Capel was walking hurriedly up and down the room, and hardly heard the words addressed to him. Rawlings repeated them.

The commander stopped suddenly beside the A.P.'s chair, the upper bar of which he clutched with a force that all but broke it. His face was pale, and his dark eyes flashed and scintillated, as they met the upturned glance of his companion.

"What do I think?"—he almost gasped the words out—"What do I think, my friend? Why this, Rawlings, *this:* the day when Britain's own ships cannot defend Britain's own shores, shall see us taking second-rate rank among the nations!"

"But, Rawlings," he continued almost fiercely, "that shall never be while *I* live—while *you* live—while patriotism still burns in Britannia's breast. Let the dark, cold waves meet above our heads, and death close our eyes, ere we behold Britain's foes giving Britons laws, Rawlings!"

He sank into his chair, and for a few moments buried his face in his hands, as if half ashamed of having given way to excitement.

When he leaned back once more, his face, though still pale, was calm. Not a trace there now of the anguish that but a few moments before seemed to rend his soul in pieces.

There sat Rawlings, the imperturbable, the born detective, and yonder Capel of the conning tower.

They looked at each other for a few seconds, as if each were reading the other's soul.

Then hand met hand in a fearless, honest grip; but neither spoke.

And yet both these brave fellows knew that the last cable had been cut, and that their native land was isolated, and no longer could they receive orders from the Admiralty.

But they could act on those they had already received, privately, before leaving the shores of their native land, and again in their sealed orders.

Such an astounding telegram as our young commander had just received would have quite stunned some men and bred despondency.

But Nature had formed Capel in quite a different mould. Reverses and misfortunes rouse such spirits as his. He rose to the occasion with all the determination and fierceness of a wounded lion.

The Consul was returning from his plantation when Capel met him, while hurrying off towards the beach.

"Good afternoon, Captain Capel," said the Consul. "You haven't seen over my sugar plantation yet; you haven't seen my new crushing machinery, or heard my niggers singing as they work in the glorious sunshine."

Capel looked at the man wonderingly. He was a native of Yorkshire—a simple-minded farmer who had been made Consul through interest, and who lived the life of a Crusoe in this beautiful but lonesome island—happy to have real quiet and rest, happy in the bosom of his family, working away on his sugar estate, receiving his salary from Britain regularly, and laying up a bit in his old stocking for his children, or for them and himself when he should become old; but he really took no thought for anything else. He was comfortable; he was jolly, and free from care of every kind. The outside world might wag away just as it pleased; it neither concerned nor troubled Consul Cummings. Of course, he knew we were at war with France. But "Bless my soul!" he told his wife and daughters, "that is nothing. Britain has always beaten her foes as yet, and she is going to do it this time, so keep your minds easy, my dears."

"You have, no doubt, heard the news?" said Commander Capel. "You must be in daily or hourly telegraphic communication with Britain."

Cummings laughed as he replied. "They haven't rung me up for a week, and, to tell you the truth, I never bother them unless they do."

"You won't have to bother them for some time, anyhow, my dear sir, for the cable is cut."

"Good job, too!" said Cummings.

"England is invaded by the French in the south, and Scotland, in the far north, by Russians. It is bad news."

Cummings shrugged his shoulders, and lit a cigarette.

"I pity the French and Russians," he said unconcernedly; "but, of course——"

"Of course what?" cried Capel, who was getting impatient.

"Have a cigarette? No! I was going to say—of course you will dine with us to-night. Nice bit o' fish my daughter caught."

"Thanks, I'll see, I'll see. I must hurry off now. Excuse me." And Capel suited action to his words.

Cumming gazed after him for a few seconds. "Extraordinary man!" he said; then quietly rolled and lit a fresh cigarette.

In half an hour's time, or less, Capel was outside the dreaded bar, where the great ships lay at anchor, and having a private interview with Captain Bullard. At this interview Rawlings was also present. The young and daring fellow's genius was known and admitted by all, and even Bullard did not think it below his dignity to consult him occasionally on his own private affairs, for Rawlings frequently dined with him—the paymaster himself caring very little indeed, for he was by no means jealous.

A splendid sailor was Bullard, of the true man-o'-war type—just the man to fight his ship till the last, and go down with her if need were, with his flag flying, as the Frenchman had done. But he was hardly the man to think out great problems, and would rather any day be advised than suggest advice.

But when he received Capel's report, and when Rawlings read the terrible telegram to him, he certainly was taken aback for the time being. He leaned back in his easy chair with lowered brows, and a face so full of concern that his great Newfoundland must needs place his monster paws on his shoulder and lick his face.

"And what would *you* do, Capel?" he said at last.

"Sir," replied the brave young commander, "I made up my mind about that in the boat as we were coming off. Didn't we, Rawlings?"

"We did," said the A. P., with a quiet little inclination of the head.

"You have done me the honour to consult me, Captain Bullard, and here is what I should do. If I thought it would be best, I should hurry home at once. I should not attempt to go by Suez, for the canal may already be blocked or blockaded by the enemy; I should go by the Cape, coaling at Ascension. Britain needs all her navy in this terrible crisis, and the enemy thinks that by cutting the cables she will keep our squadrons at their stations. The enemy has made a fatal mistake. The Channel fleet, or a very large squadron thereof, is probably now off Morocco, but the very fact of the cable being sundered will raise suspicion and send these ships speeding homewards."

"True, Capel, true; go on."

"Well, sir, we can do no more good here. We can protect our commerce by sinking and battering the French and Russian cruisers that are after it. We have captured one good ship; now we want to run up to Zanzibar and gather a crew for her. Meanwhile we should send the *Tadpole* back to Lyra Bay, to raise the French submarine."

"Good, good!"

"I believe it is good. And when, with our fast and powerful *Vengeful*—the swiftest craft in the wide world, sir!—we clear the enemy out of the Indian Ocean, we can then return, if we get no order to the contrary, and help the main fleet to pepper the French in good earnest."

"That will do, I think," said Bullard; "and we shall pray to the God of Battles to bless our cause."

"Oh yes, sir, we'll pray right enough! But He has already placed power in our hands, and that we must use."

"And now, sir," he added, "with your permission I shall go and break the sad news to wardroom and gunroom."

"Good morning, Captain Bullard," said Rawlings, and, bowing, he quietly followed the commander.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED ON BOARD.

Commander Capel entered the wardroom with Rawlings, and found it fairly well crowded. It was getting very near luncheon time, and the officers were all hungry, and happy in consequence.

Capel had a smile on his face, not an overjoyous one, however, but everyone knew on the instant that he had news to communicate. So they gathered round him—expectant.

The commander looked towards the door first.

"Message boy!" he shouted.

The sentry outside took up the call, and in a second or two it was ringing all over the ship.

Bobby Blair came tumbling aft, up the ladders, along the decks, then down the ladders. It was a kind of obstacle race, and the lad was in fine form.

"Yes, sir." He was standing cap in hand now before his commander.

"Tell the master-at-arms I should like to see

the gunroom officers in their own mess-room in five minutes' time."

"Ay, ay, sir," and off went Bobby.

"Gentlemen," he said to his messmates, "it is bad news I have to give you. Mr. Rawlings will read you the telegram I luckily received to-day before the cable was cut."

"Cable cut, sir!"

"Listen!"

The A.P. immediately read out the wire, and when he had finished the silence that reigned for fully half a minute was most impressive.

But now the stewards and servants came bustling in with the luncheon, and presently conversation was very animated indeed.

Nevertheless there was a heaviness and depression at every heart now which it was difficult, nay, impossible, to dispel. These officers could only hope and pray for the best and do their duty. But it must be remembered that there was no one sitting around that table who had not those who were dear to him at home in merry England. Merry England indeed! What a mockery these words seem on an occasion like this! Their country, which had not been successfully invaded for hundreds of years, would now be over-run. Friends and relatives, parents, brothers or sisters, wives or sweethearts, would all be at the mercy of the dastardly French and ruthless Russians. The thought was a terrible one, and it was even more terrible to remember that the riff-raff and sickly scum of London's foul East-end would have even less mercy than the armed enemy.

Immediately after he had communicated the news to his own messmates, Capel hurried off to the gunroom, and every young officer uncovered his head and stood silently and respectfully up as he entered.

He did not keep them long waiting. But the receipt of the news spread less sorrow and gloom here than it had done in the wardroom. You cannot separate happiness from bounding health; and hope dwells ever in the breasts of the young. There was indeed a wild exultant shout when the commander finished speaking.

"I say," cried the midshipmite, Mr. Merridale, who had quite recovered from his accident, "I say, sir; we'll have lots of fighting now, won't we, sir?"

"You're full of it, my boy," replied the commander, "but think of them at home."

"*I've* been thinking about them, sir," said the smart young officer Curtis. "The French and Russians you mean, don't you, sir? They're in the wrong parlour, aren't they? The British are the spiders, the French the flies, and won't our fellows pick 'em off just!"

"Never a foe will return, sir," cried another middy.

"I hope not," said Capel.

"We'll kill them all," cried Paddy O'Brien, "and follow the rest to their own shores, by jabers, and smash them on the threshold. Hooorah!"

Then a sturdy young Scot sprang on the table and commenced to sing the national anthem.

With his hat in his hand till the very last line was sung, stood Capel, then quietly slipped away, just as they began to shout in chorus:—

> Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
> Britons never, NEVER, *NEVER*, shall be slaves.

* * * * *

In hard work there is always surcease of sorrow, and although next day was Sunday there was much that was necessary to be done. The clergyman's sermon was unusually impressive, but far from saddening. They must trust in God, he told them; He had never deserted a good cause, but always blessed it. The invasion was a fearful affliction, yet even while they thought of those at home they would find consolation in prayer. Let those pray now who had never really prayed before. Those who knew Him must cling the closer to Him.

There were tears in the good pastor's eyes—O'Grady was his name—indeed, those tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks as, holding his right hand on high, he concluded with these impressive words: "We will trust in God, my brothers, and do our duty, even should that duty be to drown or die in our country's cause."

Next day work was begun in earnest, for both ships had to make good repairs before putting to sea. The engineers and artificers on board were the best that could have been had—workman-looking fellows who were capable of doing anything.

Much of the labour was done on shore, and the Consul sent quite a crowd of dusky natives to assist in keeping up fires for the blacksmiths and engineers; but, of course, these men were not skilled workmen.

On the Tuesday, while Commander Capel was supervising the operations in the workshops near the pier, with his little satellite, Bobby, hovering near, and ready to carry a message to the back of the north wind if told to, Rawlings strolled quietly up and saluted.

"I've an idea, sir," he said.

"Your head is full of them, Mr. Rawlings, but tell me."

"Well, sir, among those of our prisoners who are not French there must be a few good fellows and skilled mechanics. Why not offer them freedom if they will work quietly for us? I am sure I could pick out fifty."

"Then do so by all means!" cried Capel. "It is a happy thought. Mr. Curtis there will go with you, and a dozen armed bluejackets. Bring them here. I need not tell you to be careful in your choice."

"No, sir."

In half an hour Rawlings was back with a whole gang of really good and reliable-looking men—forty-three in all. Capel questioned them, and found that they were, for the most part, skilled mechanics and tradesmen—no less than fifteen were engineers—whom drink, or evil fortune, had ruined.

"Now, men," he said, "I will employ you all. And these are my terms: I will pay you at the end of the commission good wages according to your rating; you will be well clothed and well fed in every way, and I will take you to England when I go, and set you free, after paying you the wages you may have honestly earned. You must swear to me, however, that you will not enter the French or Russian navy after we set you free."

Hands were raised heavenwards, and in solemn voices every man there shouted the words "We swear!"

"Now then," concluded Capel, "my engineer officers shall take you over, and give you that species of work to do you can most easily perform. Just remember, however, that we must have discipline and strict obedience to orders, and that treachery in any shape or form will be punished with death. Go, men. You have everything to gain, and nothing to lose."

I myself need not add that there were no Frenchmen in this gang of workmen. Britain never asked any man to use his arms against his own country.

So now the work went merrily on, both on shore and afloat. Yet neither Captain Bullard nor Capel was altogether easy in his mind, because the monster cruisers were moored in a somewhat dangerous position, outside the bar; the Mozambique Channel and the Indian Ocean are at times swept by storms of hurricane power, which come on suddenly, with thunder, lightning, and even hail, and sink many a gallant ship, or swift Arab dhow.

BOTH SHIPS HAD TO MAKE GOOD REPAIRS BEFORE PUTTING TO SEA.

The commander had intended paying a visit to the Sultan of Johanna; but the telegram first, and now the work, had driven that potentate for the time being out of head. But when the labour of repairing the cruisers was almost finished, and the monster fore-turret of the *Vengeful*, greatly to the credit of the engineer officers and the "black gang"* moved to the touch of a button

* The stokers and engine-room hands generally are so designated.

as easily as ever it had done; Capel had a talk with his captain, and the two came to the conclusion that the Arab Prince might be of use to them.

Let me tell you a little more about this Sultan. He had a whole string of names, by the way, most difficult for even a Welshman to pronounce. We may be content to call him Ben Ali, for simplicity is always best. When Ben was a boy, then, his home had been the great palace of Lamoo—a semi-savage sort of city, some miles inland and right on the equator. The Sultan who reigned here was brother to the somewhat more powerful Mahomedan ruler at Zanzibar. The education of the young Prince, Ben Ali, had been entrusted chiefly to a scion of the Prophet, a very reverend-looking seignor, with a gilded turban, a white, flowing beard, a glittering eye or two, and a long and voluminous green toga. Before entering the young Prince's presence he used to kick off his sandals and leave them outside the door; but he never took off his turban. Ben Ali had to do sums on a slate, just as our own gutter-snipes do at board schools; only Ben's slate was the shoulder-blade bone of a camel, on which it is said the Prophet himself had ridden. Well, he did sums, and he learned Sanscrit, and was taught political economy. Moreover, he was given to understand that the Mahomedan religion was the only true one, and that it would in time rule the world—as soon, that is, as the Mahomedans themselves should spread themselves and conquer all races beneath the sun—which is very likely.

Ben Ali was taught astronomy, too. The earth was flat, like a wooden pot-lid; the stars were diamonds; the sun a fiery shield, which every night when it set was hauled in a golden chariot by angel-steeds round to the East, to be ready to rise by six o'clock in the morning. The scion of the Prophet assured him that even the infidel British were the scum of the earth; but that, as the devil gave them great wealth of gold and silver, it was policy to be civil to them, and to continue so until the great day of wrath came, and Mahomedans swept them into the sea.

When, therefore, Ben Ali found himself Sultan of Johanna, with a fine palace of his own, a fierce soldiery, and a harem, he considered himself of no small account. But he was very magnanimous. He whipped off a head or two every week, however, just by way of maintaining his dignity. The heads belonged to his own people, because these were more easily got at than his enemies. But he would graciously permit Consul Cummings to squat on the other side of the island so long as he behaved himself. Nay, more, he even invited the Consul to a dinner of herbs now and then, slimy fish, stewed flower petals, and sherbet (a kind of flavoured syrup).

Now Ben Ali was wealthy, in a way of speaking. For on the sly he did much traffic in slaves, and his splendid fleet of dhows was spread all over the ocean, 'twixt India and the Comoro Islands.

The captain and commander were having tiffin together at the consulate. Cummings himself was far away on his estate, and the ladies were all in the woods with a covey of middies, catching butterflies—though, 'twixt you and me and the binnacle, reader, they themselves were the biggest butterflies afloat. There were only the black servants here to-day—great hulking negroes to carry the viands in and out on silver trays, and little laughing black girls behind the officers' chairs to fan them.

The fish was excellent, the curry a glorious work of art, and the wine was the Consul's best.

"This Ben Ali, then," said Captain Bullard, "you would make of service to us?"

"Yes; nothing is more simple or easy, sir. He has a splendid lot of dhows, he is fond of money, so I propose that we should hire these dhows and pay well for them."

"According to results, of course?"

"Certainly, according to the information they bring us concerning French and Russian ships of war, and where they can be found."

"We ought," he added, "to pay Ben Ali, and to make presents to the captains of his dhows. I should hire, if possible, thirty or forty of Ben Ali's fleetest dhows. This would be my naval detective fleet, and with our two splendid cruisers, I think we shall make short work of every enemy's ship we meet."

"Thank goodness, sir, we have shells and ammunition of all sorts enough to last us for a couple of years, even if we were to fight a battle every fortnight."

"Good!" said Bullard. "Well, shall we run round with our ships and show off our strength?'

"I wouldn't do that at first, sir. These Arab Sultans need to be approached with tact, stroked with the hair, not against; buttered and blarneyed and praised, and—tipped."

"Good, Capel, good! I'll leave the matter in your hands, and right glad am I to have so clever a commander. So now I think we'll go on board, unless you mean to wait for the ladies."

"No, no," said Capel, laughing; "duty first—pleasure afterwards The ladies can wait."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW TALBOT DIED.

"MR. MERRIDALE would like to see you for a moment, sir."

Commander Capel was in his own cabin, and it was the sentry who brought the message.

"Certainly. Let him come in."

"Oh, sir!" said Merridale, with a flutter of excitement, "I hear you are going to have the *Majuba* re-christened, and that one of the Misses Cummings is to perform the ceremony. Would you, sir, oh, *would* you let it be Aggie, the youngest? She is——"

"Well, what *is* she? Your sweetheart? Eh?"

"Not that so much, sir, but—er—well—I like her a little, and—but she is so beautiful!"

"All right, my lad," said Capel, laughing, "it shall be as you say. And you can go on shore this afternoon and tell her."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" and off ran this love-sick midshipmite, exultant and flushed.

The boy would not wait for the officer's boat. He must hail an out-rigger dug-out belonging to a savage, and got landed all right. He ran nearly all the way to the Consulate, and was lucky enough to find Aggie alone. She was a really pretty young girl, and after getting such good news she couldn't well refuse our middy the kiss he begged for.

Well, that ceremony—the re-christening of the ship I mean—was a very interesting one. Aggie, most charmingly dressed in white, and garlanded as to her bonnie black hair with rare and lovely wild flowers, stood on board the electric pinnace, right under the bows of the great cruiser, with Merridale by her side, and the chief wardroom and gunroom officers, in swords and cocked hats, behind. The French *Majuba*, when the little bottle of wine that hung from her bows was lifted and let go again by Aggie's wee white fingers, became H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*.

A dance was given on board that same afternoon, and a dinner followed. Then, next day, a little expedition started away over the hills with a letter to Ben Ali, and many beautiful presents besides.

THEY WALKED A LONG DISTANCE BEFORE THEY FOUND A FORD.

The party was quite a representative one. Capel could not spare a lieutenant, but a sub went in command, as well as one of the marine lieutenants, with about a score of marines; then there was Merridale himself, Tom Harris, many blue-jackets—among the number being Jack Howard—

the captain's splendid Newfoundland, and last, and almost least, little Bobby Blair.

The Consul had provided provisions and bearers, and these semi-slaves carried also the presents for Ben Ali.

They went singing away up through the forest and over the hills, as happy-go-lucky a lot of sailor-hearties as anyone ever clapped eyes upon.

Indeed, I fear that the invasion of Britain did not trouble them very much. If they spoke of it at all to each other it was to pooh-pooh the matter, or laughingly to wonder however the French and Russians would get back to their own countries, "that is," said Merridale, "if any of them live long enough to wish to return."

They camped on a wooded hill-top about one o'clock, fires were lit, and as jolly a meal was cooked as any wanderer could wish to squat beside.

It seems to me that after this our brave company of seafarers resolved itself into a kind of free and easy picnic, and the sun had already begun to decline in the west before Sub-Lieutenant Scott started up and gave the orders to fall in once more.

Now, somehow or other, late in the afternoon they contrived to lose themselves. I believe it was the marine officer's fault.

Talbot—the sea-soldier—said to the sub, "The town of Johanna lies right down yonder, and we can easily take a cross-cut and reach it before sun-down."

"I don't care to leave the beaten track," replied the sub, "but it does look as if we could get right down on it your way, Talbot."

"Oh, I am sure we can!"

"Well, lead on."

The bother of it was, that a deep ravine with a stream running through it came awkwardly in the way. They walked a long distance up before they found a ford, and after this they had to climb a mountain in order to find out where they were in particular. Well, they could see the ocean bright and beautiful, on the east and west and south, but the town had succeeded in spiriting itself away, and the sun was making haste to go down.

"How annoying!" said the sub. "It's your fault, Talbot."

"Nonsense!" cried Talbot.

"I say, you fellows," said Merridale, "don't quarrel. It's stupid. Just let us light a fire and have supper and a sleep."

"I daresay Merridale is right," said Talbot.

So the sub threw his sword-belt and sword on the ground with a rattle, and lay down beside them.

The sub was not altogether pleased, but a good feed soon set everybody to rights, and they determined to spend the evening in spinning yarns, in conversation and in song. No difficult thing to do where so merry a band of sea-rovers as this is seated round the camp fire.

An allowance of grog was served out to the men; then sentries were set in the bush all round, and, this being done, pipes were quickly in full blast, and the jollity became general.

Although the yarns spun to-night were many of them highly amusing, and some full of adventures, I have not the slightest intention of inflicting my readers therewith. If I did I should be guilty of the unpardonable sin of digression. But I want to disabuse your minds of the prevalent notion that sailors and soldiers around the camp fires spin yarns to order, as it were.

I have camped in every clime under the sun, and in one where in winter there is no sun at all, but never yet have I heard such expressions as, "Now tell us a story, Tommy," or "Spin us a whopper, Jack." Yet you read of this in books. A really happy night around a camp fire is such a one as our mariners and bluejackets spent to-night, because it is natural. A song may now and then be called for, but anecdotes bubble up spontaneously, and the one leads on to the other in the jolliest way conceivable.

But it began to get late at last, and the fire burned low. It was speedily replenished and banked for the night. Then the marine officer went to have a look at his sentries, and returning, gave his sergeant orders to relieve them at twelve o'clock and again at four, if he himself should not be stirring; for sentry-go is nearly always considered a duty to devolve upon the marines, when there are any.

"Good night, Talbot, old man," said the sub. "Good night, Merridale—good night all."

"Good night, my boy," answered Talbot cheerily. "Good night all—and all's well."

"Mind what I said about the sentries, sergeant,' he added presently, "if I don't stir."

There were many around the camp fire who would never forget poor Talbot's last words—for indeed they were the very last he ever uttered in this world.

Everybody curled up now, and was soon fast enough asleep, and some among them were probably dreaming of home. Merridale had gone to sleep thinking of Aggie, and he hoped to dream about her. He did nothing of the sort, however; for dreams won't be coaxed to come, and can't be made to order.

The night wore away: there was scarcely a sound to be heard, although the sentries were all on the alert, for wandering Arabs are ever ready to injure an Englishman if they can get a chance. Now and then a branch would break with a snap down through the forest somewhere,

OUT DASHED A TALL FIGURE IN ARAB COSTUME.

or a wild bird would utter a nightmare shriek, or some great black creature would half leap, half fly from one tree toan other—the flying "foxes'—all else was silent. About four bells in the middle watch the moon sailed up over the sea, and the sentries drew back into the shade, for the light it gave was almost as bright as day.

Now "Sea King," the captain's Newfoundland, had a *penchant* for hunting on his own hook when on shore at night, and before curling up Merridale had fastened him with a rope and clove-hitch to a stump near by.

It wanted about twenty minutes to four, when all hands were suddenly awakened by a growl from the great dog, which lengthened into a fierce and terrible shriek.

Everyone was on his feet in a moment, just as one of the sentries' rifles awakened the woodland echoes.

These were followed almost immediately by the cracking of a revolver. Six times in quick succession it was fired; then, right through the very centre of the camp, dashed a tall figure in Arab costume, and disappeared next minute in the depths of the forest.

Talbot had been shot dead at once. He fell and never moved again; a bullet passed through the shoulder of the sub-lieutenant's coat, and another had grazed Merridale's chest. But for the dog, undoubtedly all three would have been shot in their sleep; on the other hand, had the Newfoundland been free, the assassin could not have left the camp alive.

The sentry who fired had seen the murderer's face; so had one other man, and so had Bobby Blair. *It was Louis mon Brave, without a doubt!*

No one thought of sleeping more to-night, and when daylight came at last, breakfast was eaten almost in silence; then a litter was formed and six men were told off to carry the body of poor Talbot back to the ship, while the rest of the band resumed their journey.

They made the town that same forenoon, just in time to see a swift dhow in the offing, her great square sail bellying out before the wind.

Mr. Scott brought his marine glasses to bear upon it, and lo!—yonder on its high stern quarter a figure could be seen waving a handkerchief shorewards.

It was the spy himself!

And now this fiend in human form commenced to semaphore in derision. His body stood darkling out against the dhow's sail, and his signals could easily be read.

"Good-bye, old shippies!" he semaphored; "but remember this—we'll meet again!"

Jack Howard shook his clenched fist after the fast receding dhow. "Ay!" he cried, "Heaven grant it! I'll be waiting for you!"

But duty had to be done in spite of grief and chagrin, and in less than an hour's time the sub-lieutenant and Merridale found themselves in the presence of the Sultan of Johanna.

Their reception was all that could be expected, and the marines and bluejackets were feasted and *féted* quite as much as their masters.

The visit of the ships to the offing, the Sultan told Mr. Scott, would be hailed with delight, and that of the great British officers and heroes to his humble palace. Whatever he could do to help them to beat the French he would. "Was it not," he said, "the accursed French who, many years ago, had landed at Mayotta, dethroned the Sultan, insulted his harem, and turned his children into beggars and wanderers to and fro on the face of the earth?"

"Pity," he added, "that they had not come but a little hour sooner, for in one of his fleetest dhows a great English milord had just sailed for Zanzibar. He, too, had promised him much money and much fine presents on his return."

"That man," cried the sub-lieutenant, "that villain, your sublime Highness, is no Briton, but French! Had we been here we should have captured him and hanged him on the nearest tree."

Then the Sultan was told all the story, and his large liquid eyes grew larger when informed that if he could make Louis mon Brave a prisoner when he returned, £5,000 should be his reward.

In three days more the British men-o'-war, including even the *Tadpole*, lay off Johanna, and Commander Capel had arranged for the hire of five-and-twenty of the Sultans fleetest dhows to scour the seas from north to south, and bring news of the Frenchman's movements to Captain Bullard, who with his ships would be cruising on and off the coast of Madagascar. Each dhow was to carry while at sea a red pennant at its mast-head, so that they should know each other and communicate wherever they met.

The Sultan was now an ally of Britain, he had sworn by his Faith to be true, and well did Capel know that an Arab can be either a true friend or a very bitter foe.

But now hurrah! Once more for the open sea—there's a world of adventure yet before us.

(To be continued.) Gordon Stables

IN THE COACHING DAYS

BY

J. J. Dexter.

Now

IN the days of sixty-miles-an-hour expresses, of which THE CAPTAIN's readers have already been very well informed, it is interesting, not to say instructive, to look back upon the manner in which the people of these islands travelled prior to the opening of the Stockton & Darlington Railway in 1825. It was by the coach that the people then travelled, and of the story of that means of locomotion we intend to say a few words in the present article.

Stow, that great historian, tells us that coaches were first introduced into England in 1564 by a Dutchman, who was appointed by Queen Elizabeth to be her coachman. And so royalty, setting the fashion in coaches, as they do in most other things, the coach became an established and general means of conveyance.

To look back now on those days, we are inclined to think, and rightly so, that the coach was an exceedingly slow method of travelling; but it must be remembered that its introduction was one step forward in the right direction, and that it was the beginning of a regular communication being set up between all large centres—a communication which since, by the aid of the steam engine, has been so developed, until, at the present time, there is not a town or village of importance which has not a frequent and regular communication with all the large cities and towns.

As we have said, the coach was introduced in 1564; but it was not until nearly a century later that the stage-coach, plying between all the large towns, made its appearance. Until then, the coach was a private conveyance only. It is the public or stage-coach that we intend

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STAGE-COACH.

AN ENTRANCE TO LONDON IN 1796—HYDE PARK CORNER WITH TURNPIKE GATES.
From an old print.

to deal with here, and so we will confine ourselves strictly to it.

In a work, entitled "Her Majesty's Mails," we are informed that :—

A kind of stage-coach was first used in London in 1608; towards the middle of the century they were gradually adopted in the metropolis and on the better highways around London. In no case whatever did they attempt to travel at a greater speed than three miles an hour. Before the century closed stage-coaches were placed on three or four of the principal roads in the kingdom, namely, those between London and York, Chester and Exeter.

The following is an early announcement of a London-York stage-coach :—

On 18th April, 1703, persons who desire to make the journey from London to York, or from York to London, are requested to present themselves at the "Black Swan," in Holborn, London; or, at Coney Street, in York. They will find there a diligence, which leaves on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and accomplishes the entire journey in four days, if God permit.

The above two extracts speak for themselves, but we would draw our reader's attention to the rate of speed—three miles an hour—and the journey from London to York, four days.

A journey by the coach in those days was a great venture. As the coach from London very often left in the small hours of the morning, it was essential that the would-be traveller should catch it, for, unlike the present system of railways, there was not another coach in half an hour; the next coach left, perhaps, in three days, and more often a week elapsed. To avoid this terribly great inconvenience, intending passengers took up their position the night before at the inn from which the coach started, and gave strict instructions to the "boots" to call them in good time. And woe betide the hapless "boots" if he erred in his commission and knocked not loudly enough upon the bed-room door. All the coaches started from an inn, and this was the beginning of those famous London coaching inns which one so often reads about, and which, alas! are now no more. Charles Dickens loved to write about them—"The Tabard" and "The White Hart," those famous Southwark hostelries, have been immortalized by him; and those of you who have read "The Pickwick Papers" (and who has not?) will remember the latter as the inn at which the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Sam Weller first put in his appearance.

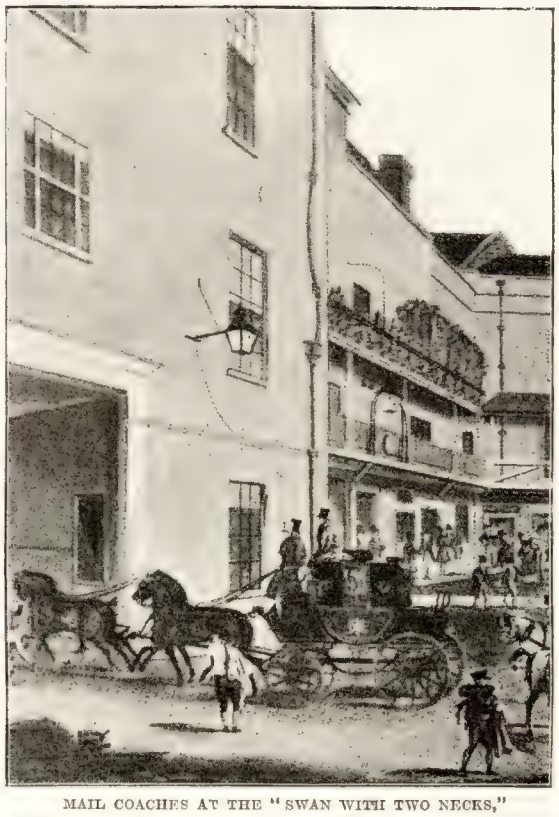
Much of the discomfort of stage-coach travelling was due to the bad state of the roads. Many of them were no more than bridle-paths, and notwithstanding the fees levied by the turnpikes, which fees were supposed to contribute toward the repair of the roads, the roads were seldom, if ever, attended to. Many a time had the passengers to alight and walk a mile or two because of floods, and on this account it was not unusual for passengers to remain for days at some town *en route*, waiting for the waters to subside. Of course, the roads did not always

MAIL COACHES LEAVING THE "ANGEL," ISLINGTON, ON GEORGE III.'S BIRTHDAY (1812).

continue to be in this bad state. The middle of the eighteenth century saw a great improvement made in their condition, and with it, as a natural consequence, an increase in the speed of the coaches. The recognized speed of mail coaches was three miles an hour, for the agreement of the Government for the carriage of the mails between Bristol and Exeter—a distance of sixty-five miles—was that the journey should be completed in twenty-four hours. This meant an average speed of a little more than two and a half miles per hour, not accounting for stoppages. But, with the entry of the last century, all this was altered. The country demanded an alteration, and they got it! Thenceforth, fifty to sixty miles were covered in the day; no one travelling at night.

The outside seats of a coach were, early in the days of the stage-coach, not the coveted places they became later on, the reason for this being that no provision was made for the outside passenger in the shape of seats (see our first illustration.) The following account of a coach ride, written by a Prussian clergyman, is extremely interesting, and tends to bear out the above statement.

The coach drove from the yard. The inside passengers got in there; but we who chose to ride outside were obliged to clamber up in the street, because there was no room for us to pass under the gateway. They have a curious way of riding, not in, but upon a coach. He who can properly balance himself rides not incommodiously on the outside, and in summer time, in fine weather, it certainly is more pleasant than within, excepting that the company is rather of a low order, and the dust troublesome. The getting up on to the top was alone the risk of one's life, and I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold on by but a sort of handle fastened to the side. I sat nearest the wheel, and the moment we set off, I fancied I saw a certain death awaiting me. All I could do was to take a still firmer hold of the handle and to be the more and more careful to preserve my balance.



MAIL COACHES AT THE "SWAN WITH TWO NECKS," LUD LANE, 1800.

The reverend gentleman then goes on to say now he found that his position soon became insupportable, and so he scrambled into the "basket" in which the luggage was carried. This was all right whilst going up hill, but as soon as the coach started off on a decline at a fairly good pace—

then all the trunks and packages and everything in the basket began to dance around me, and every moment I received such awful blows that I thought my last hour was come. I was obliged to suffer the torture a whole hour, till we came to another hill, when, quite shaken to pieces and badly bruised, I crept to the top of the coach and took my former seat.

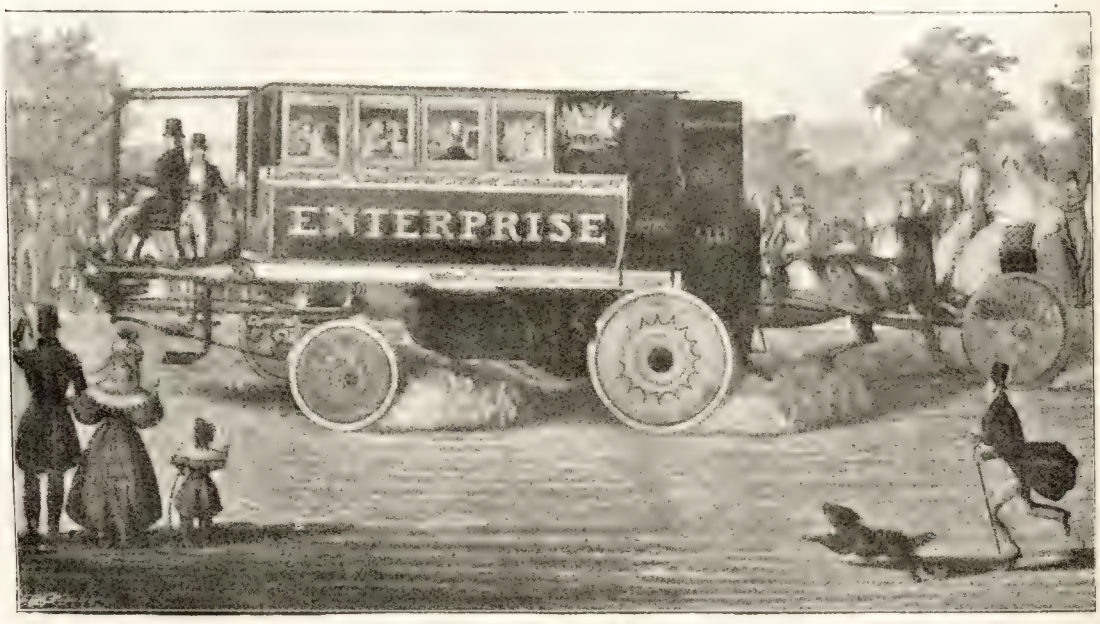
The narrative concludes with the following piece of advice:—

I now write this as a warning to all strangers not to take a place on the outside of an English post-chaise, and still more, a place in the basket.

Thus you will see that the outside seat was once

THE EX-COACHMAN'S LAMENT.

not the most enviable position. Certainly, one fond of the fresh air would put up with no little inconvenience rather than be seated in a small, stuffy compartment for several hours on a hot summer's day. Later on, however, proper accommodation was afforded to the outside passenger, and this became such a favourite position that very soon an extra price was demanded for the outside seats—the box-seats in particular. An amusing story is told of the coach running between Edinburgh and Berwick. A passenger complained bitterly that the cushion on which he sat was wet. It appears that there was a hole in the roof, and through it the rain was pouring copiously. The passenger called the guard, and in great wrath reproached him.



THE "ENTERPRISE" STEAM OMNIBUS.

Built by Mr. Walter Hancock, of Stratford, for the London & Paddington Steam Carriage Co.

All the satisfaction he got, however, was the quiet and typical Scotch reply: "Ay, mony a ane has compleened a' *that* hole."

For nearly a century and a half the "stage coach" crawled over the turnpikes—we say "crawled" with intention, as five or six miles an hour was no pace at all! Improvement in speed came but slowly; but the prime mover in the really great improvement was Major John Palmer, M P. for Bath, son-in-law to the Duke of Richmond. His idea was for shorter stages and lighter vehicles; short stages of ten miles, then a change of horses; vehicles holding three outside and four in, in place of a dozen inside and eight out, as was previously the custom. It was in 1783 that John Palmer put his ideas before Parliament, and offered to convey the mails—which until then were entrusted to a boy on horseback—and on August 2nd, 1784, Palmer's first coach started from London at eight o'clock in the morning, and reached Bristol at eleven o'clock the same night—a truly wonderful performance for the times. Major Palmer's scheme prospered, and when railway lines were being laid down, some 700 of these "fast coaches" were running over England. The Edinburgh coach ran its 400 miles in forty hours; the Exeter coach its 173 miles in twenty hours; Holyhead, 261 miles in twenty-seven hours. These times, it may be mentioned, were just about half of what had been required to perform the same journey previously. One of the great causes of this increased speed was the efforts made by Messrs. Telford & Macadam, whose system of road making was adopted by the Government. To the roads made by Macadam his name has ever been associated, and we use the term, "macadamized" roads, to this day.

We must not omit, in this short article on the coach, some mention of the highwayman, so often a character in fiction. He was the great danger of coach travelling. It is said that in one week during 1720 all the coaches entering London from the Surrey roads were held up and robbed. The driver and guard armed themselves against such intruders, and used their weapons on the slightest provocation, and often where not at all needed. It is generally said to be a fact that the innkeepers, to a great extent, aided the highwaymen, and offered them shelter when run down. An example may be given in the "Green Man," near Hounslow, a famous haunt of Dick Turpin. The fireplace, of which we give an illustration, is very old and peculiar. Just at the back of the grate—the the position is marked with a cross in our sketch—there is an entrance to a long, narrow passage, running the whole length of the stove, and in it several men could be hidden with safety. It is said that Dick Turpin very often made good use of this secret hiding place.

All this has now been changed, for although there are a few coaches still to be seen on the road, yet the coachman is now no longer called upon to "stand and deliver," as in the days of yore. The steam engine has become an accomplished fact, and has ousted the coach from its proud position as "King of the Road."

SIR CHARLES DANCE'S STEAM CARRIAGE.

The old driver is no more, and the younger branch of men went with the times and secured posts on the railways. People soon began to see the advantages offered by the "iron horse" over that of flesh and blood, and were ready to accept them. Efforts, however, were made to combine the two. The Stockton & Darlington Railway had not been opened two years before the London & Paddington Steam Omnibus Co. was formed, and several steam 'buses were placed on the road. These may well be considered the fathers of the present motor-car.

Our last illustration is of a steam coach, put on the roads early in the century by Sir Charles Dance.

These steam coaches and omnibuses did not last long. Parliament repealed all their favourable laws regarding them, and by 1834 all steam carriages were forced from the road, and the new law regarding them was not put in force until 1896.

Illustrated by J. Littler

THE weather was the very thing for our purpose—which was a trip in the ice yacht, and we were happy in the anticipation of a perfect run: for not only was the ice smooth and strong all over the Gulf of Finland, which was to be our sailing field, but there had not been a particle of snow as yet, though December was already in, and, moreover, a glorious breeze blew strong from the south-east—a breeze that would carry us along, barring accidents, at a rate of thirty miles an hour, or perhaps more.

There were three of us—Goodwyn, Macpherson, and I; of the trio, Goodwyn was owner of the craft, Mac. and I being guests. Goodwyn knew all about ice-boating; we others had never experienced this form of entertainment, though, judging from the descriptions of our friend and host, we were entirely agreed that it must be most exhilarating and delightful.

We were to be out, if possible, for two days landing at Cronstadt, or Wiborg, or anywhere we happened to be, for the night, and trusting to our lucky stars to find sleeping accommodation. This was our intention. In ice-boating, however, there is a longer chapter of accidents to be taken into account than in any other form of sport it has been my lot to essay, and things on this occasion did not turn out in strict conformity with the plans we had laid down.

All three of us were in high spirits as we drove down very early that dark and blowsy morning to the Boat Club at St. Petersburg, where Goodwyn kept his ice-boat; we were going, Goodwyn said, to have the grandest time that ever ice-yachtsmen spent.

I confess that I had never seen an ice-yacht before this morning, and was not prepossessed by the appearance of the craft. It was an ugly skeletony-looking thing, as Mac. described it. Simply a mast set up in the middle of a kind of triangular platform of plain white wood. At each corner of the triangle the structure stood upon a skate of steel, fixed into a block of oak of unusual thickness and strength. The skate at the point of the triangle was movable, and acted as a rudder, being worked by a tiller from the deck. The other two skates were fixtures, one at each corner of the base. The triangle moved base foremost.

"Wait a bit, though," said Mac. "Where are we to sit?"

"You've got to stand, man!" said Goodwyn.

"Hang it, I expect to be able to stick on, at least," said Macpherson. "There's hardly foothold there for a cat. I suppose we have to cling like grim death to the shrouds when the ship goes about?"

"Well, you'd better, certainly," Goodwyn laughed; "you'll have a new experience if you don't—that of a shooting star."

"How fast do we go?" I asked. I, too, had scarcely realized that one had to cling for dear life to some rope and stand all day, dodging the boom at intervals.

"Forty miles an hour, I hope, with this wind," said Goodwyn.

"We're in for it, Tom," murmured Mac., and I, being Tom, cordially agreed.

However, all discomfort was presently forgotten. The wind blew straight out of the mouth of the river and into the wide and open gulf. Goodwyn hoisted the sail and took the tiller.

"Now, be quick! Climb on, and stick there for all you're worth," he said, "and be ready to shift at an instant's notice, or——"

There was no time to listen to the end of Goodwyn's warning, for positively, almost before we could cling on, anyhow, to the side of the ship, the

rascally thing was off, and off so fast that one's breath went by the board, and one wondered whether the vessel had got out of hand at the very start and something awful was going to happen.

Like an arrow from the bow we shot through the air, skimming over the ice at the speed of an express train. You would never believe one could travel so fast until you tried this way. "Is it all right, Goodwyn?" I gasped.

"All right?—very much so; couldn't possibly be better!" he sang out. "Aren't we going fast enough for you? It's forty miles an hour, my boy, this is!"

We were in the gulf by this time, and the gilded churches and stuccoed buildings of St. Petersburg were being left rapidly behind us.

Gradually the first sense of breathlessness and scare passed away, and I began to feel, I imagined, as a bird does—a carrier pigeon, for instance—flying through space. A perfectly delightful feeling of exhilaration began to creep over my heart. I had never felt the joy of perfect motion till now. "Mac.," I shouted, "isn't this simply superb?"

Mac. cheered aloud in his joy, letting go with one hand in order to wave it over his head.

At that moment Goodwyn sang out: "'Bout ship!"

Round suddenly swung the little craft, and the boom came travelling across. Goodwyn shouted something that I did not hear. I clung on madly, ducking for the boom just in time, and with difficulty keeping the precarious position in which I half lay, half sat.

But Mac. happened to be waving one arm, as described; thus he was caught napping, and the result was tragedy for him; comedy—not to say screaming farce—for us.

Away flew Mac., detached suddenly, as the ship twisted about; he flew in one direction, while the yacht whizzed away in the other. He alighted in a sitting posture, and in that position he travelled over the ice at, I should say, about 100 miles an hour for a distance of about 50yds. to 100yds. I should not like to say how many times he spun round and round upon his own axis within that distance. A top is a poor spinner in comparison with Mac.'s performance that morning. Gradually he slowed down and stopped, and Goodwyn having deftly turned the ship into the wind's eye, we waited for him.

Macpherson was not hurt; but he wanted to know several things—as, for instance, why on earth Goodwyn did "that"?

"Did what?" asked Goodwyn, suppressing a certain portion of his desire to laugh, but not much of it.

"Why didn't you say you were going to play that foolish game?" Mac. explained. "How did you expect me to stick on when you twisted round like a teetotum?"

"Well, *we* stuck on," said Goodwyn. "I warned you; I shouted ''Bout ship!' What more could I do?"

"Well, can't you do ''bout ship!' less suddenly and violently?"

"My good chap, there's a great crevice with open water a quarter of a mile farther on; we should have been in it in a second," laughed Goodwyn; "you're better off than if you'd been chucked in there!"

"I don't see that I need be chucked anywhere," said Mac.; "it hurts so, and it's such giddy work."

At this point Mac. recovered his good humour, and we all laughed together for five minutes before we were sufficiently recovered to make a start.

"Be gentle with us next time," Mac. entreated, and Goodwyn promised to do his best.

Talk of the delights of flying! No bird, I am sure, would have had a look in with us that afternoon, for simple speed; we could have given points to a carrier pigeon.

And then the appetite that comes along with all this whizzing through the keen, frozen air! Inconceivably large piles of sandwiches are made to look ridiculously small, and that in no time; take with you as much as you will, there is never enough to eat out ice-yachting. Well, it was while we lay-to for half an hour for lunch, somewhere in mid gulf, between Cronstadt and the Peterhof shore, that Mac. made the discovery which changed the character of our trip. We had preferred to sail backwards and forwards over the "home waters" rather than cruise right out to sea, beyond Cronstadt, because we found the ice farther seawards to be quite inferior for our purposes to the beautiful smooth stuff that stretched at our very feet, a glorious basin of twelve miles square or more, and we now lay-to and enjoyed our sandwiches some two miles from the Russian shore.

"There's a chap skating or running, away there by the land," said Mac. "Where can he be off to?"

"Across to Lachta, probably," said Goodwyn. "Unless he's going to Cronstadt."

"No—only out for exercise, I think," said I; "to give his dogs a run—look what a lot of them he's brought out."

"We'd give him a lift," said Goodwyn; "only his dogs would never keep up on our to-day's form."

"He seems to be getting over the ground fairly fast, too," said Goodwyn. "What's he doing, though? Look!"

I saw the man stop a moment, as though to rest

and take breath; then, he suddenly appeared to throw up his arms and start skating at a great pace towards us—the dogs following him, as before; five of them I now counted.

"He is making for us," I said; "going to ask for a lift, after all!"

We watched him come nearer. Within three or four minutes he was close enough for his actions to be seen in some detail. We heard him shouting to us, and observed him wave his arms excitedly.

The truth flashed upon each of us at about the same instant—*they were wolves!*

Now, I was very young and very inexperienced, and I must confess that this discovery filled me, at the first blush, with very serious alarm. I had not seen wolves before this, and I knew little of their ways. That we were about to be attacked in force I felt pretty certain. We might easily escape, of course, by dragging the ship round quickly, until the wind caught the sail, when we should be whirled in an instant out of danger; but then we must wait for the poor chap over there, with the wolves at his heels, and they might secure both him and us before we could get into motion again. Had I known anything of the ways of wolves, I need not have been afraid. The mangey rascals would, I know now, have no objection to following a single man, or even, if the weather were very cold and their stomachs very empty, to pulling him down, supposing them to have previously ascertained that he was unarmed, and that no other human beings were within a mile or two. But as for attacking three or four of us, they would never dream of such an enterprise. Those five wolves contented themselves with chasing their quarry to within 100yds. of our ship, when they stopped short and squatted down, allowing him to come right up and board us unmolested. The man was naturally agitated. He assured us that, but for our providential appearance in mid-ocean, he would certainly have been eaten; and I fancy he was about right.

"But meanwhile," said Goodwyn, with great appropriateness, "what's to be done?"

"Of course, there's no danger," he added hastily; perhaps—I hope not—but perhaps he observed signs of timidity in myself, or in Mac.; "we are perfectly safe, but couldn't we turn the situation to advantage? If only we had guns, now—but then, if we had, the wolves would never have come within shot."

Now that I had learned something of the ways of wolves, I appreciated the truth and wisdom of Goodwyn's remark.

"I'll tell you what," he continued, after a while, during which I watched those wolves, one of which was now howling in an appalling manner—I was by no means quite comfortable about them, even now—"we'll hunt the beggars up the Gulf and into the Neva—right up to St. Petersburg—and get them shot!"

"My good chap," exclaimed Mac., "that'd never do; why, they'd run about the streets and bite babies and nurses and things before they could be collared—that won't wash! Drive them about, hither and thither, if you like, while one of us lands at Strelna and telegraphs for—say, Gatesby or Acland."

"Well—that's not a bad idea!" said Goodwyn; "but I can't land, for I must manage the ship, and the fellow who lands will probably be chivvied by the wolves, remember that!"

Good gracious! thought anxious I; I only hope they won't choose me!

"I'll do the landing," said Mac.; "you can run me right in shore—there's no danger. First chase the wolves well out—say, a mile or two from land—then run me in quickly, set me ashore, and go back and keep the beggars moving."

I must say I admired Mac.'s pluck; for, though there did not seem much danger in the thing as he put it, yet the enterprise appeared to me to be one that would require considerable nerve. What if the wolves would not be driven, but insisted upon going where they chose? Nevertheless, I felt bound in very shame to offer to accompany old Mac., and did so—when he pointed out that he needed no companion, while my presence would be very valuable on board the yacht, in case we should run into cat-ice, or anything—"There's really no danger in my part of the business, old chap!" he ended. "After all, *I'm* leaving the wolves behind, and *you're* staying with them!" This argument was good for the soul—for my soul, at any rate.

So Mac. borrowed his skates from the man we had rescued, and we started driving those wolves into mid-gulf, by way of clearing the road before carrying Mac. shorewards.

But driving the wolves did not prove to be so easy an enterprise as we had expected. As a matter of fact, they would not be driven. As soon as the wind caught our sail the little ship darted past the five astonished creatures like a flash of lightning—a proceeding which startled them beyond measure; but the immediate effect was, that they squatted upon their haunches, and showed no inclination to budge.

"'Bout ship!" shouted Goodwyn, and round whizzled the little craft upon its own axis. Mac. and I were by this time accustomed to cling like flies on such occasions; but our refugee was not; hence that unfortunate person was now suddenly to be seen in a sitting posture on the ice, spinning round and round, and in full swing for the place in which the wolves sat and waited.

I think I have never seen anything quite so quickly done as the return of that Russian to the sanctuary of our yacht. The wolves did not dream of following him, yet he ran as though an entire "Natural History" book were in full chase, open-mouthed, after him. The poor fellow's nerves had been somewhat shattered by his former escape, and he must be forgiven the screams and cries which accompanied his rapid retreat on this occasion.

We endeavoured once more, having re-shipped our refugee, to set those five wolves travelling; but they were either too obstinate or too frightened to move; they would not, and there was an end.

"We must leave them here and run for shore," said Goodwyn; "probably they won't escape far meanwhile; but, however far they go, we'll catch them again easily enough."

So we headed for the shore, near the Monastery of Strelna, now distant about two miles, which distance we covered in between three and four minutes; the wolves actually, to our immense surprise, and the refugee's alarm, slowly following us.

Mac. stepped off the yacht within 50yds. of shore, quite close to the village. He knew, he said, where the telegraph office was, and would hurry up and wire to Gatesby and then return. "The wolves intend to hang about; you'll have no trouble in keeping them in sight," he said. Then we watched him reach the shore and start at a run for the village. The wolves, apparently, had other intentions, and did not hang about.

While we stood making final arrangements with Mac., they suddenly altered their course, and were now making off at full speed, at a tangent, heading at an angle which would bring them to the shore, if they were allowed to reach it, a mile from the spot where Mac. had landed, and just where a belt of pine forest ran almost down to the edge of the ice.

HE SKATED RAPIDLY TOWARDS THE CREVICE, ROSE TO IT LIKE A HUNTER, AND SHOT ACROSS THE OPEN WATER.

"Jove!" exclaimed Goodwyn, "that won't do; we shall lose them. Round with her, everyone—lend a hand, you, Mr. Roosky—shove—so! now, on board, all hands!"

In half a minute we were off and after the wolves, at a pace which would soon bring us between them and the land, cutting off their retreat.

Like a sun-ray the little craft sped. We were within 100yds. of them; somebody gave a cheer; in another second we should have cut them off, and our wolf hunt would have been saved to us when suddenly, "'Bout ship!" screamed Goodwyn

"cat-ice ahead!" Round the craft swished—we all three hung on this time—but it was too late; with a crunch and a crash, she ran two of her skates straight into the thin, weakly ice, and stuck fast.

"Out, all hands, and shove!" screamed Goodwyn—"quick!"

We did so—we shoved madly, desperately; we gave that up and pulled her backwards; we tried to force her sideways; and then, lastly, to lift her bodily from the ice; but it was useless.

Our skipper ground his teeth and eyed the vanishing wolves.

"Bad cess to them!" Goodwyn groaned at last; "that's all we shall see of *them* to-day. I wish we could stop Mac. telegraphing for Gatesby and the others; how they'll swear when they find they've been summoned for nothing."

MAC. AND THE REFUGEE HURTLED TOGETHER, STRAIGHT OVER THE SHIP'S BOWS

It was too bad. We saw the wolves deliberately trot across the 100yds. or so of frozen morass land that divided the gulf and forest. At the edge of the wood they turned and looked back at us. I could have sworn they grinned and licked their lips; then they disappeared one by one among the trees; they did not hurry themselves.

When there was no more need of special haste, we moved the ship easily, of course; she came out of that cat-ice as though rollers had been laid down for her to run down.

"Of course," said Goodwyn, "things are always like that."

"At any rate," he added, "we'll sail about till Mac. comes back—no good moping here."

We enjoyed a few lovely bursts of sailing becoming quite absorbed in the delight of flying backwards and forwards in five-mile tacks, not one of which occupied more than 10mins.

After having flashed some six or seven times half across the gulf, as we were heading back again towards Strelna, we suddenly became aware of a somewhat agitating circumstance.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Goodwyn—"there's Mac. skating like fury towards us, and—yes—all five of the wolves after him."

It was perfectly true. We had been scudding in the opposite direction, and had not seen him; but there was Mac., and there were the wolves—nearly five miles away; he skating for all he was worth in our direction, and they galloping after him, just as they had pursued our brave Russian an hour or two before.

Naturally, with Mac. travelling fast towards us, and ourselves moving still faster towards him, the distance separating us diminished very rapidly, and in five minutes we knew that there was no danger—we were within a mile of him; the wolves a quarter of a mile behind him. But, suddenly, Mac. stopped dead.

"What's up—why has he stopped?" I murmured; and Goodwyn murmured back, that "Heaven only knew!"

In a few seconds, each of which carried us nearer to him, we saw what was the matter.

"A crevice, by George!" said Goodwyn—"and a wide one—10ft. if it's an inch—and those infernal brutes haven't stopped, though Mac. has. Mac must fly it, or we must!"

The wolves were still in full canter—did they actually intend to attack him?—surely not. Yet they still approached, and two of them were howling dismally, nose in air.

Then Mac. did a sporting thing. Before we had time to reach him, he skated rapidly towards the crevice, rose to it like a hunter, and shot the 10ft. of open water in the grandest style imaginable. It was a picture, and as our little ship went about, we cheered Mac. to the echo.

"Confound you! You might have waited for me!" was that hero's greeting. "I've brought

the wolves along with me," he added, "which is better luck than you deserve."

"This time we'll keep the brutes in hand!" said Goodwyn grimly; and for two long hours we kept them running, now this way, now that; but never allowing them to reach shore, or ourselves to run into cat-ice, till the unfortunate creatures must have been rendered desperate by our incomprehensible tactics. It was well on in the afternoon now, and we had begun to feel that Gatesby and the others, if they came at all, might arrive when it was too dark to shoot.

But, just as we were on the point of despairing, Mac. observed a spot on the horizon.

"If that were only *they*, coming along in Gatesby's ice-yacht!" he said.

The speck grew and grew, and in five minutes there was no longer any doubt that it was an ice-boat; it must certainly be Gatesby's.

The wolves were at this time weakly cantering hither and thither, just as we directed them, by darting this way and that, in front of or behind them.

"We'll drive the beggars straight towards Gatesby!" said old Goodwyn, radiant now, and full of excitement. Even the Russian refugee looked happy and confident for the first time to-day.

The wolves now perceived that their enemies had mysteriously multiplied, and that they were between two fires. They suddenly turned and darted shorewards. We darted after them, a point or so wide, in order to turn them. Round went the wolves. Now, if we could keep them straight, they must pass within easy shot of Gatesby's boat; it was an exciting moment.

Then, once more, there was a crunching and a sudden violent stoppage—we were in the cat-ice. Off flew Goodwyn to the right, and off flew I to the left. Mac. and the refugee hurtled together through the air, straight over the ship's bows. There was a volley at the same moment, just as though Gatesby & Co. had shot at us, flying, mistaking us for a covey of some huge birds that had risen from the ice at their feet. . . . When I had finished the usual spinning dance over the ice, and my giddy senses were able to discern objects with any clearness, I saw two wolves in full career for the Strelna wood, and Gatesby's ice-boat in pursuit. Three great grey beasts were breathing out their savage lives upon the ice, close to us; we brought up near them, and watched for half a minute; they were dying—dead! Then, that Russian refugee rose to his feet, and, from a respectful distance, addressed those wolves in terms which do not bear repetition. Presently, having first made quite certain that it was dead, he approached one of them, and kicked it and spat at it with unnecessary noise and vehemence.

Then, he shook each of us warmly by the hand, and said we were his fathers and his brothers—a statement which we politely accepted, to save the trouble of argument.

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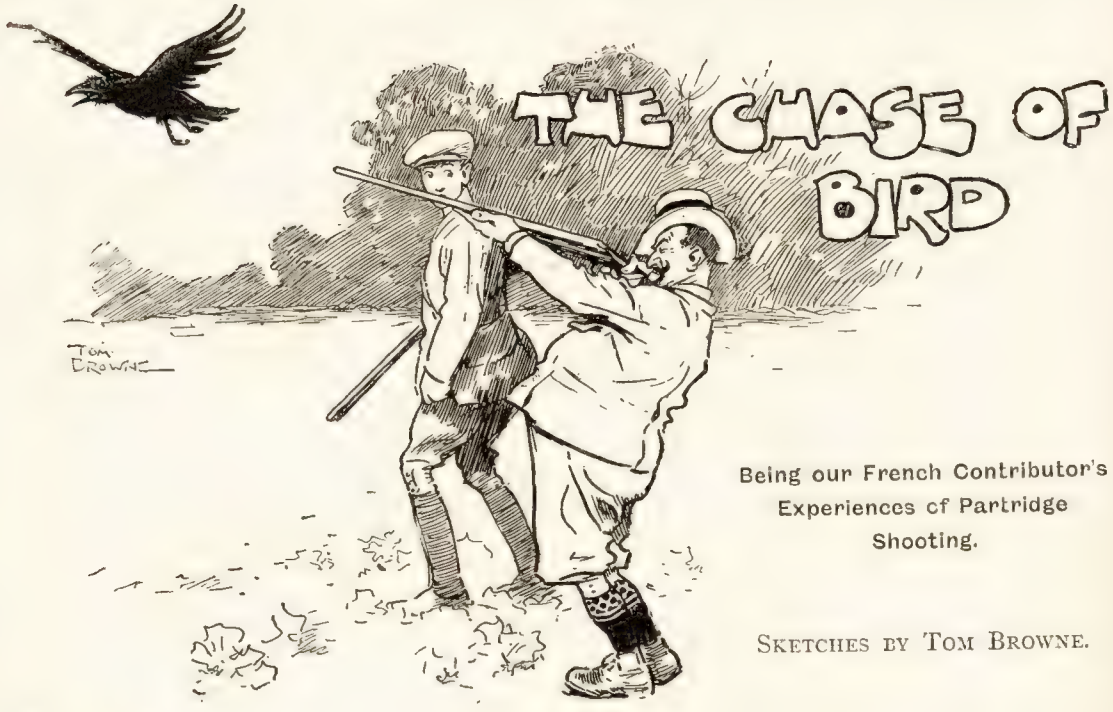


Being our French Contributor's Experiences of Partridge Shooting.

SKETCHES BY TOM BROWNE.

MR THE EDITOR,—One time more I take my pen to make myself the honour to address the word to you. "What have you then?" you will say. Look here my replique. A new experience.

I have my idea to essaye all your particularities, your customs, your recreations—in fine your sports. Already I have made proof of your chase of Fox. Your chase of Fox, what is it then? I will tell you. It is a folly!

Regard then. Your Fox is a brigand, is it not? He rob the hen cages — he eat the faisants — he is voleur — the farmers complain themselves at him. It must then to kill him. But he is perhaps grand, strong, fierce, dangerous, as a lion, a tiger. No, my faith, he is small, timid, coward. It is easy to kill him. A blow of fusil and he is dead. At what price? A few centimes. But no! It is defended to kill him thus. It must a paque of dogs, twenty—thirty—fifty—very many a scadron of cavalry, huntmen, grooms! thousands of francs! But, one time more, he is perhaps a bonnebouche—a dish of preference. My faith! only a dog will eat him. His odour! Pah! it is horrible—one cannot touch him, he is inuseful. But, you will say, in all the cases he is killed. But no! very scarcely—sometime perhaps yes, but in general he escape himself. My friend I tell you it is not the Fox who is killed. Who then? It is the Huntmen—myself I know—I have essayed it. Almost I am broken myself the neck—my horse the leg—that cost too dear.

Lastly, is it that you others *desire* the destruction of the Fox? Thousand thunders! But no! You nourish his littles, elevat them. You see they are not touched. You kill him? Possibly—you elevat a dozen of his infants. Is it not then a folly? My faith! what did you say? You cannot answer.

But enough of Fox chase. My new experience, what is it that it is? It is the chase of Bird. In France the sparrow it is a bird, the trush it is a bird, the gullet,* the sterling, the linot—these are some birds. But in England, no. There is not but one Bird—only the Perdrix—Partridge—he is a Bird. At the invitation of my friend I go to chase him. This time it must a fusil. Good! I have one of it! "And a paque?" "Well, no, not a paque; only two—dogs of arrest."

We go in cart to the place of destination. A cart? Yes, of dogs; such is the phrase, but there are not some of them. Behold us arrived, my friend, myself, several firers, a guard of the chase, some batters.

The guard appoint us our places. Myself I am at right; near to me my friend. We advance.

* Our friend must surely mean the swallow.—ED.

At my right some trees. Good! I regard them earnestly. I shall perhaps see some Birds. All at a blow a noise in the trees. I couch my fusil in cheek. Look! Something all black! It is perhaps a Bird. I press the trigger. Hélas! I have forget to charge the fusil. The Bird escape itself in saying "Aw, aw!" My friend say, "Hullo! What was that?" I replique, "I do not know—it was perhaps a Bird." "A Bird!" he say. "What Bird? You will not find Birds in the trees. Regard the dogs, not the trees—the Birds are on the ground." "Ah! On the ground! They are then young—they have tumble from the nest — they cannot perhaps fly?" "Oh, they can fly fast enough!" he say. "Wait, and you will see." "But, my faith, I do not wish to wait! Myself I wish to shoot them before that they fly—after, that shall not be easy." "Oh! nonsense," he say, "you must not shoot them on the ground, only on the wing." "On the wing! But, my faith, if it is difficult to touch the bird itself, how then to touch the wing only?" "No, no! You mistake, M'sieu! I mean to shoot them in flying —but regard the dogs."

The dogs balance. They run at one side and at the other; they are uncertain; they do not perhaps anticipe some Birds. But they are mistake themselves. All at a blow, Brrr! brrr! brrr! the air is full of Birds! Pouf! Pan! pan! pan!—three Birds fall. As for the rest they envole themselves. My friend cry "Mark!" It is perhaps the name of the guard, but he is occupied—he makes no attention. That time I have again couched the fusil in cheek. I touch again the detent—trigger. But, what damage! the battery is at the point of safety!—nothing arrives.

My friend say, "Why, you did not fire!" "No," I replique, "the dog* has not tumbled." "The Dog!" he say, all astonished; "but surely you did not fire at the dogs!" "At the dogs! my faith, no! In saying the dog I wish to say the marteau, the—the hammer of the fusil; it has not tumbled. I have forget to arm the fusil." "Oh! that's all right," he say. "I was afraid you had fired at the dogs." "No, no. When I fire, I do not fire at the dogs, only at the company." "Good Lord!" he say, "but that is more worse than never! At the company!† But we do not come out to fire at each other, M'sieu! Do be careful, you must not fire at the company, but at the Birds!" "But, thousand thunders! it is that which I wish to say! I shall fire at the company, the troupe, the——ah, this sacred english!—the flock, is it not?" "Yes, yes; the covey we call it; that is all right. Aim at the covey, and put your fusil en foule coq, and you are all right." "But en foule coq!" I say. "En foule de coq! but how to know the coq from the poule? Is it then defended to kill the poule —the hen?" "No, no! I mean foule coq," he say, "like this, you know—comme ça, M'sieu," and he arm his fusil. "Ah, ah! I comprend" — but what a phrase! foule coq! ma foi! foule coq! What a little black beast of word! Foule coq! atrocious!

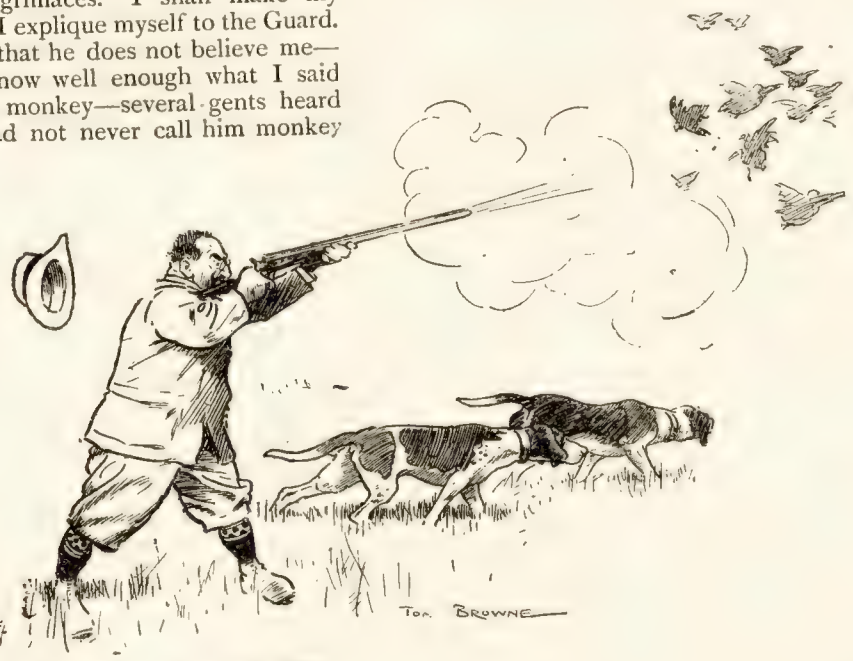
Once more we advance. My fusil, it is charged, is armed. Ah Bah! en foule coq. Again—in an instant, the Birds. This time I make fire, but the Birds do not tumble. Behind of me I hear a laugh. I turn myself. It is the guard. He say in grimacing "You made the feathers fly that time, Sir." "No, no!" I say, all vexed, "Manqué!" He do not grimace more —he go away in gromelling—he has the appearance to be angry. I know not for why It is perhaps a crime not to kill the Birds. But it imports not. Again the advance. We enter a field of corn—it is cut—we march at the chaume —the stumbles, as you say. Voici a good word. My friend say, "Take care, M'sieu, you will catch your feet"—"How then, catch my feet? It is not easy to move so fast the feet here, without doubt I shall catch them." "That is what I say, be careful, you may stumble." "Ah, ah, I see! I comprend, voici for why this here call itself the stumbles! good, that goes well—I shall be careful." Once again the Birds. This time I make fire with both cannons at the middle of the company—the Birds fall—one—two—three—four! My friend say, "Bravo M'sieu! you have a brace that time." "My faith," I say, "a brace! my friend, I have more. I aim at the company — I have a pair of braces." "Ha, ha!" he say in laughing. "If you really aimed at the company you would have a pair of braces and something over, eh? You would fill the bag." I do not comprend him—the bag is very large—a pair of braces will not fill it. "But no," I say, "it is not but four—I am content of it."

The guard address my friend at a low voice—he regard me furtivemently—my friend also: it is evident that they speak of me. I ask what he has, the guard? He say, "He complains himself that you outrage him." "Me! outrage! mais, very scarcely I address the word to him!" "Yes, M'sieu, he say that you have called him names." "But, ma foi! I do not know his names, how then can I call him some of them?' "No, no! M'sieu, I mean some *bad* names.' "Ah, ah! some bad names! But it is not true

* "*Chien*" is the French for the "cock" of a gun.

† A covey of partridges is "*une compagnie*."

—he has not reason—never I say some injuries to him. What is it then that I have said?" "He says that you called him a monkey!" "A monkey! me! never—never!" "Yes, because you missed your first shot and were angry." "Ah, ah! excellent! I see it! It is a plaisanterie—a good choke, is it not? I have said *manqué*, missed. He does not know the french—poor man, he think I say to him monkey because he make some grimaces. I shall make my apologies." I explique myself to the Guard. It is evident that he does not believe me—he say he know well enough what I said—I call him monkey—several gents heard it—person had not never call him monkey



I MAKE FIRE WITH BOTH CANNONS AT THE MIDDLE OF THE COMPANY.

before. He would not permit an english to call him monkey and why should he permit a french?—he say monkey is not the french for Miss—it is mamselle—he know it—besides, why should anyone call him "Miss"?—he is not woman.

But he is stupid, this pig of guard, this Mr. Mark—I raise the shoulders. It is museful to prolong the discussion. I give him five francs; he take them and go away; but he is not convinced, no—he is still angry, I can nothing of it . . .

It is mid-day. Near a ticket, a bosky is it not? we find some panniers. It is the Lunch. We make halt. We incline ourselves upon the herb—the valets open the panniers—I have hunger, mon Dieu! how I have hunger! thirst also. But voici a banquet veritable, the paté, the rosbif, the ale, the stout. My faith: these english know to nourish themselves! We regale ourselves—we talk—we drink—we shoot again our Birds. How good is the english bière—a little glass of more, if you please. The Bag? Ah Bah! it is easy to fill it; myself I have killed in France many pairs of braces at one blow of fusil; with you others it is different—one blow, one Bird. That is sot; *we* make fire at the company—all together Pouf! Pan! the company is dead!—the sack is full. You others make fire at one Bird each one, possibly at the same Bird. Without doubt it fall dead. Then you quarrel yourselves. "My Bird, I think!" "Pardon, Sir, the mine, I believe!" In effect there is one Bird in the sack. Which then is the better? Ah Bah! can you doubt of it? Listen, my friend, I will tell you. Always the french fashion is more admirable than the english fashion. You doubt still of it?

Then tell me, *why does madame your so estimed wife buy all her robes in Paris?*—Agreez, Monsieur, etc., etc.

VIVE LA FRANCE.

MRS BROWN'S TAME TIGER

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN MAN-EATER.

By H. Hervey. Sketches by T. W. Henry.

THE world we live in is small; India is a fractional portion of it, and we out there generally know something of each other—by hearsay, if not by personal acquaintance. Thus, when it was rumoured that Brown had been appointed executive engineer of the district, we were not at a loss to identify him, although he happened to be a perfect stranger to all of us.

"So we are to have a chap named Brown in place of old Reade," remarked Campbell the judge, as he lounged in among us at the club one morning. "Which Brown is this?"

"F. R.," pithily replied Captain Prendergast, the police superintendent, looking up from the *Graphic*.

"No wiser," said the judge.

"Good lor', Campbell!" exclaimed Rickets, the doctor, "never heard of 'wifey' Brown?"

"Or 'tiger' Brown?" grinned Dreery, a planter.

"No."

"I've never seen the man," observed Rickets, "but he's dubbed 'wifey,' I believe, because Mrs. Brown is one of your plucky, good all-round sort, who manages Brown and all his affairs, official and unofficial. 'Tiger'—as Dreery says—from the fact of their lugging about a tame feline with them wherever they go."

"By gad! from all I've heard about them, they'll prove an acquisition," exclaimed Prendergast.

"You bet!" responded Rickets; "Mrs. B will, if he isn't."

Bhilepore, with a temperate climate, lies half-way up the Wottamullay hills; Ramanandpore, the civil station proper, and hot as fire, is at the foot of the range; but, being within an easy ride, the Ramanandpore officials are allowed to pass the hot months at Bhilepore, so long as they arrange for the due discharge of business. Bhilepore is *de facto*—a mission health resort: the missionaries are in the ascendant, and own most of the houses in the settlement. Below Bhilepore it is fairly open, but the station is environed on the other sides by dense jungle, only awaiting the pioneer to convert it into "coffee country." Nor was the place without its *bete noir*, its "bogey." The Rev. Mr. Sloper, the resident missionary, spoke of a tiger that invaded the little cantonment some few years previously, haunting the neighbourhood for nearly a month, and carrying off five natives within that interval. The then residents had made every effort to destroy the fell intruder, but with no better success than depriving him of his right ear. One night, a convalescent missionary, armed with a rifle,

accompanied by his son with a sharpened sword, sat up for the tiger. They had ensconced themselves on a *machan*, or platform, built in a tree on the outskirts of the clearing; while, for a bait, a goat stood tethered to a sapling within range. In due course, stripes made his appearance; but, ignoring the goat, he hungered after the more toothsome dainties in the tree—squatting beneath it, gazing up at the two men, growling and switching his tail. The *padre* let fly, but only grazed him, whereupon, with a hideous roar, the brute commenced clawing up the trunk. There was no time to re-charge the single barrel muzzle loader; and one of the two "shikaries" (sportsmen) would certainly have been dragged from his perch, had not the lad made a cut at the tiger's head, resulting in the shredding off of the beast's right ear, followed by his ignominious retreat. That tiger never re-visited Bhilepore, nor had he been heard of since.

The Browns engaged "Uplands," a house on a knoll at the extreme end of the station. After a day or two passed in "shaking down," Brown left his card at the club and on our only two ladies. This was the signal for all of us to visit Mrs. Brown, after which that lady would be free to a general participation in our social life. Such is the etiquette in that part of India.

In the meantime Brown's tiger became the general theme of fearsome comment among the natives; not a soul would approach "Uplands" for love or money.

Two men drove up to my bungalow—Campbell, the judge, and Landor, of the Forest Department.

"Have a lift to the Brown's?" cried Campbell from his trap.

"Thanks, with pleasure! I was about riding there."

The horse being rather fresh, we alighted at the gate and walked up the zigzag leading to the house. We gained the plateau. There was no one about, and we were in the act of ascending the steps when Campbell—who led—abruptly halted. We soon saw the cause—the tawny-yellow form of a large tiger stretched on the verandah floor. He lay on his right side, facing us, and the gentle heave of his flanks denoted that he slept.

"Ahem!" coughed the judge, by way of a gentle rouser.

Stripes opened one eye, and then leisurely rose to his feet; but we were horrified to mark that he lacked his right ear. The story of the Bhilepore man-eater flashed athwart our minds; we were seized with a panic, and all three of us plunged down that hill in headlong flight. We waited not to clamber into the dog-cart; the horsekeeper, taking the alarm, careered after us, leading his beast at a trot; and finally, breathless and panting, we brought up at my bungalow.

A fellow-feeling caused us to send round to the few other residents with the news; these came posting in, and I soon had the whole of Bhilepore congregated under my roof. While discussing the situation, we saw a man riding past, a stranger to all.

"That must be Mr. Brown," remarked Mr. Sloper.

In a "jiffy" we streamed to the gates and waylaid the horseman.

"Mr. Brown, I presume?" cried Rickets.

"Yes."

"Going to 'Uplands'?"

"Yes; I've just ridden in from Ramanandpore."

"Well, come-I-say-you-know," put in Campbell, "I advise you to be careful. Not an hour ago three of us went to call on Mrs. Brown, and we saw a loose tiger lying in your verandah. We have heard you keep a pet of the kind, but, come-I-say-you-know, this couldn't have been your brute!"

"Why not?" queried Brown.

"Because he's minus his right ear, a deficiency peculiar to a man-eater that played Old Harry here some few years ago. Is it not so, Mr. Sloper?" turning to the missionary.

"It is," replied his reverence.

"May I be told what all you gentlemen are doing here?" asked Brown.

"Well," replied the judge, "most of us intended calling on you to-day, but when—as I've said—I and two others found the blessed man-eater in possession of your verandah, why, come-I-say-you-know, we skedaddled, and sent word round warning folks against venturing to 'Uplands.' Of course, we concluded that Mrs. Brown was not in the house."

"I'm sorry you should have experienced a scare," answered Brown, "but I feel sure your eyes must have deceived you when you mistook Tom for a man-eater."

"Who's Tom?" asked several, in a breath.

"Our tiger; harmless as a lamb. However, we shall take the will for the deed, and consider that you have called, so we'll join you at the club this evening. Drop in informally at any time, and we'll introduce you to Tom; you can then see for yourselves what a docile beast he is. Good day!"

They were stretching the tennis nets, and several of us were seated in the semi-circle of chairs, when suddenly there arose a commotion among the servants; some fled while others

standing their ground, gazed in one direction: we looked the same way, to behold a lady and gentleman—the Browns—walking up the road, while at their heels slouched a tiger, unchained and unmuzzled!

Instinctively we jumped up and retreated behind the chairs; the Browns noticed the movement, for he grinned broadly—confound him!—and Mrs. Brown smiled too.

"Pray don't be frightened!" she exclaimed, acknowledging our general salute, "he's not a man-eater, and is quite tame."

But somehow, we did not see it; whereupon, to our confusion, she breached our rampart by pulling away a chair, and walked through the gap with the tiger following her.

UTTERING A YELL OF TERROR, THE MAN TURNED AND FLED.

"Oh, come-I-say-you-know!" gurgled Campbell, nervously.

"No, I don't know," laughed Mrs. Brown. "Do make friends—he won't hurt you. Tom!" she added to the feline, "go and do 'chin-chin'!"

Tom started to do "chin-chin" by rubbing himself against our legs promiscuously, adorning our immaculate white flannels with tawny-orange hairs in the process.

"You see, he hasn't a bite in him," remarked Mrs. Brown. "Now for some fun. Tom! Jumboo! Jumboo! Tsoo!!"

At this mysterious mandate, Tom woke up and gazed about him spryly; spotting one of the club servants who stood, open-mouthed, looking on, he bounded away towards him. Uttering a yell of terror, the man turned and fled, but Tom caught him up in a few springs, bowled him over, and then set to patting him with his huge paw. On Mrs. Brown whistling, the animal came frisking back to her side.

We were reassured! Tom was tame; no doubt of it! So we let ourselves out in talk.

"But how is it?" asked Campbell, "that he should so resemble the Bhilapore man-eater?—how is it he is without his right ear?"

"Easily explained," replied the lady. "He was given as a cub to my husband; they brought him while I was out, and when I returned what do you think I found him doing?"

"Who?—the cub or Mr. Brown?" asked Rickets.

"My husband: there he was superintending the docking of the cub's ears. One had already been severed; I interfered just in time to save the other."

"But, come-I-say-you know, what for?"

"To convert him into a terrier, the silly!—quite forgetting that the tiger is a feline, not a canine."

This explained it so far, and we all laughed heartily.

Tom soon became a general favourite, and roamed about of his own sweet will at all hours. Our dogs, too, made friends with him, and it was amusing to see him in a gambol with a pack of terriers and spaniels; rolling them over in succession, letting them tread on him and pull him about, but never hurting them.

"We experienced an awful scare during the

night," observed Prendergast, joining the party assembled for Mrs. Brown's morning Badminton. "Your Tom, Mrs. Brown, paid us a visit."

"Very possibly, for I never chain him up now. But surely you know him by this time!"

"We do, but being roused from sleep by a deep breathing, and then seeing a tiger looking in at the window in the full glare of the night-lamp is startling, you will own."

"We must tie you up to-night, mustn't we, Tom?" remarked his mistress.

"Oh, come-I-say-you-know, rather! The incoming folks would be demoralized: Lady Elliot, for one, would faint if the tiger presented himself."

"And you'd be a marked man, Brown," laughed Landor. "Sir John would never forgive you if Tom came round and sent Lady Elliot into hysterics."

The conversation referred to an inspection visit of the Commissioner, Sir John Elliot, accompanied by his lady and several members —both men and women—of his suite. Tents had been pitched for their accommodation in the club-house grounds; and a big dinner was to be given in their honour that evening at the club.

The party arrived during the forenoon, and everyone became busy till it was time to disperse and dress for the great function of the day —the dinner. Our two ladies—as hostesses—came early, and Campbell, the chief civilian, was there to receive them.

"You've secured Tom, I hope?" he whispered, as he handed Mrs. Brown from her dog-cart.

"Yes; he's all safe; I padlocked him myself, and left him in charge of the lascar."

The dinner passed off satisfactorily, and, after the meal, some adjourned to the billiard-room, others gathered round the piano with the ladies, while smokers—I was one—slipped out into the verandah for a cigar.

"Oh! come—I——"

"Look there!" suddenly exclaimed Landor, cutting short Campbell's favourite expression, and pointing towards the shrubbery, shimmering in the silvery light of a tropical full moon. "Look there!"

We looked, and on the verge of the bushes beyond the carriage way we distinctly made out the head and shoulders of a tiger; and we plainly perceived that he wanted his right ear!

"By Jingo! it's Tom!" muttered Rickets; "there'll be a fine shindy if the others see him. Better apprise Mrs. Brown quietly."

"No!" put in Prendergast; "they'll guess something's up. Brown's horsekeeper will do; I've seen him handle the beast at 'Uplands.'"

The conveyances stood along the club-house front, the horses dozing on three legs, the horsekeepers squatted in a circle—gossiping.

"Mrs. Brown's horsekeeper!" said Prendergast in a vernacular undertone, approaching the group.

"Yes, sir!" replied one of them.

"There's your master's tiger," whispered Prendergast, surreptitiously indicating the shrubbery. "If the strange ladies see him they will be alarmed. Go quietly; take him back to the house."

Muttering his surprise at seeing the animal at large, the horsekeeper sped across the carriage sweep; we heard his low "Tom! Tom!" we saw the tiger crouch; we expected him to turn over on his back as he usually did; we expected to see him in the grasp of the man. But instead, the animal suddenly shot out of the bushes, threw the poor wretch to the ground, seized him by the neck and dragged him shrieking away!

No time for niceties now! We raised the hue and cry; but there was not a gun in the club-house! Guests and hosts came streaming out into the verandah, and all was confusion and dismay. Ladies fainted or screamed: men shouted and lost their heads. Leaving the strangers to be tended to by the Slopers, her husband and others, Mrs. Brown called on Prendergast, Campbell, and me to accompany her. I brought round her dog-cart, and we four clambered in.

"I shall not believe it was Tom till I see with my own eyes that he is not where I left him," she remarked excitedly.

We said nothing; we had as much as we could do to hold on, for we were going at headlong speed. We plunged in at the gates and dashed madly up the hill to the house; we all scrambled down, and hurrying up the steps, there, under the verandah lamp, we saw Tom snugly cuddled in his blanket, his heavy chain and steel collar intact.

"You darling!" cried Mrs. Brown, throwing her bare arms round the feline's neck, as he started up to greet his mistress. "I told you so! Lascar," she added, addressing the night watchman who stood by, "has Tom been loose to-night?"

"No, ma'am; he has not moved from here."

"There! what do you say to that, gentlemen?"

Nothing! we were puzzled and dumbfounded; for not fifteen minutes ago we had seen a one-eared tiger carry off a man from under our very noses; now, we looked on a one-eared tiger, chained and tethered; an animal we knew to have no ferocious propensities. And yet?

"Well, if you ere now saw a tiger minus the right ear, and if, as we believe, it was not Tom,

then depend upon it that the man-eater has again turned up," remarked Mr. Sloper, who with Rickets, had joined us.

A silence of conjecture; to be broken by Mrs. Brown. "Whatever it is, I am going after that tiger," she observed in a resolute voice, "and will show you another good point in Tom. Three accompany me. Will you?" addressing me.

Needless to say that I agreed.

"You, Dr. Rickets, and you, Mr. Campbell."

She whisked off to change her attire. "Come along," she said on rejoining us, "and let us arm!"

We followed her into a lighted room where, from a rack, we helped ourselves to a rifle apiece, and pocketed some cartridges, while she assumed a Winchester repeater. "This, in case he is unable to master him," she remarked.

"Who?—to master who?" inquired Rickets vaguely.

"Tom goes with us, and you'll probably see a fight between them. We must only fire if he can't defeat the man-eater. Come!"

Unfastening Tom, and leading him by a leather thong, she headed us down the hill.

"Now listen," she said. "This is nothing new to Tom and me. Keep close behind us, and don't talk. We will first go to the spot where the man was seized; there I will unslip Tom, and all we have to do is to follow him."

This *was* an adventure! Mrs. Brown glowed with excitement; she fairly inoculated us; we promised every obedience, and braced ourselves for the task before us.

The party had dispersed from the club-house. Lady Elliot and her suite, fearful of occupying the tents, had removed into the building, and we could see Sir John and one or two men through the glass doors of the reading room, snug in their arm-chairs.

Arrived at the spot of the seizure, Mrs. Brown unleashed Tom; the brute had already shown signs of disquietude, and was no sooner free than he began to sniff around. On "nosing" the blood he gave vent to a deep growl, and started off on the scent, his speed being checked by an occasional word from his mistress. Tom quickly cleared the station, and led us into the jungle that grew to the boundary. There was no "trail," as of a body dragged along; the man-eater, therefore, must have thrown his victim over his shoulder—the tiger's usual procedure when his prey is light enough. Our guide, however, wavered not, and steadily held on. We had penetrated about half a mile into the jungle when Tom's whole demeanour changed. He now assumed a more cautious, a more cat-like tread. His one ear lay flat to his head, his tail "flicked" from side to side, and when, on occasion, he looked up at us, the moonlight showed a fiendish, "tigerish" face,

THE ANIMAL SUDDENLY SHOT OUT OF THE BUSHES.

so different from his usually placid — nay, stolid—expression.

We were evidently closing up. In a fever of suppressed excitement we moved stealthily forward, Tom crawling rather than walking. We were coming to a clearing, for a patch of uninterrupted moonlight glittered in our front. We gained its edge, and just as our eyes rested on the skulking form of a tiger—a one-eared tiger—half carrying, half-dragging a human body, Tom shot from our midst, and with one magnificent bound sprang into the clearing. Now ensued a scene that beggars description. You have witnessed two tom-cats settling their differences, no doubt. Well, imagine two tigers in lieu of the cats, and you have the spectacle to a nicety. The combatants were easily

distinguishable. Tom, the smaller animal, possessed a bright, glossy coat; the man-eater, the larger, was mangy, and presented an unkempt appearance. In one respect, however, they were identical—*each was short of his right ear!*

Tom snarled a challenge. The stranger, nothing loth, responded, dropped his victim, and stood on the defensive. They spat and grinned at each other, uttering low, deep-voiced growls and moans; approaching gingerly, treading as if on "hot bricks." At length they came nose to nose; they ceased giving tongue, and seemed to be gauging each other olfactorily. Then, as if by mutual consent, they uttered a simultaneous roar, sprang erect, joined in deadly embrace, and rolled over and over on the ground. Tom had hold of his enemy by the shoulder; the man-eater had fixed his fangs on his opponent's neck, while the fore-claws of both were embedded in their adversary's back, and the red blood streamed from the wounds. They fought in comparative silence, every now and then giving forth a half growl, half whine; this, and the rustling of the dead leaves, were the only sounds. We looked on spellbound. All our sympathies were with Tom, but as the fight progressed it appeared as if the man-eater would gain the mastery. Tom lay underneath, his hind-claws ploughing at his foe's breast and stomach; his fore-claws, however, had relinquished their hold, and the man-eater, taking advantage of this, did his best to finish the business out of hand. But just at this juncture Tom seemed to pull himself together. With a mighty effort he freed himself of his adversary, and sprang clear. For a space they regarded each other; then, with a terrific roar, Tom again launched himself on the man-eater, this time pinning him by the throat. Holding on tenaciously, and agilely avoiding the other's hind-claws, Tom relaxed not a muscle. Gradually the man-eater's struggles grew weaker; Tom held on like grim death, and then, after some minutes, the marauder's limbs relaxed, and he was dead!

WE LOOKED ON SPELLBOUND.

We cautiously approached the body of the horsekeeper. Rickets hastily examined him, and pronounced him to be still alive. We managed to carry the poor fellow between us there and then to the hospital, and, in spite of a fearful mauling, he eventually recovered.

Tom carries a silver collar now, and Mrs. Brown wears a heavy gold bangle, each with a suitable inscription, presented by us in commemoration of that eventful night. The man-eater was stuffed, and now stands under glass in the club-house verandah

A TALE OF A TIP

By the Rev. E. E. Bradford.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

ALL that long fourth of June had Dick trotted about with his uncle, and every fellow at Eton who has had any of his people down for the Festival—and who has not?—knows what a labour of love it is to look after them!

After "Absence" (or roll call) in Weston's Yard they had strolled round together to have a look at the cricket match which was going on in the playing-fields. But almost at once they had to leave in order to take their places in Upper School, to witness the somewhat miscellaneous entertainment which is included under the name of "speeches." Then, after luncheon, Dick had been in attendance again to pilot his uncle round to the playing-fields once more, that he might listen to the band, and admire the ladies' toilettes. Then followed a tea party in Dick's own room, given in his uncle's honour; and, after another "Absence"—this time in school yard—Dick had conducted his guest down to the Brocas to see the procession of boats. As Uncle McGregor could not stop for the fireworks, Dick and his chief chum, Charlie Sable, had walked over to Windsor with him, to see him safely off by the G.W.R. Then came the critical moment of *adieux*—and parting tips. Dick's hopes were not high, for he knew his Scotch uncle's weakness. Still, even he felt a shock when he received *one shilling!*

Dick would not have minded if he had been alone, but Charlie Sable's eagle eyes had noticed that a coin had been slipped into his chum's palm at the final hand-shaking, and hardly had the train begun to move off before he said eagerly, "How much?"

"Oh, uncle never gives much," answered Dick carelessly, dropping the coin into his pocket. "Come along; let us hurry back. I want to get some stamps before the shops close."

"All right," assented Sable; "but, I say, I saw him give you something, and so he jolly well ought to after all the fuss you made with him. What was it—a quid?"

"Oh, dry up, do!" cried Dick emphatically. "What an avaricious beggar you are, Charlie. You're always thinking about coin!"

In a few minutes they were standing before a shop window in High Street, where sundry packets of stamps engaged all their attention. As they were eagerly discussing how best they could lay out their spare cash, a childish voice from behind them said timidly, "If you are thinking of buying some stamps, sir, perhaps you would look at these?"

Dick turned round, and saw a ragged, pale, half-starved little urchin of nine or ten years old.

But Charlie, who was always keen on a good bargain, was the first to speak. "Let's have a look at them," he said.

The child handed him a little penny account book, very worn and dirty, with a dozen or two of the commonest stamps in it.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Charlie, glancing

through it disdainfully, "I don't want that sort of rubbish!"

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and Dick, whose heart was as soft as butter, asked him kindly how much he wanted for the lot?"

"You may 'ave 'em all for sixpence, sir," said the boy wistfully.

"Sixpence! they're not worth twopence!" said Charlie with scorn.

But Dick glided his uncle's shilling into the poor boy's hand, and put the despised stamps into his pocket. He thought so little of his purchase that after the first glance at the stamps —which were of the most ordinary description —he threw them into the drawer of his "burry," and there they lay undisturbed till next half. But then, one wet afternoon, "after four," when he and Charlie Sable were engaged in looking over and re-arranging their stamp albums, Dick happened to require a French 5c. stamp to give symmetry to a series by filling up a blank space.

He remembered with a smile that this was one of the treasures he had bought with Uncle McGregor's shilling, and pulling the despised account book out of his "burry," he was just going to extract the stamp, when he remarked that two leaves of the little book had stuck together. As they were at the end, after a long series of blank pages, he had never noticed this before. With his pen-knife he soon succeeded in separating them, for they were only lightly attached. There were a good many marks of gum, showing where stamps had formerly been, and some of this must have got damp and stuck. All the stamps had gone save one. But that one!

Dick gazed at it in awe-struck wonder. "I say, Charlie," he cried at last, "look there!"

Charlie came over, and when he saw he felt much like the Queen of Sheba probably did when she came to Solomon's superlative staircase, but instead of coming out with a neat little speech, as she did, he was so taken aback that he could think of nothing better to say than "Oh, golly!" But the tone more than made up for the poverty of the words.

The stamp which had occasioned all this excitement was a British Guiana 4c., of the issue of 1850-1851, and with the initials of the postmaster written on it in ink that was turned yellow with age.

"Well, it isn't mine," said Dick regretfully. Then, brightening up, he added: "Won't that poor little chap be delighted to hear we have found such a treasure?"

"You don't mean to say you will take it back to him?" cried Charlie, in a tone of disgust.

"Of course I do!" retorted Dick hotly. "He didn't mean to sell one a stamp worth £50 for 6d. I expect that whenever all the other valuable ones were removed, this was left in by mistake and forgotten. To judge by the appearance of the book, which I am sure looks old enough and dirty enough for anything, I should think that was a jolly long while ago, and probably at that time the stamp was of no great value."

But Dick's honesty was destined to cost him nothing. In spite of all the inquiries he made it was impossible to discover the little beggar boy, and Dick remained the undisputed owner of the precious stamp. He sent it up to Messrs. Moses & Aaron in Fenchurch Street, and after some negotiations he finally received for it a cheque for £40!

By Charlie Sable's advice he did not tell any of the other fellows of his good luck, for, as Charlie said: "All those beggars who come round for subscriptions will be down on you like a load of bricks if they hear you're such a nabob." Nor did Dick tell his good luck even to his people at home, for he thought he would reserve it as a delightful Christmas surprise, and give them all marvellous presents.

Some weeks after this, when he was beginning to grow accustomed to the idea that he was a millionaire on a small scale, and had formed so many projects that even the £40 would barely suffice to carry them out—one evening, as he and his chum were having tea together, Charlie Sable, who was looking over the newspaper, and whose thoughts always ran upon money, descanted upon the marvellous success of some of the South African gold-mining companies.

"Now here's a new one—the 'Teba'—started with £1 shares. Why don't you invest some of your cash in that? You've got more than you know what to do with."

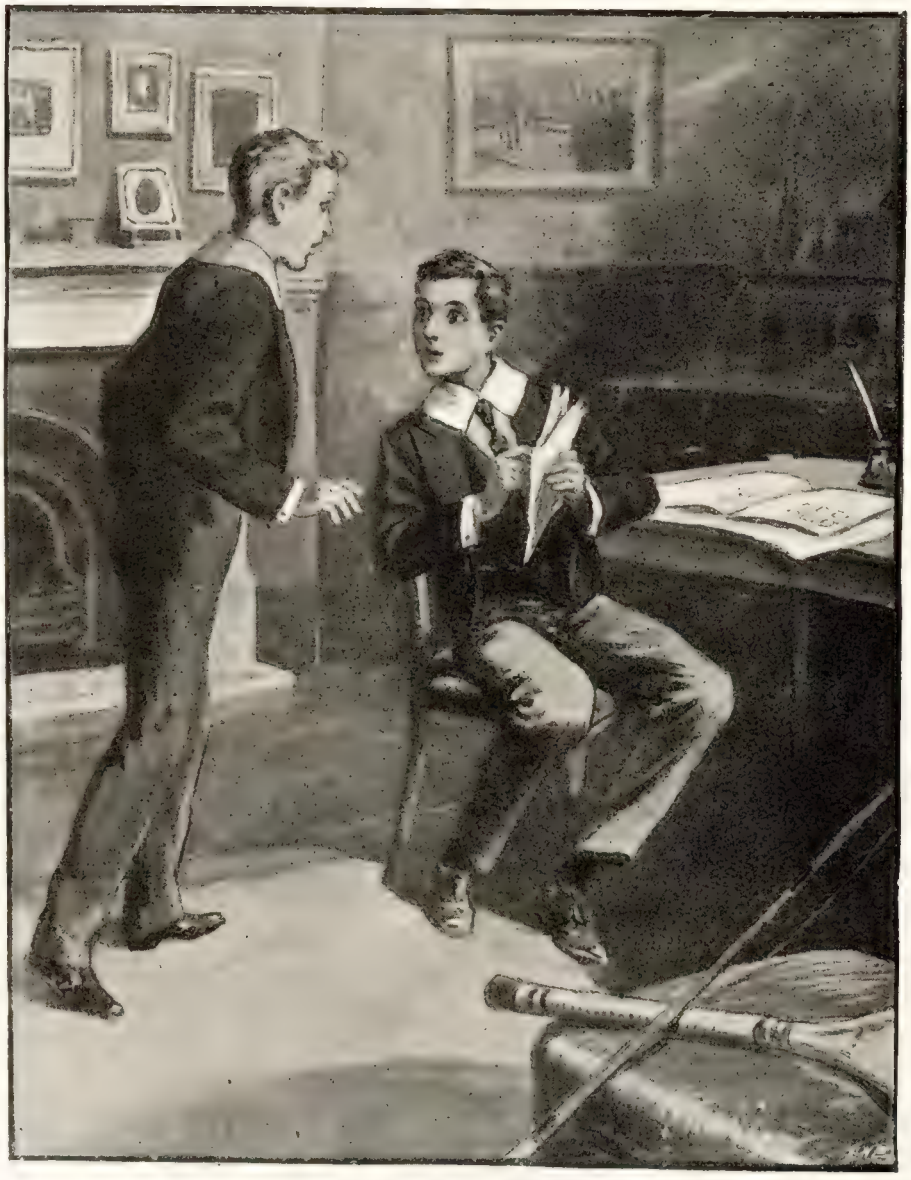
Dick was charmed with the idea. All those bank-notes in his "burry" were a continual anxiety to him. He took out the whole bundle, wrote the most business-like letter he could manage, requesting that forty £1 shares should be allotted to him, and enclosed the notes in payment.

Marvellous luck attended him. Toward the end of the half his shares had risen to more than ten times their initial value, and when he determined to sell out he found himself the proud and happy possessor of over £400!

It chanced that about this time he received a letter from his elder sister, Mary, in which the following passage occurred:—

You are always standing up for Uncle McGregor. I wonder if this will open your eyes to what a mean old creature he really is! Father has been lately speculating

on a small scale in some of these new South African gold-mining companies, and has been very unlucky. His losses are not really very serious, you know; but they have made him very short of ready money for the moment. So he wrote to uncle asking him to lend him a few hundred pounds. You know uncle is as rich as Crœsus; and what can an old bachelor like him find to spend his money on? But — would you believe it?—the stingy old hunks wrote back to say that all his money was invested; and, besides that, he had a prejudice against lending money to anyone—even to his brother-in-law! If he comes to stay with us this Christmas again he'll get even a colder reception than he had last time!



"OH, GOLLY!"

As Dick read over this letter, his sympathies were not altogether on the side of the writer; he could not help thinking that if Uncle McGregor was rather "close" he had some excuse for this. All the Verners seemed to regard their rich uncle as their lawful prey. Dick could remember the time when his uncle used to be much more free with his money, and Dick had more than a suspicion that it was in a great measure the greediness of his nephews and nieces that had dried up the source of their uncle's liberality. Every Christmas Mr. McGregor paid the Verners a visit. He was always kindness itself—good-humoured, obliging, and cheerful. But the broadest hints had failed to revive his old generosity, and every year he was treated with less consideration. For a long time Dick ruminated over this unpleasant state of things with a very long face; then, all at once, he cried, "Eureka! I have it! It will be an awful lark!

He got out a sheet of note-paper, and one of Uncle McGregor's old letters, and having studied the latter very attentively for a few minutes, carefully copying his uncle's handwriting he began:—

MY DEAR RICHARD,—When you wrote to me the other day, asking for the loan of a few hundred pounds, I was suffering from an attack of my old enemy, the gout, which, as you know, always affects my temper. Besides, I really have a prejudice against lending money I object to it on principle (that's a good phrase, said Dick to himself, uncle is always using it) but it is the principle alone that I care for—and, after all, why should I abandon it?—What are a few hundreds to me? I enclose notes for £400, and you are

very welcome to them. But I will not regard this as a loan, and I shall be really angry if you ever think of repaying me. I cannot help thinking that we all attach far too much importance to money. You may have noticed that I seldom give presents to the youngsters now. It is simply because I cannot bear the fuss they make over them. And now I shall ask you, as a personal favour, never to thank me for this little present, and never even to mention it to me again.

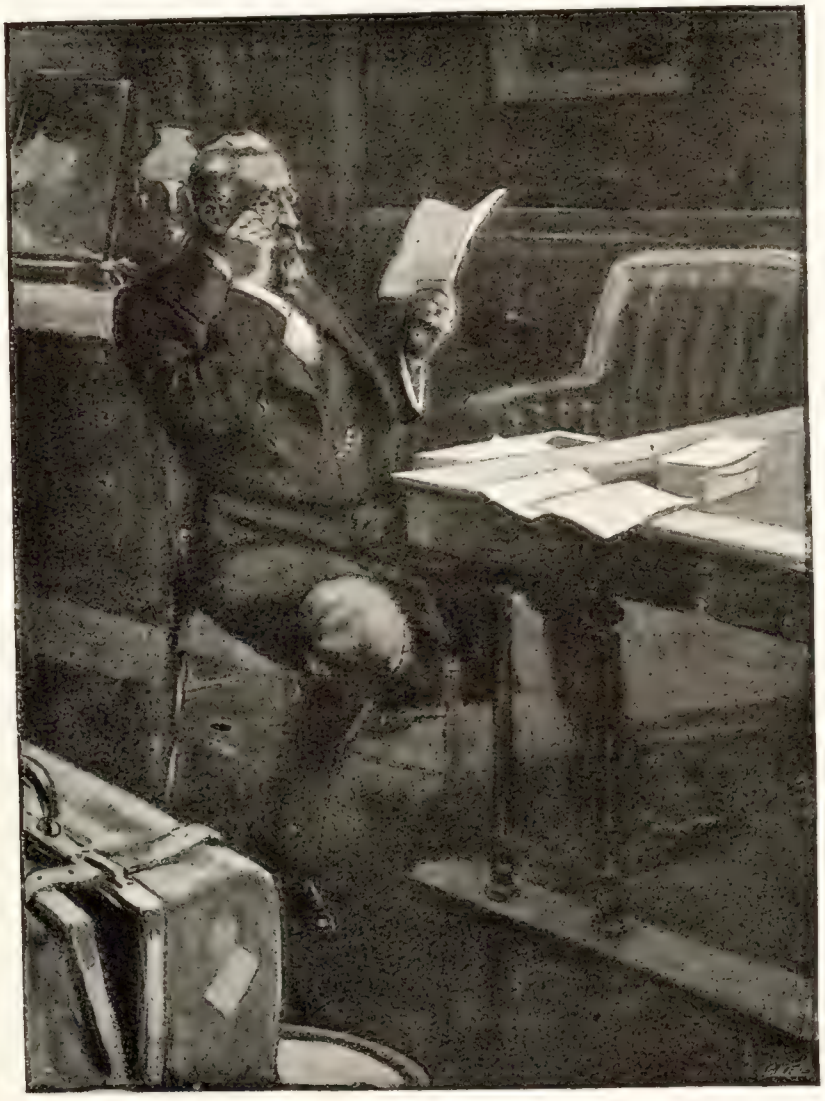
Dick concluded the epistle with a few commonplaces, carefully copied from the letter before him, and completed his crime by boldly forging his uncle's signature at the end. He then put it into an envelope and addressed it, and as there was a fellow in Dick's house who lived in the same town as Mr. McGregor, he, at Dick's request, sent it under cover to his younger brother, with instructions that it should be posted from there.

The plot succeeded perfectly. Mr. McGregor's well-known eccentricity prevented his brother-in-law from smelling a rat. Dick went home for the Christmas holidays before his uncle arrived, and so he was able to take part in the family council as to how their benefactor should be received

Dick's earnest advice was that they should receive him just as usual, only they might perhaps be a trifle more cordial. But other views prevailed.

The general opinion was that as they were expressly forbidden to put their thanks into words, they were all the more bound to show their gratitude—which was quite as prospective as retrospective—by extra attention to his comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Verner even insisted upon installing their honoured guest in their own room, which was the largest and most luxuriously furnished in the house. Alas! this idea proved most disastrous!

When Uncle McGregor, quite bewildered by the extreme cordiality of his reception, and still more by sundry more or less veiled hints at his generosity, which were made in the course of the evening, at last retired to the room prepared for him; after his usual custom, he began leisurely to unpack and arrange his things comfortably. Thinking he would write a few letters before going to bed, he got out envelopes and paper from his portmanteau, and drew out the drawer of a writing table in which to place them. As he did so, something caught his eye. What was that letter in his own handwriting? He did not remember having written it! Mr. McGregor carefully adjusted his eye-glasses, and began to read:—



MR. MCGREGOR CAREFULLY ADJUSTED HIS EYE-GLASSES AND BEGAN TO READ.

My Dear Richard,—When you wrote the other day

asking for the loan of a ew hundred pounds, I was suffering from an attack of my old enemy the gout, which, as you know, always affects my temper.

"Heaven and earth!" cried poor Mr. McGregor in amazement. "What abominable forgery is this? What plot have I unearthed?"

He glanced at the end to see if his own name was forged, too. Yes, there it stood, as bold as brass, "Alec McGregor."

"Well," he ruminated, "I have heard of fellows walking and talking in their sleep, but I never heard of them writing letters!" He read the whole epistle carefully through, and was more astounded than ever. Then he examined the writing more closely. At places Dick had been less careful, and at last Mr. McGregor detected his nephew's hand.

"Well, this beats everything!" he cried. "Where on earth has the young rascal got the money from? Has he sent his father a forged cheque? No, he speaks of notes!"

It was too late to clear up the mystery that evening, but the next day Mr. McGregor had a private interview with his hopeful nephew, who soon was driven to make a full confession. His uncle pretended to be very angry, and gave Dick a good scolding, but he was secretly touched by the boy's unselfish wish to make his uncle's Christmas visit a pleasant one, and he was struck, above all, by the marvellous indifference to money which the boy had displayed throughout the whole affair. So he kept Dick's secret, and Mr. Verner never knew where the £400 came from. Since then Uncle McGregor has been more liberal to all his nephews and nieces, but as for the presents and tips he showers upon Dick, I shall not attempt to describe them, for you would hardly believe me if I did.

And whenever the rich uncle dies there is no doubt as to who will inherit the main part of his wealth, but I think that when this takes place, Dick's eyes will be far too dim with tears to be dazzled with the gleam of the gold.

A HOME MUSEUM.

FOR the benefit of "Captainites" I will relate how I have obtained the nucleus of an interesting home collection of curios.

Eight years ago, while wandering by a small river, I noticed a twig projecting from a hedge, and on many thorns with which the stick was covered were impaled wasps, bees, and various flies. However were these poor things put there? I took it home, and found out—'twas the work of the red-backed shrike, or "butcher bird," as it is termed. This bird is not content with insects to fill its pantry, but will even stock little birds as well, for two years ago I found, on the Surrey hills, a wren treated in the same manner.

I put the twig away on a table, and resolved to look out for interesting things (as I live in the country), and make a collection. My curios now number many hundreds, from a locust to a fossil.

One day I visited the *Windward*, Dr. Nansen's provisioning ship, which was at anchor in St. Catherine's Dock. We were curious to explore it, and by a little persuasion, helped by a coin of the realm, we were allowed to ramble over the vessel at our pleasure. We strayed below deck, and found there a heap of walrus' heads. My collecting spirit appeared. Here was a small memento of a memorable voyage! So I put out my hand, and pulled three stiff bristles, or whiskers, from one of the heads, and very soon made exit from the *Windward*.

Readers will find what a number of curios may be obtained from friends who have most interesting things stored away and perhaps forgotten. Relations in foreign parts will no doubt be willing to send over anything likely to augment the contents of the tables.

Among Boer War mementoes I have a piece of Queen's chocolate, which a soldier carried in his knapsack through three engagements; also a Lee-Metford bullet, which was in a bandolier during three encounters.

I have stuffed birds, birds' eggs, numerous fossils, snakes' skins, war relics, and almost everything one can think of. I have found it necessary now to catalogue my collection.

I hope, by my short article, that I have persuaded a few CAPTAIN readers, boys or girls, to commence this comparatively new hobby, and am sure a little trouble will be repaid by one day gazing on their own "home museum."

F. W. FIELD.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

HOW TO START A STAMP COLLECTION.

"EAST-WEST, home's best!" Roving first to the Emerald Isle, then back to dear old England, only to chase away again to the Highlands of Scotland, gives one a disposition to literary slackness. The Old Fag tells me I ought to apologize for my protracted absence from our philatelic school-house, so here goes, and thanks to the man who has undertaken at short notice to give a lecture in my absence.

How has your long vacation been spent?—please note I am writing this in October, as Christmas numbers are not printed a week before they are required. From accounts in various papers, and from what I have been told by keen stamp men, who, if on a holiday, always have their weather eye open for a stamp bargain, it seems that a kind of war-stamp fever has arisen from the carnage of the battle-fields, which, having affected both Boer and Briton in Africa, has been wafted over to the hub of the Universe, claiming its victims by thousands. In short, thousands who, prior to the war stamp issues were void of any interest in philately, are now stamp mad, and on every hand one is asked: "Have you any Mafeking Besieged stamps?" or, "How many varieties of Orange Free State surcharged V.R.I. have you got?" and, "What will you give me for the 1s. value?" etc.

Now if you find yourself answering to this description, take your seat, and bring a note book, for the lecture is about to commence.

With the *pros* and *cons* of war issues and similar stamps I am not concerned here, only to remark that *bona-fide* issues such as the Orange Free State and Transvaal stamps surcharged V.R.I. are the means of interesting thousands in stamp collecting, and form an object lesson on the usefulness of philately as imparting habits of study, accuracy, knowledge of history and geography, and other lessons which will be found invaluable in after life.

In starting a stamp collection it is essential that we possess at least *some* stamps. This is no difficult matter. Your morning post will provide at least two varieties, which, if not rare, are nevertheless by no means amongst the most inartistic of present-day labels. I refer to the 1d. and ½d. current British. But even if you possess these, with or without others, first steps have to be taken on the ladder of philatelic fame, and I will call this the Soaking Process. Every vestige of paper must be removed before any further progress can be made, and whether the number of specimens be few or many, let this be effected without delay.

A basin, some tepid water, and a piece of blotting-paper. The basin or dish as shallow as possible, with a wide top to accommodate a fair number of stamps; the water *tepid*, *not* cold, to avoid cracking through gum remaining on the backs when dry; and the blotting-paper to lay the specimens on face down, thus absorbing the moisture and providing for quick drying.

It will be wise to effect the soaking of all stamps at one operation, if they do not number very many; but make it a hard and fast rule not to pass into the collection, however mounted, any specimens which have not been so treated.

There is no need to completely immerse the specimens; with some stamps, such as the current British and Russian, Indian, etc., this would be disastrous, as, printed in *aniline* colours, they will be completely disfigured after their baptism. Simply float the specimens on the top of the water *face upwards*, and in a few minutes the stamp should easily peel away from its backing. Be careful not to tear or injure the specimen in any way; a wet stamp is easily damaged.

Our next step involves some precautions. Scissors and paste are both sworn enemies to a stamp collection. *Never* trim the margins or perforations of any specimen, and *never* allow yourself to adopt the gum-pot process of mounting resorted to by our forefathers. Either gum or paste will eventually spoil the specimens, and will also prevent their removal from the album for examination or for replacing by cleaner specimens.

The accepted method of mounting to-day is by means of "hinges"—small slips of grease-proof paper, gummed on one side. These can be obtained at a low price per thousand from the dealers advertising in THE CAPTAIN. But, even if funds will not allow of their purchase, home-made mounts or hinges can be manufactured by means of some foreign paper and some good

gum, or gum arabic if possible. Brush over one side of the paper with the gum, then when dry (place the coated sheets in a warm cistern-room, if possible), cut up into slips about ⅝in. wide, further dividing, according to the size of the specimen to be mounted, about ⅞in. for the ordinary size.

Reels of gummed paper can be purchased at almost any stationer's now; these are eminently suitable also; but, in any case, *never* employ the waste stamp paper provided at post offices. The paper is far too thick, and the consequence will be an unsightly album, bulging out with stamps which, mounted in a slovenly fashion, with a makeshift mount, cannot be removed without bringing with them a portion of the album itself.

The third step concerns the use of the mounts. To be nicely hinged, it should be possible to turn over a specimen for examination when in the album without creasing the margins or perforations. This can only be effected in one way. Double the stamp mount lengthwise, exactly even, with the gum outwards. Then wet one side and place it on the back of the stamp, so that the crease in the mount is horizontal with the top edge of the specimen. Then wet the exposed gum side and neatly lay the specimen exactly in the centre of the space provided in the album. Uniformly mounted in this way a collection becomes increasingly a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

We now need an album; but this deserves more space than I can give this month; so look out for the January issue of THE CAPTAIN, and I will tell you which I consider the best albums for young collectors, and also give you some valuable hints on different methods of collecting.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

BRITISH GUIANA.

BRITISH GUIANA.—I illustrate a new 2c. stamp, which is really nothing else but the ordinary 2c. stamp (lilac and orange) printed in the colours of the 96c. value. This seems to imply a change in the 96c. at an early date. 2c. lilac and rose.

CAROLINE ISLANDS.—A group of islands in the North Pacific, plentifully supplied with six stamps; the current German issues overprinted "KAROLINEN." 3pf. brown, 5pf. green, 10pf. red, 20pf. blue, 25pf. orange, 50pf. brown — all surcharged in black.

CEYLON 15C. BLUE.

CEYLON.—Here is an old stamp in a new colour—15c. blue.

FRENCH COLONIES.—I illustrate one of a series of labels among the ugliest and worst printed that have ever been issued. If readers take my advice they will not waste money on the labels from the French, Portuguese, and other colonies. Many of them are issued for the collector pure and simple. The values in the present instance range from 1c. to 5frs.—fifteen in all.

A FRENCH COLONIAL.

JAPAN.—Messrs. Butler Bros. have sent me a wedding stamp which was issued during last summer. The umbrella at the top is the imperial crest. In the upper corners is a sprig of pawlonia, in the lower are Chinese characters, representing "Three" in the left-hand, and "Sen" in the right-hand corner. The box inside the oval is said to be covered with red paper, and contains the first letter sent by the bride to the bridegroom. The large box-like object at the back is a table, ornamented round the sides with pictures of cranes and pine trees. The crane is supposed to live a thousand years, and the pine tree never dies — so these are emblematic of long life. On the top of the table are cakes, termed "Mikka yo mohi," or "Three days' and nights' bread," so called because they are left in the bridal chamber for three days and nights after the wedding, so that the bride and bridegroom may eat them whenever they wish. They are made of rice-flour, and there is a cake for each year of the bride's age. Now you will be wanting to know whose wedding these wonderful stamps celebrate, but I can't tell you! 3 sen rose.

JAPANESE WEDDING STAMP.

MALAY STATES.—The accompanying illustra-

tion shows the result of federation in the Malay Peninsula—Perak, Negri Sembilan, Sungei Ujong, and the other Malay States are now federated under the name of the Federated Malay States; thus one issue of stamps replaces several separate issues. A similar transaction is taking place in Australia, and when completed away will go a number of stamps which collectors who have not been on the look out will wish they could get. 10c. lilac and orange, 20c. green and mustard, black surcharge.

MALAY STATES.

ORANGE RIVER COLONY.—Here is an interesting stamp—the first issued in the name of our newly-acquired colony in Africa. The surcharge is in black, 2½d. blue and black.

ORANGE RIVER COLONY. (First issue.)

SAMOA.

SAMOA.—Another German colony, which has been supplied with the same number of stamps as the Caroline Islands.

SWITZERLAND.—Messrs. Butler Bros. have sent me three stamps, issued in celebration of the Jubilee of the Universal Postal Union. I cannot advise young collectors to waste their money on these labels. The 5c. value is illustrated.

JUBILEE OF UNIVERSAL POSTAL UNION.

TRANSVAAL.—When Lord Roberts occupied Pretoria the current Transvaal stamps were over-printed "V.R.I." in black. I have seen the following values so treated: ½d., 1d., 2d., 2½d., 3d., 4d. and 6d. This is an interesting series of stamps, which forms a very desirable addition to the album. I would not advise paying high prices for them though, as considerable quantities must be in the market.

TRANSVAAL.

REVIEW.

Messrs. Butler Bros., of Clevedon, have sent me two of their well-known "Excelsior" albums, which can be thoroughly recommended to the young collector. The first, price 1s., contains 120 pages, with ruled spaces for stamps, each page headed with illustrations, and populations, coinage, capitals, &c. The whole, bound in a pretty, stiff-boarded cover, forms one of the cheapest shilling albums I have seen.

A larger book, price 2s. 6d., contains spaces for many more stamps, and is all that a beginner can desire. Hints to collectors and a useful perforation gauge are included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. Bradford (Nova Scotia).—I am always glad to hear from colonial correspondents. The stamps you refer to are of no special value, denoting a newspaper tax which has long since been abolished. **W. Grundy** asks me the following questions: (1) How to distinguish *aniline* rose? This can only be done by experience. The aniline ink, however, gives a highly polished surface to the stamp. (2) Are Portuguese colonial stamps, such as Timor, genuine? Yes, certainly, but I cannot advise their purchase. (3) How is it that Thurn and Taxis stamps are sold so cheaply by some dealers? Unused, many of these stamps are cheap, but probably there are reprints or remainders in the market. **"A Queensland Banana."**—The two stamps you send are worth very little, say 1d. each. You omitted the customary stamped addressed envelope. **"Geanot."**—(1) I should say as a stamp, and not for a receipt. (2) Not as a postage stamp; they are used on deeds. (3) No, but you can get a special album now for locals only. (4) Yes, in the first instance, but not in the case of railway or parcels stamps. **"Your Namesake"**—or mine, by the way—asks me how to distinguish the "grille" on American stamps. The "grille" is a small rectangle or square of pin-pricks, and can be best seen by examining the back of the stamp. It was invented as a means of preventing the stamp being cleaned after having passed through the post. You are very wise in putting your spare cash into good stamps, which, as you are careful in what you buy, is only an investment. **H. Beal** wants a good stamp catalogue. Either Messrs. Bright & Sons' "A B C," price 2s. 6d. in one volume, or Messrs. Stanley Gibbons', in three volumes, should suit. See advertisement pages. **Vladivostock.**—The B.C.A. stamp is worth about 5s. to 7s. 6d.; the Chile about 9d. **R. G. J.** wants to know the difference between a forgery and a reprint. The former is manufactured by a private individual, the latter by a Government. Relatively, the value is about the same, although in a *few* cases reprints are highly desirable. **H. J.**—Personally, I think locals are of little interest, but others think differently, and we all get on well together. **Newfoundland.**—See reply to "Your Namesake." **H. Ker-Fox** sends me a rare Bremen stamp for opinion as to genuineness and value. The stamp in question, though a lightly cancelled copy, has two or three *small* tears, and I have advised payment of half catalogue price. This is a good illustration of the positive value of stamps in immaculate condition, and the relative value of poor specimens. If young collectors would insist on fine specimens only, their collections, however much has been spent on them, would never be a disappointment to them.

[N.B.—*Replies per post can only be sent when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. A large number of inquiries have been replied to direct.*]

THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE head-master of Greyhouse dies suddenly, and Mr. Forbes, the second master, whose methods of government are extremely tyrannical, is temporarily appointed to fill his place. Much discontent is occasioned, and Bannerman, a Fifth Form boy, organizes a rebellion. Taking advantage of the absence of most of the masters one night, Greyhouse (with the exception of the monitors) break into open mutiny. Just as they have locked themselves into Big School and barricaded the door, Mr. Dodson ("Doddie"), a very popular master, arrives back at the school, and commands Bannerman to open the door. Bannerman emphatically refuses to do so. As he stubbornly adheres to his resolve, the masters and monitors decide to force their way into Big School by one of the windows, but on effecting their purpose they find Big School absolutely empty. At the same time news arrives that the rebels have "occupied" the Pavilion in the playing-fields, while a yawning hole in the floor of Big School indicates how they managed to escape.

CHAPTER V.

SOME few persons—and one of these must have been Bannerman—knew that Greyhouse possessed a subterranean passage—built in the old troublous days, when men had to hide in caves and secret chambers to save themselves from death by stake or axe.

Just such a passage as you may find in many ancient places, existed beneath the Greyhouse monastery. It led to the river, which bounded one side of the playing-fields. The outlet was covered with bushes and grass, and from here, centuries ago, many a hunted Catholic had escaped to the sea coast, twelve miles away.

The entrance to this secret passage, as just a few persons at Greyhouse knew, lay precisely beneath the head-master's desk in Big School.

Setting the fellows to march and sing, Bannerman and some others had gone to work and shifted the desk and platform, and then the planks beneath, thus exposing a yawning hole. And then, as steadily as drilled soldiers, the rebels had gone down into the hole and along that dark and grim underground way, illuminating the gloom with the candles they had procured from the pantry. The passage was substantially built and wholly free from *débris*. The bigger fellows had led the way, and the smaller had followed, and at length all successfully passed, in excellent order, from Big School to the opening by the river bank, whence to the pavilion was a few hundred yards' run.

The masters and monitors gazed speechlessly at the hole's mouth, and Doddie merely shook his head as he admitted that Bannerman was indeed a foe "worthy of his steel."

"Well," he remarked, "I suppose now it must really be a case of starving out. Wonder if they'll parley. We might propose terms that would prove acceptable to them. Who'll take a white flag?"

There was a junior standing near called Perks—a bright-eyed, sturdy young rascal. He had been deemed too small to be taken into Big School with the rest—but Bannerman didn't know what he was leaving behind. Perks was worth his salt, and his keep, even in siege times. He would have dearly liked to have joined in the rebellion, being of an adventurous spirit—but, with a number of other small boys, he had been sent about his business. He was very fond of reading war books, and had made up his mind about two things—firstly, that he would be Captain of Greyhouse, and, secondly, that he would be a soldier. And we may add that in time he achieved both these distinctions.

"Please, sir, let me!" he piped.

Doddie turned round with a laugh, whereat Perks pouted, for his dignity was wounded. Doddie was always very quick to observe when he had hurt the susceptibilities of a boy.

"Right you are," he said; "you shall, Perks. Of course, if they disregard the etiquette of war, and capture you, they'll put you on very short rations," concluded the master with a smile.

But Perks was already knotting his handkerchief on a stick.

"I'm ready now, sir!" he exclaimed. "What shall I say? Shall I demand their surrender?"

"Dear me, what a young warrior it is! No, don't say that. Their reply can be imagined. Ask Bannerman if he will come out and discuss terms with me."

"Yes, sir," and Perks trotted off.

"Hi—stop!" cried Doddie; "they won't see you. Cripps must go with you, with a lantern."

The porter was fetched, but he did not appear to relish his task.

"Suppose the young varmints lay hands on *me?*" he expostulated.

"They won't," replied Mr. Dodson. "Besides, you're going under a flag of truce. We shall follow at some distance, just to see that you return safely."

Cripps got his biggest lantern and gruffly told Perks to "foller."

"The idea!" cried Perks, with his chin up; "you follow me, Cripps. You're afraid, and I'm not, you see."

Then the white flag started on its errand of peace-making. Mr. Forbes had told his colleague to do whatever he thought best, so the parley proposal was quite in order.

Followed at a distance by the masters and monitors, Cripps and Perks walked across the playing-fields and halted within shouting distance of the pavilion. They had already been observed, and numerous chunks of turf came flying to meet them, many derisive voices directing them to "go back" unless they wanted to be flayed alive and submitted to various other tortures.

"I think, sir," said the porter politely, "that we're getting a bit too close—'ang and dash 'em!" as a huge bit of turf knocked his hat off; "they'll kill us for certain. Come back a bit, Mr. Perks, sir!"

"Don't be such a beastly funk, Cripps," said the gallant bearer of the white flag, as he waved the stick above his head. "Nobody would ever think you'd been a London policeman."

"I left the Force as soon as ever I could," returned Cripps, "as I thought being porter at a school for young gentlemen would be a less dangerous job. But I was mistook—drat 'em, there's another!" And there was, for a turflet hit him in the eye that time.

Perks laughed merrily, and this did not increase the porter's good temper.

"For 'eaven's sake say what you've got to say, Mr. Perks," he cried, "and let's be off. This is a gettin' too 'ot for anythink. There! that nearly had the lantern. Go on, sir—'oller at 'em."

So Perks 'ollered:—

"I say, you chaps, don't you see I'm carrying a white flag? I say—I've been sent to speak to you."

"Why, it's that kid Perks!" somebody in the pavilion shouted, and then there came a chorus of hoots, and such exclamations as: "Are all the rest funky?" "Little boys ought to be in bed!" "We'll come out quietly if you won't fire on us!" "Don't be too hard on us, Perky, dear—we're delicate!" and so forth and so on.

Presently Bannermann's deep voice was heard demanding silence. They dried up then.

"What's the matter, Perks?" asked the leader of the rebels.

"I've come with a message," squeaked Perks, trembling a little. He didn't mind the chaff of the Lower Third, but he was talking to the terrible Bannerman himself now.

"Well, let's have your message."

"Mr. Dodson says, will you come out and discuss terms with him?"

There was a tornado of shoutings now. "It's a plot to kidnap Bannerman!" "Don't go, Bannerman!" "Somebody's having us on—Doddie didn't send that message!" "It's a dodge of the Sixth's—three groans for the Sixth!" and the groans were given with great vigour. Following this uproar came sounds of pushing and smacking. Bannerman was merely obtaining silence in a rough and ready way.

"Perks!"

"Yes, Bannerman!"

"Is this all square—were you really told to give me that message?"

"Yes, Bannerman!"

"All right. Then take back this answer: *Mr. Bannerman thanks Mr. Dodson for inviting him to parley, and regrets that he cannot consent to do so unless he is assured that Mr. Forbes will not be the next head-master of Greyhouse*—did you hear?"

"Yes, Bannerman!"

"All right—cut, then."

"Thank goodness that's over!" observed Cripps, as the small boy and the big man wended their way back over the misty meadow. "I got some of that turf in my mouth and down my neck. The young *h*imps will get it very, very 'ot for this—oh, think of the birches I'll 'ave to cut!" he concluded joyfully.

The group was awaiting them patiently.

"No go, sir," said Cripps; "seems to me

they've got some drink in there—they're that wild they threw 'arf the field at us!"

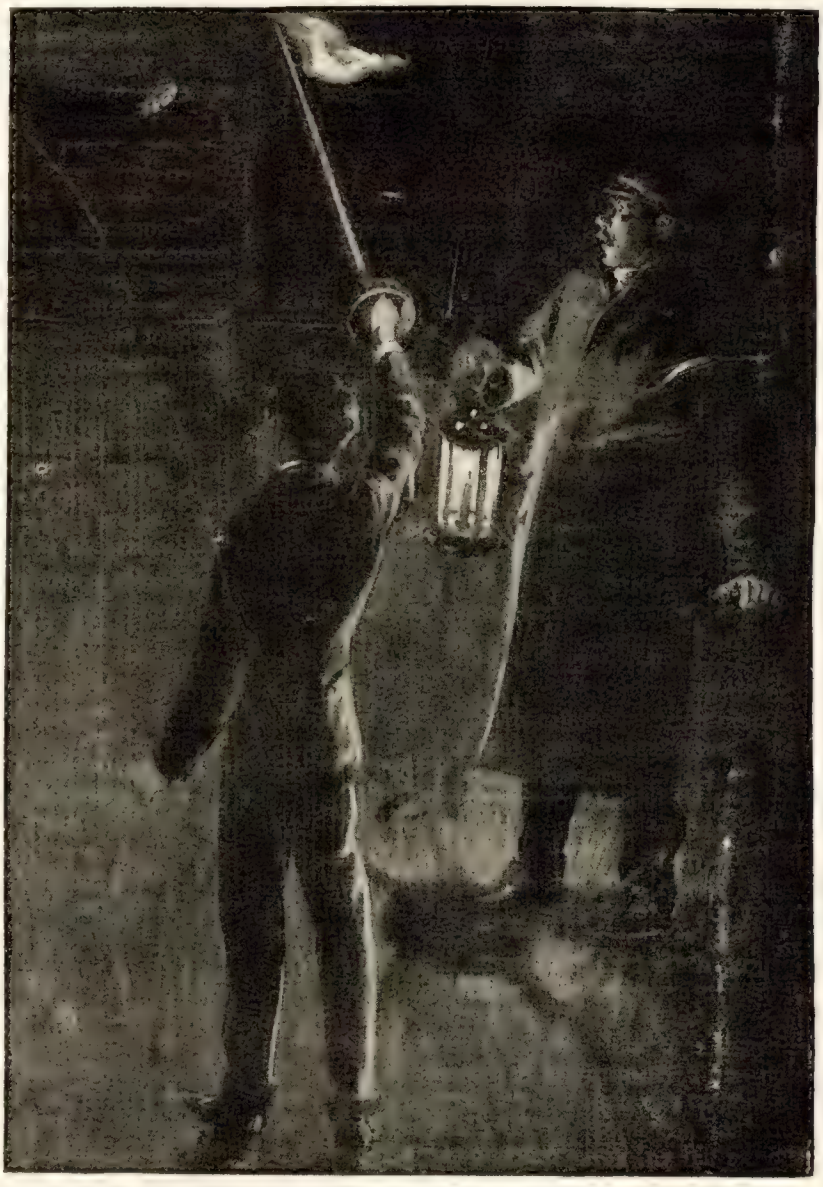
Perks delivered Bannerman's reply, word for word.

"So that is the answer," said Doddie; "very well—now to starve them out. We must take turns about, all of us, at watching the pavilion. Phillips—you and the other monitors will watch by sections and see that no food is taken to them. Two of the masters will be with you all the time, to back you up. I just want to speak to Mr. Forbes now."

Two of the masters and half the monitors posted themselves in various places, so that they quite commanded all approaches to the pavilion, both from the school and from the village. It was damp work, and dark work, and hungry work. Meanwhile the others had tea. At the end of an hour the watchers were relieved, and went off to Hall with huge appetites. The uproar in the pavilion continued without intermission—patriotic airs and comic songs strangely intermingling. Various polite speeches were addressed to the monitors, whose forms could be dimly seen; but the watchers preserved a grim silence.

Shortly before the village post office closed for the night Mr. Forbes despatched three telegrams.

Presently, as the evening wore on, snow began to fall—first in fluffy trifles, and then in huge flakes that covered the playing-fields as with a great white quilt. The sentinels turned up their coat-collars and wished themselves well out of the job; but Doddie kept them up to it, regularly visiting his outposts and exhorting them to be vigilant. Thus the pavilion was kept under a keen scrutiny. One would have deemed it impossible for any of the rebels to get out unseen, but Bannerman was a strategist of parts, and soon let the besiegers know it.



"I SAY, YOU CHAPS, DON'T YOU SEE I'M CARRYING A WHITE FLAG?"

In brief, Bannerman decided to benefit the many by sacrificing the few. Whilst monitors and masters paced up and down in the snow the ringleader of the rioters harangued his men in a low voice.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "we've about arrived at our last gasp. There's no more grub; if the majority think we'd better chuck up the sponge we'll give in; so will those in favour of capitulation kindly show their grubby fists?"

He looked round. Not a hand was up.

"Come," he went on, "that's better. But, if anyone's wobbling he'd better go, because there's a rough time coming. Mr. Jacobs, did I hear you say that this wasn't good enough?"

All turned towards Jacobs, who writhed uncomfortably beneath the battery of eyes.

"I was feeling beastly peckish," admitted Jacobs.

"We've all been feeling peckish, Mr. Jacobs, ever since we barred ourselves into Big School. There's nothing original in you're feeling that way. I could eat a house, and Limmell has been looking at one or two of our fatter members in a manner that would do credit to a cannibal chief."

"I wish you wouldn't rot," said Limmell, "can't you say at once what the next idea is?"

"Yes, I can," said Bannerman; "it's this: you, Limmell, and eleven other fellows, are to make a sortie from the front of the pavilion. Whether you'll get back will depend on your pace. Judging from your performance in the mile, this year, I fancy you'll be captured, Limmell, my bird."

"Then what's the use of my going at all?" demanded Limmell.

"You needn't unless you like; but hear my plan first."

There were spy-holes all over the pavilion, and Bannerman closely inspected the enemy through these before he proceeded. Nobody was near enough to overhear him.

"The sortie in front is to draw them off from the back. As soon as you are well engaged, another party of six is to nip out at the back—where we have loosened the panels—and cut for their lives down to the village, each taking a separate route and meeting at Mother Cadby's. From mother they will purchase as many sixpenny cakes—those being the most filling things I can think of—as they can—say six each—and return as warily as possible. Two of the biggest can put on these umpire's coats, so as to look as white as possible against the snow, like the old girl in history who escaped across a frozen river, don't you know. Now then, I want volunteers for the village, and for the sortie. Anybody willing to run a big risk for the general good will kindly exhibit his knuckles."

Without hesitation every fellow present put up his hand.

"Excellent!" cried Bannerman, and proceeded to choose for the village the fleetest runners serving beneath his banner. Then he selected the party for the sortie—cunningly selecting the fellows whom he had cause to suspect of faint-heartedness, and of whom he knew he would be well rid, as they would not have much stomach for the fighting that was bound to come sooner or later.

"When we let you out," instructed Bannerman, "spread out—so as to look as many as possible. We'll help you with a little shouting, so as to bring up all the fellows at the back. When I give the word," he added, turning to the cake-fetchers, "you skunk off along the palings. When you reach the road you can cut for all you're worth. Now then, all ready?"

He opened the door, and out shot the unfortunate victims who were to draw the enemy's fire, as it were. Simultaneously, the rest of the fellows set up a wild hallooing, and effectually brought all the besiegers behind the pavilion to the front.

Limmell and his merrie men scattered in all directions, and pelted off for their lives. This was just what the monitors and masters wanted; they greeted the sortie with cheers as vigorous as those which the besieged were uttering, and gave chase with such speed that nine of the "sortie" were caught and "held" before they had covered 50yds. The other three gave the besiegers a great run; two of them finally being cornered at the far end of the fields, and the third making such a nimble and dexterous circuit that he was at the very door of the pavilion, absolutely pumped and done, when three of the more weakly monitors, who had been waiting for him, pounced upon him and bore him to the ground.

"To the rescue, Greyhouse!" yelled Bannerman, dashing out into the snow, and bowling over the crack "maths" man of the school as easily as he would have sent a ninepin down.

Those of the besiegers who were not engaged in holding prisoners rushed up to save their comrades; but, other rebels issuing to Bannerman's help, these fresh assailants were beaten off, and the three weakly monitors were actually dragged into the pavilion—prisoners of war!

Then the door was banged to and bolted, just as Doddie furiously flung himself against it.

"Gentlemen," said Bannerman, addressing the three monitors, "if you give me your word of honour that you will not attempt to escape we will not bind you. Furthermore, we hope to ask you to join us at supper, consisting of best Cadby cake, so soon as our six foragers arrive back from the village."

The three crestfallen members of the Sixth gave their word, and were retained on parole.

"Now," said Bannerman, "all we can do is to sit on our haunches and wait for the cake. Suppose we have a song, by way of keeping our spirits up? Mr. Jenkins, will you oblige?"

Mr. Jenkins was no other than one of the captured monitors, and those without experienced the unexpected pleasure of listening whilst he gave voice to a rollicking ditty for the benefit of his captors.

CHAPTER VI.

Six breathless boys dashed up to Mother Cadby's cottage in Greyhouse village, and without ceremony belaboured her door with their toes, and heels, and fists. "Mother Cadby's" was out of bounds, and because she was out of bounds Greyhouse delighted much in purchasing tuck of her. Everything that she vended was home-made with a vengeance—her cakes—penny, threepenny, and sixpenny—were huge, and warm, and indigestible; but to the average Grey's stomach they were dreams of delight—they were so "filling." The present writer has wallowed greedily in Cadby cake; years ago, in darkened dormitory, he used to recline on elbow and gnaw Cadby cake. Since then he has tasted many good things, at home and abroad, but never does he remember having demolished with his teeth anything a quarter so good as a sixpenny Cadby cake. Oh, happy schoolboy days! To devour a mound of Cadby cake and fall asleep, and wake up feeling as fit as a fiddle! What would he not give now to be able to do that!

The school shop, situated in the upper playing-field, was supposed to provide most things in the way of tuck; but to the gourmand Grey its cake fell far below, in point of size and taste, that purveyed by Mother Cadby. But, because she had given "tick," and encouraged fellows to mortgage their pocket-money, she—her cottage, as we have said—had been placed "out of bounds." It was known that she had made a tidy penny out of the school. In the summer time she sold ginger-beer, and tea, and watercress to cyclists—hence the old dame was able to lend money occasionally at exorbitant interest. This habit of hers had come to the ears of the authorities, so that she was doubly and with good reason barred from Greyhouse custom. To deal with her meant an interview with the Head. Here, then, hammering at her door at ten o'clock at night, stood six candidates for a birching.

Mother Cadby had retired to bed, but the hoofing on her panels brought her out of that snug retreat with a vicious snap of the two teeth that still remained to her.

"What is it?" she screeched from the window.

"Come down, mother! We want some cake!"

"Cake! The idea! Go away and let an old woman have her lawful sleep!"

"If you don't open the door we'll break it open!" observed the leader of the party.

Mother was heard to make some observations of an uncomplimentary nature, alluding darkly to "the lor" as a means of protection, but she probably saw her way to turning an honest penny out of her visitors—she had recognized them as Greys—for she slipped on her dress, wrapped a shawl round her lean shoulders, and admitted them.

"Good old mother—come on, all the cakes you have, and look sharp!"

Bannerman had given the leader of the foraging party a couple of sovereigns, and these coins were now displayed to mother's greedy eyes.

"All the stuff you've got—quickly—and this for it!"—displaying a gold coin.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me you was coming?" moaned mother; "I'd have made a pile of things! As it is, I've not more than twelve sixpennies, and——"

"Out with them! Move about, mother—there's a darling! Mother, you *are* looking pretty to-night! Got a sack or something to put them in?"

"Oh, dear, don't worrit, and I'll do what I can. Here's the sixpennies——"

With a sound that closely resembled the howl of a famished wolf on the approach of a plump traveller, one of the party made a grab at the nearest cake. The leader thrust him back roughly.

"Steady, man—remember the other chaps. We'll all start fair on them when we get back. Now, ma, anything else? Loaves, meat, apples—anything?"

The result of this exhortation was that the foraging party fairly stripped mother's modest shop of everything it contained—not excepting the rock and bull's-eyes. Mother charged them another sovereign for this clean sweep—and was handsomely paid at that.

When she had routed out all her bags and baskets Mother Cadby prepared the articles for safe porterage, and at length was able to close the door on her customers.

"It's dreadful doin's as I hears you're up to," was her final speeeh to them, "murderin' the masters and turning the school into a fair pandemingium, and it's aidin' an' abettin' you, I am, but a pore old woman must live——"

"And the 'pore old woman' knows how to charge, too," was the leader's curt interruption. "Never mind—cheer up, mother, and bake some more cakes."

"That I will," muttered mother, as she tottered up to bed again, "an' I wish there was a pandemingium there every day, I do, if it brought in such as this reg'lar," she concluded, as she stowed the gold away in an old stocking.

The adventurous six found themselves in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. As they crossed the main road they heard the sound of voices beyond the curve of the high hedge-row.

"Quick—hide!" whispered the leader, and without hesitation the party concealed themselves in the nearest private garden.

And not a moment too soon, for round the corner, with a sturdy swing, came twenty-four policemen. Mr. Forbes had despatched three telegrams at seven o'clock; this was the answer to one of them. They were constables from the neighbouring manufacturing town of Petershall. A considerable force was always kept there on account of the turbulent ways of the factory hands, so that, on a snowy night, when all was quiet in the town, a couple of dozen men were easily spared. They were tramping up from the station towards the main entrance of the school, and from the way they laughed and talked it was apparent that they anticipated an easy task. A parcel of school-boys—pooh! It would be a picnic.

Hardly daring to breathe, the six foragers watched them pass; then out of the garden, down a bye-lane, and swiftly along by the high palings which bordered the playing-fields! So cautious was their approach, and so thick the fall of snow, that they were undetected by the patrolling masters and monitors. Bannerman was awaiting their arrival anxiously enough by the loosened panels.

"Hurrah! Here's the cake. By Jove, you've done your work well! Now, you chaps, stand back, and I'll deal out to each man his share!"

While rebellious Greyhouse munched, the foragers informed Bannerman of the arrival of the police from Petershall.

"What! Bobbies! Oh, what a spree! We'll roll 'em in the snow and bag their helmets! Lucky you saw them, by Jupiter! We'll be ready for them! Now, men, hurry up and finish the grub—the police have arrived, and they'll be at us in a few minutes."

The Police!

The announcement thrilled the rebels with a burning desire for action. They were cramped and cold and longing for something to do. Bannerman hastily consulted with the Fifth.

"There's plenty of snow," he said, "so make snowballs, all you kids, and place them ready for us to throw. Break those panels right out at the back—never mind the measly monitors—they won't hurt you. Now then, everybody begin. No stones, but make them as hard as you can. We'll greet them with a volley, and then rush 'em."

Everybody felt that the crisis of the rebellion was at hand. There was to be a hand-to-hand fight; police, masters, and monitors on one side—themselves on the other. The prospect was most warming in such chilly weather, and the kids worked with a will at the snowballs, finishing them off with a rotundity and a hardness that boded ill for the gentlemen in blue that they were to be shied at. Nearly all the eleven were in the pavilion, and they could all throw hard and straight. Throwing was an athletic practice much in vogue at Greyhouse. The pile of snowballs rose; the cold was such that there was no chance of their melting. Bats, stumps, and all the weapons were ranged ready to grasp.

All was ready.

And none too soon, for, as Bannerman was supervising the drawing of all the bolts which fastened down the shutters, the police entered the playing-fields and advanced through the foot-deep snow in the direction of the pavilion.

"Lie low," said Bannerman. "When I give the word, whip up the shutters and let them have it hot"

Silently and steadily the constables from Petershall came up to the attack. They were headed by Doddie and an inspector. When the party was within 50yds. of the pavilion it was joined by the patrolling masters and monitors, by Cripps, and by the other men-servants attached to Greyhouse. Mr. Forbes, wrapped up to the eyes, watched the proceedings from a sheltered nook near the stable.

The strength of the attacking force could be clearly seen from the pavilion; the dark forms of the constables appearing black and bulky against the smooth mantle of snow that lay around and about them.

The force was divided—the inspector leading one half, Doddie the other. With the exception of calling out the military, this was the most stern and drastic measure that could have been taken under the circumstances. Mr. Forbes and his colleagues were determined to quell the insurrection by striking a hard and sudden blow—but the police had been warned to be careful with their truncheons, using them, as far as possible, for defence only.

They advanced again—steadily, silently.

Forty, thirty, twenty yards.

THE CRASH OF THE OPPOSING BODIES WAS STUPENDOUS, FOR THE MUTINOUS GREYS WENT FOR THE POLICE LIKE BULL-DOGS.

Up went the shutters simultaneously, and out flew a cloud of hard, compact, well-aimed snowballs.

This sudden fusilade was absolutely unexpected, and threw the attacking party into disorder. However gallant you may be, it is difficult to fight clear-headedly with an eye bunged up and your mouth full of snow.

"Steady, my lads——" began the inspector; but at that moment a swiftly-hurled snowball came home under his right ear and sent him staggering back into the arms of his men.

But the check in the advance was only temporary. Irritated beyond measure by the unceasing shower of cold missiles, the police gave vent to a series of forcible ejaculations and sprang forwards.

Then the flight of snowballs stopped as suddenly as it had started, and the rebels—headed by Bannerman—dashed out to meet the foe.

The crash of the opposing bodies was stupendous, for the mutinous Greys went for the police like bulldogs.

Whack—thump—rap—bang! went the drill sticks and stumps against the helmets and coats of the constables. It was blow for blow, hard breathing, and hard fighting—a small band of big men against a mob of boys. Shouts rang out on the night air—cries of pain, yells of triumph.

Here you could see a burly one in blue struggling with three boys, and there a master fighting manfully against overwhelming odds. A score or two of Greys were rolling about in the snow—having been roughly clutched and slung over by the muscular guardians of the peace, and all the time the banging and whacking and thumping went on with unabated fury.

It was clear to Mr. Forbes, anxiously awaiting the issue on the other side of the field, that *his* side was gradually getting the worst of it. How could it be otherwise? Two hundred against fifty—four to one!

Suddenly Bannerman's voice rang out, high above the din of battle.

"Back to the pavilion—they're barring us out!"

It was true. Doddie and Phillips had conceived the idea of closing down all the shutters and locking the door on the rioters, and were only just perceived in time.

Leaving thirty or forty of their number inextricably mixed up with the attacking party, the main body of Greys retired hastily to their stronghold. Phillips and Mr. Dodson, struggling heroically, were pitched out into the snow; the shutters were closed down, and the bolts shot into their sockets. For a few moments the door was left open for stragglers—then that was shut.

The brief *mêlée* was at an end. The police had been too hustled and battered to be in a mood to fight any more

The inspector drew off his men, and Doddie his, taking the prisoners with them. Soon the fields were empty. There was no more patrolling. The assailants were fairly beaten.

"*What next?*"

This was the question the victorious Greys put to themselves. At any rate, whatever happened, they were all in it.

"*What next?*"

All through the night, damp, shivering, miserable, but undaunted, the Greys watched and waited for a fresh attack.

But none came. The police had returned to Petershall, and when dawn broke Bannerman and his men found themselves masters of the situation.

And now—how would it end?

CHAPTER VII.

About breakfast time, when the famished boys in the pavilion were devouring what scraps of food remained, the lookout on the balcony announced that the enemy was again approaching.

Immediately the balcony was crowded with fellows.

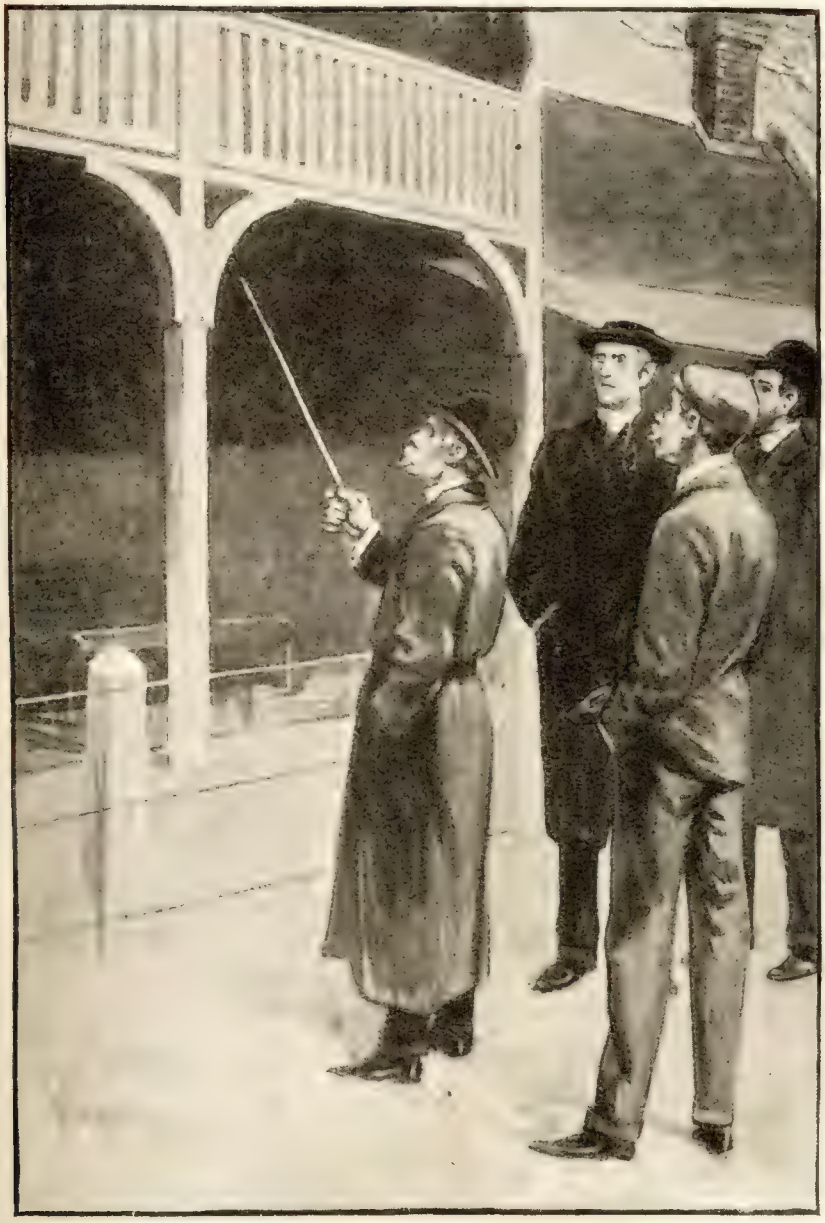
The enemy? Hardly. Seen approaching was a party of four—Mr. Forbes, Mr. Dodson, a tall stranger, and an erect, military-looking old gentleman, not at all big, but just now looking very stern and grieved.

He had a kindly face—the little white tuft under his lower lip adding strength to a strong chin; the eyes shining fearlessly beneath broad, level brows. Those eyes had gazed on scenes too horrible to describe; had wandered pitifully over heaps of dying and dead—in times of real warfare.

Now, on this miniature battlefield, those kind, strong eyes beheld—a pavilion, holding a mob of refractory schoolboys.

As the party drew nearer, the boys recognized the old gentleman with the brave eyes. He was the Governor of the School Committee—the most brilliant son Greyhouse ever gave to the world. He was, in short, a gentleman whom every Grey held in the highest honour. He was Field-Marshal Lord Chilvers, V.C., as much the idol of the public as he was of the school which had bred him.

The four gentlemen stopped within a few paces of the pavilion. The old field-marshal lifted his stick.



"OPEN THIS DOOR!"

"Open this door!"

He was obeyed—by Bannerman, who came out into the snow with his head bared.

Lord Chilvers gazed at him with interest.

"Your name is Bannerman, is it not?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You organized this business?"

'I did."

"Why?"

"Because, sir, we did not wish Mr. Forbes to be appointed head-master."

"That was hardly a good reason. It was never the governors' intention to appoint Mr. Forbes to the vacancy. This is your new head-master," indicating the tall stranger by his side, "he came down with me this morning."

Silently the erstwhile rioters gazed on their new Head—a handsome, scholarly-looking man in the prime of life. They saw at once that he was "the right sort"—he was every inch a Head worthy of Greyhouse.

It was not long before they knew that Dr. Gregory was not only a famous scholar, but a "double blue" into the bargain, he having represented his 'varsity in cricket and football for three successive years. Whereat Greyhouse rejoiced.

But Lord Chilvers is still standing in the snow.

"Let everybody assemble in the big schoolroom," he said, turning away.

Twenty minutes later the great soldier stood by the rostrum — now occupied by the new Head—and faced Greyhouse.

He made a little speech. He told them, briefly, that it cut him to the heart to find his old school rebelling against those set in authority over them. No excuse could be offered—none would be accepted. The ring-leaders would be expelled. The holidays would be cut short by one week, and during the Lent Term there would be no extra holidays whatever.

"My boys—boys of my dear old school," he concluded, "I believe you regret your action. You were, I grant, led away by your elders, but you are still to blame. I ask you, in the future,

by hard work and good conduct to do all you can to wipe away this blot on the fair fame of Greyhouse School."

Thus ended the great rebellion. The ringleaders went that day—the worst of the Fifth. Bannerman, to his surprise and disgust, was sent by his grandfather, "Sir Jim," to one of the strictest schools in Germany—a school conducted by ex-army officers, whose discipline was of the severest.

But Lord Chilvers had not forgotten him, and when, on his year of penance expiring, Bannerman returned to England, Lord Chilvers advised him to enter the army, and ever afterwards took the kindliest interest in his career.

"He's a bit of a rascal," he said to "Sir Jim," "but he's a born fighter." *Verb. sap.*

THE END.

Warren Bell

ESSAY ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By a High School Girl.

It has been said that the modern girl knows absolutely nothing of natural history; to disprove this calumny, I send for your perusal a specimen essay by a High School girl:—

The *sloth* is one of the animal kingdom; it is also invertebrate, which means that it walks on its back; this method of locomotion is far from rapid. The sloth, or A 1, is so called because it has three toes; how these three members are disposed on the four legs and tail has not yet been discovered. The sloth is distantly related to a bishop. The voice of this bird is not infrequently heard near the amazon, a membrane covering the wind-pipe.

The *camel* is called the "Ship of the Desert"; this alludes to its amphitheatrical qualities (living on air and water). The camel is the natural friend of man: it has on its back a spontaneous saddle, and some camels are even made to ride double — *e.g.*, the bacterian camel. The camel is better off than the sloth, for it has two toes to each foot. The camel is highly civilized; we get from its lairs the camels' hair-brushes; it carries water for a long time by an ingenious contrivance of its own, from which man has derived the idea of the camera. The chief food of the camel is the camellia, which insect is bred in large herds in Portugal, and exported to Italy, where the camels reside.

Puzzle: FIND THE MOUSE.
Photograph by W. Cross, Liverpool.

The study of fish is called "Otology"; the specimen fish generally chosen for description is the *otter*. The otter is found on the banks of the Ottava Rima; it lives in a very warm place, and has been bred successfully at a temperature of 260 fair in height and the same in breadth; it is always crying for more warmth, hence its name. The otter has one horn on its beak, and is, in fact, the fabulous and exstinctive unicorn. Charles III. had been surrounded by the Moors at Whitstable; almost surrendering, he was suddenly joined by a flock of otters, who rushed upon the Persians and expelled them; the motto of Charles was "Superia dosset" (experience teaches), and that of his opponents, "Hen hem" (you had him there). The otter cannot sing, but whistles; it is, therefore, otiose. The chief food of the otter is the blubber, or tears of the whale.

"Eyed Awry."

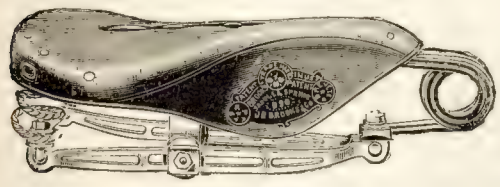
CONCERNING CYCLE SADDLES.

BRAMPTON'S NEW "PACER."

By Haydon Perry.

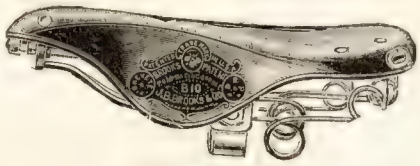
CYCLE saddles have, in their comparatively short history, passed through an extraordinary number of changes as regards almost every detail of their form, size, weight, and even the materials of which they have been constructed, to say nothing of the varying fashions of adjusting their position with regard to the rest of the machine.

Those who remember the early bone-shakers, or who have opportunity of examining a good specimen to-day, will be familiar with the lumpy and ungainly cushion which in those far-off times did duty for a seat. It may have absorbed much of the painful vibration which was set up between the road and the iron tyre of the period; but at the best it was a highly uncomfortable perch, and nothing but the strange fascination of the new and scarce comprehended art of curvetting and wobbling about on wheels induced men to endure the discomforts of sitting upon it. When, by greatly enlarging the front wheel and reducing the back one, the tall "spider" was evolved, the bicycle became for the first time a practical vehicle for the purposes of touring and travelling. Necessity goaded the genius of the inventor, and saddles of various shapes, all of them based upon the form of the saddle used in horse-back riding, but all of them greatly modified to meet the needs of the new position, became general.



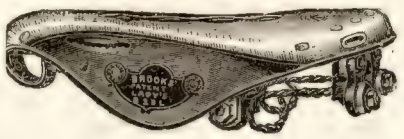
BROOKS' "B90."

Some of the lessons learnt in those first days



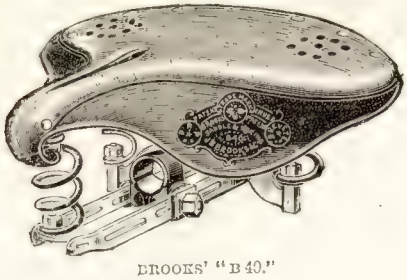
BROOKS' "B10."

of touring stand as good to-day as ever they did, and many of the modern makers of new saddles which are not successes really owe their failure to a lack of knowledge of, or a disregard for, the principles then discovered. It was found, for example, that what had seemed the most obvious way of making a saddle comfortable, namely, the cushioning of it, was really the surest way of banishing ease altogether, in the long run. For this there is a sound physiological reason. The functions of the bones are twofold: they are designed to support the outer organisms and to serve as a protection for the inner; and these dual functions they are able to perform at rest in a variety of postures as well as during the progress of many forms of motion. If you lie upon the floor you will find that the bulk of your weight is supported by the bony parts which protrude near the surface of the body—the skull, the shoulders, and so forth. Nature in this way protects the softer and more delicate internal organs from a pressure which they are unfitted to bear. It is for this reason that boys are not given feather beds at school, but stiffish mattresses instead. The feather bed is no luxury, except to him who by "using" himself to it has learnt to like it and want it. The principle that applies to the bed applies equally to the chair. There are, it is true, some people who cannot sit at ease except upon cushions.



BROOKS' "B28" FOR LADIES.

but they are not the young, the vigorous, and the healthy. To these latter the simple rule of anatomy still applies, that the weight should

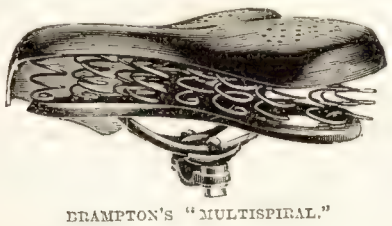


BROOKS' "B 40."

be carried mainly by the bones. Luxurious upholstery has been tried in schools, and has failed miserably. This was because it took a portion of the weight of the body off the two ischial bones provided by nature to sustain it, and injuriously distributed it elsewhere. Those who studied the experiment found that the standard of attention was lowered and the alertness of thought became less. Hence the school desk and the plain office chair are the best seats to work upon.

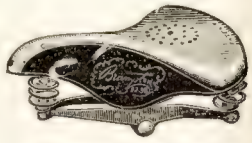
What the early cyclists discovered was only a new application of this rule. They said: "The hard saddle is the long-distance saddle." Now, it is not to be supposed that the saddles of that day, even when they conformed to this essential requirement, were at all comfortable. Generally speaking, they were quite otherwise. But that was because makers had not mastered the art of building them upon a proper under-seating of springs. To absorb vibration by means of cushions is one thing; to intercept it before it reaches the saddle at all is quite

BRAMPTON'S "MULTISPIRAL."
(Under view.)



BRAMPTON'S "MULTISPIRAL."

another. The first plan I have shown to be essentially bad; the second is on every score desirable. When one remembers the bumping and rattling endured in the course of a hundred mile run in the early '80's it seems wonderful that tourists were found to persevere as they did. The explanation is that the delights of wheeling were such as to far outweigh its pains and inconveniences. Just as fellows used to deny themselves all sorts of things — new cricket bats, holiday trips, and a whole host of minor *desiderata*— in order that they might be able to spend £20 upon a machine which, even if in good order, would not to-day sell for as many sixpences, so, having at last possessed themselves of the prize, they felt that any further sacrifice in the way of constraint or discomfort endured was as nothing when weighed in the balance against the inherent enjoyments and delights of cycling.



BRAMPTON'S "3-COIL" SADDLE.

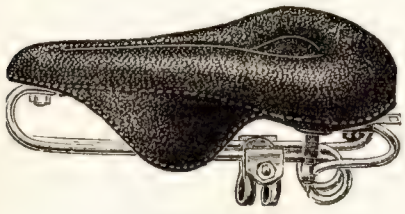
All the early tourists were enthusiasts. The refinements of luxury in later times have brought many into the ranks who are not enthusiasts, and possibly even some who will never become so. There is no great call upon the beginner's enthusiasm nowadays, when the pneumatic tyre absorbs nearly all the vibration at its source of origin, namely, the point of contact between the wheel and the road, and when such little as escapes beyond this point through the framework of the machine is almost entirely intercepted by suitable springs before it can reach the rider's saddle.

It is not my intention to recommend any one particular seat, for reasons that will be apparent, but rather to speak of the qualities which are essential to every good saddle, to show how each may determine what is a good saddle *for him*, and how, having once got hold of the right

BROOKS' "B 28."

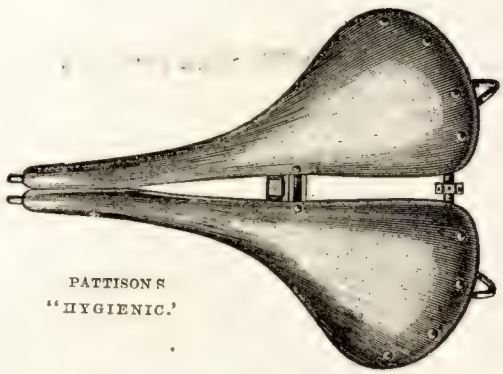
one, he can adjust it to his best advantage. First of all, then, every saddle that is worth having is so constructed as to take practically

all of the rider's weight by pressure from the two ischial bones before mentioned. It must afford no support at the peak, and it must be so



LAMPLUGH SADDLE.

shaped that the play of the thighs can go on with a free up-and-down thrust and without friction. To attain these ends the saddle must be fairly flat, and provided with means of adjustment such that it may remain so even after considerable use. It must also be broad enough at the back—a matter in which many otherwise good saddles are lacking; and it must be well scooped out at the "crutch," because, unlike a chair, it is intended to seat the rider while his legs are dependent in a direction approaching that of vertically downward. As to the proper width of the seat at the back, where the main pressure should come, that must always depend upon the individual. Personally, I like a saddle to be not less than 8ins. across, but some require it to be much wider, while others can do with less. The length of the peak is a matter of very small importance so long as it is correctly formed. It should not be raised convexly, or there will be danger of its taking a portion of the weight. Some makers recognize this risk and build the peak depressed below the general level of the seat, while others —such as the makers of the "Sans-bec"—do away with the peak altogether. This, however, is not necessary, provided the seat be made firm and flat, and provided, also, that it be properly adjusted.

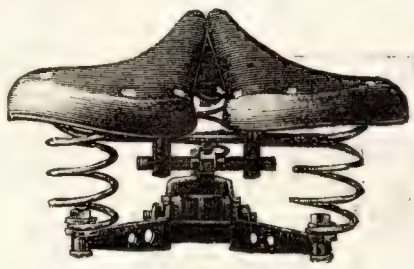


PATTISON'S "HYGIENIC."

WOOD'S SADDLE.
(With cover.)

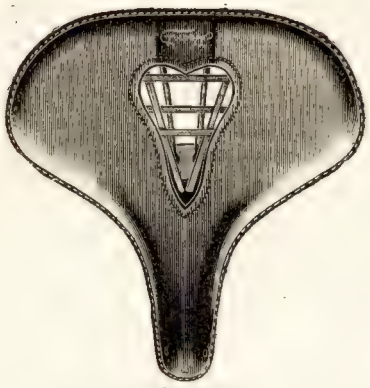
There are some riders who are never comfortable unless their saddle-peak is tilted upwards. This nearly always arises from the fact that the whole seat is adjusted too far forward on the machine. Slide it back a little, and the need for tilting vanishes. That naturally brings me to the subject of the position of the saddle. Writers on the subject usually state it as being such and such a number of inches behind the crank centre, which is right enough as far as it goes. But they nearly always name the peak as the point to take the measurement from, and this is unscientific and inaccurate. Peaks may be of all sorts of lengths, or, as we have just seen, there may be no peak at all. To apply the rule usually given to all cases would be nothing more than insisting upon a different rule for each varying make of saddle. That, of course, would be absurd. The proper place from which to measure is that point in the seat which lies midway between the points which carry the weight. In my own case I like this to be about 12ins. behind the crank centre, or if anything rather more. But one's individual build has something to do with this. What is called the "personal equation" comes in, and probably the biggest factor in it is the length of the femur, or thigh bone. Pay no heed, therefore, to anyone who lays down a rule absolute for all cases, but find out the best position for yourself. Remember, however, that the shifting and tilting of the saddle will alter the reach, and that the proper reach is a fixed and unalterable quantity for each individual. Changes in saddle

THE "WOOD'S" SADDLE.



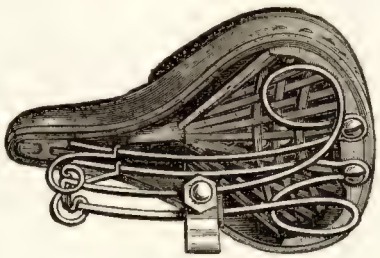
PATTISON SADDLE.
(Back view.)

adjustment should therefore be compensated for by slight changes in the adjustment of the seat-pillar, so as always to maintain the correct length



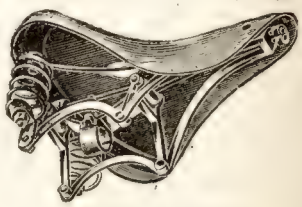
HUNT'S SADDLE.

of reach. The amount of this reach that is best for you is easily determined by taking a "fork measurement." A rider's fork measurement is taken inside the leg, from the fork to the ground when he is standing erect upon shoeless feet. A saddle should be so placed that this measurement is exactly the distance from the line of support near the back of it straight to the pedal, when the latter is at its greatest distance away, that is to say, when it is nearly at the bottom of the stroke.

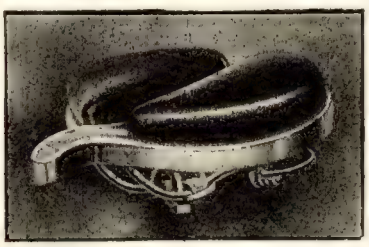


HUNT'S SADDLE.
(Under view.)

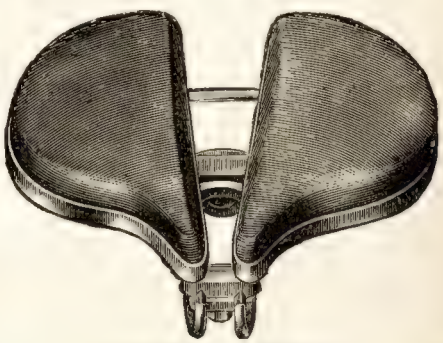
From the foregoing it will be readily understood that many types of saddle may fulfil all the requirements of a riding seat, at once serviceable, comfortable, and hygienic. The illustrations to this article show quite a number of appliances to which such a description can justly be applied. Messrs. Brooks & Co., of Great Charles Street, Birmingham, are, perhaps, the best-known makers of cycle saddles in the country. The variety of makes they have to offer is such that few riders would fail to be able to make a suitable selection from among them. The "B 10" is a road-racing saddle, hung on figure-of-eight springs. The "B 28" saddles and the "B 90" are also made for the road, while the "B 40" is a full roadster saddle with a specially wide back. The Christie "Adjustable" saddle provides for the widening of the back to the exact breadth the rider may discover suitable to him. But the name of the Christie firm was made by the introduction of their "Anatomical," which provides a seat in accordance with the first principle insisted upon here. Messrs. Pattison, of 86, New Bond Street, W., with their "Hygienic" saddle, achieve much the same result. The "Esmond" saddle, which comes from Nos. 10 & 12, Eastcheap, London, E.C., aims at giving comfort to the rider by providing him with a seat endowed with abundant side-sway, so that it see-saws with each alternate stroke. The device has to be got used to before it can be appreciated, but many who have learnt to feel at home on it prefer it to all others. Springs play an important part in nearly all saddles, save those destined for use only on the racing track. The figures of the Brampton saddles, which are made at the works in Oliver Street, Birmingham, illustrate several different types of springs. In the "three-coil," for example, a very usual method is seen, while the "Multispiral" is a very elastic seat, of which the comfort is enhanced by the breadth of back and the good design of the scooping out on either side of the peak. The "New Pacer," again, is an exceedingly firm seat, supported by a minimum of springs, and suitable for work on the racing path. Another very old firm in the cycle-saddle line is that of Messrs. Middlemore & Lamplugh, of Coventry. Good points about the example of their saddles shown are the hollow down the centre of the seat and the nice deep



"ESMOND" SADDLE.
(Under view.)



CHRISTIE'S "ANATOMICAL."



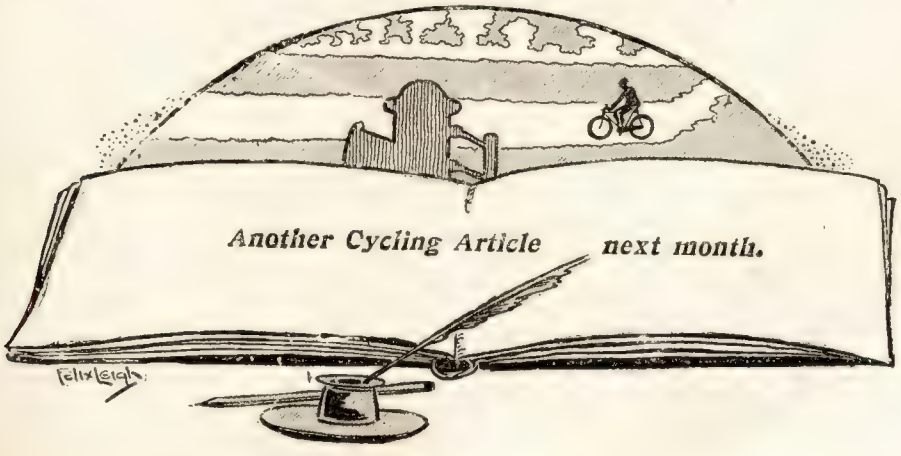
CHRISTIE'S "ADJUSTABLE."

flaps on either side of the peak. I believe this firm were the first to introduce the long "hammock" saddles which were in great vogue years ago, on account of the ease and comfort they gave at a time when these characteristics were not obtainable in other ways.

Many makers now hollow out the centre line of their saddles, partly to obviate all chance of pressure, and partly for purposes of ventilation and coolness. Hunt's saddle, an American production, has the central portion of open laced work, while strong, taut thongs of leather support the under portion. The "St. Crispin" is an excellent saddle, with a flat canvased top, and a speciality in adjustment such that its flatness can be permanently assured. Instead of tightening a single screw the user of the "St. Crispin" tightens three, a central one and one at each corner of the seat backing. Uniform tension can thus be imparted to the whole fabric. It was until of late years a saying particularly applicable to cycle saddles, that there was "nothing like leather." Now, however, a number of other materials have been employed with more or less success as substitutes to form the upper covering. Of these perhaps the most promising is woven wire. In this connection "Wood's Wire Saddle," made by the Longford Wire Co., of Warrington, was a pioneer. The company were also pioneers in an admirable trade custom, in which they now have many imitators. I refer to the practice of allowing intending purchasers a month's free trial of their saddle—a fine testimony to their own confidence in their wares, and a great boon to those who, while difficult to suit in the matter of seats, may still be pardoned for reluctance to go to the cost of experimenting with continual new purchases until the right article has been discovered. One of the latest comers in the way of wire saddles is the "Metallic," made in eight varieties by the Metallic Saddle Co., of 18, Ludgate Hill, Birmingham. It is open down the centre, and the lines of stress in the wire webbing are such that the seat becomes flatter the moment the rider's weight is superimposed. The saddle is well ventilated, cool, and light, and the wire fabric is so woven as to present a practically smooth surface, friction between which and the cloth of a garment is practically prevented by the give of the whole surface with the rider's motions.

THE "METALLIC" SADDLE.
Made by the Metallic Saddle Company, Birmingham.

With so large a variety of saddles to select from the most fastidious cyclist should be able to find a seat to his liking. I venture to believe that those who have hitherto been unable to do so have not gone upon the principles here enunciated, and I think that if they will be careful to do so now, they will succeed in finding the comfort they have before been at a loss for, and will in a surprising degree increase the pleasure that cycling is able to afford them.



BELOW THE SALT.

A Naval Yarn of the Early 'Eighties.

By Charles Gleig. Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

I.

IT was high noon, and the gun-room officers of the cruiser *Porcupine* were at dinner. The ship being in port, the scuttles were open to admit light and air. The gun-room of the *Porcupine* measured 20ft. by 7ft.—a space considered adequate for the accommodation of two sub-lieutenants, a dozen midshipmen, and a fat clerk.

A narrow table ran fore and aft, the head of which was occupied by the senior member of the mess, Sub-Lieutenant Durrant, who was also the caterer. On his right sat the other sub, Webley by name; and the middies, who varied in age between sixteen and twenty, sat anyhow.

Sometimes they scrambled for places and broke crockery in the process. It was a strategical advantage to sit near the carver, though Durrant, who ruled the mids with a dirk-scabbard, was unpopular. Close proximity to Durrant gave better scope for the rejection of bad helpings.

The steward stood at Durrant's elbow, and waited upon the two subs. The cloth was much stained by splashes of beer and gravy. Webley, who was very refined and played the flute, often said that he would much rather eat with hogs than with midshipmen.

"Dishclout soup again!" grumbled one of the middies. "Take the muck away, steward, and give me a bottle of beer."

The steward, a sensitive man with a weakness for hair-oil, looked hurt. "You can't 'ave *h*any more beer, Mr. 'Aughton; your wine bill is *h*up."

"Take my plate away, too," said the fat clerk piteously.

Durrant rose and sharply rapped the table with the ladle. He spoke in menacing tones, but without raising his voice: "Any further criticism of the soup," he said, "I shall regard as a personal insult."

He paused, but the middies were silent. The younger ones made a show of sipping the unpalatable mixture.

"By the way," continued Durrant, "I am to tell you that the captain has ordered the two assistant engineers to join this mess. The captain desires that Messrs. Tibbs and Noakes shall be treated with civility. If they have reason to complain of any rudeness from you midshipmen you'll all get what for from *me*. That's all. Steward, bring the joint."

The midshipmen exchanged glances and whispers. The announcement caused much surprise.

"The skipper must be insane," said the junior sub, petulantly. "It is monstrous to expect us to mess with greasers. Midshipmen are hogs, but when it comes to engineers——"

Words failed him. He filled his mouth with mutton. Durrant made no effort to combat the opinions of his brother sub. The mess quite understood that he shared Webley's scorn of "greasers."

At this awkward moment the intruders entered the mess, and stood hesitatingly near the door, as though half expecting some show of welcome. The subs took no notice of them; the middies stared and sniggered. Young Haughton was the first to take compassion upon them.

"There's room for you chaps there," he said, indicating the lower end of the table.

The engineers seated themselves in silence. Noakes, the elder of the two, did not appear to notice the coldness of the reception, but Tibbs, an ungainly young man with a timid manner, blushed to the roots of his hair.

A ventilating shaft ran through the table, forming a sort of barrier between the intruders and the other members of the mess.

"The best place for them," whispered Webley to Durrant. "We'll take care to keep them below the salt."

Tibbs saw that the subs were sneering, and drew back behind the ventilator, blushing and confused. He was deeply sensible of his social deficiencies.

Noakes was already quite at ease. He performed some surprising feats with his knife and some potted peas, which interested the middies.

Presently he grew thirsty and said, with his mouth full of food: "Who'll go halves in a bottle of beer?"

"I would," said Haughton wistfully; "but my wine bill's up."

"That doesn't matter," said Noakes; "you're welcome to half my bottle. Civility is cheap at a glass of beer," he added pointedly.

At this Tibbs coloured again, and the two subs looked sheepish.

"We shall have trouble with that bounder, Noakes," said Durrant subsequently; and he was correct in his surmise.

II.

WITH the exception of young Haughton, who would have dined cheerfully with the cook's mate, the mess continued to resent the advent of Tibbs and Noakes. The captain's experiment did not interest the gun-room officers, for they were indifferent to the social progress of naval engineers. Engineers had always messed by themselves hitherto, and the young executives deplored the progressive ideas of the captain. They had always been taught to regard engineers as members of an inferior race

It was during meals that the intruders suffered most from this executive arrogance. At all other times they avoided the gun-room. The fat clerk, previously the butt of the mess, was the only person that appreciated the captain's experiment. He vacated the position in favour of Tibbs. Noakes, though quite as unpopular as Tibbs, was thick-skinned; he had a sharp tongue, and a talent for rough repartee that enabled him to hold his own. But Tibbs was delightfully sensitive, and quivered visibly at every reference to his social deficiencies.

The subs never addressed any direct observation to either of the engineers; even the steward treated the intruders as disrespectfully as he dared. Tibbs never indulged in any of the "extras" that brought the steward profit, and there was a world of suggestion in the servant's method of reading from the book each morning: "Mr. Tibbs: Nothing."

Webley, who was the rich man of the mess, contrived to show his contempt for the economic habits of poor Tibbs in a way that was considered humorous. It was Webley, too, who found out that the father of Tibbs

"THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU CHAPS THERE!

kept a boot shop, and he at once developed a lively interest in the boot trade. The middies took up the refined joke and wore it to tatters. They consulted Tibbs daily as to the price of leather, and promised to bestow their custom upon "old" Tibbs. "There is nothing like leather," became a stock phrase in the gun-room of the *Porcupine*. Haughton took no share in this rude banter; he threatened to thrash the fat clerk for using the popular phrase.

And Tibbs was grateful. He took the middy aside one day and said: "Mr. Haughton, you're a gentleman; but I don't want you to fall out with your friends on my account. I'm not a gentleman by birth, nor is Mr. Noakes; but, you see, we were ordered to join the gun-room mess, and I've always tried to behave as a gentleman."

Young Haughton was considerably embarrassed. "They'll get tired of it soon," he said. "Try to look as if you didn't mind their remarks."

"I can't help minding them," said Tibbs. "A man has his feelings, Mr. Haughton. I'm not as clever as Mr. Noakes, and I can't shut them up as he does. I don't want to report anyone to the captain," he added miserably; "I only want to be left alone."

"No, you mustn't report them," said Haughton firmly. "You're a good chap, Tibbs. I say," he added, "you shouldn't call us 'mister,' you know. You won't mind my telling you?"

"No," said Tibbs reddening; "and look here, Mr.——I mean—look here, Haughton, if you will come ashore one night before we sail, you can have a dozen pairs of boots from our shop for nothing."

III.

Soon after the *Porcupine* reached her station on the West Coast, a certain Arab chief, who lived on the banks of a pestilential river, in a village surrounded by swamps and human bones, took it into his evil head to defy the local representative of Her Britannic Majesty. The precise form of defiance adopted by the chief is immaterial. It had something to do with non-payment of a fine of so many barrels of palm oil, that had been inflicted by the British Consul for good and sufficient reasons of his own. The Consul said, no doubt correctly, that the chief had been amusing himself by boiling a few slaves and crucifying some of his wives. Clearly a domestic matter, but it was held desirable to make an example of King Bael; and the captain of the *Porcupine*, who wanted to write C.B. after his name, very willingly engaged to reduce the town of Ho-Poo to dust and ashes.

Now Ho-Poo was beyond the range of the cruiser's guns, so that the simple and usual process of dropping shells into it could not be adopted. The town was protected by dense bush, some 10ft. high, and could only be approached by way of a narrow creek, far too shallow for the cruiser. In point of fact, little was known about Ho-Poo; but the Consul and captain were eager to efface it from all future maps of the neighbourhood.

As a preliminary measure, the ship's steam cutter was sent to reconnoitre the pestilential creek, and was despatched upon this mission under charge of a lieutenant. The cutter carried a Nordenfelt in the bows and a dozen seamen, whilst Tibbs was in charge of the engines. The lieutenant was merely ordered to reconnoitre and report upon the precise situation of the town. The attack was to follow next day.

Tibbs seemed to understand the cutter's engines better than anybody else in his department. There was something about those engines that baffled the artificers. They frequently broke down, and would yield to no persuasion except that of Tibbs.

It was still dark when the cutter shoved off and steamed up the pestilential river in search of Ho-Poo Creek. The lieutenant found it at length, and it proved about the width of Regent's Park Canal, and nearly as dirty. In the glimmer of early day the dense jungle extending to the very banks of the creek resembled an interminable forest. The air was stifling. Thin white vapour hung over the water, reeking of fever and ague; but this dissolved under the fierce rays of the morning sun before the cutter had steamed far up the creek. The channel was narrow and tortuous. More than once the boat stuck fast upon the mud banks, but the tide was rising and soon floated her off.

The lieutenant went forward and directed the steering, the coxswain shifting the tiller as directed. Webley and a few seamen were in the stern-sheets, and Tibbs sat amidships controlling the humming engines. No danger was apprehended, but the lieutenant forbade noise and presently reduced the cutter's speed. Now and then, when the engines squeaked or rattled, wild duck rose out of the bush with a burr and sped away in alarm, or a curlew darted from the banks into the shelter of the jungle. Then Tibbs would apply the oil-can and still the squeaking.

The red glow of sunrise stained the sky as the cutter rounded a bend in the creek and glided into a wider stretch of water. Still they could see nothing but jungle, until one of the seamen detected a thin line of blue smoke that

rose in the still air not far away. "Stop engines!" said the lieutenant. "The town should be over there."

Tibbs shut off steam, and took advantage of the pause to tighten a nut or two. The cutter glided on for 50yds. or 60yds., stopped, and lay motionless in the middle of the still lagoon. Suddenly, the silence of dawn was rent by the roar of many guns, as though a tornado had burst upon the boat. Clouds of smoke, streaked with lurid flashes, belched from the bush. A hail of jagged shot swept over the cutter, dealing death and mutilation to the startled crew. The lieutenant reeled and fell; Webley lay gasping in the stern with a gaping wound in his thigh; the stoker fell dead at his post, still grasping his shovel; hardly a man in the boat escaped injury.

It was in this wise that Tibbs, the butt of the gun-room mess, received his baptism of fire, and found himself exalted to the command of an injured boat, and a crew of dead and wounded men. He felt a burning pain in his left arm, and noted, among many other vivid impressions, that the limb had been shot away at the elbow. The pain ceased, and was followed by a sensation of numbness. Blood poured from the severed arteries upon the working parts of the engines, but Tibbs paid no heed to his wound, for all his thoughts were concentrated upon the welfare of the machinery. He realized, almost before the roar of the masked battery died away, that it was his imperative duty to Queen, country, and comrades, not to yield to the deadly faintness which threatened to overpower his faculties. He alone could start the engines; none but he could coax them to perform their work.

The lieutenant tried to raise himself upon one wounded arm, but fell back in a swoon before he could give an order.

No orders came from Webley, who had seemingly fainted, nor did the coxswain appear to realize that it might still be possible to evade the next discharge of the guns. A bullet sang over the head of Tibbs and another cut away the peak of his cap.

"Hard a-port, coxswain!" he said firmly, as he grasped the starting lever and set the engines in motion.

"HARD A-PORT," HE SAID FIRMLY, AS HE GRASPED THE STARTING LEVER AND SET THE ENGINES IN MOTION.

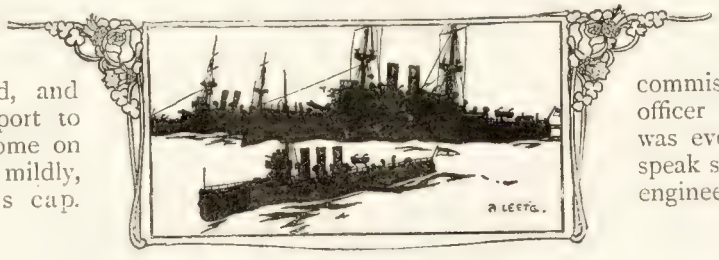
The confidence of the young engineer seemed to put fresh life into the coxswain, and such others among the mangled crew as could still use their limbs.

"Hard a-port it is, sir," replied the coxswain. "For the Lord's sake let's get out of this booby-trap!"

They had, indeed, blundered into the very teeth of King Bael's masked battery of ancient artillery, but, thanks to the courage and coolness of young Tibbs, the cutter drew out of range before the unskilled natives could re-load the guns.

"It was a fair treat," said the coxswain in after days, "to see Mr. Tibbs working them rotten engines, with the blood dripping from the stump of his arm, and his face as grey as ashes. If it hadn't been for his pluck, the next broadside must have settled the job."

The cutter had started before daylight, but noon had passed ere she crept back to the mouth of the river, where the *Porcupine* lay at anchor. More than once the young engineer had fainted from loss of blood, and the machinery would not work without his coaxing. The coxswain contrived to stop the bleeding, but the fires nearly went out, and the steam pressure declined to zero before Tibbs revived sufficiently to tell the sailors how to act. But they reached the ship at last, and the crew of the *Porcupine* gave Tibbs a lusty cheer as he tottered up the companion ladder.



Tibbs blushed, and walked aft to report to the captain. "Come on board, sir," he said mildly, as he raised his cap. Then he fainted again, and would have fallen if the captain had not caught him, and carried him below amid the renewed cheers of the excited crew.

The gallant conduct of Tibbs was very warmly commended in the dispatch that notified the wiping out of Ho-Poo. The despatch was published in the *Gazette*, and, as it chanced to be a slack season, some of the London papers eulogized the courage of the young engineer. He was famous for a week as the hero of Ho-Poo Creek. Tibbs senior still treasures a portrait of his son that appeared in one of the illustrated journals.

He knew that it was his son's likeness, for it was so stated in the accompanying report.

And the Admiralty, who do now and then recognize valour and coolness in non combatant officers, promoted Tibbs to be engineer and conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Order. With their usual liberality, they also gave him an extra shilling a day in place of his left arm.

So Tibbs became temporarily famous and bore his honours and pension for wounds with due modesty. But I have heard that he thought more of the farewell dinner given in his honour by the officers of the *Porcupine* than he did of his "D.S.O."

It is certain that his photograph occupied a prominent position in the gun-room mess during the rest of the commission; and that no officer of the *Porcupine* was ever again heard to speak slightingly of naval engineers.

"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join the "Captain" Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine. Further particulars relating to the CLUB will be published in due course, together with a list of officers (President, Vice-Presidents, &c.).

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret.

CHAPER V.

THE MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE.

IN the morning most of the population of the island were assembled on the beach to get what they could out of the wreck. Even the old women and babies were there. Kingland had an unwritten code of honour—what you found you kept; you hung on to it like grim death; it adorned your home for ever afterwards unless you bartered it for something else—which you generally did.

Babies—even babies who could only crawl—sometimes made themselves independent for life by picking a pearl necklace out of a bunch of seaweed; gurgling nursery-talk to the tiny crabs in a little pool one day, an infant fished out a diamond ring of huge value. The infant never wanted for anything afterwards, for the captain of the yearly ship, being shown the ring, said that it was worth fifty barrels of salt pork, and proceeded to hand over salt pork to that amount. The baby and its family bartered that salt pork with the other islanders for many, many years afterwards.

Therefore babies were allowed on the beach. There was no knowing what they wouldn't find whilst innocently gambolling in the sunshine.

On this particular occasion, the wrecked ship being the yearly ship, it was found to contain a number of articles of small value which the skipper of the vessel was wont to exchange with the simple-minded islanders for the trinkets they found on the shore. Beads, pocket-knives, penny editions of famous books, boxes of butterscotch, tins of meat extract, toys of the kind that London gutter-merchants sell, and a variety of other things worth anything up to sixpence—but certainly not more—came floating ashore when the schooner broke up.

The islanders were disappointed. However, there were always the babies; had the babies found anything? No, but wait! One baby *had* found something, *i.e.*, a bottle, corked. Anything inside it? Yes, a piece of paper.

They crowded round while an old, white-bearded islander drew the cork and unfolded the document the bottle contained. The document was addressed—

TO JACK WATERBOTTLE,
KINGLAND,
ATLANTIC OCEAN.

"This is for the King," said the old man. "Go, somebody, and fetch his Majesty," he added.

At that moment up strode the Chancellor, followed by the Commander-in-Chief and the Army.

"Long live the good Lord Chancellor!" feebly cried the poor islanders, who knew that the Chancellor expected this salutation.

"Thank you, people, thank you," the Chancellor was gracious enough to reply; "er—very nice of you, I am sure. But it seems you have been busy before we arrived. Of course, every islander is entitled to keep what he finds; but he mustn't find anything before the Lord Chancellor has had his little search round. Is that not so, my dear Commander-in-Chief?" he concluded, turning to the famous warrior by his side. The Commander-in-Chief bowed gravely.

"So," continued the Chancellor, suddenly grabbing the white-bearded islander by his white beard, "what have *you* found, you villain?"

"Only a bit of oil-cloth and a few nails," whimpered the veteran.

"I don't believe you," snarled the Chancellor. "Here," he added, beckoning to the soldiers, "search the old scamp!"

As the Army proceeded to do his bidding, the Chancellor turned to a pale young woman, who was holding a baby.

"And what have *you* found, madame?" he asked her roughly.

"Only a few biscuits, so please your lordship," she replied with a meek curtsey.

"More lies!" said the Chancellor. "Army, do your duty."

But at this juncture the bold cabman, of whom I have spoken several times, elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Wait a minute, Mister," he said. "That there's my sister. 'Er 'usband's ill, and she's lookin' for both. I don't advise any of your Army to lay a finger on 'er."

"Who are you, fellow?" demanded the Chancellor.

"I drives a keb," said the cabman, "and the larst time I drove you, you didn't pay me, and I'm blest if I won't tell the King next Grievance Oay."

Every month, it should be explained, the King had a "grievance day," when anybody might complain to him if they had been cheated or ill-treated by their neighbours. Hitherto, every monarch had stood so much in awe of the Chancellor that he never dared take any notice of the complaints the people brought him about that minister's extortions and cruelties.

"Pooh!" cried the Chancellor, "you ought to know better than to do that."

"Waterbottle's got a backbone," retorted the cabman; "'e means to 'ave 'is way. 'E don't care a 'ang about you, 'e don't, and no more don't——"

But at that moment the tallest soldier in the Army, who had crept up unseen, smote the cabman a violent blow with the butt of his spear, just behind the knees. The cabman uttered a cry and fell backwards, whereupon the Army pinioned him.

"Take him away and lock him up," said the Chancellor to two of the soldiers, "and see that he has nothing but bad potatoes to eat for a week. Give him twenty stripes on the bare back every evening, and then rub salt into the wounds inflicted by the lash. That," concluded the Chancellor, scowling round on the trembling crowd, "is how I treat rogues who defy me."

The cabman having been led away to prison, the Chancellor proceeded to examine what everybody had found, annexing all that he took a fancy to. He was still employed thus, when a slight, unhealthy-looking youth, wishing to curry favour with the great man, informed the Chancellor of the discovery of the bottle with the message in it.

"Eh? What's that? A *bottle?*"

"Containing a letter addressed to the King, my Lord Chancellor."

"Let me see it at once!"

The bottle was brought to him, and he deliberately opened the letter. It seemed to one or two of the bystanders that he smiled as he did so.

"Listen all," he said, "for this missive is of national importance. Before reading it to you I must tell you something of which you have never yet been informed. King Waterbottle had a twin brother, who was being educated in a country called England—at two seats of learning called (according to the King, who gave me this information) Heton and Hoxford. This brother, who should have ascended the throne before the reigning king—on account of his superior education—was in that ship, the remains of which are now scattered about this shore. When the ship was driving on to the rocks last night the brother of your King wrote this letter and put it into this bottle. The letter runs thus:—

Dear Jack,—Ship doomed.

Love to all,

Augustus.

"That," continued the Chancellor, with a break in his voice, "is all. Augustus Waterbottle is drowned. His body may be washed

ashore—we shall see. If it is, we will give it fitting burial. Take the message to your King," he concluded, unable to control his emotion, "and give it to him, with my sincere sympathy. Ah! poor young man—cut off in the prime of life—poor young man!"

And the Lord Chancellor burst into tears.

The people, ever deeming it expedient to humour this high official, burst into tears as well—first the women, then the men, then the babies, then the four remaining members of the Army. Nobody really cared a button about the deceased twin-Waterbottle, but everybody wept loudly. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the most hardened ruffians in the island—

THE PEOPLE . . . BURST INTO TEARS.

such was the universal wish to "keep in" with the tyrannical Lord Chancellor.

"Thank you! thank you!" sobbed the Lord Chancellor; "such sympathy touches my heart. My beloved countrymen, how can I requite you for your kindness? Ah! wait! there is still much wreckage on the beach—you may have it all! Not a word," he added, as some of the islanders, apparently overcome by his kindness, threw themselves at his feet and kissed his shoe buckles, "not a word. You deserve it all!"

As a matter of fact, he had relieved them of everything worth having, but the people cried more violently than ever, so touched were they by the Chancellor's unselfishness.

"Hullo!" exclaimed a voice. "Why so much eye-piping? 'Morning, Chancellor! Been picking up a few oddments, I see!"

It was the King, who, with Buzzie leaning on his arm, was taking a constitutional before his mid-day dinner.

"Good morning, your Majesty," replied the Chancellor, obsequiously. "Yes, it is true I have been collecting a few articles to present to your Majesty. Shall I have them conveyed to the palace?"

The King glanced suspiciously at his principal minister. This liberality on the Lord Chancellor's part was quite unusual. Waterbottle felt uncertain as to how he ought to reply, but Buzzie whispered, "Take them!" and the King accepted the offerings.

"I have a piece of very sad intelligence to communicate to your Majesty," continued the Lord Chancellor, "but pray read for yourself."

And he handed the King the message that had come ashore in the bottle.

"Why have you presumed to open this here letter?" demanded Waterbottle.

"*I* presume! Your Majesty is over-hasty. I found a vile cab-driver fellow derisively imparting its contents to the vulgar herd here, and I packed him off to gaol pretty quickly. You commend me for my zeal, I hope?"

"I don't a bit. Why didn't you send 'im up to me to be talked to?"

"I hardly thought the case important enough to place before you. You see, next Grievance Day is three weeks off, and that seemed a long time to let the scoundrel walk about without punishment."

"Hum!" said the King. "You've got wonderful respectful all at once, Chancellor. Now let's have a look at this."

He opened the piece of paper and read the message.

"*What!* Gus! *Gus* in that ship! He says here: 'Ship doomed.' He was expectin' to be drowned, then. Poor old Gus! This upsets me. Has his body been washed ashore?"

A number of people in the crowd assured the King that no bodies whatever had been cast up by the waves.

"Well," said the King, folding up the piece of paper and putting it in his pocket, "I won't believe my brother's dead until his corpse lies before my eyes. Ever since he was able to crawl he has been a wonderful chap at getting out of fixes, and you may depend on it that he's floating round somewhere on a raft, or clinging to a hen-coop. If a cat has got nine lives, Gus has got ninety."

"Your Majesty is in a sanguine mood," sneered the Lord Chancellor.

"Never mind what sort of a mood I'm in," returned the King. "I'm not anxious to talk to you. I came out for a walk. My dear!"

The King offered his arm to Buzzie, who blushingly accepted it, and the young couple walked away up the beach.

The Chancellor watched the King and his sweetheart until they were out of sight, and then, turning to the Commander-in-Chief, deliberately winked.

"That idea of yours about the bottle," he observed, as they walked towards the town together, "was a very good one, my dear Commander-in-Chief. Our plan has worked well. You evidently placed it where it couldn't very well be missed. You're a genius, my boy."

The Commander-in-Chief blushed like a girl, so pleased was he at the result of his simple stratagem and the Chancellor's compliment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHANGELING.

"BUZZIE," said Waterbottle, when they were round a projecting point of the cliffs, and hidden from the islanders, "I wish we was well out of all this."

"So do I, dear," said Buzzie.

"Away," continued Waterbottle, savagely, "from lord chancellors and armies — somewhere quiet, you know."

"A place like London, for instance," chimed in Buzzie, "you know—that little round dot on Great Britain—though why they call it Great Britain beats me, for it seems a tiny place, according to its size on the map."

Buzzie had only studied the map of the world, and, of course, London was only a speck on that. She imagined that Kingland was one of the biggest places in the world, and thought it wasn't marked on the map because there wasn't room for it.

"London, let me tell you," said her lover, in a proud, informative, been-to-night-school-for-a-year-come-Christmas sort of way, "is not a quiet place, my darling. I have read in a book about a tower it has, and a very dreadful, savage place it seems to be. They chop off the heads of queens there as soon as look at 'em. There was one called Lady Jane——"

"If she was queen why wasn't she *called* 'queen'?" demanded Buzzie.

"She was only Lady Jane, but her husband said she was the rightful queen and put her on the throne. Then the real queen came along and had Lady Jane's head chopped off—crool, I call it."

"But it was her husband whose head had ought to have been chopped off," objected Buzzie.

"That's all right — it *was!*" Waterbottle assured her.

"And serve him well right!" declared Buzzie, with a snap of her pretty white teeth.

"Anyhow," said Waterbottle, "it's a murderous sort of place, and not at all quiet. No; the place for us is what they call a village—where you grow cows and vegetables, and have a little Parliament called a vestry meeting, where you all shout together and make a jolly good row. Call each other names, too—something 'orrid. I've read of it all."

"But that's not being very quiet," said Buzzie.

"Oh, it only 'appens now an' agen," said Waterbottle, "just to liven you hup. But villages are real, nice places. From what I can make out you do a bit o' work—say weedin'—and for that you are paid coins, and with those coins you buy bread and meat, and clothes, and everything you want. I expect they pay you so much a weed, if the weeds are anything like as big as they are in Kingland. Well, while I was weedin' you might be buying things, and so we should jog along, quiet and easy, and never have no chancellors to worrit us. Do you like the prospick, my darling?"

"It's lovely," breathed Buzzie, "but how—how can we get to England?"

"Well," said Waterbottle, "it's certain we can't swim there, but I've thought of another way."

"You *are* so clever," sighed Buzzie, "I wonder you can put up with a stupid girl like me."

"Never mind that, dear—you're *good*, and that's better than being clever."

"Oh," cried Buzzie, with a toss of her head, "and so you think I *am* stupid, do you?"

"Well, my darling," replied the King, "didn't you say you was yourself?"

"Oh, you old silly! Don't you understand I called myself stupid in order to make you say I was clever? You don't understand girls a bit,

"THE KING OF KINGLAND BEGS TO SAY—"

Mister Waterbottle — I mean," with a mock curtsey, "your *Majesty!*"

"Seems to me that we may as well drop all that 'ank when there's nobody by," observed Waterbottle, "although, of course, it's useful bein' a King sometimes. I'll show you now how it can be made very useful. Got a pencil?"

Yes, Buzzie had a pencil and a piece of paper. She produced them.

"Come and sit down 'ere," said Waterbottle, indicating a big flat rock. "Now then, I'm goin' to write a letter and send it out to sea in the very bottle that poor Augustus wrote to me in. Somebody may pick it up and—well, here goes!"

So he wrote on the paper, in a large, round, distinct hand:—

The King of Kingland begs to say that he will be quite willing to make over his kingdom to anybody who will fetch him and his wife and take them to England.

(*Signed*) *Waterbottle, R.*

Kingland, Atlantic Ocean.

"You've put 'Waterbottler,' instead of 'Waterbottle,'" corrected Buzzie.

"That's all right, my love. In all the royal proclamations in the books I've read there's always an 'R' after the monarch's name. I don't know why, but there it is. Now then, see—I put this in the bottle, and I cork it up, and I fling it out to sea, and the tide will whip it away into the track of ships, and for all we know we may get up one morning and find an English gentleman-of-war waiting to take us to England."

Again the Lord Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief sat in the former's house at dead of night, toasting each other copiously in gin-and-water.

"The time has come!" said the Chancellor.

"It has!" agreed the military man.

"Waterbottle must go!"

"He must!'

"But how?'

"Ah—how?'

"Instead," ejaculated the Chancellor, crossly, "of simply echoing my words in that absurd way, why don't you propose something? It seems to me that I have to do all the thinking, while you simply stand by gaping and agreeing that everything I do is very clever."

"I am a man of deeds, not words," returned the Commander-in-Chief, sourly.

"Very well, then, I'll soon give you something to do. Come!"

He arose and walked into the kitchen, the Commander-in-Chief following him. The Chancellor removed a mat and pointed to a huge iron ring let into a slab of stone.

"Lay hold of that!"

The other laid hold.

"Pull!"

The other pulled and tugged and strained

with all his might, but uselessly. He could not move the slab.

"Got a crowbar?" he gasped.

"Yes, here is a crowbar. Have another try."

The Commander-in-Chief was a tall, wiry man, and had plenty of strength. He wrenched at the ring until the veins swelled out upon his forehead in a manner horrible to behold. He stopped and took breath, and once more went to work with the crowbar, and strained at the ring until his face was purple and the perspiration was pouring down his cheeks. He snatched off his helmet, and went at the ring again with clenched teeth and set jaw. His exertions fairly shook the room. At length, with a groan, he dropped the crowbar and staggered to the nearest chair, collapsing into it like a man in a swoon.

The Chancellor watched him with a sarcastic smile playing round the corners of his mouth.

"I can't move it!" cried the Commander-in-Chief, hoarsely; "it is beyond any one man's strength!"

"By no means," returned the Chancellor, "a child could do it!"

"Prove your words, you sneering cad!" yelled the Commander-in-Chief, glaring at his tormentor, "prove your words—or—or——"

"Pray be calm—*see!*"

The Chancellor picked up the crowbar delicately, and put the end under the ring. Immediately the huge slab of stone sprang upwards, disclosing a staircase.

"You know the trick of it," said the other, hoarsely.

"Precisely; and I alone. If I chose to drop you down that staircase no living man would ever be the wiser. Your loudest shriek would never be heard. At the foot of this staircase is the dungeon in which I kept Waterbottle for six months. It is my intention to put him back there. And he will never come up again."

"You won't—murder him?" gasped the Commander-in-Chief, with white lips.

"Certainly not! I never murder people. I shall keep him alive—but only just alive. I will pay him out for all his insolence."

"And then you will declare his brother to be King?" inquired the other.

"Oh dear, no! Meek as they are, I don't think they would stand the present Waterbottle being put away. He is too popular. No, it must be done very quietly. They must be exchanged!"

"Exchanged!"

"How you do echo me! E-X-C-H-A-N-G-E-D, 'exchanged.' That's what I said. But a third person must be let into the plot. It is necessary. While we exchange the brothers somebody must call off the attention of Hag Haggety. She's a watchful old cat, and she's fond of Waterbottle. Now, do you know anybody who hates the King—hates him like poison?"

"Yes—Sergeant So-so—the tallest man in the Army."

"Of course. Waterbottle blacked both his eyes. Good. Will you go and fetch Sergeant So-so?"

"Certainly."

When the tall soldier arrived, the Chancellor put a few questions to him which speedily elicited the fact that he would go through fire and water to do the King a lasting injury. The crafty Chancellor soon learned that there was something more than a couple of black eyes in the matter. The sergeant had taken a violent fancy to the King's young woman, the fair Buzzie.

"Good," chuckled the Chancellor to himself, "he will be faithful and silent. Love and Revenge—two of the most powerful passions by which man is swayed. Excellent. If he ever gets rebellious I will pop him into the dungeon, too."

Then he said aloud:—

"Very well, *Lieutenant* So-so"—the tall soldier reddened with pleasure; this was rapid promotion, indeed—"very well—we understand each other, then. You obey my bidding, and keep silent, and you shall have both wishes gratified. You shall be revenged on Waterbottle and you shall marry his young woman. Give me your hand on it!"

Lieutenant So-so did so.

"He is mine," muttered the Chancellor. "Now to work."

The Chancellor led the other two back to the sitting-room, where he touched a spring in the wall, and lo! part of the wall flew out and disclosed a little apartment, about 6ft. square in size. On a mattress, covered with blankets, lay Augustus Waterbottle, sleeping heavily.

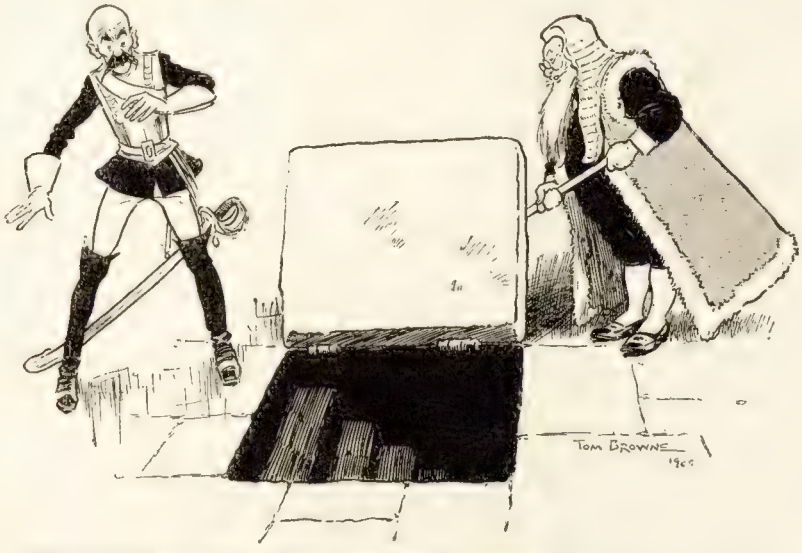
"I've given him a little something," explained the Chancellor, "that will keep him in this state until breakfast-time. I have something else here," producing a tiny white bottle, "which I will use on a handkerchief very shortly for the King's benefit. *His benefit*—ha! ha! Yes, that medicine-chest that came ashore has been very useful. I have often dabbled with its contents. My wife and daughter were poking and prying about to-day—they seemed to think somebody else was in the house besides ourselves—and so I doctored their tea this evening, and they won't pry about any more for at least forty-eight hours. You wouldn't think that an innocent-looking gentleman like me would think of such expedients, *would* you, *Captain* So-so?"

"No, my lord, I should not!" replied the tall soldier, blushing again on his second promotion.

"But we must be stirring. Listen! *Major* So-so, you will arouse Hag Haggety and tell her that one of your fellow-soldiers is ill. She is famous for her herb treatments, and will always attend a sick person if she is paid well. To afford a good excuse for arousing her, just tip this powder down your fellow-soldier's throat before you take her in to see him."

And the Chancellor took a small blue paper packet out of his medicine chest.

"Is it—dangerous?" asked the tall soldier, nervously.



IMMEDIATELY THE HUGE SLAB OF STONE SPRANG UPWARDS, DISCLOSING A STAIRCASE.

"Not very. It will only make him foam at the mouth. Keep Hag there all night. We will do the rest. See she doesn't leave the barracks on any pretence whatever—not even to fetch her beastly herbs."

"Very good, my lord."

"Go, then."

Ten minutes later, peering out of the window, the Chancellor saw the tall soldier and Hag Haggety hasten by in the direction of the barracks.

"Now, Commander-in-Chief!"

They seized the sleeping Augustus Waterbottle by head and feet, sped down the street with him, and entered the palace.

"Not a moment to be lost!" whispered the Chancellor, emptying the contents of the bottle on to a handkerchief. He took off his shoes and crept as silently as a cat into Waterbottle's bedroom.

There was a slight cry—a gasp of horror—the sounds of a short struggle, and then—silence!

The Chancellor came running back into the ante-chamber.

"It's all right, Waterbottle's insensible. Come along—steady—*there!*"

They removed Augustus Waterbottle's clothes and placed him in the King's bed. When he awoke he would find merely the King's every day attire awaiting him.

Then they slipped Augustus' clothes on to the King, and dragged the King's inanimate form out of the bed-room, closing the door softly behind them.

Then, bearing the King by head and heels, out into the street they went, swiftly, silently, to the Chancellor's house, and into the kitchen.

Swiftly, silently, the King was lowered into the dungeon, and pitched on to the straw there.

The deed was done!

(To be Continued.)

BAH! I can't see what sense there is
In styling Christmas "Merry"!
It never brought me anything,
But double work and worry;
From morn to night for one whole month
It's naught but push and hurry.

From all the months of all the year,
December still will borrow,
The good old rule, "Don't do to-day
What can be done to-morrow,"
Crowds two months' labours into one—
I know it to my sorrow!

SUCH "SEASONABLE WEATHER!"

December! what a likely month
To talk of being jolly!
When everyone seems crazed for "green,
There's nothing green but holly—
Except the dupes who strive with mirth,
To drown their melancholy.

Then there's the frost, and snow, and fog—
Such "seasonable weather!"
And storms of rain, and wind, and slates
All mingled up together;
If one can bear it all and live,
One must be tough as leather.

Yes; what with these, and much besides,
Which I'll not fail to mention,
Where in the world the fun comes in
Is past my comprehension!
A pleasant relaxation?—No!
A little tighter tension.

EXPECTS—AND GETS (?)—A CHRISTMAS BOX.

Why, every lout I ever met,
In office, street, or station,
Expects—and gets (?)—a Christmas box—
"A slight consideration."
As though I had a diamond mine,
Or pension from the nation!

And then at home it's just as bad,
A huge rise in expenses;
I *must* buy this, subscribe to that—
Such pretexts and pretences!
While butchers', bakers', grocers' bills
'Most drive me from my senses.

There's nothing in the house to eat
(They call this jubilation)
But puddings, tarts, mince-pies, and cakes—
A wonderful creation!
There's no escape—it must go down,
It's nightmare or starvation!

So I shall hold, whate'er they say,
This season much o'er-rated;
In fact, to me the whole thing is
A bore unmitigated.
Thank heaven it comes but once a year,
And very much belated!

ALF. B. COOPER.

IT'S NIGHTMARE OR STARVATION.

Simple Theatricals for Christmas Evenings

By C. S. Jones.

The charm of simple theatricals is that those engaging in them can do and make everything for themselves—including the play. In almost every youthful circle there is someone suffering from literary ambitions. Let him take a dramatic episode from the many English history presents, and round it weave a simple story, keeping the while an eye on the capacities of his friends the actors. These actors will have the advantage of being more or less familiar with the characters they impersonate. And, if the period in history be well chosen, some very pretty effects can be got by the costumes — how, I shall presently show.

But first, lest there may be any who are scared by what may appear a counsel of perfection, let me say that Messrs. French, of the Strand, have plays enough, both for old and young, to admit of a careful selection being made. You have only to write them, enclosing a stamped envelope, to get particulars.

The play, and its author, decided on, next comes a momentous matter. The "team" must pick a "captain"—elect someone whose orders they will unhesitatingly obey, and whose decision—like the editor's—must be final. He must act as stage manager and acting manager, must settle all differences, and generally supervise everybody. It will be his first duty to "caste" the piece—that is, to allot the different parts to the various actors. That done, everyone can get to work.

A KNIGHT OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN CHAIN-MAIL ARMOUR, MADE OF DUSTERS AND SILVER PAINT.

Outside the work of rehearsing the piece, the costumes will be found to best repay labour. Upon the stage no great scenic effects should be attempted—rather let simplicity be here the aim. But the costumes can more than compensate for lack of colour on the stage itself. A small expenditure will get material for really beautiful and striking dresses—that is, if a little good taste and some hard work be also brought to bear on it. There are boundless opportunities for delighting the eyes of the audience. That those opportunities should not be missed I append a few hints. Their application will demand skill, effort, and patience.

In nine cases out of ten, the Middle Ages have an irresistible attraction for young playwrights. This is fortunate. Mediæval times and manners seem to lend themselves to youthful histrionic effort. Assuming, then, that the play is pitched in

> Days of old, when knights were bold,
> And barons held their sway—

—as in all probability it will be—assuming also that it includes, if not actual fighting, at least men-at-arms—as in all certitude it will—armour, and plenty of it, becomes an absolute necessity. This is how stage armour can best be made.

Get a large piece of cardboard (for 1d. the draper will sell quite a quantity) and on it smoothly paste some silvered paper, taking care that the paper lies quite flat upon the card. When it has thoroughly dried, the work of cutting-out commences, and will keep several hands busy for some hours.

The cardboard must be cut into small, triangular shield shapes, about 1in. in length. The more of these are cut out the better. Through the top of each a hole must be pierced, and through this some stout thread inserted; they can be strung together thus in rows. To attach these rows to a jacket—or, better still, a jersey—by means of needle and cotton, is easy. But care must be taken that the rows thickly overlap, or the jersey will peep through from underneath. If this danger be avoided, the illusion of scale armour is perfect.

THE HEROINE.
Costume of white flannelette and crimson plush. The crown is of gold paper and cardboard.

Then, for the helmet". Here, again, cardboard and silvered paper will suffice. The cardboard can easily be made to take the shape required. Shields can be made of the same material, and if anyone has a talent for painting, and is endowed with superfluous energy he can blazon any device he pleases on them. The device should be executed on paper, then cut neatly out, and pasted on the shield. Swords, again, can be made of wood; the blade to be covered with silvered, and the hilt with gold paper. Both these invaluable disguises are procurable from the toy shop. Two shillings will purchase a quantity.

The making of chain armour requires more artistic nicety, though the artist may not have any more delicate material for his work than the coarsest of coarse dusters—the coarser, in fact, the better for his purpose. On these dusters long, thick streaks of silver paint (to be had also at the toy shop) should be laid on at right angles to each other, so that they form regular squares. If this be done carefully the counterfeit presentment of chain armour is exact, and that armour lightly drawn over the ears, down across the forehead of the actor, covering all except his face, has a striking effect.

Armour does not exhaust the costumes. It is, in fact, with the non-militant apparel that the best effects are to be got. Much must depend on the skill and care of those producing the play; but their skill will avail them more if they be warned in time of sundry pitfalls. First, then, the costumes should be simple; nothing intricate had better be attempted. As a rule, two colours in one costume—each to set off the other—are enough. Care should be taken that no two costumes resemble each other too closely or are in too sharp contrast.

Speaking generally, the more vivid colours had better be avoided. The darker are best. White flannelette at 2s. 3d. a yard, with a dark green or dark red plush stripe upon it looks astonishingly effective, and would make a capital robe for the heroine. On the stage, of course, velveteen is as good as velvet, just as satine is as good as satin. Again, unbleached calico, with little red shreds of black cloth upon it will make an admirably good imitation of ermine, scarcely to be detected from the genuine article.

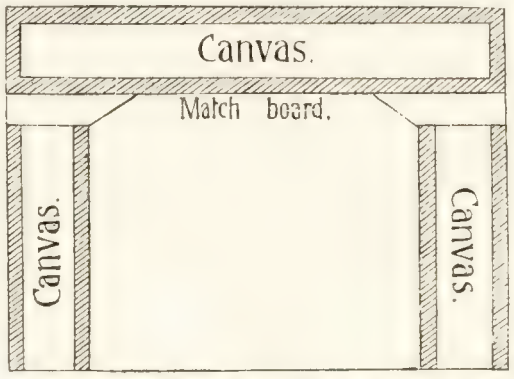
A WARRIOR BOLD.
The scale armour can be made of cardboard and silvered paper, with tunic and sash of red plush.

Probably the reader will get a better idea by studying the accompanying sketches and their materials. They are not in any sense imaginary, but in all cases were drawn from life.

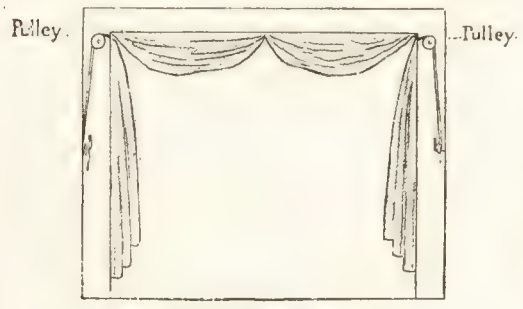
While I am on the subject of appearances I had better deal with the question of make-up. The less of this there is the better. But some is absolutely necessary, or the deadly pallor of the actors will strike chill to their friends in front. Professionals, when making-up, first cover the face with grease paint. Youthful amateurs had better use rice powder, which they can buy in small quantities from any chemist. This should

be rubbed well in right up to the eyes. Beetroot juice, or geranium leaves, on the tips of one's fingers will touch up the cheeks, and a burnt match skilfully applied is best for eyebrows. Moustachios are to be obtained from the local toy shop. Remember that in "making-up" lines skilfully drawn on an actor's face can lengthen or shorten his nose and lip. There had better be one maker-up to the troupe.

Wigs it will be best to hire for the occasion. Mr. Fox, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, W.C., lets them out for 2s. 6d. (gentleman's), and 3s. 6d. (lady's); and, should you require any properties, you can get most of them from his establishment on hire for 1s. A small deposit is necessary. But neither wigs nor properties are essential.



FRAME FOR THE STAGE, WHERE NO FOLDING DOORS ARE AVAILABLE.



BACK VIEW OF THE CURTAIN UP.

We come now to the stage: and about the stage there is one thing of primal importance, on which the whole success of the piece may depend. The stage must be well lighted. Other considerations matter little in comparison with this. It is vital; but it can be secured very simply.

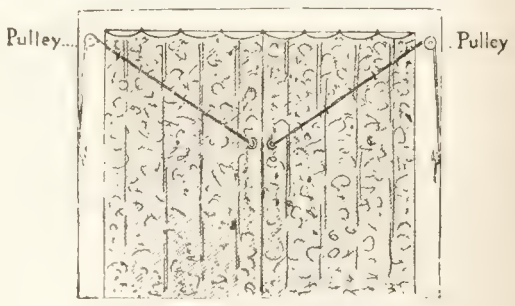
There are many patent substitutes for footlights. My advice is to discard them all. They are nearly all unsatisfactory, and some are positively dangerous, and there is a simple expedient that beats them all—every one.

In front of the stage place a board, backed by red felt, and nail securely to it, on the side further from the audience, half a dozen common or garden tin lamps, with brightly-polished reflectors. These can be purchased from the oil shop for 1s. Provided you see that the wicks are trimmed, and the lamps in good repair, they will give excellent light. But they must not be seen by the audience (hence the board). The reflectors are essential.

So much for the footlights. Next comes a more difficult matter—the scenery. It is difficult, because, as a rule, youthful play producers want to achieve too much in this direction. If they take my advice they will make up their minds that they cannot attempt too little. Let there be one simple background for the piece right the way through, and let the accessories only be changed. If this piece of scenery be well painted it will sufficiently partake of the nature of a triumph. Indeed it is quite possible to play very well without any scenery at all, and unless one of the company possesses unusual skill in the direction of painting, I recommend that this be done.

But if there be a painter in the troupe, let him get a good stiff piece of canvas large enough to stretch right across the stage, some chalk, a stiff brush that he can handle easily, and colours. He can obtain all these things from the local oilman at a cost of about 7s. Let the painter first chalk his canvas over, and then apply his colours boldly, remembering that it is its appearance 20ft. off, and not close at hand, that matters.

For the rest, there should be as few things on the stage as possible. If the play be pitched in ancient times these must be robbed of all appearance of modernity. The author, of course, must be made to cut his coat according to his cloth, and his play need be none the worse in that its interest does not depend on trap-doors etc.



BACK VIEW OF THE CURTAIN DOWN.

I have delayed dealing with the making of the stage; and for a reason. My own view is, that the labour it requires is out of proportion to

the result, and that the young amateur had better content himself with ordinary floor boards. But if determined on a stage, there is only one thing to remember in making it. The back should be slightly higher than the front. I cannot give the angle at which it should slant; this must depend on the extent of the audience; but the incline had better be too gradual than too steep. That incline is easily secured. You can attempt to achieve it by nailing planks down to wooden supports. This method has the disadvantage of damaging the floors, and is peculiarly calculated to rouse parents and guardians. A simpler way is to arrange the planks forming the stage on substantial boxes or lockers, taking care, of course, that those in front are smaller than those at the back. But whether one has a stage or not is really of little importance of the curtain raisers standing on the stage, protected from the gaze of the audience. It also allows of a prompter being close at hand, and it has other advantages. But when this is impossible, let those of the troupe who have a talent for carpentry make a frame of canvas and wood, resembling in shape the front of a wall whose folding doors have been removed, and large enough, if possible, to fit the room. The front of the canvas should be covered with paper, and securely nailed on.

TOO MUCH—

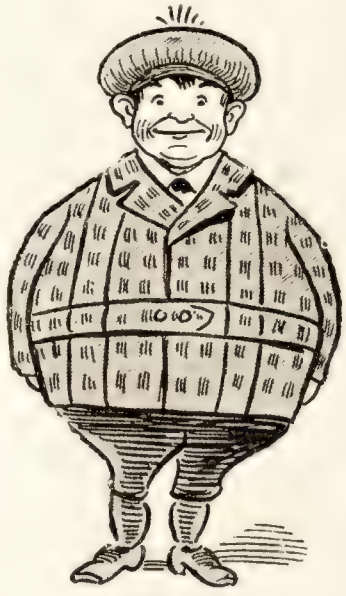
Quite otherwise is the case with the curtain. A curtain that won't go up, or come down, is enough to spoil the success of a play. It irritates the audience, embarrasses the actors, and makes the whole thing hang fire. The curtain, therefore, is of real importance, and the best way to make it is as follows.

From end to end of the front of the stage, close up to the ceiling, a foot or so back from the lamps, stretch a cord from nails, and on it put rings. From these rings support, not one, but two curtains. In the middle of each of these there should be another ring, and through that ring another piece of twine, running through a pulley at each top corner of the curtain. Anyone pulling the other end of the twine causes the curtains to instantly fly up and curve gracefully at the top and sides of the stage. Then the ropes can be secured to something in the wall, as with a blind cord. Curtain practice, by the way, is advisable, so that the two entrusted with this important duty may act unfailingly on the instant.

And the curtain brings me to my last point. It is much better, wherever possible, to play in a room with folding doors; the doors, of course, being taken out. This admits, among other things,

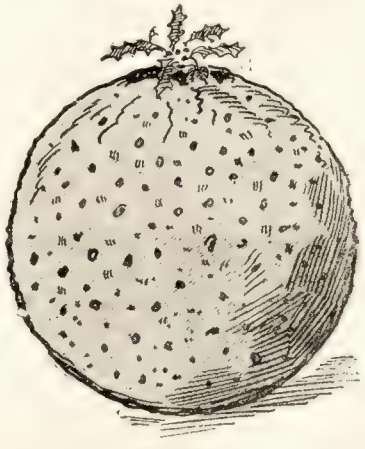
AN EVOLUTIONARY WARNING.

By Felix Leigh.



DON'T EAT—

CHRISTMAS—



PUDDING!!!

THE OLDEST SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.

THE Grammar School of St. Albans is not only the oldest, but also one of the most interesting of our public schools. It was founded by the monastery about the year 1095—sixty-seven years before the Derby Free School (1162), and over 100 years before the School of St. Edmundbury (1198). The school soon became famous, and in 1195 had more scholars than any other in England; some part of its success being no doubt due to the simple and efficacious measure taken by the monastery, which excommunicated every other school in the neighbourhood. The progress of the school received a check by the dissolution of the monastery, under Henry VIII.; but, in 1553, it was constituted a grammar school by a charter of Edward VI., and was removed from its old quarters to the lady chapel in the abbey, where it remained for over 300 years. This measure was by no means judicious, for not only did the school suffer greatly from want of space, but the lady chapel was so hacked about by the boys that its beautiful ornamental woodwork almost entirely disappeared. In 1870 the school was transferred to the old monastery gateway, where it still remains. Many famous men attended this school, amongst whom may be mentioned Nicholas Breakspear (the only English pope), Sir John Mandeville, Sir Francis Pemberton, the poet Cowley, and, it is believed, Sir Francis Bacon.

It would need too much space to mention the many curious customs and regulations that existed in the old school. There was, however, the extraordinary custom of electing annually from the scholars a "boy bishop," who travestied the duties of a real bishop, and sometimes even performed mock services. This school enjoys the unique privilege of being supported by a wine monopoly, for Queen Elizabeth, at the instigation of Sir Nicholas Bacon, granted it the famous "Wine Charter," by which no one in the borough could sell wine, except under a licence granted by the school. This monopoly still exists. The building now occupied by the school is also of considerable interest. It was originally the monastery gateway and prison, and was built by Abbot de la Mare, about 1396. After the dissolution it was used until 1870 as the borough prison. In all probability, the second printing-press in England was set up in this building. This press was worked by a St. Alban's monk, known as John Insomuch, who published three books in 1480—four years after the first book printed by Caxton.

J. WATSON.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

DOWN among the trees and fields of Essex, not far from the small country town of Ongar, there stands in the middle of scenery as pretty as can be viewed in England, the oldest Christian church in our native land—if not in the whole world—which is still used for public worship. The main body of the church, which is naturally very small, was built about 861 A.D., when Ethelbert was King of England. It was after Ragnar Lodbrog—a very famous Norse Viking—had been tortured to death by the Northumbrians, that his two sons invaded, first, Northumbria, and then East Anglia. Edmund was King of the latter place; he was a man of the same stuff as Gordon and Livingstone. The King was captured and murdered, because he would not turn heathen. His body was then left to be buried by his friends, who carried it to the town now called Bury St. Edmunds. On the way thither they stopped in the midst of Epping Forest, and to shelter the body raised a chapel of split chestnut trees. This forms the greater part of the now-existing church. The inside of the trees is, of course, polished, and looks very fine; but the outside and rounded portion presents a very curious spectacle to the viewer. The church has many modern improvements, but is well worth seeing, and I should recommend any readers of THE CAPTAIN who are cycling through Ongar to pay it a visit.

S BISHOP.

The winner of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN this month is GORDON MCVOY, 17, Springfield Place, Leeds, whose carefully written paper on "Christmas Cards" is printed below.

Your Own Christmas Cards.

How to Make Them by Photography.

COLLECT your best seascape, landscape, etc., negatives, and take prints off them on bromide paper. A few seconds' exposure to a gas light is quite sufficient for this.

When printed, develop the gauze as with plates, following the directions given with the paper. The image will begin to appear in a few seconds, and when it is dark enough, wash well and fix in a 20 per cent. solution of hypo. Fixation is complete in 15mins.; after which prints should be well washed for about half an hour, then allowed to dry, and mounted with starch paste on suitable mounts, when they are ready for framing. I have found the "leaf" and "stamp" processes the easiest and prettiest.

To make a stamp frame you must first get your stamps, which is easily done by writing for a packet to one of the many advertisers in THE CAPTAIN.

Take a piece of wood, and from it cut four pieces 1¼in. wide and 1¼in. longer than the length and width of the mount. Cut all the corners at an angle of 45degs., so that when a long piece and a short piece are put together they will form a right angle. Put the frame together, cut four pieces of thin wood, 1¼in. square, and glue one piece to each corner.

Next, obtain a piece of cardboard, cut it exactly the size of the frame, mark 1⅜in. from each side, and draw a square exactly ⅛in. less than the mount. Cut this out, and glue it to the face of the wooden frame; when the photograph is put in there will be a rebate of ⅛in. all round, which will keep the glass and the photograph from falling out.

THE GHOST.
A Christmas Nightmare.
(*Drawn by D. McEwan.*)

We have now to mount our stamps, which are to be fastened to the cardboard frame, and they may be put in any design you fancy. A Cape triangle in each corner looks rather pretty, only they are rather expensive for this work. When you have finished, leave your work to dry. A piece of glass, ⅛in. larger each way than the mount, is now required, and can be got at any glazier's for a penny or three halfpence. Place the glass in the frame, put the photograph on top of it, and paste a sheet of brown paper over the back to keep them in.

To make a "leaf" frame, the leaves must be gathered in summer and pressed in books. Make a wood and cardboard frame, as before, and arrange your leaves, etc., on it. A good background is made of moss, and in each corner you might glue an acorn in its cup, together with a few small oak leaves, arranged artistically

"ON THE VICTORY."

OLD SALT (pointing to brass memorial plate): "Here Nelson fell!"
OLD LADY (who has just slipped on said plate); "Poor man! I'm not surprised, I nearly fell there myself."

around. Down the sides more leaves or dried flowers may be glued.

These are only two examples; but with a little ingenuity you should be able to produce some very artistic work, and I am sure a photograph, say, of yourself, neatly framed, will form a much more pleasing present than an ordinary Christmas card.

GORDON MCVOY

"The landlord called for the rint to-day, Mickey."
"An' phat did ye say?"
"Oi told 'im the rint was in your coat, and Oi was sorry ye were out with it."

(*By A. Inglis, S.P.R.A.*)

Christmas.

The most pleasant season of the year, to my mind, is winter, and the most agreeable time of that season is Christmastide.

Christmas!

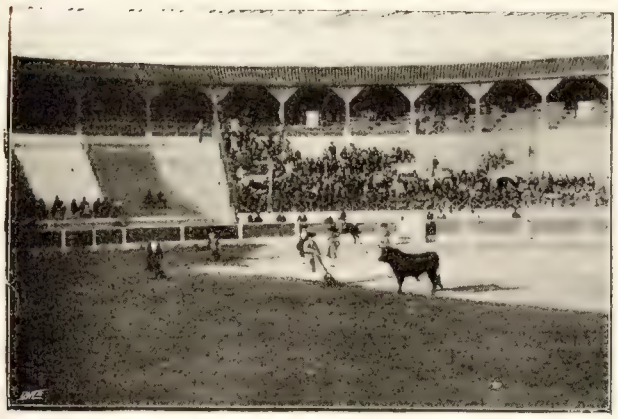
What pleasant thoughts does not that magic word conjure up in the heart of every Christian! What memories are not recalled to the mind of joyous by-gone Christmases and Happy New Years! When does one's heart warm more to one's fellow-creatures than at that hallowed season?

"I am sure," says the novelist of Christmas, 'that I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of

FRENCH JOURNALISM.
(*Drawn by Chas. F. Knowles.*)

in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys." Could any sentiments be finer, more simply or more clearly expressed than these?

Christmas is the season of the year when families cluster round their warm hearths, listening to the storm without, or watching the heavy falls of snow, and feel glad that they are not compelled to be abroad in such weather; when old men tell baleful stories of terrible storms that occurred when they were but children—storms the like of which have not been seen since! when parents tell horrible ghost tales to their quaking and trembling progeny, who look forward with fearful apprehension to the dread hour when they will be forced to retire to rest.



A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT—STOPPING THE BULL.
(Sent by N. Y. Westall.)

So let us all—good readers of THE CAPTAIN—raise our voices in praise of this merry season, and sing with the everlasting Wardle—

To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As King of the seasons all!

A Riddle.

Why is dynamite called by that name?
Because when a person's blown up with it, there's not enough of him left to "dine a mite on."

RONALD MASSEY.

[Put him under the pump for that.—O. F.]

The Bachelor's Complaint

BY V. WAKEFORD.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody.

Who puts me in the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody.

When plunged in deep and dire distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hope of happiness?
Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
And grief distracts my fevered brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody.

Then I'll resolve, so help me Fate!
To change at once the single state,
And will to Hymen's altar take
SOMEBODY.

Anagrams.

Prime Ministers during the present Reign.

Peril, beer, sort	Sir Robert Peel.
Ball, surry, do, is	Lord Salisbury.
O, number, rolled	Lord Melbourne.
Storm, pardon, ell	Lord Palmerston.
Bee, lorn, dread	Lord Aberdeen.
Stole, wed, nag	W. E. Gladstone.
Falcon, robed, slide	Lord Beaconsfield.
Dross, hull, lo, Erin	Lord John Russell.
Bread, forty, heel	The Earl of Derby.

P. V. W. BENNETT.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Scotch Thistle.—Go on doing little articles on subjects you can write about with *knowledge*. So many people write about things they are ignorant of, or only partially acquainted with. Get up your facts well, do not labour after long words, and keep your contributions bright and short. As to what "line" you ought to adopt, time alone can show you that. **E. M. Parkes.**—Your "poems" are carefully written, and that is the best I can say of them. Very few boys of fourteen can write poetry, you know. Try again when you are a bit taller. **Mabel Shepherd.**—Well, as you want to know, I will tell you: The "matter" with your poem, "Memory," is that it is very commonplace. That sort of thing has been written thousands of times. Try a brighter, lighter.

A FELLOW WHO MEANS TO JOIN "THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

more original way of putting your thoughts into rhyme. **W. J. E. Baxter** (NEWCASTLE, NATAL).—Sorry cannot use your tales—the public is tired of war stories. To have THE CAPTAIN sent regularly will cost you 9s. per annum. **A. H. E. J.**—Your recipe for "ghost-making" is clever, but it might lead readers to play the fool with gas—a highly undesirable pastime. **Middy.**—"S.P.R.A." is the degree we give to those who win the "S. P." prize with an original drawing. The letters mean: "Special Pages Royal Academy." **Simon D. Peace, B. Burt,** and **S. W. Whateley** are thanked for "tent" articles. I hope to use one of them when space permits. **John Dunn.**—Too technical. Why not send a little essay on "Mill Hands"—what they earn, etc.? **E. George Boreham** (SYDNEY):—I hope to use your "Mirage." **D'Artagnan.**—I don't want "chestnuts." **S. H. Dewing.**—Your *pencil* sketch of the Nelson lectern will not "reproduce" clearly, I am afraid. **E. G. Morris.**—Many thanks, but I daresay you have already seen our supplementary article to "Cheap Photography." **Waterbottle.**—Glad you like Mr. Mayland's tale. As regards your request that I will "put your poem in the next number," I must ask you to remember that we go to press some time in advance. You must wait patiently. **Guy Brereton.**—The "two—ahem!—drawings" received. Why don't you—ahem!—take a little more pains?

Also contributions from: "Younis," T. E. Bonhote, Brer Rabbit, D. W. Harris, R. C. Tharp, A. D. Cooper, Alex. Lingford, C. Dare, John Read, Simon Peace, Edith Macgrigor, T. J. Southern, "A Wheelman," John Dunn, Percy Owen, M. J. Hart, A. E. Olley, F. G. Skinner, F. G. Bristow, Harold Barnshaw, "Checkmated," Greennalgh, A. S. Atkinson, H. Keyte, Percy A. Hanson.

[A large number of criticisms held over.]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by December 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—"**Omitted Words.**" Supply the omitted words in the following paragraph, which occurs on the first page of a story which will appear in the January number. THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS will be the prizes. The dots represent the number of letters in the ten words left out. Copy the sentence neatly, and underline the words you supply in place of those omitted.

I was .... just fifteen years old then, and I am over ..... now; but I remember every detail of what I am going to tell you as ..... it all happened ..... It was in the January of 1814, and for ... months the ..... —Austrians and Cossacks—had kept our little garrison .....l.. up in Salzburg, just like .... fox in its hole. It had been a ..... year altogether, and now it was a very hard .....

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—"**A Picture of Books.**"—Draw a pile of books, in pen or pencil. The prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Villain in Fiction.**"—Who is the greatest villain you have ever read about in fiction? Give a short account of him, and don't exceed 400 words. The three prizes will be anything out of THE CAPTAIN advertisements up to the value of 7s. 6d.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Map of Spain and Portugal.**" The prizes will be three articles out of our advertisement pages up to the value of 7s. 6d.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**Spelling Mistakes.**"—ONE GUINEA will be presented to the reader who sends in the most complete list of spelling mistakes which occur in this number of THE CAPTAIN, from cover to cover, including advertisements. ("The Chase of Bird" is excepted.)

One age limit ... ... Eighteen.

No. 6.—"**For Athletes.**"—A prize of HALF A GUINEA will be awarded to the athlete who sends in the best essay (not exceeding 400 words) on the subject of "My Favourite Pastime."

No age limit.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

A Happy Christmas to Everybody—to every boy reader, to every girl reader, to every reader at home, abroad, and afloat. Tommy Atkins, your hand! Yours, too, Jack Tar! And a right happy Christmas to every reader in South Africa who, this time last year, was a refugee and homeless; but now, I trust, back again under the dear old roof-tree. This 1900 has been a cruel year, and the century's death has been a hard one. But peace is at hand, and the sun is at length shining through the war-clouds.

Christmas Presents.—There is a right and a wrong way, at Christmas time, of giving presents. Some people seem to think that a present will not be appreciated unless it is rather an expensive one, with a lot of silver or gold electro-plating about it. Such is many a person's weak estimate of human nature that he will spend far more than he can afford in order to give some glittering object to somebody who would be content with a simple article of half the other's value. Now, the best sort of present to give, is the present that is *thought out.* It is because people do not "think out" presents that couples about to be married very often receive ten cruet-stands and fifteen sets of fish knives. The best thought-out wedding present I have seen lately was a very easy reading-chair, given to a bride who had a slight weakness of the spine. It was given to her by an old lover.

Think your presents cut. Think what your friends and relatives want. Of course I know that among the majority of young people pocket-money is not very plentiful, so that if you want to give pater something he is much in need of, such as a new desk, or mater something she very much wants, such as a standard lamp, *club together.* Give one good present among you—something well thought out, and useful and lasting. You cannot, I know, give presents to everybody; don't go and ruin yourself over it. When you cannot afford to give a present, send a nice card—not "any old thing" left over from last year, but a good one and an appropriate one. Don't send a picture of niggers dancing to your godmother; on the other hand, don't give your school-boy cousin a picture of angels hovering round the spire of a village church.

Christmas Letters.—It is a common thing to hear people say, "I *hate* letter-writing!" and to be sure it is a bit of a fag sometimes, and it is not much good writing a letter if you are going to fill it up with a lot of washy twaddle about the weather and the health of the parish clerk. I know people who can write eight pages and not express one complete thought therein, so hurriedly and carelessly do they scribble. Much better write two pages and think over them and try and say something which will really interest the person you are writing to. Fag or no fag, it is your duty to write a certain number of letters. Very often a letter that costs you but very little trouble to write gives very much pleasure to the recipient. At Christmas-time you should make an effort to write to as many friends and relatives as you can, just to let them know you are alive, and especially should you write to relatives abroad. Think what pleasure it gives that brother of yours, who is a mounted policeman in Zululand, to receive even the most commonplace scrawl; he will carry it about and read it over and over again! Think of the satisfaction it gives him, not merely to receive letters from those at home, but to have the knowledge that he is "remembered"!

Write, then, to all who would like to hear from you, and think over what you say; but don't put down any "rot" that ripples off the end of your pen—*think!* Such letters, sent in a kindly spirit, will help you to keep your friends, and nobody can afford to lose friends in this unfriendly world.

Our Christmas Cover.—You will see on the cover Mr. Tom Browne has drawn for this number that the English boy is represented sitting amongst "the nations." Just above the little nigger stands a Chinese boy, between whom and the young Spaniard is a Hindoo urchin. Clambering over the Old Fag and his volumes, we come to a group of six—the three at the top representing a German (by the O.F.'s elbow), a Laplander, and a Turk; while a Hollander, a Russian, and, finally, a French boy (peeping over the English boy's shoulder) complete the group. Note what a little the French boy wears round his legs, and what a lot the Dutch boy does. Mr. Tom Browne is a great traveller, and has studied most of these boys "from life."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. Leigh-Trowell.—I have read your letter with much interest, and think you are to be highly commended for the courageous fight you have made single-handed. I cannot undertake to get posts for my readers, and I must tell you that private secretaryships are exceedingly hard to obtain. Fast shorthand is an absolute necessity. However, as you understand motor-car driving, you may, perhaps, drop into something that another young fellow might miss. I should advise you—if you can afford it—to advertise in papers like the *Standard* and the *Times*, mentioning that you are well-educated, and that you understand the driving of motor-cars. Someone in need of a private secretary with your abilities might see it. Keep your eye on the advertisement columns of such papers.

H. G. Braybrooke.—I am very glad to see that you take such a real interest in your friend's welfare. You want to know a really good book to give him? Well, I will tell you one. I think about the best book he can read, in his present state of mind, is "My Friend Smith," by the late Talbot Baines Reed. It is published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., and costs, I think, 5s. or 3s. 6d., but you can get it through a local bookseller. This describes some of the temptations and hardships young men have to go through in London, and how any fellow can keep straight by making up his mind to be a man and do so. All T. B. Reed's books are good in this way. I should advise you to get a list of them.

Ross (DUNDEE) seems to be an athletic sort of cuss. He plays football, cricket, and golf, and fills in spare time with cycling, fishing, and boxing. He plays golf between 5 a.m. and 9 a.m., when he begins work at his desk for the day. He fishes on Saturday afternoons during the season, and cycles on summer evenings. Football he plays steadily all the winter. He wants to know what I am like in appearance; I can only refer him to Mr. Hassall's faithful portrait of me at the top of this department.

F. and C. R. (PERTH, AUSTRALIA).—Getting up in the morning is merely a matter of will. You wake; it is time to get up; you get up. If you lie and luxuriate in the warmth of your bed you merely soften your muscles and enervate your constitution. Directly you are out of bed, give your face a good swilling in cold water. This will effectually drive all traces of slumber out of you. Afterwards you can proceed to take your tub, or whatever you take every morning in the wash-and-scrub line.

S. S. O. P.—Kick them! If they continue after that send me a stamped addressed envelope, and I will tell you what to do. It would *not* be "sneaking" if you reported them to the Captain of your school. Blackguards of this sort ought to be horse-whipped, and I wish the Captain of every school had the moral courage to take a strong line with them, and stamp out this evil.

St. Thomas' College Magazine (CEYLON).—I have received copies of this for review. It seems to be well done on the whole, but I should like to draw the editor's attention to the fact that a whole page of CAPTAIN paragraphs are "borrowed" without any acknowledgment as to the source from which they were obtained.

"Ingm Kd Ozuntw."—You are indeed a reader worth having. Mr. Swainson is engaged on another story for THE CAPTAIN. You can make your wrists and shoulders bigger by plenty of dumb-bell exercise. Read Mr. Fry's "Answers to Correspondents" carefully, and you will pick up a lot of hints.

C. H. B. and C. I. V.—Tortoises are excellent things for one's garden. You can obtain them from Summer's Naturalist Stores, Oxford Street, W. They should be fed on insects and greenstuff. Sink a large flat vessel level with the ground, and fill with water, so that they can wander in and out of it at will.

Thirsty.—(1) There is, I believe, a complete edition of Stevenson's works, but "The Suicide Club" is omitted, and quite right too. You can get particulars from your own bookseller, or from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 107, Strand, London. Send stamped envelope. (2) Don't smoke.

Charley Fillan.—I am glad to hear you are going to have THE CAPTAIN sent to you at Dominica. We have already a large number of readers in the West Indies, but I am very pleased to hear that you intend to push the circulation out there as much as possible. *Bon voyage!*

A. H. Grigsby.—Do you think Mr. Phil May has nothing else to do but tell "would-be" artists how to draw? Read our advice in "Special Pages"—and work, work, work, if ever you hope to get any pay, pay, pay for your pictures.

H. G. Callaway.—I don't think writing poetry does a fellow any harm so long as he doesn't spend too much time over it. Bang your poems in as much as ever you like, but don't be discouraged if they do not always appear.

Questioner.—Some authors "pay" publishers to produce their books, but it is a bad system. If a book is really worth publishing a publisher will take the entire responsibility, and the author need not risk a penny.

T. Jager.—I don't suppose you can get much for your weekly parts, especially as the series is not complete. If you think it worth your while you

might put a short advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart*.

"Du Rennes."—"A Junior Course of Practical Chemistry" will give you a very good idea of the prices of apparatus, etc., required. You can obtain it from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 107, Strand, W.C.

Beetle.—I am sorry I can't grant the request of so staunch a supporter. Go on competing—say for the "Special Pages" prize—and time may bring you victory—and THE CAPTAIN for a year, free.

Gubbins Minor (DUNDEE) promises to "fag against all bad literature" if I will make him an official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Dundee. Certainly I will, on these terms.

J. K. T. (ALL SAINTS' GRAMMAR SCHOOL, MELBOURNE).—Glad THE CAPTAIN is so appreciated at your place. I believe we are sending a cricket team over to you in October, 1901.

Jan Ridd.—"People of the Mist," by H. Rider Haggard, is published by Longmans Green & Co., price 3s. 6d. Thanks for outline of Latin book. Very quaint, I'm sure.

"Tommy Atkins." — Has your Yorkshire terrier got mange or eczema? His hair ought not to come off. Vaseline is about as good as anything to make it grow again.

Old Sedberghian (GENEVA).—(1) I didn't suppose much cricket was played in Switzerland. Your information settles the point. (2) No more war poems, thanks.

A. H. Patten.—Write a polite letter to the person whose autograph you wish to have, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

F. G. Sampson.—Many thanks, but I do not care about reproducing the photograph of tombstone. **Sambo Soulis.** — Your suggestions *re* "badge" to hand. I thank you for your kindly reference to my "honourable skull." **Interested Reader.** —I do not know who edited the *Ladysmith Lyre*. One of the war correspondents, I expect. **Sydneian.**—Well done on the whole. Editorial rather "solid." More "notes" would lighten the magazine. The type throughout is too small. **B. C. S.** (NEW BRUNSWICK).—By all means send photograph. 4ins. by 5ins. will be large enough. **J. F. H.**—I have read your long letter with interest. I don't think it at all "cheeky." I am giving it careful consideration. **E. Fry.** — I advise you to obtain the "Book of British Hawkmoths," price 3s. 9d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. **Cyril Bermingham.**—See "Cabinet Making for Amateurs," price 2s. 9d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, as above. **E. M. P.**—"Butterfly and Moth Collecting," price 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill (as above) will tell you everything you want to know. **"Nescio."**—The books you mention should be read in the following order: "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Vicomte de Bragelonne." **W. E. Pearce.** —See reply to "F. B." in "Editorial" for May, 1900. **The Baby.**—You cannot do better than purchase a book called "Freshwater Aquaria," by the Rev. G. C. Bateman, A.K.C. It is published by L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.; and the price is 3s. 10d., post free. **"Sirdar."**—I regret I cannot use your article on "Cavies." Many thanks. **19 Months' Readers.**—(1) Don't smoke at all if you want to make old bones; (2) Yes, our advertisements may be relied on as genuine. **J. S. Potts** made a mistake in "My Walk to School" (Sept. "S. P."). The Bishop of Southwark lives on the top of Morden Hill, and not the Bishop of Rochester, as he stated. **Theophilus Coulson Shadbrooke.**—No, I do not think I am your man, Mr. Shadbrooke. How small a boy called Jack Jones must feel when he sees his name written under yours. **Stop Watch.**—No, I don't count you a foreign reader. **Herbert Hanson.**—I think I have answered your question in "Special Pages." Kind regards to family. **Jamaican.** — You can reckon on growing till you're twenty-five. There's hope for you! Yes, smoking is bad—don't! **Elsilrac.**—Will adopt your suggestion if I can see my way to. Best Christmas wishes to your "regiment of earnest advertisers." **Violet Reed and Hilda Handley.**—Delighted to hear from you. I cannot put readers in communication with each other. **Gryps.**—Poor girl—bear up! Although you are not as strong as the average boy, and can't expect to be, you are probably a good deal prettier, and isn't *that* something? **Bobs.**—Yes, keep your Kruger coins; like port wine, their value will increase with advancing years. **Hakopa** (Aramoho).—Suggestions noted. Yes, I'm the unworthy person you mention. Now then, who's next? **W. Bligh.**—I cannot break my rule by giving you any further information about the results of competitions other than that which you will find published in the magazine. **May L. A. M.** informs "Perplexed" that "She built herself an everlasting name" comes from Tennyson's "Lady Godiva." **Egyptus.** —You will find all you want to know about Cleopatra's Needle in any encyclopædia. **B. C. J.**—For information *re* weight of dumb-bells, look up Mr. Fry's "Answers to Correspondents." **Herr Venanzi.** — Isn't it bad luck to kill a spider? I do not know how you can get rid of them, except by regular brooming. Ask an old housewife. I do *not* receive visitors at the office. **A Reader** says, in answer to that query about "midges," that a little turpentine will keep all midges away. This is best admixed with glycerine jelly, as it is then more pleasant to apply. **Tom Clarke.**—I do not think any ice skating-rink remains open all the year round, though there are several in London which are open all the winter through. **L. J. R. Cripps.**—The feature was supported by so few readers that we decided to discontinue it. **R. C. Howlden.**—Your reply to Mr. Kirby must wait till January, as this number is "full up, inside and out."

I beg to acknowledge: Old Cranleighans football card, Birmingham "Ideal Club" winter programme, Llandovery School football card, "Calendar Events" from F. Skinner, F. Grigsby, Harold Smith, and others.

Letters also received from: "A Boy's Sister," "Cardiffian," R. Wood, K. F. (suggestion for badge), G. H. Cox (with drawing of "O.F."), C. I. Jordan, M. Barrett, Dorothy Evans, "A Bluecoat Boy," "Litéraires," B. Gray, "Cyclop," "Sapiens," "Socrates," Hedley Fielding, "Neptune," Sidney Mead, Leonard Watson, Short, and many others.

Some of these correspondents will be answered next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—"Best Initial Letters or Tailpieces."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: ROBERT YORSTON, 64, Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eleanor K. Dowding, C. L. Gibbs, Charles F. Knowles, W. E. G. Longmore, H. Holliday.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: T. A. CHAPLIN, 50, High Street, Winchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. C. Bennet, M. E. Cock, A. J. Judd, Dorothy C. Hudson, J. D. Hughes, Lawrence Furniss H. Stampfly, D. Newill, R. Cohen, D. M. Muir, J. P. Grandidier Fred Carter, Sybil Haines, G. Monks.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: FRED. INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Pryde, Tom Street, H. W. Chance, Alan Leslie, Victor Glenmore, J. A. Ramsay, G. W. Mason, H. Lendon, G. H. Cox, Winifred Hardy, Katherine Richardson, H. Flyters, A. S. Arkinson, Fred. Thompson, W. Fenning.

No. II.—"My Favourite Monarch in English History."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: G. R. DAY, Haileybury College, Hertford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: DOROTHY B. MORRIS, 56, Ranelagh Road, Ealing; and HAROLD BOAG, 219, Cardigan Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward Woodward, Helen Colt, William Armstrong, Hettie Ormisten, J. H. Jones, R. Gale.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: MABEL ASPINALL, Holsworthy, N. Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: HARRY MULLETT, 208, Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.; and URSULA SNOWDEN, Riseby Hall, South Stainley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary Milton, William Vennard, G. C. Thomson, Hugh E. Muir, Dorothy Piggott, A. S. Webster, Myra Hunt.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: O. F. BROWN, 51, Nassington Road, Hampstead.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: KEITH MILLER, 42, St. Swithin Street, Aberdeen, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Leigh, Nelly Leigh Arthur Smith.

No. III.—"From London to Sydney."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: WILLIAM LOGAN, c/o Raeburn, 15, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. Lee, M. E. Cock, R. Leatham, A. W. Dicks, Mary Moreton, R. Gale, R. Horwell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: FREDERICK INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Somerville, A. T. Walsh, Hilda Gilling, Gladys M. Burnham.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES HAMILTON, 27, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Stevenson, F. Milton, J. W. Taylor, Lois Heaton, R. J. Howse.

No. IV.—"The Field of Fair Renown."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WILLIAM MELLOR, 54, Southbank Road, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Amy B. Smith, Dorothy Johnson, Fannie E. Baxter, Elsie Simmons.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Nineteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ELSIE LONG, 15, The Causeway, Horsham, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHARLES J. B. MASEFIELD, "Rosehill," Cheadle, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John B. Edgar, Roy Carmichael, W. T. Paterson, P. T. Lister, Lilian Ormiston, John Ernest Matthews.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: INGA S. BELL, 9, Marchmont Terrace, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ERICA OLIVER, 16, De Parys Avenue, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles W. Morrow, R. H. Southern, F. E. Mann, Alice George, J. S. Paterson, E. Haward, F. G. Skinner, Rose Gibson.

No. V.—"Poem on Christmas." (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: LILIAN M. SNOW, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hettie Ormiston, Percy Gaskin, Sadie Harbison, C. Doncaster, E. M. B. Ratcliff.

No. VI.—"Books that have Influenced me."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: HARRY P. PARKER, 13, Wesley Road, Armley, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CYP. DARE, 24, Paignton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. C. Weedon, D. B. Morris, Lawson Duxbury, Charles Rogers, Cyril Burrage, L. Rawling, Frank Haslam.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: CHARLES MURRAY, c/o Mr. Elder, 18, Downfield Place, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILLIAM VAUGHAN, "Durban," Old Road West, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION; George C. Thomson, Annie Willis, William Kent, J. E. Matthews.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: HUMPHREY PROSSER, Cwmparc, Treorchy, R.S.O.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ELSIE SIMMONS, Brenzett, Banister Road, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Saxton, Constance Belhouse.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

OUR JANUARY NUMBER

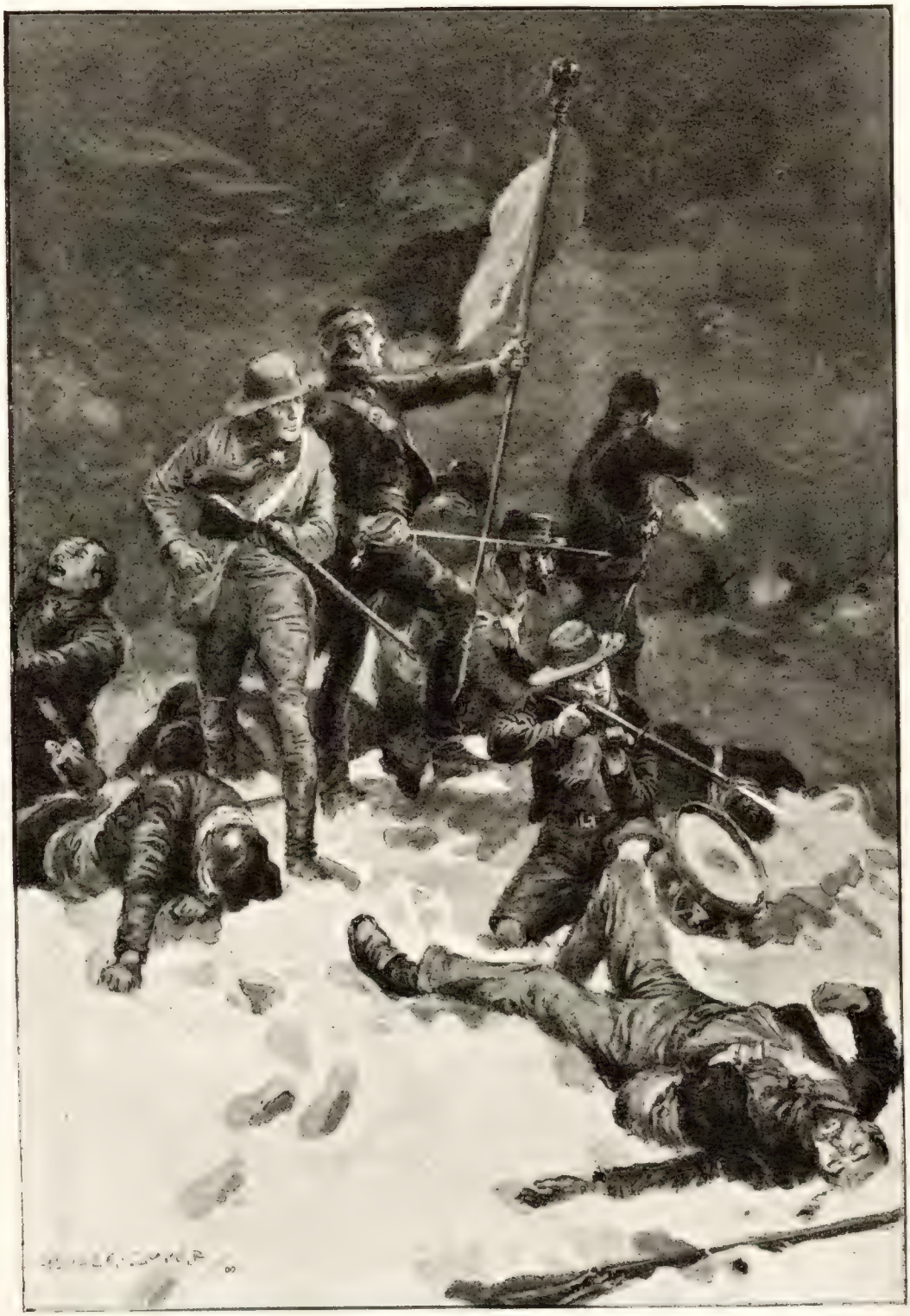
will contain **ACTON'S CHRISTMAS** *by Fred Swainson (this having arrived too late for insertion in the Christmas Number); also,* **A GREYHOUSE TALE** *by R. S. Warren Bell, an* **ATHLETIC ARTICLE** *by C. B. Fry, second half of* **THE CHINESE PUBLIC SCHOOL-BOY** *(crowded out of this number, poor mutilated chap!),* **A WAR STORY** *by David Ker,* **A HUNDRED YEARS OF TRAVELLING** *by J. A. Kay,* **A "BUSH" STORY** *by J. Patrick, and many other interesting features.*

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

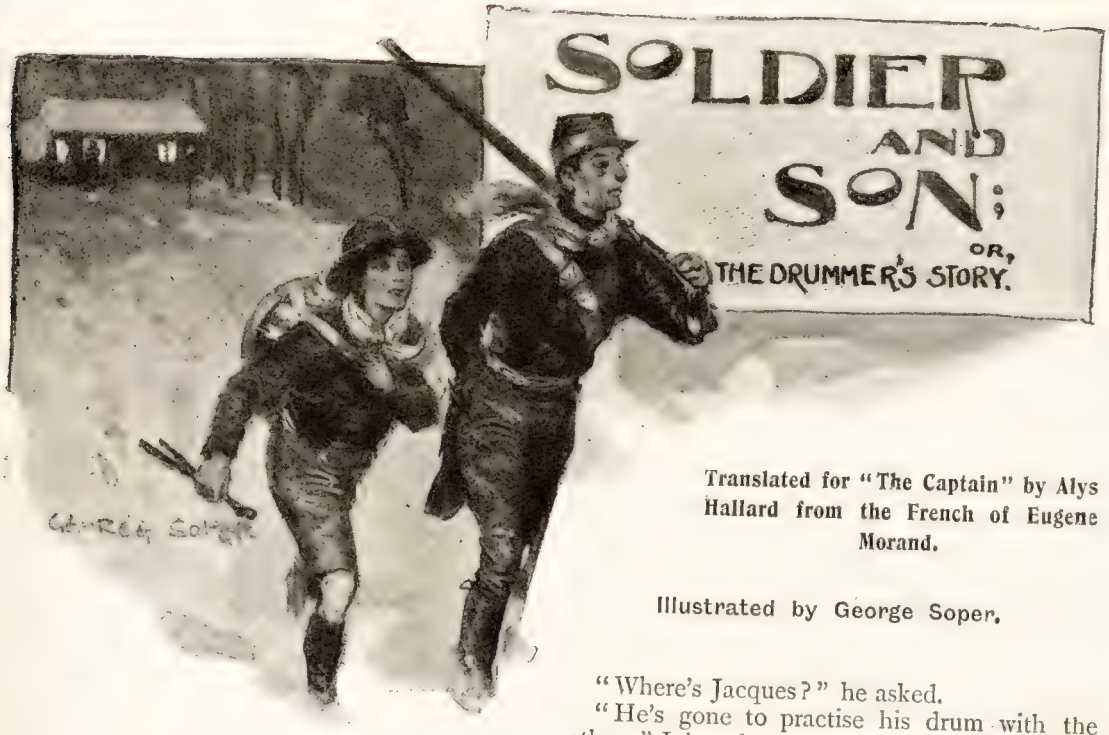
JANUARY, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Tuesday* ...	*The Queen proclaimed Empress of India*, 1877	5.0
2.	*Wednesday*...	*Li Hung Chang recalled to power*, 1898 ...	5.1
3.	*Thursday* ...	*George Manville Fenn, author, born*, 1831...	5.3
4.	*Friday* ...	*Charles Keene died*, 1891	5.4
5.	*Saturday* ...	*Silk first made in Europe*, 536 A.D. ...	5.5
6.	**Sunday** ...	*Epiphany*	5.6
7.	*Monday* ...	*Calais lost*, 1558	5.7
8.	*Tuesday* ...	*Cambridge Lent Term begins*	5.8
9.	*Wednesday*...	*Napoleon III. died*, 1873	5.9
10.	*Thursday* ...	*Penny Post established*, 1840	5.11
11.	*Friday* ...	*Hilary Law Sittings begin*	5.12
12.	*Saturday* ...	*Last day for January Competitions* ...	5.13
13.	**Sunday** ...	*First after Epiphany*	5.15
14.	*Monday* ...	*Oxford Lent Term begins*	5.16
15.	*Tuesday* ...	*British Museum opened*, 1759	5.18
16.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Corunna*, 1809	5.19
17.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Abu Klea*, 1885	5.21
18.	*Friday* ...	*German Empire proclaimed*, 1871	5.23
19.	*Saturday* ...	*First Balloon Ascent in Ireland*, 1785 ...	5.25
20.	**Sunday** ...	*Second after Epiphany*	5.26
21.	*Monday* ...	*King of Sweden born*, 1829	5.28
22.	**TUESDAY**	**FEBRUARY "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.30**
23.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Spion Kop*, 1900	5.31
24.	*Thursday* ...	*Charles James Fox born*, 1749	5.33
25.	*Friday* ...	*Robert Burns, poet, born*, 1759	5.34
26.	*Saturday* ...	*Gordon killed at Khartoum*, 1885	5.36
27.	**Sunday** ...	*Third after Epiphany*	5.38
28.	*Monday* ...	*Diamonds discovered near Pretoria*, 1898 ...	5.41
29.	*Tuesday* ...	*President McKinley born*, 1843	5.41
30.	*Wednesday*...	*Charles I. beheaded*, 1649	5.43
31.	*Thursday* ...	*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon died*, 1892 ...	5.45

Calendar Events for March are Invited.



MY FATHER HAD A NASTY SWORD-CUT ON HIS SHOULDER, BUT STILL MANAGED TO KEEP UP, HOLDING THE FLAG ABOVE HIS HEAD, IN THE VERY DENSEST OF THE SMOKE.—*(See page 292.)*



Translated for "The Captain" by Alys Hallard from the French of Eugene Morand.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I WAS only just fifteen years old then, and I am over eighty now; but I remember every detail of what I am going to tell you as though it had all happened yesterday.

It was in the January of 1814, and for two months, the enemy—Austrians and Cossacks—had kept our little garrison blocked up in Salzbourg, just like some fox in its hole.

It had been a wretched year altogether, and now it was a very hard winter.

There was snow all the time and everywhere; so that hunger and cold did more work for the enemy than the enemy did itself; and fever made more gaps in our ranks than bullets.

In order to stir us up now and again, and to warm our blood, we made *sorties*; but they were utterly fruitless, for we were hemmed in as though by iron bands. The only thing was that those who did not return with the others escaped any more suffering; and as for the rest, well, it stopped them thinking about their hunger for a time.

At home my mother and I were quite alone, as my father was ensign-sergeant in one of the companies that the citizens had formed at the very commencement of the invasion.

One morning my father came home after a fierce skirmish which had lasted all the night.

"Where's Jacques?" he asked.

"He's gone to practise his drum with the others," I heard my mother answer, for I was just at the door with my drum slung over my shoulders.

I had been whistling cheerfully all the way home, for, in spite of the misery all round, I was young and glad enough to be alive.

"Here I am father," I called out, and as I entered the house he looked at me earnestly.

"Well, my lad; and have you learnt how to use your drumsticks?" he asked.

"I should just think I have!" I answered, for I was proud of my skill; there was not another lad in the place who could play as well as I could.

"Let's hear, Jacques—beat the charge, my boy," said my father: and I forthwith struck up so energetically that it seemed to me a regiment on hearing that would be ready to scale the cathedral and carry off the steeple.

"Well done, my lad, well done!" said my father, evidently pleased with my success. He said nothing more about it until after supper at night when my mother had gone on upstairs to bed.

"My lad," he said then, speaking in a low voice, "listen to me. We had a very bad time of it last night, and there were a lot of our men killed, Lieutenant Renaud amongst the number. There are at least a hundred wounded who cannot help us at all; and the drummer, you

know him?—Drummer Lajoie—well, he's got two bullets in him. We want someone in his place; and, you know, just now everyone feels he's got to do his duty—will you fill the gap for us, Jacques?"

I did not answer, for I could not speak just then, my heart was beating so fast; I don't quite know whether it was with pleasure, but it certainly was not with fear.

Towards midnight my father and I started out together, he with his gun over his shoulder and I with my drum on my back.

And so I was a soldier!

For nearly a month things went on fairly well. I played my drum as if it had been my benediction I was giving to my comrades, and then, whenever I had an opportunity, I made good use of my father's gun, too. I was a capital shot, so that when I got a chance of aiming at a man he might be sure that his last moment had come.

Well, one morning, just as the dawn was breaking, the captain assembled his company just round the St. Claude Gate and called out to my father, who had just been reviewing his men:—

"Sergeant Bigorne," he said, "the enemy is closing in on us more and more every day. If we let them go on like this, in another week they will be here with us. Things cannot continue in this way, and it has been decided that to-night we shall make a *sortie* and endeavour to unite with the Luneville forces who are holding out on their side. You and your section will act as vanguard, sergeant. The thing is to get out—or be killed in the attempt—you understand."

"Right, captain, we are ready to go," replied my father briefly.

We went—and a terrible fight for it we had.

The enemy was prepared for us. Heaven alone knows how they had discovered our plans; they were on their guard, and received us with volleys of shot. We held our ground though without flinching until night, and the fight was so fierce that we never heard the retreat sounded, and the consequence was that when the darkness came upon us and the rest of our company had returned, we found ourselves there alone with the enemy, surrounded on every side, and all chance of retreat cut off.

There was no mistake about it, they held their own—our band of tranquil citizens transformed into soldiers—and, when one man fell, why, his neighbour fought for two. Finally, there were only ten of us left out of the whole section. I had escaped without a graze, for I was slight enough to dodge between the balls.

My father had had a nasty sword-cut on his shoulder; but still he managed to keep up, holding the flag above his head, in the very densest of the smoke.

Our shots however got more and more rare, for our ammunition was giving out. It was all up with us. There was nothing for it but—(the very words seem to choke me even after all these years)—there was nothing for it but—to surrender.

We were lodged at a farm-house all in ruins, a house which had been partly burnt down at the commencement of the campaign, and two hours later a field-marshal and his staff came to inspect the prisoners.

They appeared to be in very good spirits at having taken us; but by the powder on their white uniforms and the traces of our swords on some of their faces, it was very evident that we had cost them something after all.

Still, they had only done their duty, just as we had tried to do ours; and, enemies though they were, that did not prevent them being brave and upright men. The field-marshal gave orders for the wounded to be attended to, and then, standing still opposite my father, he asked:—

"Sergeant, where is the flag?"

My father shrugged his shoulders and replied calmly: "I can't tell you."

The field-marshal (I can see him now as plainly as I did at that moment) turned towards a sub-officer and said very deliberately: "If it cannot be found by to-morrow morning the sergeant will be shot."

Our weapons had, of course, been taken away, and when we were left alone, and our sentinel was not watching us, my father managed to let us know that he had the flag safe. When he had seen that things were hopeless he had broken the flag-staff, twisted the eagle up and thrown it into a deep ditch; but the flag itself, all pierced with bullets, was quite safe.

My father was only a rough peasant, a simple-minded son of the soil; but as he told us this, speaking, too, almost in a whisper, it seemed as though his words raised him to the rank of a hero.

He told me that this piece of ragged stuff was sacred, and that when it had waved above his head he had felt that it was the breath of his country stirring it; and that as long as we had it with us we could not feel exiled, as that flag was a part of our own country. Then very cautiously he drew it from its hiding-place and pushed it under my coat-pocket, because, as he said, "it would not do for it to be found on him when they shot him on the following day." From that moment I felt that I was a man.

Later on in the evening the enemy decided to send an officer to Salzbourg to conclude a short truce in order that each side might bury their dead, and we were asked if one of us would act as guide to conduct the officer to the first ranks of our garrison.

A friend of my father's volunteered his services, as he was a hawker by trade and knew the whole country round far better than any of us.

They gave him a lantern ; but, just as he was about to set out with the officer, there was a delay, as nothing could be found with which to bandage the latter's eyes in order to lead him up to our lines.

An idea suddenly occurred to me, and although it was certainly playing high stakes, it seemed to me that one risk was as good as another.

"Our out-posts are not more than 200yds. from here," I exclaimed, as though my excitement was great at the thought of the enemy being conducted thither. "I've got a scarf that I wear round my neck, will you have that?" I said, pulling out of my pocket the flag. I had taken the precaution to fold it leaving the white outside, with the red and blue quite out of sight.

I stepped forward and tied it myself round the officer's eyes, whilst my father, who had instantly seen through my little stratagem, took the opportunity to give a hint in *patois* to his friend who was to act as guide. On reaching our lines it would be easy enough to untie the flag and hold it while the arrangements were being concluded, and then to find a way of exchanging it for a handkerchief with one of our men.

We were almost in darkness, as the lantern only gave a very feeble light, and heaven was surely on our side, for all went off well ; and the officer, with his eyes bandaged, mounted his horse. His guide took the reins and led him to our garrison, and the enemy thus carried back our flag for us to our very walls.

We heard the hours strike by the cathedral clock as we waited anxiously to know the result of our experiment. At last we knew by the sentinel's "*Qui vive?*" that the officer and his guide were on their way back.

Presently the latter returned to us, and as soon as possible I asked him about the flag.

"That's safe—but it's all up with us," he replied, and then he went on to explain that the officer had discovered when it was too late that he had been duped, and he had come back furious.

In a short time, accompanied by an older officer, evidently a captain, he came into the farm-house and pointed out to his companion the man who had served as his guide.

The captain looked at him and then said : "Give the necessary orders to your men and have him shot."

I could not keep silence when I heard this, and I exclaimed impetuously : "It was not his fault, captain ; it was my idea, and I only ought to bear the punishment."

Before I had finished speaking my father had pushed me aside : "I must ask you to excuse me, captain," he said ; "but I believe the commanding officer of a detachment is responsible to the enemy for his men? I gave an order, and my soldier obeyed it——"

"What is your name?" asked the captain.

"Sergeant Bigorne."

"Then, sergeant, you will be shot."

"Quite right, captain—war is war. There is one thing I should like to ask—it is a favour—may I be shot by my comrades? You need not fear giving them their guns—I will answer for them."

The old captain looked at my father earnestly with his small, keen, grey eyes, and then he answered :—

"I grant your request."

I tried to advance and speak, for I could not believe what I had heard. Was it possible that they could expect me to lift my gun to kill my father? He pushed me back into the line and gave me my gun himself.

"Silence!" he said ; "there is no talking when in the ranks. In face of the enemy you are not my son—you are only a soldier—I am your officer ; you have only to obey."

They handed us bullets, which they had taken from our wounded comrades ; my father, standing by the wall, counted fifteen steps, then ordered us to form a line, and, holding himself erect, called out in a firm voice :—

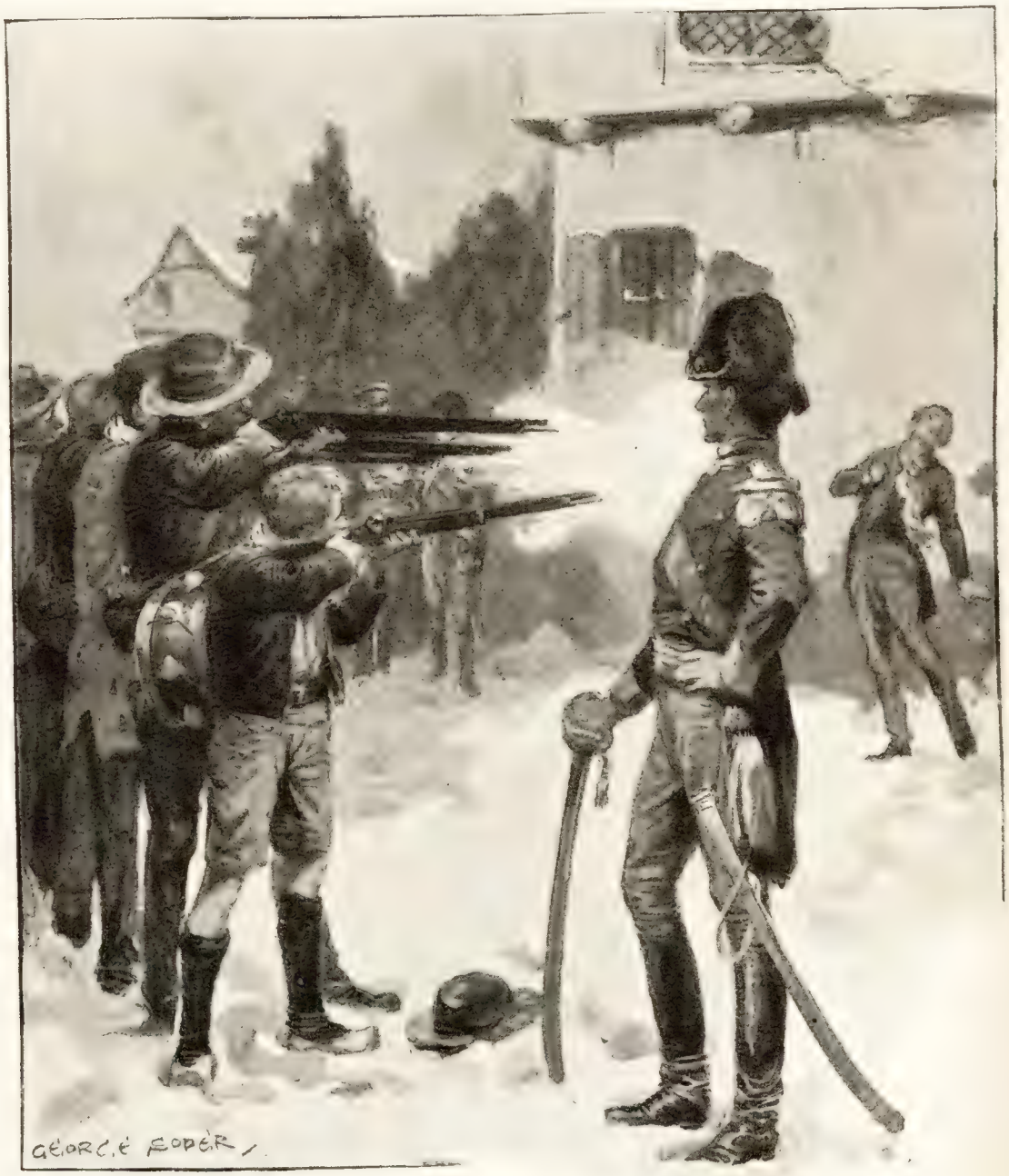
"Take aim!"

My gun fell from my hands, and my father, leaving his place, picked it up.

The sobs in my throat choked me ; I could not speak, but I held out my hands to him.

In a low voice, he said : "My boy, you are the only good shot left ; remember that our men are not regular soldiers and they may miss me. You are sure, and I count on you—remember!"

I could see right in front of me the grey morning light stealing into the sky just over our town—over the roof which sheltered my poor mother. Father must have understood my unspoken thought, for he stooped and kissed my forehead, saying as he did so :—



AND I FIRED. *Voilà!*

"For your mother, Jacques."

Then he went back and placed himself once more in front of the wall, whilst the other officers, who had all come to witness the scene, stood there bare-headed, holding their caps in their hands.

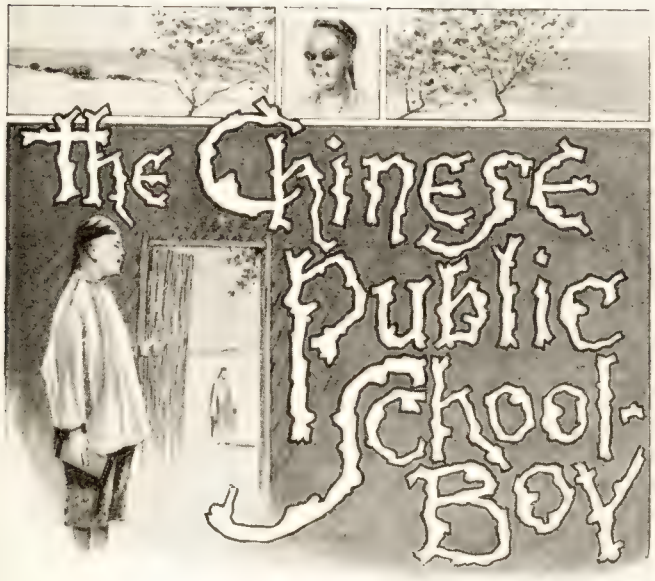
"Out of time, my lads!" said my father, and we rested our guns on the ground, and began again in obedience to his orders.

Slowly and deliberately he counted the time, just as though we had merely been on parade.

"FIRE!" came the final command.

And I fired.

Voilà!

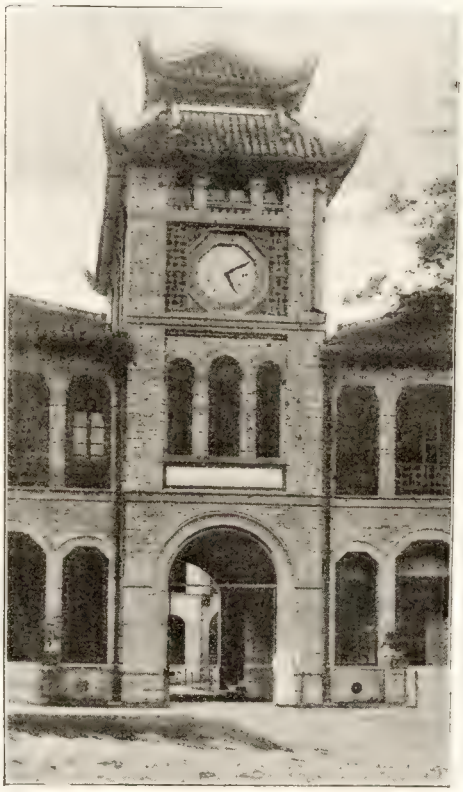


PART II. *

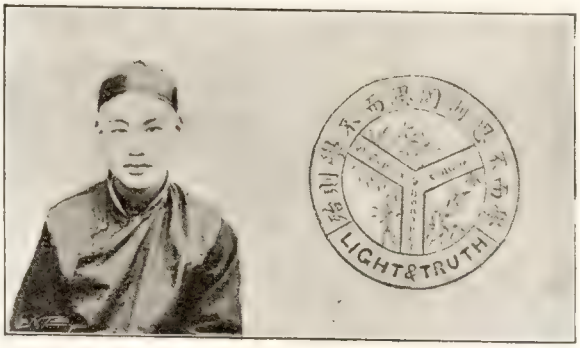
"LI-LA! LI-LA!" shouted the chair coolies.

"Chin-chin! chin-chin!" piped the swarms of dirty little boys as we threaded the narrow streets of Canton. Finding that their greeting of "chin-chin" produced no monetary result, the cry of the scabby-headed children was altered to bold demands for "cum-shaw."

The streets were so narrow that when we met another chair, either they gave place to us, or I was pushed into a shop window or squeezed against the wall to leave room for the other to pass. My chairman on these occasions showed an unwarrantable preference for noxious fish shops, and I have been obliged to hold my nose for three-quarters of an hour whilst a religious procession passed. By careful manipulation, the outcome of much practice, we turned a corner and passed down a quieter street. A loud babel of voices warned me that I was approaching a native school, and I may be forgiven for jumping to the conclusion that we had arrived at a "break." It was not so, for in this land of contrary things a school is a nuisance to its neighbours during class time, and not during play hours. Having obtained permission to enter, I found a similar sight to that which, afterwards, I frequently saw in all parts of China. There were about thirty boys present, engaged in learning their lessons in a loud sing-song voice. They were not divided into classes. One boy one class is the rule in China, so that there is no such thing as a dull



THE CLOCK TOWER, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.



TYPICAL STUDENT AND COLLEGE SEAL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.

* Part I. of this article appeared in the November CAPTAIN.

THIS IS THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE THREE MAIN BLOCKS AT NAN YANG COLLEGE.
The boys are just coming out for a "break."

boy keeping his fellows back, and a clever boy can push ahead as fast as he likes. When I entered, a sudden stillness pervaded the room, for all stopped and stared at the foreign "devil." I made a few inquiries (through my interpreter) as to the boys' work, etc., before I left. I was scarcely in my chair again before they were all hard at work, singing away as lustily as ever.

THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, NAN YANG COLLEGE.

Poor little John Chinaman, what a rough time he has of it! There is no "half" on Wednesdays, no "half" on Saturdays, and he has classes as usual on Sunday. His lessons are in a language quite different from the language he speaks. His first book is not an illustrated A B C, but it starts with the philosophic remark, "Man by nature is radically good." When John has cracked this nut, he goes on to learn from the same book of the value of education, and in order to spur him on, instances are given of youthful prodigies of the "Sandford and Merton" type.

The only recreation and pleasure Little John has are on the great religious festivals and national holidays, or when there is a wedding or a funeral in his family. On the day of the National Regatta (the Dragon Boat Festival), he will go with his father and big brothers, or if he is very young, with his mother and sister, and see the long thin dragon boats race each other up and down for trumpery little prizes. In the afternoon or evening of the same day, probably he will be taken to the tea house or the theatre, in each of which plenty of tea and melon seeds, and other curious sweetmeats will be provided. The birthdays of all the gods will be attended by feasting, decorations and illuminations, and at the Full Moon Festival he can stuff himself with moon cakes of a sufficiently indigestible nature to please any boy. If there is a marriage in his family there are no less than six ceremonies to be gone through, and each will have its due share of feasting.

At New Year time he goes with his father to pay the "New Year Calls," and he considers his host a stingy old beast if he doesn't "tip" him well on these visits. This ceremony is accompanied (as nearly all ceremonies are) with the firing of crackers and the carrying of burning joss sticks.

In the streets, peep-shows, an Asiatic "Punch and Judy," acrobats, and minstrels are to be found at all times of the year, and these are hired by the richer classes for private shows. In open spaces in large towns you will find crowds of boys listening to the numerous professional story-tellers. Indoors there are marbles and

THE CHINESE "HENLEY" (THE DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL).

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE GATEWAY TO THE EXAMINATION HALL AT CANTON.
A view of the interior is given below.

toys; and sometimes the Chinese public school boy plays cards, dominoes, or chess, but he considers that none of the latter games are worth playing except for cash.

There is but one road to social advancement in China, and that is through the Examination Hall. A Chinaman has an insatiable desire to pass examinations, and if "plucked" will try again and again until his eightieth birthday, by which time an appreciative country will probably recognize his industry and confer a degree upon him. One of the celebrated Ah Cun family of guides made careful inquiry as to Oxford and Cambridge degrees, and confided to me that the great ambition of his life was to save money and go to England to gain one of these honours.

There are Examination Halls in the chief town of every province. The one at Canton is the largest in China, and has accommodation for nearly 10,000 candidates.

The examinations are held triennially, and the competition is so keen that only 2 or 3 per cent. of the two millions of competitors pass. The whole system is so complicated that I have space here only to hint at the principal features. There are several degrees—the "Súí-ts'ai," or budding genius; the "Chüjin," or promoted scholar; the "Tsun-sz," or entered scholar, and the highest of all is the "Chang-yuen," or poet laureate. The examination for the latter takes place before the Emperor in the Imperial Palace. The examination halls that I saw in China varied more or less in the different large towns, but the one at Canton was the most interesting. Entering the gateway, shown in the illustration, we have in the front of us a building, the upper storey of which commands a view of all the cells. This is the office of the "dons."

On each side of us there are long rows of cells with narrow passages between. They remind one of long lines of cow-sheds. Each cell is about a yard wide, 6ft. deep, and 6ft. high. A plank fitted into grooves in the wall at the back of the cell serves as a seat; a similar arrangement in front serves as a table.

The candidate takes with him bedding, food, and light, for he will not be allowed to leave his cell, under any pretence, for three days and

THIS IS PART OF THE EXAMINATION HALL AT CANTON. IT HAS ACCOMMODATION FOR NEARLY 10,000 CANDIDATES.
By kind permission of the "King."

THE QUADRANGLE, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.
From a photograph.

three nights. Minor officials pace the narrow alleys between the rows of cells, and every precaution is taken against dishonesty. But in spite of these precautions cribbing is practised habitually, and miniature editions of the classics, for this very purpose, are sold publicly. There is as much money at stake on the result of these examinations as on the English Derby, and the names of "all the winners" are spread quickly amongst excited betters anxiously awaiting the news. The young man from Oxford who labelled his luggage "John Jones, B.A.," would be happy in China, for there he could announce to the world the fact of his success by wearing a gold button in his cap, and by placing large red and yellow posters on the front of his house.

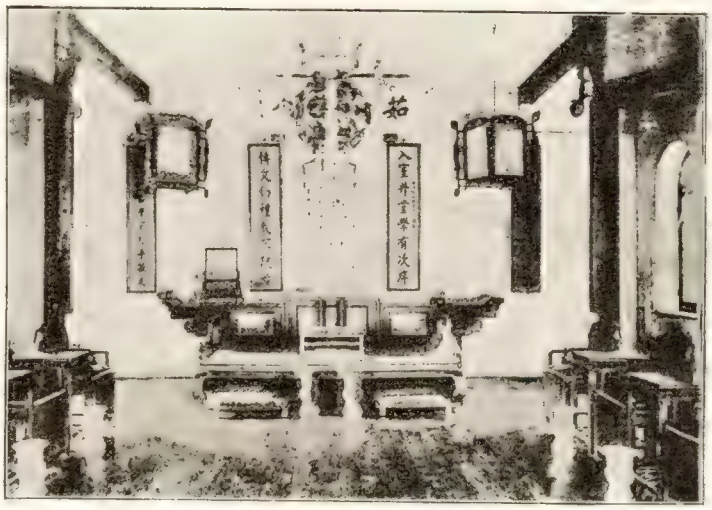
THIS IS ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.
From a photograph.

An educated man in China is one who knows the ancient classics well, but a sum in simple proportion would floor a "safe" man at the highest examination. There are examinations for military and naval officers, in which muscular skill counts, but the position occupied by the civil officers is vastly superior to that of the despised officer in the Services.

The last few years have seen a

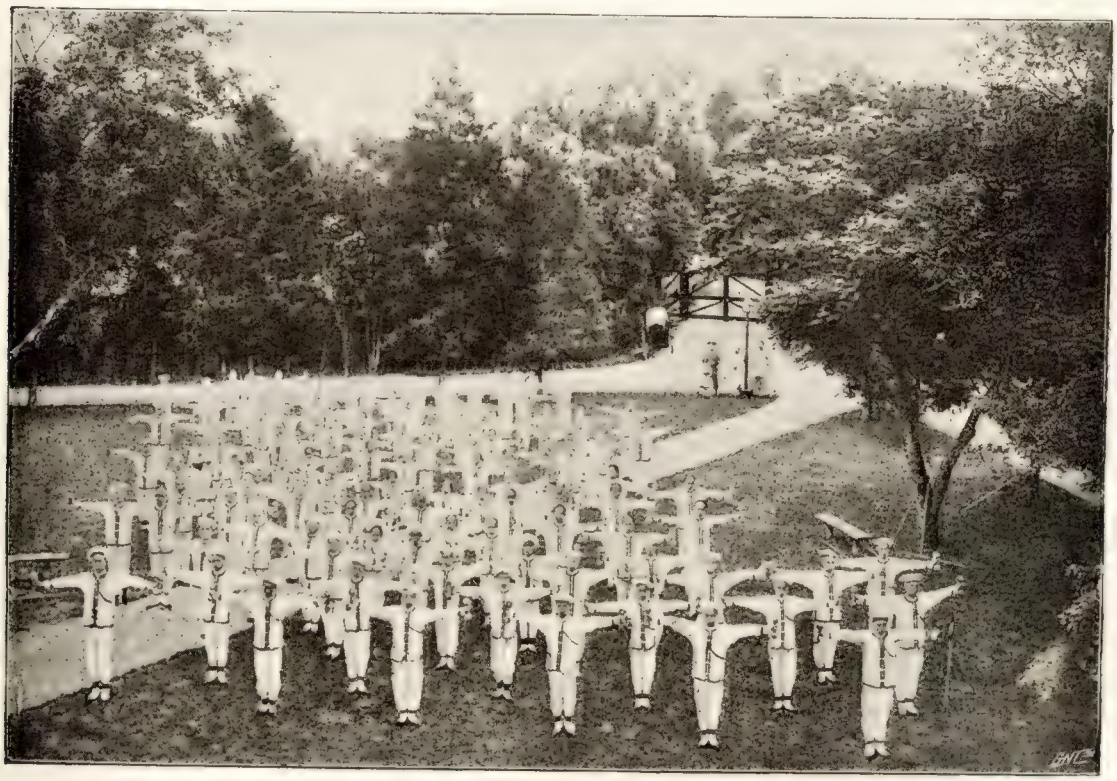
change in the attitude of the Imperial Government towards mathematics and modern subjects, and at the examinations during the reign of Kwong Sui and Kanghi important introductions, which have since been cancelled by the Empress Dowager, were made.

The most hopeful sign of awakening in China is the foundation of such schools as the Tung Wan Kwen at Pekin and Canton, and the Imperial College at Nanyang. The latter was founded in 1897, and is a boarding school for the sons of the literary classes. The buildings are substantial, and fitted up in the most approved Western style. There is accommodation for 500 boys, and when Dr. Ferguson, the head-master, took me round, I was astounded at the completeness of all the school appliances. There is a chemical and physical laboratory, and electricity and water are supplied from their own works.



THIS IS THE RECEPTION ROOM FOR PARENTS.
They recline on the seats and smoke opium "while they wait."
From a photograph.

The school in China which, to my mind, resembles closest an English public school, is St. John's College, Shanghai. Situated in the midst of beautiful woodland scenery, its lovely lawns surrounded by large forest trees, its pretty little chapel nestling in foliage, one could



PHYSICAL DRILL.
Chinese boys will not drill unless they are put into uniforms. In their ordinary dress they consider it *infra dig.* to take any exercise whatever.
From a photograph.

CLERGY AND CHORISTERS.

St. John's College has the Church of England service. Dr. Pott is in the centre of the group. The masters supply tenor and bass.

From a photograph.

almost fancy oneself in England. The only thing that dispels the illusion is the appearance of the boys as they stroll about, and the Asiatic touches on the "Eurasian" buildings.

A boy can enter St. John's College when he is about twelve years of age. On his first appearance he is accompanied by many members of his family, who watch with interest his entrance examination. He can recite without a mistake long passages from the great classics, but he cannot do a simple addition sum, nor could he tell you the most elementary fact in geography He is placed in the preparatory department, and in a year or two his wonderful memory, his application, his diligence, and his desire to learn have wrought a marvellous change in his knowledge, and he is advanced to the Upper School. Here he can take up a Science and Arts Course, a Theological Course, or a Medical Course.

Whilst showing the Medical Department, Dr. Potts gave me an excellent illustration of how Chinese prejudices and superstition are giving way before the advancement of "light and truth." Opening a cupboard he showed me a human skeleton. Such a possession would have been impossible a few years ago, as it would have raised a tremendous outbreak of religious and racial resentment.

St. John's Collegers rise at 6.50 A.M., and chapel is at 7.30; breakfast at 7.45 A.M., dinner at 12, supper at 6 P.M. The "prep." boys retire at 9.30 P.M., and the College boys at 10.30. A barber attends daily to plait queues, and heads are shaved once a week. The *only* form of smoking permitted is the Chinese water pipe. Five or six boys share each of the larger dormitories, and three or four the smaller ones.

Now, let me say the worst I can of Chinese public school boys. Lying, gambling, and using foul language are common faults among them. But once these habits are eradicated you have an intelligent boy, who is an excellent companion, the sagacity of whose remarks will often startle you. He is affectionate, and will do and sacrifice much for one he loves. The Chinese public school boy holds a warm corner in my heart.

A. COLLINS.

By Fred Swainson, *Author of "Acton's Feud."*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

A JOLLIER going away for the Christmas holidays had not taken place for an age.

An old Amorian had done "something good" in India, which had obtained an extra week's holiday for his old school, and the Amorians, a day or so before, had beaten the Carthusians, whose forwards had been led to the slaughter by an International whose very initials spell unapproachable football.

The station of St. Amory's was crowded with the fellows, all sporting rugs of vivid patterns on their arms, and new and of-the-latest-shape "bowlers" on their heads, and new and fancy trouserings on their emancipated legs. No more Amorian cap-peak pointing well down the neck—no more trouserings of sober grey-and-black—no more beakish restraint for five weeks! Couples strolled up and down arm-in-arm; knots of the Sixth and Fifth discussed matters of high state interest, and the worthies of the lower forms made the lives of the perspiring porters a misery and a burden to them. Prominent Amorians were cheered, and when those old enemies, John Acton and Phil Bourne, tumbled out of their cab as the greatest of chums, the fags quavered out their shrill rejoicings, honouring the famous school backs who had stemmed the sweeping rush of the Carthusians a day or so before.

There was a rumour that Acton had been asked to play for the Corinthians, and the other athletes on the platform pressed round the pair for information.

Our old friends, Wilson and Jack Bourne, had shut up by stratagem B. A. M. Cherry in the lamp room, and the piteous pleadings of that young Biffenite were listened to with ecstacy by a crowd of a dozen, who hailed the promises and threats of the prisoner with shouts of mocking laughter.

W. E. Grim, Esq., explained to a few of his particular chums, Rogers among them, the wonderful shooting he was going to have "up at Acton's place" in Yorkshire, and they listened with visible envy.

"Look here, Grimmy, if you tell us next term that you bagged two woodcock with one barrel, we'll boot you all round Biffen's yard—so there."

Acton had, as a matter of fact, invited Dick Worcester, Gus Todd, Jack Senior, of Merishall's house, and Grim to spend Christmas with him at his mother's place, and they had all accepted with alacrity.

The northern express rolled into the station, and Grim was hurriedly informed by Rogers that he was to bag the end carriage for Acton under pain of death. Grim tore down the platform, and, encouraged by the cheerful Rogers, performed prodigies of valour, told crams to groups of disgusted Amorians, who went sighing to search elsewhere for room, engaged in single combat with one of Sharpe's juniors, and generally held

the fort. And then, when Acton came running down, and wanted to know what the deuce he was keeping him waiting for, Grim realized that Rogers had "done" him to a turn. He shouted weird threats as he was hurried away, to the bubbling Rogers, and that young gentleman lifted his hat in ironical acknowledgment. There was the warning shriek from the engine, and then the train crawled out, taking toll of all the Amorians going north, and leaving the others to shout after them endearing epithets and clinching witticisms.

For two days before the Amorians were on the wing home there had been heavy falls of snow, culminating, on the going-away day, in a heavy snow-storm. All the way from St. Amory's the express had been held up by doubtful signals, and in the deeper cuttings the snow had piled up in huge drifts. The express had toiled on its northern journey, steadily losing time at every point. At Preston Acton had telegraphed home that probably they would arrive quite three hours late. Thus it was that, tired but jolly, the party of five Amorians got out of the main line express at Lowbay, and, each laden with rugs and magazines, stumbled light-heartedly across the snow-sodden platform into the local train, which had waited for the express nearly three hours. They found themselves sixteen miles from home, and with no prospect of reaching it before midnight.

"Raven Crag," the name of Acton's home, was situated just within the borders of Yorkshire. A single line of rails takes you from Lowbay Junction up the Westmoreland hills to the top of the heaviest gradient in the kingdom, and then hurtles you down into the little wayside station of Lansdale, the station for "Raven Crag."

The sturdy tank engine coupled to the short local train was steaming steadily and noisily, and when the express had rolled heavily out for Carlisle, the station-master hastily beat up intending passengers for the branch line. Besides Acton's party there were only two passengers, a lady and a little girl.

"I'll give the old tank a good half-hour to crawl the eight miles to the top of the fells," said Acton, "and then we'll rattle into Lansdale in ten minutes. But she *will* cough as she crawls up. Look here, Dick, I'll have a whole rug, please. This carriage is as cold as a refrigerator."

The fellows made themselves as comfortable as an unlimited supply of rugs and a couple of foot-warmers would admit of. Dick Worcester, without a blush, propped his head against a window and said: "Grim, there's a lingering death for you if you fail to wake me five minutes from Lansdale." The others exchanged magazines and yawned hopefully, whilst Acton took out his Kipling, and straightway forgot snow, home and friends.

The station-master, and the driver, and the guard held an animated conversation round the engine. "Strikes me, Bill, the old engine'll never get t' top of t' bank to-night!" said the guard. "The snow must be terrible thick in Hudson's cutting."

"She'll do it," said the driver, —"wi' luck."

"Got another engine with steam up," inquired the guard, "to give us a lift behind?"

"No, they're all shut down and we couldn't wait now. You'll have to run her through yourselves," said the station-master. "Nearly four hours late already! Off with you!"

"I'm doubting we can't do it," said the guard, thoughtfully. "To-night is the worst night I can remember for years. The expresses could just manage it."

"Oh, well!" said the driver, "We're down to run it, and we're going to try."

"There'll be drifts 20ft. deep in the cutting, and it'll be like running into a house," said the guard, slowly, "but I suppose we've got to try, anyhow."

He walked away thoughtfully to his van, and a moment later there was a shrill whistle and the Lansdale local ran out into the night.

And it *was* a night! There was no moon, and not the least glimmer of a star overhead; an utter darkness shrouded the world. The wind was high and steady, and its mournful howling through the rocky cuttings of the railway sounded unspeakably melancholy. Driven by the gale the snowflakes had in five minutes covered the windward side of the train with a winding-sheet inches deep, and when Gus Todd, from curiosity, opened the window to peer out into the night, the flakes, heavy, large, and soft, whirled into the carriage a very cataract of snow.

"Don't, Gus, please," pleaded Acton, looking up from his book in astonishment at the snow glittering in the lamp light, "I prefer that outside, thanks."

"It's an awful storm, Acton," said Gus, hastily drawing up the window. "Allah! how it snows!"

"Is this up to the usual sample here?" asked Senior, nestling nearer the dozing Dick.

"Well," said Acton, listening a moment to the stroke of the engine, and the roar of the wind, "I think we may say it is."

"Blizzard seems nearer the word, old man. The flakes come at you like snowballs."

"Shan't be sorry when we tread your ancestral halls. This weather is too-too for comfort. And don't we crawl!"

"We're rising," said Acton, "and it is up-hill work. Hear the old tank groaning?'

In fact, the train, labouring up the heavy gradient, did barely more than crawl through the snow and wind, and the slow beat of the engine

THE TRAIN PULLED UP WITH A SUDDEN JERK.

told how hard it was even to do that. Acton added thoughtfully, "We've quite four miles yet to the summit, and there's a chance we mayn't——

"Mayn't what, Acton, please?" said Grim, putting down his magazine.

"Get there, Grimmy."

"To the top? Oh, rot!" said Senior.

"I can't quite remember such a crawl as this, Jack; listen how the engine coughs."

"If we can't get to the top of the incline—what then?" asked Grim.

"Go back, I should say."

"To Lowbay?"

"Yes. But while we *do* crawl there's no need to fret."

"That would mean good-bye for the present to your place, old man?"

"Yes. 'Twould be a horrid nuisance, wouldn't it?"

The Amorians listened anxiously to the engine toiling up the incline; but the howling of the wind almost drowned every other sound. The pace was still a crawl, but it was a steady one. "Oh! she'll worry through after all," said Acton.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the train pulled up with a jerk that sent Senior and Grim flying forward into the unexpectant arms of the dozing Dick and Gus Todd. The luggage rattled out of the rack in instantaneous response, and whilst all the fellows were staring blankly at each other they heard the crunching of the brake, and felt that the train had come to a dead stop.

"What ever is the matter?" gasped Worcester, quite wide awake by now.

"We've landed into a drift, I fancy," said Acton, "and there's no home for us to-night. What beastly luck!"

There was now no sound but the roaring of the storm; the engine gave no sign that they could hear, and Acton impatiently let down the window, but was instantly almost blinded by the snow, which whirled through the open window. Crossing over he tried the other with better success, and the first thing he saw was the guard, waist deep in snow, trying to make his way forward, and holding his lamp well before him. "What's happened, guard?" he asked.

"Matter!—why we're off the line for one thing, and——"

Forward they could hear the shouts of the driver above the hiss of escaping steam.

"Let me have your cap, Grim," said Acton, all energy in a moment. "I'm going forward to see what is up. Back in a minute."

He slipped out carefully, but seeing the predicament of the guard, he did not jump out into the snow, but advanced carefully along the footboards, feeling his way forward by the brasswork of the carriages. To the leeward the bulk of the train gave comparative shelter from the fury of the storm, and Acton was in a minute abreast of the guard, floundering heavily in the drifts.

"This is a better way, guard. Take my hand, and I'll pull you up."

"All right, sir. Here's the lamp."

Acton's hand closed on the guard's wrist, and in a moment the young athlete had the man beside him. Together they made their way forward, and by the light of the lamp they saw what had happened. The engine had taken a drift edge-way, had canted up, and then rolled over against the walls of the cutting. Luckily, the carriages had kept the rails. The driver was up to his neck in the snow, but the fireman was not visible.

Acton availed himself of the overturned engine, which was making unearthly noises, and reached out a hand for the driver. The latter clutched it, and scrambled out.

"Where's your mate?"

"Tom jumped the other way, sir."

Acton swung the lamp round, sending its broad sheet of light into the driving snow. For a moment he could see nothing but the dazzling white floor, but next instant perceived the fireman, whose head rested against the horizontal wheel of the overturned engine.

"This man is hurt," he said, when he saw a crimson stain on the snow. "Take the lamp, guard."

Acton clambered over the short tender, seized the man by the shoulder, and, with an immense effort of strength, pulled him partly up. The man gave no signs of life.

"Bear a hand, driver, will you? He's too much for me alone."

The driver hastily scrambled beside Acton, and in a minute or so they had the insensible man between them.

"He hurt himself as he jumped," said Acton, looking with concern at a gaping cut over the man's eye. "Anyhow, our first business is to bring him round."

It was a weary business lifting the unconscious fireman into an empty compartment, and still more weary work to bring him round, but at last this was done. Acton tore up his handkerchief, and with melted snow washed clean the ugly cut on his forehead, and then left the fireman in charge of his mate.

"We'll have to roost here, sir, all night. There's no getting out of this cutting, nohow. Thank you, sir; I'll see to Tom."

Acton and the guard made their way back to the rear of the train, where the Amorians were awaiting their schoolfellow with impatience and anxiety. "The engine is off the rails and the stoker is damaged above a bit," said Acton, seriously, "and we're fixtures here until the company comes and digs us out. There's only one thing to do: we must make ourselves as comfy as possible for the night. I must see that lady though before we do anything for ourselves. Back in a moment."

Acton sallied out once more and devoted a good ten minutes to explaining matters to the very horrified and nervous lady and her tearful little twelve-year-old girl.

"I'll bring you some cushions and I'll steal Dick

Worcester's pillow for the little girl," he explained cheerfully. "You have one rug, I see. We can spare you a couple more. No danger at all, really. But isn't it really horrid? We have not a morsel of food to offer you, but, I daresay you can, if you don't worry over it, put up with a makeshift bed —only for one night, I'm sure."

Acton relieved Dick Worcester—who plumed himself on his pillow—of that article, and one of Senior's rugs.

On his return he confronted the dubious looks of his chums with his invincible cheerfulness.

"Now, you fellows! we're to sleep here. Two on a seat is the order, and one on the floor, that's me. Dicky, darling, please don't roll off your perch. We've plenty of rugs and overcoats: enough to stock Nansen, Grim, so we shan't all wake up frozen to death."

Gus Todd smiled dutifully at this bull.

The guard came with a modest request.

"Can you roost with us? Oh! certainly. Bag another cushion for the floor, and then you're all right. More, the merrier; and let the ventilation go hang. If Mr. Worcester doesn't fall on you, guard, I daresay you'll live to tell the tale."

The Amorians, who trusted to Acton as they would have trusted to no one else on earth, entered into the fun of the thing, and the last joke of the night was a solemn warning to Grim from Dick Worcester to avoid snoring as he valued his life.

"We can manage like this for one night, anyhow," whispered Acton to the guard, "for we really keep each other warm. We'll get out of this to-morrow."

The guard did not reply to this for fully a minute. He whispered back, "Listen to the wind, sir. The storm isn't half over yet. I've got my doubts about to-morrow. We're snowed up for more'n a day."

II.

When day dawned and the snowed-up travellers began to look around them they found that though the snow was not descending nearly as heavily as on the night before, the wind was still strong and the weather bitterly cold.

On the windward side of the train the snow had drifted almost up to the window panes, but on the leeward there was considerably less. Looking up and down the line they could see their train surrounded by its dazzling environment, and the drifts were so high that they had filled the low cutting, stretching towards Lowbay level to its top.

The train was an island in a sea of snow.

The Amorians, stiff and cramped with their narrow quarters of the night, dropped off into the snow on the sheltered side and explored as far as the overturned engine, now stark and cold, with wonder and awe.

"Why, we're like rats in a trap!" exclaimed Gus Todd.

"We'll have a council of war now," said Acton, as he saw the driver and his mate floundering towards them, "and then we can see what's to be done—if anything can be done."

It seemed the result of the council was to be the decision that there was nothing to be done. To go back to Lowbay, or forward to Lansdale, was plainly impossible, and neither guard nor driver thought they could be ploughed out under two days at the earliest. "And yet," concluded Acton, "we can't starve and freeze for two days. Look here, guard, isn't there a fell farm somewhere hereabouts? I begin to fancy——"

"There's one over the hills yonder, three or four miles away. Might as well be three hundred, for they'll never dream of our being snowed up here."

"Well, but can't we go to them, if you know the way?"

"That's just what I don't know, with all this snow about. The farm is behind that hill somewhere; but I could no more take you there than fly. Besides, who could wade up to their necks in snow for half a mile, let alone three?"

"But the snow won't be so deep on the fells as in these cuttings."

"That's true, I suppose. But get into a drift on the fell—and, Lord, that would be easy enough —you're done. And there's becks deep enough to drown a man, and you'll never see them till you're up to your chin in their icy waters. I wouldn't chance it for anything. We mun wait here till we're dug out, sir, and that's all about it."

"Where is that farm, guard? Behind which shoulder of the fell?"

"Look here, Acton," began Dick Worcester apprehensively, "I'm hanged if we're going to let you go groping about for any blessed farm in this storm. We'll eat the coals in the tender first!"

"Thanks, Dick. Which shoulder, guard?"

The man explained as fully and elaborately as if he might as well talk as think. The shoulder of the fell was noted by Acton exactly and carefully, even to borrowing a compass pendant off Todd's historic watch chain. "It lies exactly N.N.E., and one could find one's way in the dark if that were all."

"But it isn't, Acton," said Grim anxiously, "not by a long chalk. Oh, Acton, don't go!"

"I'm going to turn over the idea, Grim. But, anyhow, I don't stir out of this cutting until the snow's out of the sky."

Acton and the guard talked long and seriously, whilst the Amorians put into practical working Senior's idea of a fire beside the van. There were coals galore.

Half an hour afterwards the snow ceased. "Now," said Acton quietly, "I know exactly where that farm is. I'm going to go now and have a try for it. I'll move the farm people, if I reach 'em, double quick back again with food, for they're used to these fells, and then we can all go back to the farm together. The fact is," said Acton hurriedly, as he saw a chorus of dissent about to break out, "we *must* get out of this very soon. There's the lady and the child—and even more than that, there is the fireman, who is downright ill. We cannot wait till we're dug out; that is absolutely certain. I'm not going to run any danger, and if I find I'm likely to I'm coming back. I fancy, really," he added, laughing, "that the most difficult part of the business will be to get out of this cutting."

The fellows all knew Acton; they knew that when he said things in a certain tone there was no good arguing. That was why Grim, with a white face, hurriedly left stoking the blazing fire and retired in dismay to the guard's van, and why Gus Todd, in an access of angry impatience, shied the magazine he had been turning over into the middle of the flames.

HE STUMBLED FORWARD, THE GROUND OPENING AT HIS FEET, AND A NARROW RIBBON OF GREY WATER CAUGHT ACTON'S EYE.

Jack Senior said, "This is just like you, Acton You *will* fight more than your share of bargees but this time I'm going to go one and one with

you. If you like to risk being drowned in those beastly moorland streams, or to fall into some 30ft. drift, I'm going to go too. That is final. *Kismet*, etc. !"

Acton looked narrowly at Senior. "All right, Jack. Get your coat on ; but, honour bright, I'd rather go alone."

"Couldn't do it, old man," said Senior, whilst Worcester nodded approvingly. "What would Phil Bourne say, if he heard we'd let you melt away into——I'm going, too."

The passage out of the cutting was not so difficult as Acton had bargained for ; but Worcester and Todd did wonders with the fireman's shovels, and made a lane through the drifts. On the firm ground of the fell the two found that, though the snow was deep enough in all conscience, it was not to be compared with the drifts on the line. The wind now, as they started off, was whipping away the loose top layers of snow in cold white clouds, which stung the face and ears with their icy sharpness; but, with caps well down and coats buttoned up to the ears, the two trudged on. The snow had ceased, but it was plain, by the dark and lowering sky, that this might only be temporary, and Acton kept up as smart a pace as he could, heading right for the shoulder of the fell, a couple of miles away, behind which he might, if he were lucky, see that moorland farm. The hill ran down into a valley, towards which the two Amorians hurried, Acton keeping his ears well open for the faintest murmur of water.

"There's a beck somewhere down here, Jack, but we'll not see it until we're almost into it. So look out !"

"All serene ! I'm on the *qui vive !*"

Hardly were the words out of Senior's mouth than he stumbled headlong forward, the ground opening at his feet, and a narrow ribbon of cold grey water, silently sliding under its shrunken banks, caught Acton's eye. Senior had plumped cleanly into this. Luckily it was not very deep, and he scrambled out to the other side drenched to the skin, and showing clearly enough, where he had broken through the snow on both sides, that all the care in the world would not prevent them repeating the experience. The snow overhung a yard. Acton had stopped dead when he saw Senior disappear, but in a moment he had sprung clear, and was helping his friend up the bank. The snow slipped silently into the stream as he jumped.

"That's number one," said Senior, "and only half an hour from the train ! Any more hereabouts ?"

"I fancy so, but we may have better luck next time."

"Hope so. Set the pace, old man, please. It's b-b-beastly c-c-cold."

Acton was thoroughly upset by this mishap, and he headed up the opposite slope of the hill with a face that showed how the incident had shaken him. Senior's teeth chattered, and he looked blue with cold. The two plodded on, Acton insisting on Senior keeping behind. Acton again had the unenviable pleasure of seeing some more of those icy waters, and their slow and deadly stealing under the snow seemed to him sinister and fatal as he pulled himself up on the brink. The care necessary, the cold, cutting wind, and the knee-deep snow made their progress terribly slow, and Acton began to notice that Senior, despite his anxiety for a sharp pace, was already terribly fagged.

The distance widened between the two, and once, when Acton turned round and found his friend nearly thirty yards behind, his heart almost stopped beating. "This will never do ! Heaven help us if he cracks up !" He waited for the weary Senior, and then said gently, "Pace too hot, old fellow ?"

"Rather. So sorry, but you seem to run almost."

"Run !" smiled Acton, bitterly. "Why, we're not doing a mile an hour. Put your heart into it, Jack, and for Heaven's sake don't let me get too much in front !"

"All serene !" said Senior, gamely.

To Acton's intense alarm the snow had recommenced, and the wind swept it down the fells full into their faces. Acton was afraid that he might make a mistake if the snow became so heavy as to blot out the landscape, and, knowing that to do so might have terrible consequences, he nervously forced the pace.

Senior responded gamely.

"Keep well behind, old man. You'll dodge the snow better. Can you do a wee sprint ? We're not far from the top of the ridge, and then we've only to work down the hill and bear to the left, and there we are."

"Only !" said Senior, wearily. "How far ?"

"A bare mile. Step it out for all you're worth."

By this time it was obvious that the storm had recommenced in all its fury, and Acton, in an ecstasy of horror and anxiety lest he should turn the shoulder of the hill too late to see anything of the farm, almost ran forward. He had thrust out his head, and his eyes anxiously peered forward. They were now almost on the top of the shoulder of the fell. Acton turned round with eagerness.

"Five minutes more and we're—— He's gone !"

Senior, indeed, was not in sight. With a groan of despair Acton ran back down the slope.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" he howled above the wind. "Where are you?"

There was no reply.

"He's lost!"

Further down the slope ran Acton, shouting into the storm. He heard nothing; not a sound. Then, and his heart almost burst with joy, his eye caught sight of a moving, staggering figure, drifting aimlessly across his path. Senior, half his senses beaten out of him by cold, wet, the wind, and lack of food, looked at the screaming Acton with uncomprehending eyes, and was aimlessly shaking off his grasp to lounge easily to death.

"He *has* cracked up," said Acton in despair, and he gripped the half senseless youth with frenzied strength.

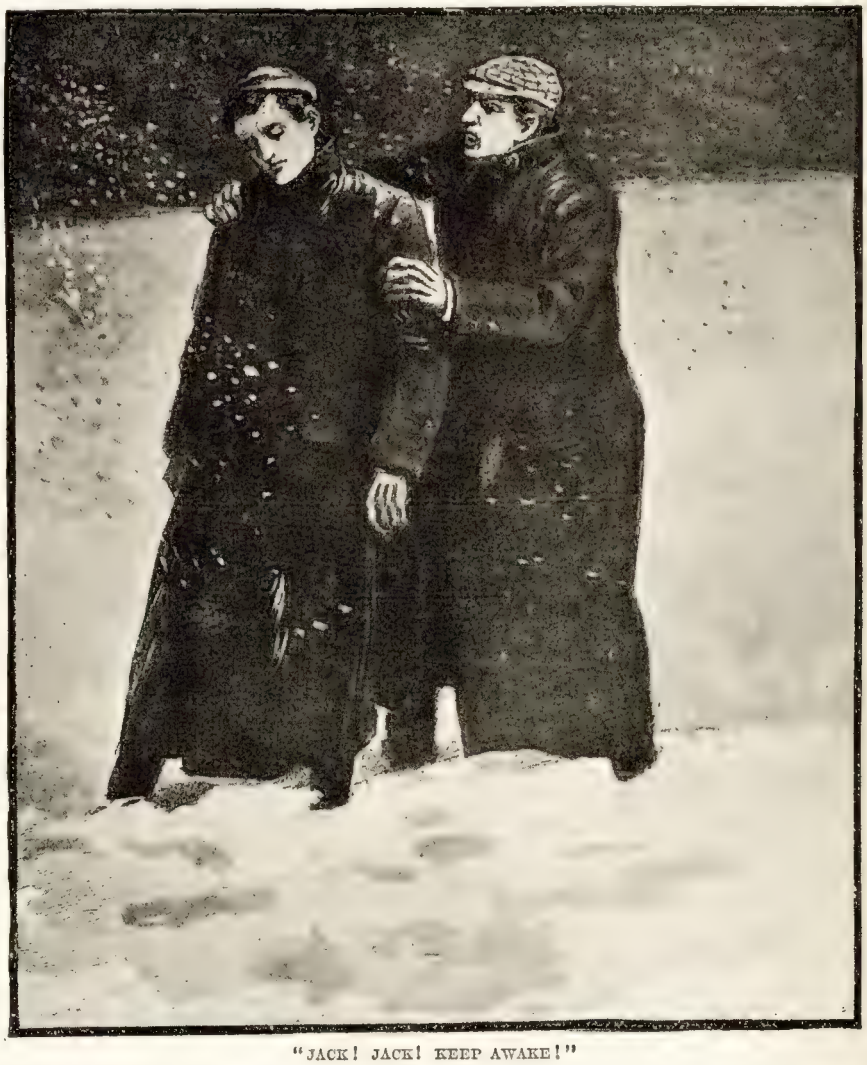
"This is the way you're to go—with me!" he yelled.

Half-dragging, half-coaxing, uttering strange promises, to which Senior smiled stupidly, Acton regained those few but terrible yards to the top of the ridge. Then his heart almost died within him: there was nothing to be seen, as, half-blinded by the snow, he tried to peer down the valley.

"Nothing!"

Senior, bereft of his companion's arm, had sunk down happily upon the snow and looked at Acton, stupidly trying to make head or tail out of the situation. His face was darkly flushed; his lips were swollen; and his eyes were heavy with sleep.

Roused from his momentary despair by these terrible signs, Acton seized his friend by the throat of his overcoat, and jerked him to his feet. He shook him savagely until some sign of intelligence glimmered in the sleepy eyes.



"JACK! JACK! KEEP AWAKE!"

"Jack! Jack! Keep awake! We'll win out yet if you do."

"All right, old man: my head buzzes awf'ly. Where are we? What are you doing?"

"We're going down the hill. Don't leave go of me whatever you do, and oh, keep awake."

"Serene," said Senior, closing his eyes again peacefully.

With a sob of horror and despair Acton lurched down the hill, dragging his compauion with him. He kept repeating, as though it were a formula: "Down the slope and bear to the left" again and again.

What the next half hour held of misery, horror, and utter despair, Acton cannot, even now, recall without a shudder. They stumbled and staggered downwards like drunken men. The snow blinded him, and the dragging weight of Senior on his arm was an aching agony, from which, above all things, he must not free himself.

Then, as the very climax to hopeless despair, Senior rolled heavily forward and lay prone, as helpless as a log, his face buried in the snow! His cap had fallen off, and Acton watched the black curls whitening in the storm.

How long he remained there, crouched before the motionless body, he does not know; only that he tried many times to shake the dying youth from the terrible torpor in vain. Senior breathed heavily, and that was all.

All hope had died in Acton's breast. He threw himself forward beside his friend, and sobbed, with his face in the snow.

A sound reached Acton's ears which brought him to his feet with a bound. He placed his hand to his ear, and sent his very soul to the effort to fix the sound again, above the roar of the wind. It was the deep but not distant low of cattle.

A third time did the low boom through the storm.

Almost frantic with a living hope, Acton turned to Senior. He raised the unconscious youth, and, by a mighty effort, got him upon his shoulders, and then staggered off in the direction of the sound. He has a faint recollection that he rolled over into the snow twice, that he waded across a river, with the water up to his arm-pits, and always that there was a weight on his neck that almost throttled him . . . He felt that he was going mad. Then at last—it seemed many hours—a building, wreathed in white, seemed to spring up out of the storm. Delirious with joy, Acton staggered towards it with his burden. Some figures moved towards him, and Acton shouted for help as he pitched forward for the last time into the snow. He dimly remembers strong hands raising him up and helping him through a farm-yard, which seemed somehow to tremble with the low of cattle, and then he was in a chair and a fire in front of him.

An hour or two afterwards Acton was seated before a table, and, in the intervals of gulping down hot coffee and swallowing food, told his tale. The peasant farmer and his wife listened open-eyed with astonishment. The farmer, from sheer amazement, dropped into the broadest Westmoreland dialect. "How far did thoo carry t'other yan?"

"Don't know, really. Seemed an awful way. I went through a river, I know. The water guggled under my arms."

"River!" said the farmer, rising up and running his hand over Acton's clothes. "He *has*, wife; he's waded through t' beck! Man, give us thee hand! Thoo's a—thoo's a good 'un. Noa! thoo shan't stir. I'll bring t'folk over t'fell mysel'!"

And he did—the farm-house, a few hours afterwards, giving the snowed-up passengers a hospitality which none of them ever forgot.

There was the jolliest Christmas at "Raven Crag" that had ever been known. Mrs. Acton had whipped up a cohort of *cousins et cousines*—as they say in the French books—and even Grim found a partner "who didn't dance half bad—for a girl." Did I say a jolly Christmas? Well, even jolly doesn't quite do it justice.

Letters dropped in upon Acton in the course of the week. There was one from Senior's father which made Acton blush like a school-girl. There was another, a very stately one, from the board-room of St. Eustis, wherein the secretary of the Great North & West Railway, on behalf of the directors, tendered him hearty thanks for his great services to themselves and their employés. There was another from a lady which *simply gushed*. There also arrived a small lock of child's hair, which Mr. Acton was begged to accept from a little girl, who slept "on Mr. Acton's pillow." Dick Worcester claimed this, but Acton was adamant.

"I say, Todd," said Grim earnestly, "don't you think we fellows might give Acton some memorial or other, just to show what we think of him?"

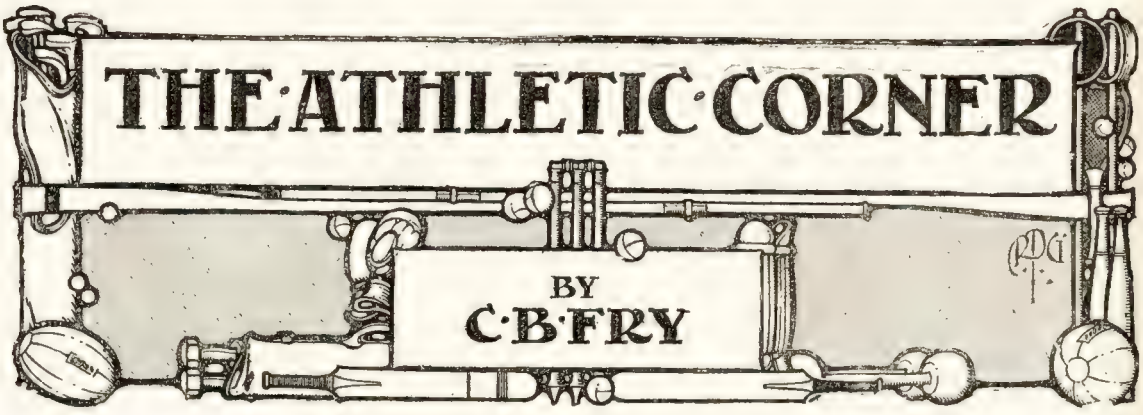
"Good, Grimmy! Trot out suggestions."

"Well, I had thought of a stained glass window in——"

Todd couldn't look at W. E. G.'s face for days after without a quiver.

Fred M. Swanson

THE END.



VERSATILITY IN FOOTBALL.

In an article in a back number you were advised that it is a mistake for a football side to go in for one particular sort of game to the exclusion of all others. The best side is not that which is most proficient in the short passing, or in the long passing, or in the rushing style, but that which is proficient in them all, and can use each in season. Ask my friends Mr. G O. Smith, the great centre forward, or Mr. W. J. Oakley, the great back, or Ernest Needham, the great half, or Mr. W. R. Moon, the great goal-keeper, what style of play they advocate. Each one will tell you it depends. Of course it does—on what sort of a side yours is, on what sort of opponents you are meeting in any match, on the state of the ground and the weather, and so on. In fact, you must be versatile—able to play any game, and able to judge why, wherefore, and when.

Let us then—you and I, my keen footballer, who mean to play for England some day—go into a few points. It will do us both good—me at any rate.

I.

The characteristics of good short passing are cleverness, extreme accuracy and precision, and a measured pace. Very fast you cannot go; the mechanism is too complicated. Each unit must be in the right place almost to an inch at each exchange. Therefore, lacking pace, a set of forwards may well devote themselves particularly to this style. Against a defence that is not well combined, or not very determined, it pays. It is liable, however, to degenerate into "piffling," the defect of cleverness; and it has a tendency near goal of concentrating the defence, and creating for itself an *impasse*. Note how bad are some of our extra clever "pro" teams at getting goals. Yet goals alone count.

II

Long passing demands pace as well as accuracy. The man who is to receive the ball must be fast enough to anticipate the opposing back, or half, and all the units must be fast enough to keep up with the game, else there is no one to retake the ball from the first recipient. Therefore forwards with pace can play this game well. It is very telling, as it makes ground fast, and keeps the defence scattered. It tends, however, sometimes to become ragged and unkempt. If not accurate enough the ball is often passed to the other team instead of to your own. Well managed, it often secures you the advantage of getting the opposing defence facing and running towards their own goal, so that they are at pains to clear.

III.

Rushing needs weight and pace—decidedly weight. It consists in sending the ball through, and trusting to weight and dash to secure it. Heavy forwards with dash can make the style much more dangerous than is supposed by modern critics. It is effective against a weak or a light set of defenders, and also, if judiciously applied, to any weak or light spot among them. You won't get much change out of rushing Mr. Oakley, or Williams of West Bromwich. Still, in football, nothing whatever pays like dash.

IV.

To sum up:—Clumsy, inaccurate forwards cannot play the short game; slow forwards cannot play the long; light or nerveless forwards cannot play the rush—cannot play them well, that is. But few forward sets are such that they cannot have a real good shy at all three. That is the thing to do, and use each at the right time.

Mind you, true game 'uns beat their limitations by rising above them. You'll know that, my future International; or, if you don't know it, you'll do it. That is the stuff Crabtrees, Formans, Athersmiths and Robinsons are made of! "I am na' fast," said a little Scotch opponent of mine once in a village match, "I am na' big and I am na' jist clever; but I'm a guid trier." He plays for a First League team to-day.

V.

State of ground and weather has a lot to do with tactics in football. You must be able to accommodate yourself to heavy mire, greasy iron, frost-bound adamant, rain, snow, or a high wind, or possible mixtures of them. That means another sort of versatility. You'll likely learn something your first northern Xmas tour with the Casuals or Corinthians. I did; exchanging the fine turf of the Steinyard at Repton for 6ins. of snow at Leister Fosse, a foot of mud at Stirling, a cinder-path at Everton, and a skating-rink at Sheffield.

VI.

When the ground is very hard the ball bounces extra often and extra high. To forwards this means the ball cannot easily be got unless passed all along the ground; means it more than ever. Hence halves and backs have to minister their kicks most carefully. The defence finds, in clearing, there is increased use for heading; and also that it pays to nab the ball before it touches the ground, which means volleying and half-volleying. The Charterhouse boys, on their sandy ground, learn the value of thus nipping in to beat the bounce. If a back lets a ball bounce he is hustled out of touch with it by a timely forward; then comes a *melée*, and perhaps a goal.

VII.

On a frosty ground the ball bounces much; that is one difficulty. Another is that it is hard to turn. The man with the ball, knowing where he is going, can often dribble through; backs must therefore get well in front of the men they have to stop and avoid being put to turning and twisting. Forwards should note this difficulty of the defence and take advantage of it.

VIII.

When the ground is greasy on top, but hard, the ball is greasy, too, and heavy. Defenders have especially to look out for the ball skidding past them with unexpected pace, thus causing them to miscalculate their power of getting to it and behind it; thus beaten, they have to turn and run back facing their own goal, and are much at the mercy of determined forwards. Therefore, early in its flight, you must mark the line the ball is coming and be sure to get well behind it in good time. Goal-keepers must especially take note of this point; they should get well behind the ball, not take it on one side or the other. Forwards should note that long low shots are very difficult to stop when the ball is heavy and the ground greasy and fast; an extended arm is then a paltry obstacle, nothing but a roomy lap or chest is a safe barrier.

IX.

A muddy ground calls for rather detailed consideration. The going is heavy; you cannot start, turn, stop, or go ahead quickly; the stickiness prevents you from judging the strength required for any but a short pass, and how a ball you see kicked will come to you. The general pace of the game is much diminished. Result—short passing at a premium. To begin with, you can go ahead in this style as fast on a slow ground as on a dry, but since the backs cannot nip in nearly as quickly, the style loses its chief defect, viz., of being easily broken up by a determined defence. Also, you cannot pass with certainty any distance; therefore short passing is obviously good policy. Again, short passing is done in the main by the inside and centre forwards, but since, on a heavy ground, the outsides cannot sprint fast, they lose their chief use—hence the inside game is just what is required. This does not mean the outsides should be neglected, but they must be content with short passing, and a more limited *role* than usual. But note well this further point: Short passing develops, as said above, an inside game, and, on muddy grounds, an effective game; consequently, there is a tendency for the defence to be obliged to concentrate towards the centre of the field. This leaves the wing men unmarked, and a long, well-directed pass out to either of them produces a useful result in much ground gained. Dribbling, too, pays, because the defence cannot get quickly at you, nor readily turn and come again if you elude them. From the defensive point of view mud presents difficulties. The backs and halves, having to concentrate to block short passing, often become congested and muddled. To avoid this a perfect understanding is necessary between the units of defence. Great regard must be paid to methodical marking of the opposing forwards, and it is most desirable for each defender to keep to his own sphere of action, which is not easy in the narrowed total area of defence. Another difficulty is caused by the fact that on a slow ground backs cannot co-operate well with the halves unless they play close up to them. This

they must do—yet in doing so they cannot help risking the possibility of having the ball kicked over their heads, and being out-paced by a sprinting forward. The forward is facing the way he wants to go; the back has to turn and run, and then turn again and kick. Backs must be careful so to manœuvre as to maintain interior lines, and thus a shorter route to the ball than otherwise. They must never wander or rush far from their proper places, as they will take longer than usual to regain them. The northern and midland "pro" clubs have better grounds than they used; in the old days the teams were marvellously clever and effective in the mire. It was playing so much in mud that led them to adopt the short passing game, as I think, to excess; and, curiously, many of them still cultivate this style exclusively, even though the conditions that suited it no longer exist generally.

X.

Then there is the matter of a high wind. Note that if there is a wind down the ground it pays to play with it in your favour first half; it may fall, but is unlikely to increase in force. With its aid you ought to get a goal or two, which gives you a moral advantage; also, you can then concentrate your attention on pure defence in the second half, which is useful, since a definite task of defence is always easier than a definite task of attack. But, with the wind in your favour, do not fall into the fatal error of imagining the wind will do all your work; the wind only helps those that help themselves. Remember that if you do not score first half you miss your great chance. Therefore, do not play slackly. But do not fall into the opposite extreme, of playing in a feverish, over-excited, unmethodical way, just because you know your chance is while you have the wind. Choose the wind, and play as hard and as dogged as if it were against you, and do not lose your heads should goals not come as quickly as expected.

XI

Playing with the wind has its drawbacks. The forwards are not unlikely to find a difficulty in keeping the ball well in control; passes often go down wind faster and farther than is convenient. The halves find themselves easily making the mistake of kicking too far for their forwards to get the ball. The backs experience the same difficulty, only in a greater degree. In fact, both in feeding and in clearing, the defence has a job to avoid over-kicking; unless they take great care they find themselves plugging the ball over their forwards into the jaws of the opposing defence, or may be right over the goal-line. With the wind, forwards and halves must be careful to keep the ball close and under control. Backs should, when they can, be very delicate in kicking, and in sheer clearing try to drive out to the wings rather than straight down the ground.

XII.

But, pitfalls avoided, the wind is a grand friend. The halves can play close up to the forwards, and the backs close up to the halves; so that the whole side may attack in concentrated unity. The forwards, and especially the outsides, can be right up to the opposing defence; there is no fear of the ball not coming to them, and they are sure to have chances given them by mistakes of the opposing backs. They do not have to work much for the ball, so are all the fresher for attacking. The halves and backs having less defensive work can devote themselves more than usual to helping in the attack. It is easy to shoot down wind, and long shots are often effective. And, finally, the whole side profits by the difficulties the wind creates for the other side.

Playing against the wind is a severe trial. It has two minor advantages, that the forwards usually keep the ball when they do get it, and that they can pass well through and ahead with a fair chance of not losing the ball; the rest is—well, it isn't rest. The forwards have their work cut out to obtain the ball; the halves and backs are so taken up with defence that they have little liberty to feed them, and, at best, find it difficult to get the ball forward satisfactorily. Thus the forwards have to work for the ball themselves, and have to be continually running back to get within passing range from the halves. Moreover, when their defence is really closely pressed near goal, they must come right back and work, to prevent the attacking halves returning the ball into goal-mouth every time it is partially cleared. The defence is sorely put to it. They have no end of work, and find it hard to clear decisively. The halves are forced right back out of touch with the forwards. The backs are obliged to lie far in the rear, thus often losing touch with the halves. But their chief difficulty is that the wind spoils their kicking. It is fatal to kick high, and to kick low is not an easy art. High kicking is always poor play; against the wind it is futile, as, the greater the angle of elevation, the more power the wind exerts on the ball. First-rate backs like Oakley and Crabtree kick almost along the ground—quite, if the road is clear; and they aim out to the wings, not down the field. Sometimes they shift out of a tight place by passing just forward to a

half. To watch their play is most instructive. Ordinary backs seem quite helpless in a high wind. Æolus is a strong god. Cheat him, since you cannot force him.

C. B. F.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. Edward.—Very glad to hear you like this magazine and the articles it contains. If you appreciate our efforts to interest and help you, the best return you can make is to recommend THE CAPTAIN to your friends and persuade them to take it in—they ought not to need much persuasion. Very glad, too, you like the "Book of Cricket." Yes; I do approve of the system of physical training you mention, especially the chart of dumb-bell exercises. Remember that you should follow a system completely, yet keep clear of overdoing the whole or any part of it. Use light dumb-bells, 1lb. or 1½lbs. each. If you wish to go in for weight-lifting, use heavier bells as a supplement; if you use them always you are liable to get slow. Do not miss the most important point of all, viz., concentrating your mind upon the muscles you are in each case using. **J. M. J.**—I cannot presume to criticise your captain's judgment without knowing all the players, their attributes and skill. It is certainly right, *other things being equal*, to prefer a heavy man to a light for back or half-back and for forward too. But it is a mistake to regard weight as the only ground for selection: a light man may by his quickness and cleverness more than make up for his want of weight. There have been some very fine light backs and halves. H. Morley, who played for Derby County and was reserve for England, was not much heavier than you are. A. T. B. Dunn, of the Corinthians, who played for England *v.* Scotland, was distinctly a light weight. J. Holt, for some time the best centre-half of his day, was lighter, probably, in comparison with the rest of your team. But if there had been men as good in all other respects as Dunn or Holt, but heavier, these other men would have been preferred; for weight is of distinct value in football. If you are in condition and muscularly well-developed you cannot increase your weight materially; do not try. Make yourself so superior in play that you cannot be left out. **E. J. Eade.**—There is not now, and I do not think there ever was, a Yorkshire County Association Football Team or Club. The Sheffield club was formerly the great Yorkshire Association centre; and now there is the Sheffield and Hallamshire Association. Thank you for your appreciation—as one who knows and owes much to the Rev. A. F. E. F., I quite concur with your opinion of him. Shake! **P. Craddock.**—It depends how weak your ankles are; if you find you can play in spite of them, football should not be bad for you. The thing is to get them stronger. Whether you can do this depends on the precise cause of weakness: you might consult a doctor on that point. Footballers who have hurt their ankles usually wear either an elastic sock which covers the instep and ankle, or else a strap girded figure-of-eight-wise round the instep and ankle. Perhaps socks would suit you; you can get them through a good chemist or a surgical instrument maker. **American.**—You are a bit light for your height, but that is common at your age. Glad to hear from across your way. **A. Kirkpatrick.**—"B.F.C." stands for "Barbarian Football Club"—a Rugby club somewhat similar to the Association Corinthians. **Gig-lamps.**—Certainly, one of the opposing side may not rush in and anticipate the kick-off from goal, whistle or no whistle. The referee was wrong. You do not quote the off-side rule correctly; it is clear and explicit enough. If A has the ball, and passes it forward to B, B at the time A kicked the ball not having been behind A, B is off side unless there were three of the opposite side between himself and the opposing goal-keeper at the time A kicked. If, when A kicked, B was behind him, B cannot be off side. If the ball touches one of the opposing side, B is on side wherever he is. As to your muscle, I expect you put a sudden strain upon one set of fibres, so as nearly, but not quite, to tear some of them. **S. Rampling.**—As the team declared their innings, their innings is over—therefore they win by 61 runs only. You are quite right—the bowler can run out the batsman his end if the latter backs up too soon. This is fair, since the batsman is taking an unfair advantage. **Gonu.**—That is right. I hope you will get your machine, and also make hay with your exam. **Unionist.**—What bad luck! Of course your doctor is right to knock you off football. I expect, though, he would not object to your walking a lot and running a bit. You will not get fat or lazy if you take that sort of exercise. Gymnastics and light dumb-bells (1lb. each), done on a proper and regular system, so as to develop all the muscles simultaneously and gradually, are the best exercises for the body and arms I know of. If you are run down, a tonic may be good for you, but your doctor can tell you that better than I can. **Enthusiast.**—Hawkins & Co., Preston Street, Brighton, is the chief firm for county cricket groups. I should write and ask them to quote for a complete set, and put them in an album myself. **F. G. Cooper.**—Of course, your run is much too soon after dinner. Obviously, on that day you must manage to dodge your food better. You might manage a sturdier lunch that day; have a glass of milk and some biscuits when you come home, and then, after your run, a very light supper. Cocoa is good stuff after exercise. **M. Maenamara.**—No, not out l.b.w. if the ball goes on to the leg off the bat. If you take my advice you will not use dumb-bells of more than 1lb. each—and ½lb. is better. Your mathematical reasoning is incorrect. $\frac{120}{0}$ does not equal 0, it equals infinity, which is rather another story, eh? You know $\frac{x}{1} = x$, but, since 0 is less than 1, $\frac{x}{0}$ must be greater than $\frac{x}{1}$; hence, however enormous the quantity x represents, $\frac{x}{0}$ must be still greater—that is, $\frac{x}{0}$ is always greater than any assignable value of x. *Q.E.D.* **M. J. Hart.**—1½lb. dumb-bells are certainly quite heavy enough for you. I think 1lb. would be better—in fact, if I were you, I would use half-pounders. It is not that 1½lb. bells will do you any harm, but that the slightest bit too much weight tends to make you slow. You want quickness of muscular action, just as much as mere weight-lifting power, for, as you know from dynamics, speed is in many cases a most important component of power, in the ordinary sense of the term. You cannot do better than get Sandow's chart of dumb-bell exercises—his instructions are excellent. His little red book, too, is useful. You can get these from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, S.W.

C. B. F.

Further "Answers" will be found on Page 348.

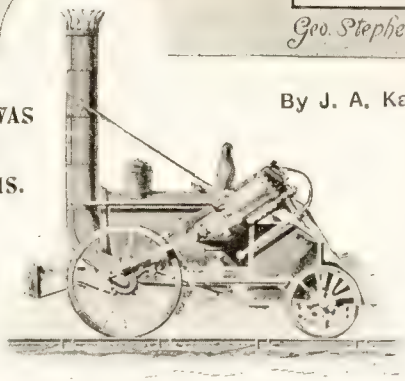
A CENTURY OF RAILWAY TRAVEL

GEO. STEPHENSON'S BIRTHPLACE AT WYLAM-ON-TYNE.

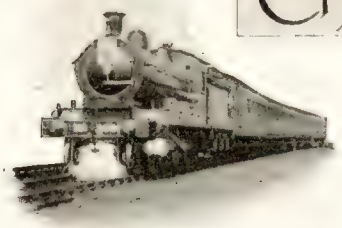
Geo. Stephenson

By J. A. Kay.

AS IT WAS and AS IT IS.



"THE ROCKET.



The PICTURES on this and the following pages tell their own tale. The difference between railway travelling as it was at the beginning of the second quarter of last century and as it is at the present day is so strikingly illustrated by the accompanying series of photographs that one almost feels some apology is needed for the letterpress surrounding them.

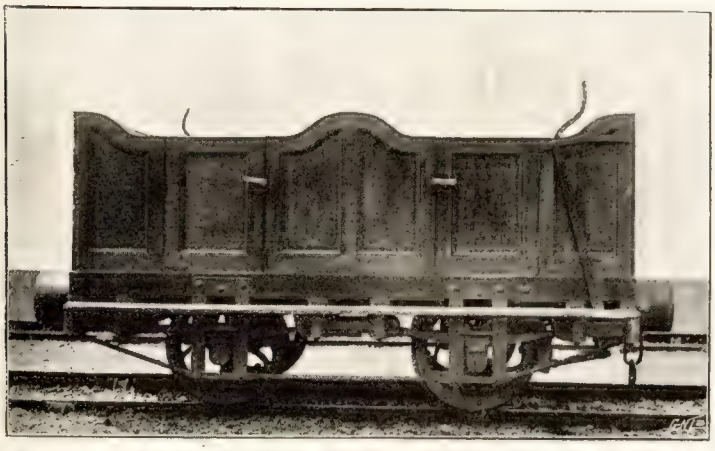
"Railways have rendered more services," remarked Mr. John Bright, in one of his famous speeches, "and have received less gratitude than any other institution in the country." Nearly everyone has some grievance, rightly or wrongly, against the line he most frequently travels upon. The weather and the railways are our best-abused institutions, but, as regards the latter, at any rate, one would be less inclined to grumble at an unpunctual train or other annoyance if one sometimes called to mind what railway travelling was like in the days of our grandfathers. Perhaps seventy years hence people will similarly compare their methods of locomotion with the benighted means of transit in vogue at the beginning of this century, and we hope many CAPTAIN readers will live long enough to see whether this will be the case.

One of the illustrations in our

INTERIOR OF G.N.R. THIRD CLASS DINING SALOON.
Photograph by G.N.R. Co.

A NORTH-EASTERN EXPRESS.

Illustrations reproduced from photographs by F. Moore, etc.



AS IT WAS.

In the early days of railways, many of the passenger carriages were open trucks, with no seating accommodation whatever.

heading is a portrait of George Stephenson, the "Father of the Railway," as he is often termed. But though all honour is due to the achievements of this famous railway pioneer, the names of Richard Trevithick, who in 1805 made the first steam locomotive; Timothy Hackworth, Stephenson's most prominent contemporary in locomotive engineering; Edward Pease, the originator of the Stockton & Darlington Railway; and Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the famous railway engineer and champion of the 7ft., or "broad gauge," which was for many years used on the Great Western Railway, must not be overlooked.

George Stephenson's birthplace, as shown in our first illustration, was a little cottage at Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here, before his mechanical bent made itself conspicuous, he spent the days of his early youth employed in cow-herding, for which he was paid 2d. a day. Curiously enough, many years after "Geordie" had achieved fame and fortune, one of the railway lines which were being made by the score in all parts of the country was laid close by the old Wylam cottage where he had spent his earliest days. In reference to this it is related that a visitor to the cottage at Wylam, noticing the adjacent line of rails, exclaimed: "Why, Stephenson must have been practically born on the railroad!" Remembering, however, the next moment that he was completely reversing the order of events, and that the idea of railways was born in Stephenson, so to speak, he hastened to correct himself, and his hearers indulged in a hearty laugh at his not unnatural and amusing blunder. Most readers will have seen gangs of railway navvies at work at some time or other. They are a class of men almost by themselves, and mingle little with other labourers, living as a rule in little wooden huts, erected close to the contract on which they happen to be employed.

These navvies first came into existence as a class by themselves in the latter part of the 18th century, when canals were first made, and afterwards came in valuably for making railways. They were nicknamed "navigators," because the canals they were digging were to be used for inland navigation; and this name has stuck to them ever afterwards, even though they have changed the character of their work. Even to the present day the navvy still displays many of the characteristics he did in former times. As a rule he is blessed with a voracious appetite, and though, generally speaking, is a very good comrade to his fellow workmen, dearly loves his nightly carouse, and the prospects of a fight. The spread of education, however, has done much to diminish the gulf between him and other men engaged in manual labour. Years ago the navvies' pugilistic tendencies and their nightly gatherings around their camp fires used to strike terror into the hearts of quiet folk living near by. The first tunnel of any size near London was at Primrose Hill, a mile or so away from Euston on the old

AS IT IS.

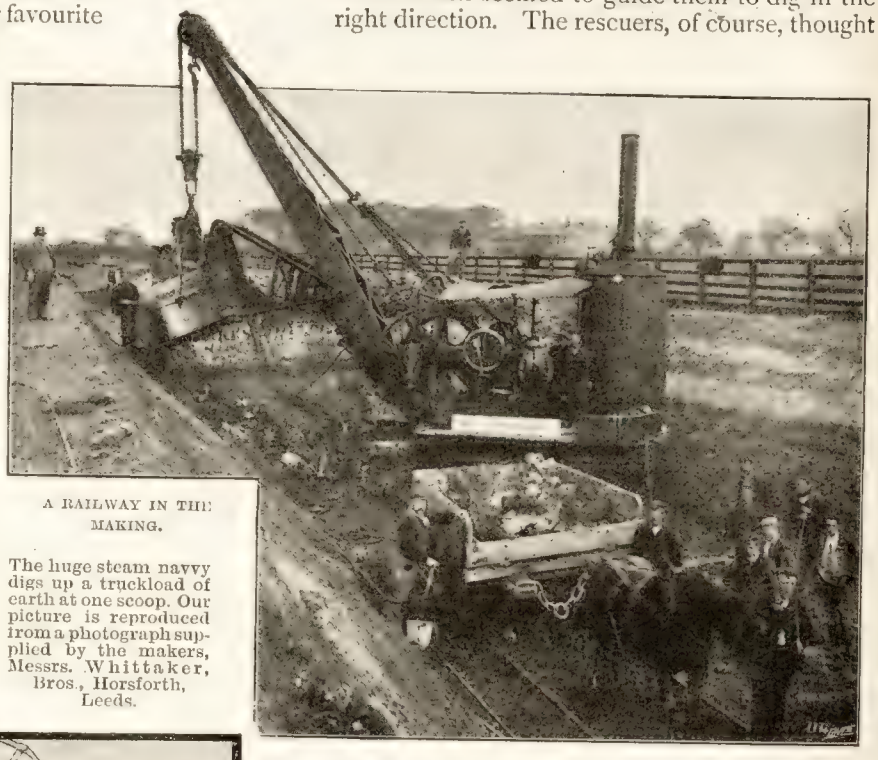
Interior of a modern first-class dining car.

Photograph reproduced by permission of Great Northern Railway Company.

London & Birmingham Railway, and there are people still living who remember what a sensation its making aroused. The singing of the navvies over their beer at night could be heard many miles away on a still evening. At that time their favourite chorus, shouted forth in stentorian tones, was something to this effect:—

And the guns shall be rattling,
A-rattling and roaring,
A-rattling and roaring,
oho-o-o-o!

But, despite all his faults and failings, the heroism of the navvy when placed in perilous situations should make everyone proud to number him as a fellow countryman. To mention only a few of them would take up all the space allotted to this article. But we cannot refrain from referring to an incident which once happened during the making of a railway in the north of England. A portion of a newly-made tunnel collapsed, imprisoning a party of navvies engaged in the work of excavation. Immediately a relief party set to work to dig them out; but it was a long and tedious task, and it was feared that, after all, their efforts would be in vain. As they neared the imprisoned men, however, they were surprised to hear signs of life which seemed to guide them to dig in the right direction. The rescuers, of course, thought that the imprisoned men were making a noise specially with the intention of aiding the rescue party; but, imagine their surprise, when they found that the prisoners, save for one or two who had already succumbed to exhaustion, were hard at work as if nothing had happened. The entombed men had given up all hope of escape, but had followed the advice of their ganger, who had said: "Well, chaps, we shall never get out alive, so we may as well get on with our bit while we can." As it was, another half hour and the rescuers would have arrived too late, and little did the navvies think that their stoical decision to go on working while they could would be the very means of effecting their release by guiding their comrades to where they were imprisoned.



A RAILWAY IN THE MAKING.

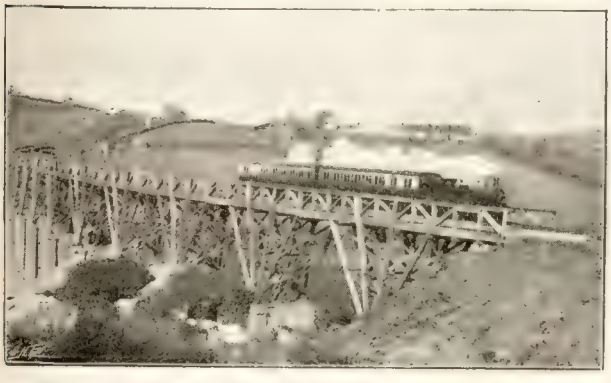
The huge steam navvy digs up a truckload of earth at one scoop. Our picture is reproduced from a photograph supplied by the makers, Messrs. Whittaker, Bros., Horsforth, Leeds.

A GROUP OF NAVVIES AT WORK MAKING A CUTTING ON THE OLD LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

It seems curious to us, in these days when the cry for more underground electric railways is heard on every hand, how frightened early railway passengers used to be at the idea of going through tunnels. Many of them were lighted by lamps, so that "the dull, cheerless, and to many, alarming feelings which passing through a dark tunnel usually excite, shall be entirely removed." This same paper then goes on to eloquently describe

TYPE OF OLD STATION.
Notice the curious flat wooden roof.

how with the "utmost security" the passenger in one of these illuminated tunnels can think of "the immense superincumbent masses of rock and other strata which are resting above him." Whilst a doctor, describing his sensations in going through a railway tunnel wrote: "The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden immersion into gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in a confined space,



A RELIC OF THE PAST—CURIOUS OLD MODERN VIADUCT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

combine to produce a momentary shudder, or idea of destruction, and a thrill of annihilation." In fact, so impressed were the travelling public at the dangers of railway tunnels, that when the London & Birmingham Railway was opened for traffic the directors issued a report signed by several doctors and surveyors and a lecturer on chemistry, stating that passengers in travelling through the Primrose Hill tunnel would run no risk of suffocation or other injury!

As railways extended, the old stage coaches found they could not successfully compete with this new form of locomotion, and began to drop off the roads in ones and twos. It is curious in looking through old newspapers to

VIEW SHOWING ENTRANCE TO ST. PANCRAS, THE FAMOUS LONDON TERMINUS OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

find with what regret their departure was hailed. Mr. Acworth, in his railway history, has made a collection of some of these obituary notices of the demise of the stage coach. It is from this source that we quote the following. Speaking of the disappearance of the stage coaches from the Essex road, the paper in question says:—

Their final way-bill is made up . . . This

MODERN VIADUCT ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.
Photograph by C. G Paul.

SUMMER OF 1836.

STOCKTON & DARLINGTON RAILWAY COACHES.

INCREASED ACCOMMODATION.

Separate Engines having been appointed for the Conveyance of Passengers and Merchandise, and a Coach attached to the latter Train, the Opportunities of Communication between the Towns of Darlington and Stockton are doubled, and between Darlington and Shildon they are now four times a day.

DARLINGTON & ST. HELEN'S AUCKLAND TRAIN.

Fares: Inside, 1s. 6d.—Outside, 1s. 3d. each way.

STATIONS.	TIMES OF STARTING.	STATIONS.	TIMES OF STARTING.
From Shildon, at	6 o'clock.	From Darlington, at	half past 6 o'clock
St. Helen's Auckland quarter bef.	7 "	Do	half past 8 "
Do.	11 "	Do	half past 5 "
Do. quarter bef.	4 "	Do to Shildon	8 "

From the LANDS at a quarter past 6 in the Morning, and from DARLINGTON to the LANDS at half past 5 in the Evening.

N. B. The Train will leave Shildon half an hour after leaving St. Helen's Auckland. A CAR from Bishop Auckland to St. Helen's or New Shildon, meets each of these Trains in going and returning.

Fares to Shildon: Inside, 1s.—Outside, 9d.

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TRAIN.

First-class Fares: Inside, 2s.—Outside, 1s. 6d., each way.

Second-class, or Merchandise Fares: Inside, 1s. 6d.—Outside, 1s., each way.

From Darlington, (Merchd.) at half past	6 o'clock	From Stockton, at quarter past	7 o'clock
Do. half past	8 "	Do (Merchandise)	9 "
Do. (Merchandise)	11 "	Do quarter bef.	12 "
Do. half past	1 "	Do (Merchandise)	2 "
Do. (Merchandise)	3 "	Do quarter past	4 "
Do half past	5 "	Do (Merchandise) half past	6 "

On MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS, a Second class, or One Shilling Carriage, will accompany the First-class Coach Train.

STOCKTON AND MIDDLESBRO' TRAIN.

Fares: Inside, 6d.—Outside, 4d., each way.

From Middlesbro' at half past	6 o'clock	From Stockton, at half past	7 o'clock
Do half past	8 "	Do. half past	9 "
Do.	11 "	Do. half past	11 "
Do. half past	12 "	Do. half past	1 "
Do	2 "	Do half past	2 "
Do half past	3 "	Do half past	4 "
Do.	6 "	Do half past	6 "
Do.	7 "	Do. half past	7 "

All the Darlington and Middlesbro' Trains are to immediate connexion with each other, excepting those marked thus ●

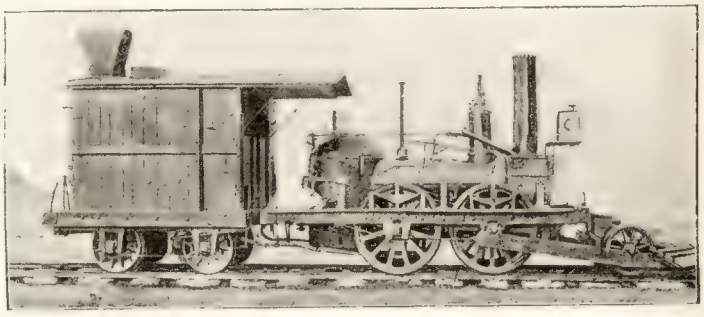
The MERCHANDIZE TRAIN will be allowed from One and a Half to Two Hours between Darlington and Stockton, while various applications having been made by Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, to have the Coach Train expedited and improved, Arrangements have been made to run the Darlington and Stockton Trip in FORTY FIVE MINUTES, a New Engine and Outside Coach are provided, and the Fares now charged for this Class are consequently about on the out of other Railways.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE OLDEST TIME TABLE ON RECORD.

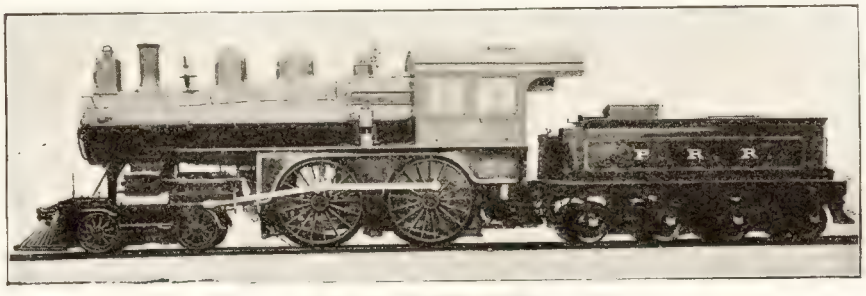
week they (the drivers) have been unceremoniously pushed from their boxes by an inanimate thing of vapour and flywheels, by a meddling fellow in a clean white jacket, and a face not ditto to match, who, mounted on the engine platform, has for some weeks been flourishing a red-hot poker over their heads in triumph at their discomfiture and downfall; and the turnpike road, shorn of its gayest glories, is desolate and lone.

The model on which the earliest railway carriages were constituted was the old stage coach, and in those days the body of the carriage was always slung between the wheels, and did not overlap them as a modern railway carriage does (see the illustrations of an old coal truck and train on L. & B. R.). In fact, railway managers did their best to imitate the customs and peculiarities of the old coaching days as much as possible. Indeed, the first trains were simply a chain of "coaches," and were technically called by that name. In every respect the builder tried to approximate them to that somewhat cramped vehicle, even to the gaudy painting, the sham coat of arms on the panel, and the slight tilt before and behind which was characteristic of the prototype. The old guard was reproduced—scarlet coat and the insatiable lust for "fees" included—in the new one. At first a brass band was engaged to "play the train" out of the station, and it was only after a struggle that the toot of the horn gave way to the more prosaic bell and whistle. For a time the "fares" were actually "booked" in a "waybill," and even after tickets were issued the place where they were sold continued to be called the "booking office." For many years passengers' luggage was carried on the roofs of the carriages, despite the way it got damaged in bad weather and frequently catching on fire from the engine's sparks. The guards, too, sat on the roofs of the carriages, just as if they were ordinary coaches. If a wealthy merchant, or

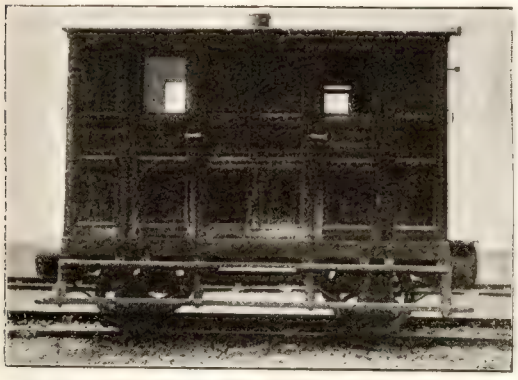
A MODERN MAIN LINE TIME TABLE.
Photograph by C. G. Paul.



THE "JOHN BULL,"
The first American locomotive.



A MODERN YANKEE FLIER.

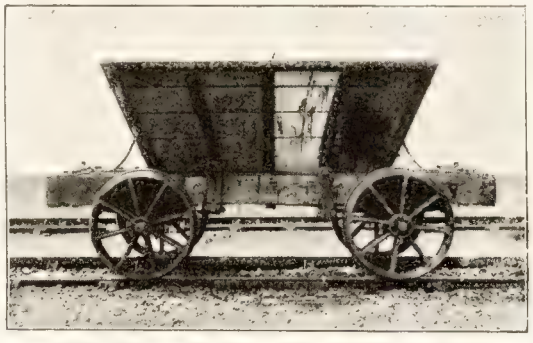


AN OLD CARRIAGE ON THE BODMIN AND WADEBRIDGE LINE—NOW INCORPORATED WITH THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

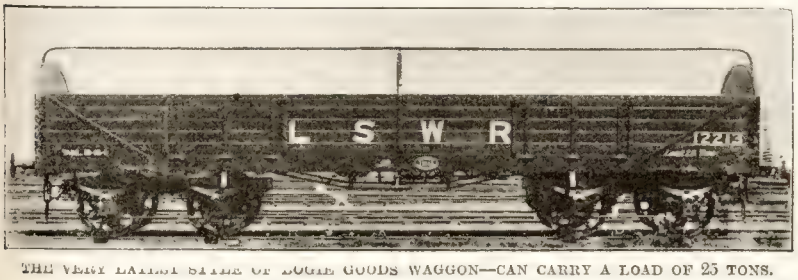
other well to do individual chanced to miss his train, it was considered nothing out of the common to hire a special train and start off in pursuit of the one he wanted to catch. But we might go on for hours relating only a few of the curiosities of railway travelling in our grandfathers' days, and then not have finished.

A MODERN SOUTH-WESTERN BOGIE COMPOSITE CARRIAGE.

Railway tickets as we know them to-day were invented in 1840 by a Quaker named Thomas Edmonson. Before that all sorts of curious devices were in use, and on one line—the Leicester & Swannington—the tickets formerly consisted of an octagonal metal disc, about the size of a half-crown piece. The advantage claimed for these metal tickets was that they could be used any number of times. When printed tickets first came into general use, they were printed in long slips, and each one had to be cut off separately by the booking clerks. The original idea of numbering railway tickets was that in the event of there not being enough room in the train for all the passengers, those who had the lowest numbers should have the priority of claim to any vacant seats. Mention of railway tickets reminds us of one of the many amusing stories related of the late Sir Richard Moon, who was so long a director of the London & North Western Railway. He was at one of the principal stations on the line once, when a commercial traveller, noticing that he had no luggage, approached him and said he had two big trunks, and the company always made him pay extra for one of them. "You can get one of them passed on your ticket, and, by Jove, we'll do them!" he added. "Will you oblige?" One can imagine Sir Richard's face as he listened to this—the Sir Richard who was notorious for looking after the company's pence! However, he said, "But I haven't any ticket." "I thought you were going by this train!" exclaimed the commercial in surprise. "So I am," Sir Richard said, "I am one of the directors, and I don't need a ticket."



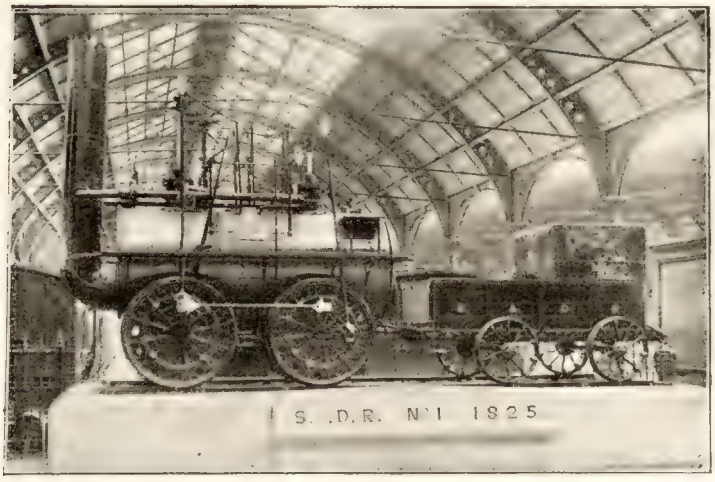
TYPE OF COAL WAGGON USED ON THE EARLIEST COLLIERY RAILWAYS.



THE VERY LATEST STYLE OF BOGIE GOODS WAGGON—CAN CARRY A LOAD OF 25 TONS.

"Oh!" was all the commercial could say, as he walked away; and he paid the excess as usual.

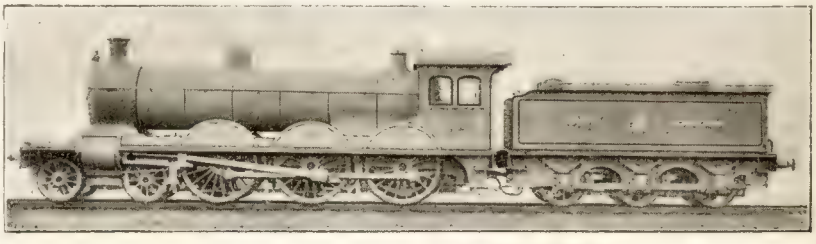
Two of our illustrations show the difference between the earliest and the latest type of time table. The making of a modern railway time table is a very



"LOCOMOTION," BUILT FOR THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY COMPANY IN 1825.
Now in Bank Top Station, Darlington, North Eastern Railway.

surprise to many to learn that goods trains are almost as carefully timed as the fastest passenger expresses, and though these are not entered in the ordinary time books, they nevertheless occupy a very large portion of the "working time tables" which are issued for the use of railway employés.

Looking at a railway map, and seeing what a tangled network of lines the railways of this country seem to be, it is a matter for wonderment how the work goes on so smoothly from day to day with so few hitches or breakdowns. Of course, the key word to the puzzle is organization. Every railwayman, from the highest salaried official to the lowest grade porter, fulfils day by day his own particular duties. It is curious what an impression constant routine makes upon the mind, and in illustration of this we recollect a remarkable case of absent-mindedness which occurred some time past at a certain station on the Great Northern Railway. A station-master, who was having a half-holiday, and had been with a few friends some distance from his post of duty, entered another station with a view



THE LATEST TYPE OF NORTH EASTERN EXPRESS.
Look on that picture, and then on this.

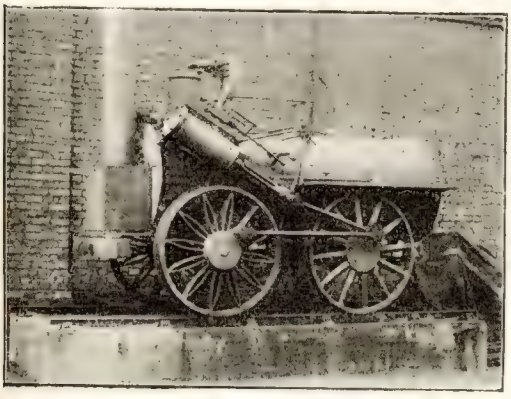
complicated task, and all big railways have a special department to deal with this branch of the work. For example, merely adding a new express to those already running means, besides carefully working out the timing of the train itself, probably that a large number of other trains have to be changed in order to make everything coincide with the running of the express; and then again very likely many of the trains they meet at certain junctions. The *pros* and *cons* of all this have to be carefully worked out, so that, before the clerks of the traffic department have proceeded very far in timing a new express, they find themselves enveloped in a veritable maze of figures. It will come as a

HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS TRAVELLED.
An express train on the old London and Birmingham Railway (now part of the London and North Western System.)

MODERN MIDLAND RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE ATTACHED TO DINING-CAR TRAIN.

HOW RAILWAY MEN DRESSED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE IRON ROAD.
The locomotive in the back ground is one of the broad-gauge engines used on the old Bristol & Exeter Railway.

to catching the last train homewards. In a few minutes it came along. A lady desired to enter it, and the courteous official gallantly opened the door of a compartment for her, saw her safely in, stood by while the locomotive steamed away, and then strolled into the waiting-room. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not on duty there at all, and



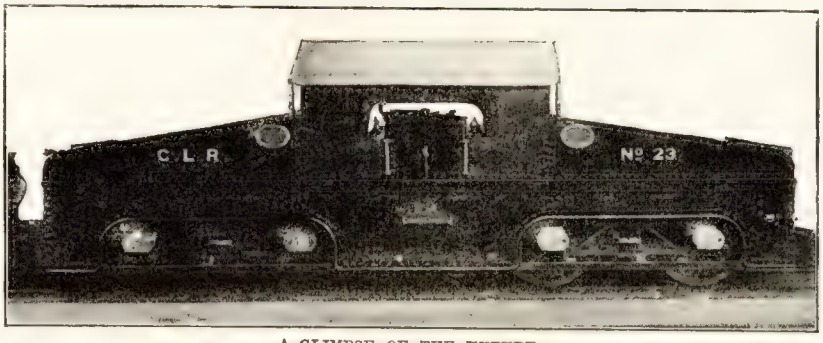
"THE INVICTA."
The first engine built for what is now called the South Eastern & Chatham Railway.

that the last train, with which he ought to have travelled, had just gone. Then, sadly and thoughtfully, that station-master had to hire a trap, and drive over many miles of mere turnpike road to his own station.

It seems almost incredible that it is less than a century ago since Trevithick, the Cornish engineer, was experimenting with what proved to be the first successful steam locomotive. Since the opening of the first public railway—the Stockton & Darlington—what a great and rapid growth of railways the world has seen! Here, there is not space to even summarily sketch what has taken place in Great Britain alone. Last year our railways earned ten and a-half million pounds sterling, which was five and a-half millions more than the year before, and altogether the prosperity of British railways seems only

A GROUP OF PRESENT-DAY RAILWAY OFFICIALS.
Photographed by C. G. Paul at Charing Cross.

to increase as they get older. The number of third class journeys safely accomplished was 1,004 millions. The capital in use by the railways of the United Kingdom is 1,152 millions sterling.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE:
One of the electric locomotives used on the recently opened Central London Railway.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret. The Commander-in-chief then forges a letter in the rescued man's handwriting, in which, supposing himself about to be drowned, he bids farewell to King Waterbottle. Placing the letter in a bottle, the Commander-in-Chief deposits the bottle on the beach. In the morning it is discovered there by the islanders, who loudly mourn the death of the King's brother. That night the Chancellor drugs the King and his brother, and changes them about, laying Augustus Waterbottle (the brother) in the King's bed, and hiding the King in a cellar.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDICINE IN THE CHEST.

THOROUGHLY tired out with all his schemings and sittings-up, the Chancellor then bethought him of sleep, and went upstairs to his room. Leaning over the bed, he gazed steadily at his wife. *She was deadly white—white as the driven snow!*

The Chancellor placed his hand over his wife's heart. The very faintest flicker of that organ told him that she was only just alive. And how long would that flicker last? At times it seemed as if her heart had stopped beating for ever; but, just as the guilty Chancellor was thinking it was all over with her, there would come the tiniest pulsation, which told him that there was still hope.

But why—why was she in this condition?

He rushed into his daughter's room and scrutinized her face, not so much with the loving fondness of a father as with the fearful eagerness of a man who has meant to do a little harm, and, by a mistake, has done a lot.

His daughter's face was as pale as the pillow on which it rested.

"What have I done? What have I done?" exclaimed the Chancellor, in a frenzy of terror. "Oh, oh! What a fool I have been! *And I administered the same dose to the King's brother and to Waterbottle himself!*"

He rushed downstairs to his "den." Here he hatched his plots and mixed his sleeping draughts, for 'twas here he kept the medicine chest which had been brought to Kingland by the Atlantic waves and cast high and dry upon the beach.

The Chancellor examined this medicine chest and its contents more closely than he had ever done before. As he turned over packet after packet, and opened bottle after bottle, it struck him—for the first time—that all the doses here prepared were very strong doses; that all the powders were very big powders; that all the pills were very large pills.

More poking about in the medicine chest, and at last the Chancellor—who was an intelligent man, considering his out-of-the-way home and limited education—began to see light.

For instance—he discovered some forceps (he guessed they were intended for the extraction of teeth) as long and as heavy as a pair of tongs.

"Surely," thought the Chancellor "these

aren't used for pulling out *men's* teeth. No what then?"

The Chancellor staggered back with a gasp of terror. He knew now. *It was a veterinary surgeon's medicine chest, and the sleeping draught he had administered to each victim was intended for horses!*

Meanwhile, up at the barracks, a lively scene was attracting the attention of the neighbours. Obedient to his orders, Major So-So had summoned Hag Haggety from her couch to (as he explained) attend one of the soldiers who had been suddenly seized with illness in the middle of the night.

"I don't work for nothing," grunted Hag.

She had half-opened the front door of the palace on being aroused by the major's furious knocking. On being acquainted with the nature of his errand she had told him to wait while she got some clothes on, but she talked as she dressed.

"You shall be well rewarded, my good woman!" responded the tall soldier.

"That's vague," shouted Hag, as she struggled with her elastic-sided boots, "and I know you gentlemen up at the barracks has a way of making promises and not performin' of 'em. What's the fee to be?"

"Mrs. Haggety," said the soldier, with emotion, "pray consider a moment. A dear comrade-in-arms lies convulsed with pain——"

"Why does he drink so much beer, then?" demanded Hag in her sourest tone.

"My dear madame, it isn't beer. We can't imagine what it is. He is a very sober and respectable man——"

"Which is it?" demanded Hag, as she tied her bonnet strings.

"It's Corporal Job Jones, *you* know; he is—er—rather stout——"

"Ah! I remember," said Hag. "Fat man with a silly smile, who carries a thing like a suet-chopper on the end of a pole?"

"That may be one way of describing him, though not a very polite one," returned Major So-So.

"Well, what's the matter with him?" abruptly put in Hag. "Convulsions, did you say?"

"I couldn't tell you the name of the illness," replied the major, with a broad grin (being dark, she couldn't see him), "but it's a very bad one. For one thing, he's foaming at the mouth——"

"What-ho! hydrophoby!" exclaimed Hag.

"No, it isn't hydrophobia—it can't be. There ain't any dogs in Kingland, ma'am—nor cats either."

"No more there is," muttered Hag, thoughtfully. "No; so it can't be hydrophoby. Well, it's a fit of some sort, so I'd better bring my No. 2 mixture."

She went to a shelf and took down a jar.

"Now, sergeant, I'm ready——"

"Excuse me, I am now a major!" interrupted the caller.

"Oh! a major!" was Hag's sarcastic rejoinder. "I suppose you've been diggin' the Commander-in-Chief's garden for him, eh? Can't pay you, so he promotes you! What a harmy! Well now, young man, what's the fee to be? Not a step do I take till you give me something in advance——"

"And while we are bargaining," cried the major, indignantly, "poor Corporal Job Jones is dying."

"I don't much care if he is," snapped Hag. "For you fellers are a bad lot—take *my* word. But I never says 'no' to turning an honest bag of potatoes or a strip o' carpet ——"

"I will give you a *hen* if you'll come along sharp," said Major So-So.

Now hens are greatly prized in Kingland, so when she heard this promise pronounced Hag hobbled off briskly.

Arrived at the barracks, Major So-So asked Hag to be good enough to wait in the yard a moment. Then he nipped inside as quickly as possible, crept up to Corporal Job Jones's hammock, and emptied the contents of the blue packet the Chancellor had given him down poor Job's throat—for the corporal slept with his mouth wide open.

The result was terrific. Instead of merely foaming at the mouth—as the Chancellor thought he would do—the corporal, in one spasmodic movement, leapt clean out of his hammock on to the floor.

Now immediately beneath Corporal Job Jones there lay Private Tear, the youngest member of the army. His weapon was a bayonet, and he wore a scarf round his neck all the year round, on account of a chronic sore throat. When he spoke, some malformation of his larynx caused him to make a rattling very similar in volume to that produced by a certain deadly snake when angered.

Corporal Job Jones, then, with as fiendish a yell as ever echoed through the headquarters of the Kingland military, fell on to Private Tear, who awoke with an exclamation of alarm, and began to pummel the corporal with all his might, keeping up a shrill rattling as he did so.

The corporal, in his agony, hardly felt the private's blows; so great was his pain that his teeth snapped involuntarily, and his ponderous frame quivered like a leaf.

At last one of the private's blows met the corporal full "in the wind," and added (if that

were possible) to the unfortunate man's sufferings. With the howl of a wild beast, the Corporal buried his teeth in (what he imagined to be) his assailant's throat, but the scarf was there —and the scarf saved Private Tear's life. The stout corporal — maddened beyond measure by the powder his fellow-soldier had administered to him — bit and worried the scarf, and tore it, and even swallowed bits of it. Finally, he dragged it clean off Private Tear's neck, and (still imagining it to be his opponent's throat) proceeded to wrench it into fragments.

This exercise soothed him somewhat, but when he had done with the scarf, the pain came on again with redoubled fury, and Corporal Job Jones sprang to his feet. He wanted something to bite, and as he worked his jaws up and down with the snarling of a man "possessed," who should come hurrying in, accompanied (very warily) by Hag Haggety, but *Major So-So!* The major had retired to fetch Hag, and was under the impression, as he re-entered the room, that Corporal Job Jones and Private Tear were still wrestling.

"HELP! HE'S GOT HOLD OF MY HAIR

Hag cast one look on the corporal, and then bolted for dear life, banging the door to after her.

Corporal Job Jones gave a savage shout, and (the powder getting well hold of him just then) bounded into the air like a football, came down again, bounded up again, and came down again —this time on the top of Major So-so, who was fumbling with the door-handle in a wild endeavour to get away from the jumping corporal.

"*Help!*" screamed Major So-So; "*he's got hold of my hair!*"

He had indeed — with both hands! The corporal, besides being a stout man, was also a strong one, but now he was as strong as six men. Having obtained a good grip of the major's hair, he swung him clean off his feet, whirled him round, and then let go of him.

As the corporal's missile the major made a bee-line across the room, and alighted on the slumbering form of Private Hooligan, a stone-deaf gentleman, who invariably wore a Roman helmet and carried a shield. If Private Hooligan could not hear, he could at least *hit*, and he hit Major So-So so hard that the major burst into tears, and said that he should report the matter to the Commander-in-Chief— a speech which, on account of his affliction, was entirely thrown away on Private Hooligan.

Corporal Job Jones had subsided into a moaning heap on the floor after pitching So-So across the dormitory; but he soon grew restive again, and began to caper round like a Spring-heeled Jack, smashing up the chairs and tables, and doing endless damage—for a 17st. man can't play "bounce-ball" (using himself as the ball) in complete darkness without rubbing a little paint off *some*thing.

By this time, however, Hag Haggety had alarmed the villagers, and lanterns were flashing in the barrack-yard. Hag explained to the men about her that one of the soldiers had gone mad, and had to be captured, and suggested that the crowd should charge at him and bear him down by sheer weight of numbers.

The door of the dormitory was therefore flung open, and the villagers went for Corporal

Job Jones in a body. He collapsed before them, of course; but some of the villagers in the front rank bear marks of the struggle that ensued to this day.

They had just finished binding the poor fellow's limbs when the Commander-in-Chief arrived. He stared at the islanders in simulated surprise (for he guessed what the matter was) and, drawing his sword, fiercely asked them what they did there.

("So," he thought, "if the Chancellor's share in this matter comes to light, I shall not be suspected of having participated in the crime.")

The disturbance was explained to the Commander-in-Chief, who then sheathed his sword and appeared satisfied.

Major So-So crept up to him.

"A word in your ear, sir."

They turned aside together. After a whispered colloquy, the two went out quickly and made all haste to the Chancellor's house. They found him with an ashen face, bending over his medicine chest.

"To what am I indebted for this honour?' he asked, haughtily.

"My lord," said Major So-So, "you gave me *the wrong powder.*"

The Chancellor looked at the two men steadily. His wits went to work. Yes, no doubt he had entrusted Major So-So with the wrong powder, but he wasn't going to admit it.

"If any mistake has been made," he thundered, "'twas yours. Did I not say that you were to mix the powder with water?"

"No, my lord, you did not."

"Contradict me once more, you dog, and I will degrade you to the rank of private! I say I told you to mix it with water, and you omitted to do so. It is to your own interest to keep this matter quiet. Obey me, and you shall have your reward—the young woman Buzzie shall be yours. Oppose me, and I will have you bound, and then I will force down your throat a powder of a kind you gave your comrade—only ten times larger, *and without water!*"

The Chancellor pointed to the door.

"Go!" he roared.

Major So-So slunk out like a whipped cur.

The Commander-in-Chief, hardly caring for a chat with the Chancellor while the latter was in this pleasant frame of mind, followed Major So-So, and the Chancellor found himself alone again.

He sat down and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"It was like this!" he gasped, taking another blue packet out of the medicine chest; and then he added, in a low, hissing whisper: "He gave Corporal Job Jones *a powder meant for cows!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

HAG GETS TO WORK.

Buzzie, fresh and rosy after her brisk morning walk, applied her knuckles gently to the door of the palace.

Hag Haggety promptly appeared.

"Good morning," she said, ungraciously, "the King ain't woke up yet."

"*What!*"

"I say," repeated Hag, "that the King has not woke up yet."

"But he is generally up *hours* before this," protested the future Queen of Kingland.

"I know it," was Hag's rejoinder, "but to-day he has overslep' himself. I've let him sleep, thinking 'twould do him good—'sleep your fill' says I."

"Oh, *please* call him at once, dear Mrs. Haggety," said Buzzie, with some impatience, "he'll get up at once if you tell him *I'm* here." And Buzzie smiled slyly.

"Conceited little minx!" muttered Hag, as she hobbled off to the royal bedroom, but she did not really mean it. The old woman was very fond of Waterbottle, with his easy, "free" way, and was secretly rather pleased than otherwise when he and Buzzie were reading the same book together, or playing duets on the old piano.

A few minutes elapsed before Hag returned. Buzzie saw by the old woman's face that something was wrong.

"Here—you come and try," said Hag, hoarsely, as she seized Buzzie's hand. "I've hollered at him, and shook him, and can't get him to lift an eyelid even. And he looks dreadful bad—sort of thinner—and his hair's all tangled. He don't look well!"

Buzzie's heart beat fast. What had happened to her lover? She and Hag tried their hardest to rouse the slumbering monarch, but the more they called upon him to awake, the more they shook and hit him, the sounder he seemed to sleep.

At last Buzzie covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Don't take on, dearie," said Hag, in an unusually gentle tone, "don't 'ee cry. Perhaps he's very tired——"

But her own voice faltered even as she spoke the words—she didn't like Waterbottle's pasty look and shrunken lips. There was something wrong—something very, very wrong.

Suddenly Buzzie swept the tears from her eyes, and, leaning over the prostrate form, looked closely into the King's face. Then swiftly she seized Hag's arm.

"Mrs. Haggety—*that is not the King!*"

"Nonsense!" retorted Hag. "Of course it's

the King! There isn't another man like him in the island."

"No—there isn't!" agreed Buzzie, with warmth; "there is not another man like my Jack in all the *world!* But *that* isn't Jack! Oh, Mrs. Haggety, you are a woman, and you know a woman's heart seldom plays her false. My heart tells me that *that* is not the King—the *real* King——"

"Well," said Hag, roughly, and thinking that Buzzie was a little off her head for the moment, "King or no King, we've got to wake him. There's some mischievous spirit about," she added, fixing her sunken eyes on Buzzie. "You haven't heard that the Lord Chancellor's wife and daughter have been took ill——"

"No—are they *very* ill?"

we can do with the King. I'll first try my No. 8, while you put the kettle on the fire, and tell me when it boils."

Buzzie mechanically did as she was told, while Hag, going to the cupboard in which she kept her herbal preparations, took out a small tin box, with "8" marked on it. Taking the lid off, she disclosed to view a pink ointment, which gave forth such a nauseating odour that Buzzie had to hide her pretty nose in her handkerchief.

"What *is* that horrid stuff?" she cried, "and what are you going to do with it?"

"You can come and see if you like," replied Hag, shortly.

On reaching the King's bedside again, Hag smeared some of the ointment on Waterbottle's

"HOLD HIS MOUTH OPEN!" SHE SCREECHED.

"Well, he won't let anybody go near them—not even *me*, what doctors most folk," said Hag vindictively. "He says he understands how to treat them, and won't have me giving them any of *my* rubbish!"

"Oh, how *rude* of him!" said Buzzie absently. She didn't care a button about the Lord Chancellor's wife and daughter; she was thinking of her lover, and looking at her lover, as she spoke.

"*Rude!* I'll be even with the old fox yet!" growled Hag. "And now," she added, switching her mind off her own grievances, "let's see what

lips, and placed a little pat of it just under his nose.

"There," said Hag; "this will bring him to with a jerk, if he's in a common sleep. It's never failed yet," she added, with a chuckle.

But it failed now. Not a muscle of the King's face moved; not an eye-lash quivered. Hag's lined old countenance turned grey; she looked ten years older. Buzzie, with scared eyes, remained silent—waiting. She placed great confidence in Hag; she knew that where Hag failed, nobody on that island could succeed.

Hag wiped off the ointment.

"No good! Is that kettle boiling?"

It should be by this time, Mrs. Haggety."

"Oh!—get the coffee-pot warmed, then."

Hag took a bag of coffee beans out of her cupboard, ground them, and put quite a cupful of coffee powder into the pot.

"Now pour—slowly—because this has got to be strong coffee—strong, black, *hot* coffee. Steady my girl—steady! Strong, black, *hot* coffee—*so hot!* Steady—steady—that'll do! Now come!"

Hag ran with the boiling coffee into the King's bedroom.

"Hold his mouth open!" she screeched, her green eyes blazing with excitement.

"But, Mrs. Haggety, are you——"

"Hold his mouth open! Do as I tell you—wider—wider yet!"

She poured the coffee down the King's throat, Buzzie shuddering and crying as she held Waterbottle's jaws apart. The black liquid went hissing down—down—down.

"Ha!" shouted Hag. "See!"

Buzzie had been looking anywhere but at the man's face, but now she looked. The King's eyes were open, his lips were moving!

"More coffee!" shouted Hag, dashing out of the bedroom. "You mind him while I make it."

For some minutes Buzzie sat quite still, not daring to look again at the King; but, at length—slowly—timorously—she glanced at him, and then started up with an exclamation in which wonder and horror were mingled.

"You are not Jack!" she cried. "You are not my lover——"

"No," said a deep voice at the door, "he is not thy lover, pretty one, because *I am!*"

Buzzie wheeled round. There, leering upon her, stood the tall soldier, Major So-So. He advanced into the room.

"*I* am thy lover, sweetheart, and soon, I hope, thou wilt be my bride. Nay, tremble not. 'Tis the Lord Chancellor's wish that we two should be wed, and we cannot gainsay his lordship. Gadzooks! thy comeliness doth enthral me! A fairer flower ne'er bloomed on Kingland's barren soil than thy sweet self!"

The soldier, it will be observed, as on that previous occasion, was utilizing the language of the romantic novels in whose perusal he spent most of his "off duty" periods. He had an idea that girls were very fond of this sort of conversation, and so he ladled it out freely whenever he came in contact with young women who pleased his eye.

"Please go away," said Buzzie. "I don't want to talk to you."

The soldier smiled in a very ugly fashion.

"Don't want! 'Don't' comes not nicely from such red lips. By my grandfather's beard thou shalt take back that speech. Listen, Mistress Buzzie! The Lord Chancellor hath sanctioned our union, but I would not willingly take thee to wife till I had courted thee somewhat. Nay, stir not! Thou *shalt* hear me out!"

"If you are a *man*," cried Buzzie, stamping her foot, "you will not insult a defenceless woman! Leave me alone, sir, I beg of you, or I must summon help."

"Hoh!" laughed the soldier, insolently. "Thou wilt summon help. And who will help thee? Nay, be not foolish! One kiss and I will go——"

He sprang forward to seize Buzzie, but she avoided him, and flew into the outer room. The soldier clumsily followed her, and was close at her heels, when Hag Haggety emerged from the kitchen with the freshly-brewed coffee.

"Hoity-toity, what's this?" cried Hag.

"Stand aside, old woman, this maid is mine——"

"Then this be thine!" replied Hag, launching the coffee-pot at his head.

Her aim was true, and the scalding coffee gave the soldier's head the first hot wash it had enjoyed for many a year.

Howling with pain, Major So-So dashed into the street, fled on the wings of agony to the beach, and plunged into the sea. There he cooled down, but when he returned to barracks his face was as red as a boiled lobster, and so tender that he had to wrap it up in cotton wool.

Hag, laughing grimly, led the trembling Buzzie back to the bedroom.

"Well, the coffee's wasted," said she, "but no matter. The King is coming round fast—he will soon be himself again."

"*The King!*" echoed Buzzie, "the King! It isn't the King."

"You said that before," retorted Hag, bluntly. "What do you mean, child?"

"The King—Jack—my lover," said Buzzie, "has blue eyes. This man's eyes are brown. Oh, don't you think a girl knows the colour of her sweetheart's eyes?"

And, with this piteous little speech, she fell fainting into Hag Haggety's arms.

(To be Continued.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH

THE BEST STAMPS TO BUY.

IF in time to come we are going to ask: "What will my stamps fetch?" we shall take care where we obtain them, and what we pay for them.

A great deal of money is wasted by young collectors on stamps which, while possibly pretty, are either made for collectors, or belong to large stocks of remainders which have been demonetized and sold *en bloc* to some dealer, or are related to the reprint, forgery, or other undesirable family.

In purchasing stamps the aim should be to get

QUALITY, AND NOT QUANTITY,

and, while I do not favour that view of stamp collecting which relegates the album to a mere investment, I am confident that in these days, if ultimate disappointment and loss is to be avoided, beginners will eschew to a large extent the usual commonplace varieties, priced at ½d., 1d., and sometimes over, on approval sheets, and spend their money in the purchase of standard varieties which evidence some probability of advancing in price.

Anyone who knows the general run of stamp auctions to-day will tell you that it is possible to purchase a fairly large collection of common stamps—say stamps worth from ½d. to 3d. each, for a mere song; but a collection containing good unused stamps, or a representative accumulation of popular countries, will always realize its full value.

The aim of the young collector should be to add financially to his collection in every fresh specimen acquired. To do this as a regular thing requires some knowledge of the stamp market, although this is not absolutely necessary. To make my meaning plain, I place myself as a beginner with a certain amount of pocket money to spend on my stamp album. How can I best lay it out?

First and foremost, accept it as a rule that unused current issues are always good stamps to add to the collection, as, although no very big profits may be made from these varieties, the purchaser is at least safe-guarded from total loss, in that unused stamps are always worth face value. At the same time, it is just possible an unexpected haul may be made by purchasing a new issue, which, being quickly withdrawn again, has risen in value with leaps and bounds.

What ought I to pay for current unused stamps? The following may be taken as a correct estimate of the value of current unused British Colonials, and at these prices money is only being invested:—

½d. stamps	... 1d.	6d. stamps	... 8d.
1d. ,,	... 2d.	10d. ,,	... 1s. 2d.
2d. ,,	... 3d.	1s. ,,	.. 1s. 3d.
2½d. ,,	... 4d.	2s. ,,	... 2s. 6d.
3d. ,,	... 4d.	2s. 6d. ,,	... 3s. 0d.
4d. ,,	... 6d.	5s. ,,	... 6s. 0d.
5d. ,,	... 7d.	10s. ,,	...12s. 0d.

For the values from ½d. to 1s. it is possible to purchase the set even at a cheaper rate than that quoted. Much the same rule applies to unused foreign issues, except that in purchasing care must be taken not to burn the fingers over speculative and unnecessary issues, such as Portuguese "Celebration" stamps, and others which are issued primarily for stamp collectors. Our British colonial stamps are not altogether free from this stigma; but, taken as a whole, all British colonial stamps unused should be sought for, and may safely be purchased in accordance with the table of values.

Again, one must keep his eyes open to connect with political movements, possible changes in the constitution of countries or governments, resulting in a sweeping change of postage stamps. For instance, I would strongly advise young collectors to exert themselves in the direction of

AUSTRALASIAN STAMPS.

These colonies will be federated early in 1901, and already certain of the colonies are talking about a new design to be general throughout the federated colonies.

Any of the following issues should be specially sought for at the present time, and current sets, if possible, completed before the federation takes place:—

Cook Islands.	Queensland.
Fiji.	South Australia.
New South Wales.	Tasmania.
New Zealand.	Victoria.
Western Australia.	

Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen, the well-known dealer in British and British colonial stamps, has, as a special feature of his business, the "British Colonial Stamp Market," by means of which he supplies all current issues of British colonial stamps, unused, at a small percentage over face value, either singly or in sets. Young collectors especially will do well to write for particulars, and thus save money.

I have always been a firm believer in

AFRICAN STAMPS,

and those who read the recent article on Transvaal issues will not have regretted it, if they took the advice given to complete the current issues of this country. Since then, both the Transvaal and Orange Free State have become British colonies. Some day we may see a similar federation taking place in Africa—from the Cape to Cairo—as is about to take place in Australasia, when, instead of several issues, such as exist at present for British Central, East and South Africa, Niger Coast, and other territories, one Imperial design would be substituted, and the old sets would consequently be enhanced in value.

But not only Africa,

CERTAIN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

might well occupy the special attention of those who are not seeking to waste their money spent on stamps. The stamps of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Eastern Roumelia, and Greece, are well worthy of attention in view of the future—regardless, of course, of jubilee issues. China and Japan are also two interesting countries; but the numerous issues of the latter are scarcely likely to increase much in value.

In conclusion. Buy nothing that is not listed in one of the standard priced catalogues. Eschew reprints, jubilee issues, stamps cancelled to order, remainders, hospital stamps, and other rubbish. If you have money to spend on your collection, buy from some reputable dealer *who does not sell reprints*. A good packet, or, if money is to be spent in the purchase of stamps from approval sheets, select such stamps as answer to the advice given above. If this is done there should be no disappointment in the future.

GREECE: PARIS PRINT.

GREECE: ATHENS PRINT.

GREECE, PARIS, AND ATHENS STAMPS.

I am so often asked the question, "What is the difference between the Paris and Athens prints of Greece?" that I have had the accompanying enlarged illustrations prepared, which will serve to show the difference between the two prints.

The chief tests are as follows. In the Paris print (1) the impression is generally fine; (2), and this is the chief test, the lines of shading on the neck are very thin, and mainly composed of small dots; (3) there are no figures on the back of the 5l., 20l., 40l., and 80l. stamps.

The Athens print is easily distinguished by (1) its coarse impression; (2) the lines of shading on the neck are thick and very distinct; (3) there are coloured figures on the backs.

With regard to the third test, this can only be taken as final in the 5l., 20l., 40l. and 80l. values, as there are some Athens prints *without* figures on back.

As a last test, the Athens prints are printed on *white* paper, while the Paris are printed on toned or yellowish paper.

The accompanying illustrations should clear up all difficulty on the points of difference. As to value, the Paris prints are worth shillings where the Athens are only worth pence. The rarest Paris print is the 10l. orange, worth 20s. The same value Athens print is only worth 2d.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

CAYMAN ISLANDS.—This is altogether a new stamp-issuing country. The islands, which are three in number, lie about 180 miles west of Jamaica. Hitherto, stamps of Jamaica have been thought quite sufficient for the islands, but they have decided to start for themselves, and have issued two stamps in the same design as is used for the current 1c. Straits Settlements. I hope to illustrate later on. ½d. green, 1d. red.

DUTCH INDIES.—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., have sent me some surcharged stamps, one of which is illustrated. The current stamps of Holland have been issued overprinted in black "Ned-Indie," and new value. 10c. pale lilac, 12c. blue, 15c. brown, 20c. green, and 25c. rose and blue, all surcharged in black.

DUTCH INDIES.

FEDERATED MALAY STATES.—I had something to say about the federation of the various Straits Settlements States last month. Messrs. Bright & Son have shown me some fresh surcharges made upon the Perak stamps. Altogether, the surcharges issued are as follows:—

ON STAMPS OF NEGRI SEMBILAN.

1c. lilac and green.	5c. lilac and olive.
2c. ,, and brown	10c. ,, and orange.
3c. ,, and black.	20c. green and olive.

25c. lilac and carmine.

ON STAMPS OF PERAK.

1c. on 2c. lilac and brown.	10c. lilac and orange.
1c. ,, 4c. ,, and carmine.	1 dol. green and pale green.
1c. ,, 5c. ,, and ochre.	2 ,, ,, and carmine.
3c. ,, 50c. black and green.	5 ,, ,, and ultramarine.

10 dol. green and ochre.

All the surcharges are in black.

GREECE.—Three provisional stamps have been issued here—the 25l. has been surcharged "lepta 20" in Greek characters, and the 40l. has been made into 1 drachma and 2 drachmas stamps respectively. The accompanying illustration will show the new surcharge, which is in black, 20l. on 25l. blue (perf. and imperf.), 1dr. on 40l. violet (imperf.), 2dr. on 40l. violet (perf.).

GREECE.

GUAM.—I have already referred to this, the latest colonial acquisition of the United States. The stamps are just out, and consist of the current U.S.A. issues overprinted "Guam" in black. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., have sent me a specimen, which I illustrate. 1c., 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c., and 15c., all surcharged in black.

GUAM.

INDIA.—The low values have been changed in colour, and are now being issued as follows: 3 pies, grey-green, ½ anna green (no change), 1a. carmine, 2a., lilac., 2a. 6 pies blue. No doubt other values will be changed.

MALTA.—A 1s. 4d. stamp has been added to the current set, showing a picture of the Grand Harbour at Valetta. The colour is red-brown, A ¼d. stamp is also on its way, and should be popular with young collectors.

TURKS ISLANDS.—Messrs. Bright & Son tell me that a new set of stamps is on its way out here. The design is a sailing vessel in an oval frame, and the values run from ½d. to 3s. Further particulars when I see the stamps.

SYMPATHY.

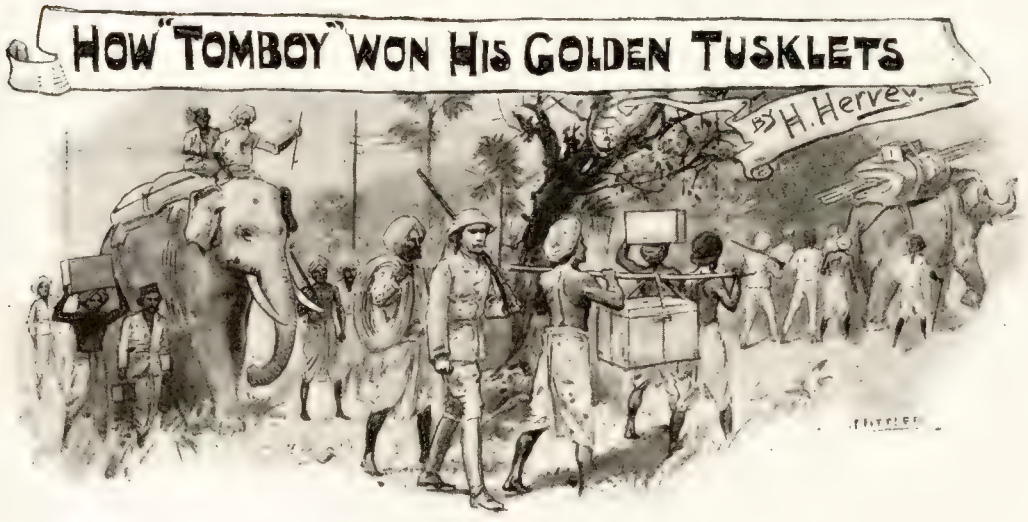
I SAUNTERED out in the balmy air
Of a lovely summer day.
My head was high, and my step was firm,
And my heart was light and gay;
And I whistled an air and didn't care
Whatever might happen to me,
When I saw an old man by the side of the road,
Who weeping seemed to be.

He was sitting and wiping his eyes with his sleeve,
And I saw as I drew still nigher,
That the tears were streaming down his face,
And so I made bold to inquire:—
"What is it, old man, that makes you weep?
Say, have you been robbed, or what?
Have your children driven you into the street,
To go to the poor-house and rot?

"Or have you buried an only child,
The prop and the stay of your life?
Or is it a dearly-beloved friend?
Or is it, perchance, your wife?
Still silent! Speak, and confide in me
The reason, my friend, that you cry."
The old man said, "Oh, you be blowed!
I've got some dirt in my eye."

W. J. C. NETTLETON.

HOW "TOMBOY" WON HIS GOLDEN TUSKLETS



Illustrated by J. Littler.

BEFORE setting out on my day's march, I received a bundle of mail matter by post rider, and, on opening the Calcutta daily, I read—*inter alia*—the following :–

TWO THOUSAND RUPEES REWARD.

The Minister of the Huldibari State is empowered to bestow the above-mentioned reward on whoever finds and brings to Huldibari the State elephant, Alumgirr. The animal broke loose from Huldibari on the 5th inst. He is easily recognisable by his unusual size, and the golden ornaments on his tusks.

WOOMUN CHURN BHATACHARJEE,
Minister.

Now, I would be passing through Huldibari in five days' time ; the town lay fifty miles to the east on my bank of the river. This was the 20th of the month, so "Alumgirr," unless he had been captured in the meanwhile, would be entering on the third week of his liberty. Where might he not have wandered to in that interval? I made enquiries as I passed the police station of the village I was leaving, and learnt they had received a vernacular copy of the notice ; further, that searchers after the errant pachyderm had already been here, but had failed in coming across him.

"Depend upon it, my lord," said the *tannahdar*, or station-house officer, "he is still at large, or we would have been advised to cancel the notice."

I do not profess to know very much of the elephant. My experience of him was slight, for up to within a year of the time I am alluding to I had comparatively nothing to do with him. During that year, however, I lived in a part of the empire where the elephant constituted the usual means of transport and locomotion. Each Government official counted one or more in his camp establishment. I had two—"Tomboy," a great tusker ; and "Wagtail," a female. I have already given to the world something about both these beasts — of Tomboy especially. I now propose saying something more concerning them.

The country on the other bank of the river was fairly populated ; that on the hither side, up to within a few miles of Huldibari, consisted of dense jungle, and was entirely uninhabited. At the village I had just quitted the main track crossed the river, and recrossed it at a point opposite Huldibari by means of ferry-boats, but, to avoid spans or cables, the telegraph line adhered to this bank, and threaded a path hewn through the forest solely for the wires, and seldom penetrated by anyone but my working or inspection parties. Such was the country I was about to travel over. This was the fourth time I had used this route, and, though current report peopled that jungle with all the usual "varmints" peculiar to the Orient, still I had never encountered any of the more dangerous wild animals. During my last trip, however, I had come across a snake's shed skin of such huge proportions as to warrant belief in the rumour that pythons denizened those gloomy depths. I knew that the rhinoceros wallowed in the adjacent river, for I frequently heard him blowing and plunging about, but hitherto I had not met him in the way. Of the presence of *felidæ* there was also proof, but they had not shown themselves to us.

It being deemed prudent to keep together so long as we were traversing that fifty miles, we all progressed in a "bunch." Wagtail, bearing our

tents and commissariat, led the way; my own private servants, quaking with fear, crowding round her as if for protection; I, on foot, and carrying a rifle, came next with my linemen and coolies, all provided with tools and implements, or loaded with spare material, for repairing the telegraph line and cutting away vegetation contact. Tomboy brought up the rear, merely carrying a *gudhee*, or pad, with old Elahi Bukkus, his *mahout*, or driver, and Mehndie, his coolie, or assistant, perched one behind the other on the noble beast's neck. I kept Tomboy thus comparatively free, for he was worth fifty men in the matter of clearing the wires of the more inaccessible leaves and branches. I have already described how this animal had served me in two tight pinches—two warm corners. Here, then, I was again making use of his sagacity, strength, and child-like docility.

I caught up my *cortège*, and in the intervals of work discussed with old Elahi Bukkus the question of the runaway Alumgirr.

"Did you hear about the Huldibari elephant, Elahi Bukkus?" I asked in Oordoo of Tomboy's *mahout*.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man, bending down from his roost, "I know Alumgirr—I was over him when in the Rajah's service for a short time."

"Then is the story about him true?"

"Yes, my lord—the police sergeant read out the notice to me."

"The Rajah must set a great value on him—the reward is large."

"True, sir, to anyone but those in the *Sirkar* (Government) service. Your honour and this slave" (alluding to himself), "for instance, would not be allowed to receive the reward, would he, sir? and as for the gold bands that Alumgirr wears on his tusks, it would not be right to take them."

"You are right, O ancient," I laughed, "but you speak as if we have a good chance of finding and capturing Alumgirr. Explain yourself."

"I have an idea, sir, that we *shall* find him," rejoined the old man, confidently.

"Why?"

"Because, sir, he is sure to have strayed into this jungle, for it is the only one in these parts, and no proper means have been taken to hunt for him. The police told me that the searchers who have come as far as the village behind us were common coolie *raj bunsies* (hired ryots or cultivators). What do they know of elephants' habits? and, if found, how would they capture him? I further heard that the Rajah's *Hati Jemadar* (captain of elephants) is unable himself to move in the matter."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, the Ranee, with her retinue, is absent on a pilgrimage to Benares, and that all the other state elephants went with her."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, the only way to recapture a runaway is by means of other elephants cunning enough to fool him, and strong enough to overcome him."

"I see! Well?"

"Our beasts will do it for us, sir!" quoth Elahi Bukkus proudly, patting Tomboy's huge head, and pointing to Wagtail lumbering on in advance.

"By Jove! Is that so?"

"Yes, my lord. Trust to them and to your slave. If we come within earshot of Alumgirr, we will catch him."

Having implicit faith in both beasts as well as the man, I gave the latter *carte blanche* to do as he thought proper. He and Mehndie unhitched the pad, the latter running off with it to Wagtail, who received the additional load with ill grace. Speaking to Tomboy as if to a child, Elahi Bukkus turned him off the path into the jungle. I could hear the crashing of the undergrowth as the ponderous form made way through it, and every now and then, at varying distances, and in response to a peculiar cry from the man, Tomboy gave a subdued trumpet. Suddenly he appeared in the track ahead of us, and at a word from the old *mahout* he plunged into the jungle on the opposite side. The same procedure continued till we arrived at the first clearing, or halting-place, during the afternoon. Here all unlimbered. Tents were pitched, the elephants picketed, guards posted, culinary operations set going, and the whole camp soon sank into restful quiescence.

After all had broken their fast, Elahi Bukkus and Wajeed Khan, the other *mahout*, untethered their respective animals, and, bidding them follow, came to my tent door.

"Your honour is at leisure?" queried Elahi Bukkus.

"Yes; why?"

"Come, then, with us, sir. Bring your gun, also two trustworthy armed men."

"But why—what's the matter?"

"Something is close by, sir. Look at my son," meaning Tomboy. "Watch him for a moment, your honour."

I did. I noticed he frequently stood stock still, his leaf-like ears unmoved, his tail and proboscis—generally in perpetual motion—as if carved in granite, the small eye half closed—all sure signs of intense attention. Then he gave forth a low grunt of impatience; the swishing and swinging would recommence, to be again followed by another good "listen." Wagtail appeared to be similarly perturbed, but not to the same extent.

"He is restless and quiet by turns," I remarked. "What does that mean?"

"That something is near which disturbs him, sir, and he wants the order to go. Let us follow him."

Picking up my rifle, and summoning two peons to assume their flint-locks and attend me, I put myself under the ancient's guidance. Again apostrophising the shrewd pachyderm, the old man told him to: "*Argay jao—ahista!*" ("Go ahead—slowly!"). The brute immediately obeyed, making an ample path for us. Wagtail followed in his footsteps, and we crept along in a cluster at her heels. We proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when Tomboy halted dead, his attitude that of wrapt attention. Wagtail did likewise.

"Listen!" whispered Elahi Bukkus.

I listened, and distinctly heard a sound resembling that produced by the rending of branches.

"Wild elephants!" I muttered.

"Only one, sir. It may be a 'rogue,' or it may be Alumgirr himself, but we shall soon know. *Mahli sumal beyta! Gul na machao! Chullao!*" ("Very carefully, my son! Don't make a noise! Go on!") added the *mahout* to Tomboy—words which he understood as well as I did. Wagtail's man gave her similar instructions.

The sagacious beasts' progress now became slower than ever, and it was interesting to note how marvellously they avoided causing the slightest sound. After another weary twenty minutes or so at a snail's pace, we noticed that the forest thinned, and presently we found ourselves behind a screen of tangled creepers looking into a species of small glade or opening, hemmed in by noble trees; while there, at the further margin, we beheld a very large elephant engaged in feeding on the luxuriant parasitical vegetation that clung to every stem and branch. The stranger was behaving in exactly the same manner as Tomboy; evidently his keen senses told him of the propinquity of some hidden danger; some menace to his present liberty; for, every now and then, he transformed himself into a veritable graven image of immobility, and listened with

ALUMGIRR STOOD BEFORE US.

all his ears. When we sighted him he was "end on" to us; but anon, when he shifted, the sun at once glittered on two shining objects half-way up his tusks; they were gold bands! We doubted no longer — Alumgirr, the Huldibari runaway, stood before us!

"What will you do now?" I whisperingly asked Elahi Bukkus, who crouched by Tomboy, with a restraining hand on his trunk; the other man similarly keeping the female in check.

"First send Wagtail, sir, to fool him; afterwards Tomboy will go out. Then, when the two are close enough to him, I and Wajeed Khan will shout to them to do the needful."

"What will that be?" I tingled with excitement!

"You see, sir, Alumgirr is not a wild elephant; so no ropes or chains are necessary, and he will hail Wagtail's appearance with pleasure; but as soon as Tomboy approaches, the runaway will want to fight; it is then we will shout, sir. Tomboy and Wagtail will at once understand what is required of them: they will each take a turn of their trunks" (he called them "noses") "round Alumgirr's tusks, and lead him along; he may resist, but the two acting together will be too strong for him, so probably he will surrender without trouble and come along quietly."

How I boiled over with excitement! Truly, this was a novel experience to me!

Whispering his injunctions to Wagtail, Wajeed Khan stepped aside from her front. Slowly, and with an air of unconcern, she moved out into the open; snatching with her trunk at various elephantine delicacies with which the forest abounded. Alumgirr greeted his visitor with a grunt, evidently of satisfaction; he came forward to meet her, and in another moment they were head to head, caressing each other with their trunks, and giving forth low rumbling utterances.

Then, apparently, after they had compared notes on the weather, and exchanged their views on the state of Denmark, Alumgirr, wishing no doubt to do the polite, sidled away to a large tree, choked with tendrils and other growth; he tore down a quantity of the tangle, and was in the act of rearing aloft his probocis for more, when from out of the mass of foliage was flung the hideous form of a huge python, which, before the eye could wink, threw its folds round the elephant's loins, holding the unfortunate animal as if in a vice; while on the latter's back we saw the sinister lozenge-shaped head, with the scintillating forked tongue of the fell aggressor darting in and out of the slithering jaws! Trumpeting loudly, Alumgirr essayed to flounder away; and he could have moved only a foot or two when we perceived the snake's body tighten out like a hawser, slanting in an upward direction towards the tree: the reptile had anchored itself by the tail to a stout branch, and thus held the elephant fast. Wagtail, at the first alarm, turned and came lumbering back to our cover; her trunk flourished aloft and uttering shrill cries of fear. Alumgirr in the meanwhile was doing all he knew to rid himself of his terrible foe; he strained and tugged; putting forth his vast weight and strength in vain endeavours either to drag the python from its hold, or rend it in two. But the snake was of immense length and girth, and defied all its victim's efforts. The elephant then tried to reach his enemy with his trunk; throwing it back over his head, he attempted to feel for and seize that portion of the reptile that encircled his quarters; but as soon as the prehensile and sensitive appendage came within scope, the python struck it with its, fortunately, poisonless fangs, causing the poor pachyderm to literally shriek with pain. Then, turning so far as he was able, the elephant threw his probocis round a point in that part of the serpent's body that trended up towards the tree; but hauling however so much on this he could only deflect it; no more!

Was that grand specimen of the Almighty's creation to be sacrificed to the satanic cunning and superior strength of the vilest reptile that moves on the face of the earth — the animal that first taught us to sin, and carried God's curse with it in consequence? It looked like it!

Alumgirr, when he tore down that greenstuff, must have disturbed the big snake and roused it to fury; for we could read infernal rage depicted on the sinister countenance; the bifurcated tongue and the gleaming eye; the convulsive muscular spasms of the mottled, reticulated body spoke of naught else. As the constrictive power was brought to bear, the struggles of the poor elephant became weaker; the combat had lasted only a few minutes, but quite sufficient to point to the inevitable issue. I made up my mind to go to the rescue! I would approach close and blow the python's head to pieces with a shot from my snider! I slipped in a cartridge, and was about rushing out of cover when Elahi Bukkus held me back.

"Does your honour wish to die in your youth?" he asked, fiercely.

"I'm not going to stand by and see the elephant destroyed!" I exclaimed, shaking off the old man's grasp.

"He will not be destroyed, sir; Tomboy is going to his aid; I was about sending him, for the time has come. See how my son will do his duty! *Jao, beyta!*" ("Go, my son!") he added to the beast; "*Chullao! our sânp ko tookkra kur day!*" ("Be off! and tear the snake to pieces").

The animal comprehended what was said. Forging ponderously forward, raising his trunk high in the air and trumpeting shrilly, the grand old tusker joined in the fray. Taking a turn of his proboscis round the snake about half way between Alumgirr and the tree, Tomboy, planting his feet firmly, backed with all his might; Alumgirr, seeming to understand that aid had come, leaned with all his weight in the opposite direction. The strain must have been prodigious; I expected to see the python literally pulled asunder, when the astute reptile, recognizing that it was overmatched, suddenly loosened its grip on its prisoner; the coils flew off—Alumgirr toppled over on his side—and, surprised into relaxing his hold, Tomboy tumbled back on to his haunches. But before either animal could recover himself, before you could say "knife," the discomfited python drew in its scaly length and disappeared in the undergrowth.

Alumgirr, with the life nigh squeezed out of him, and his trunk smarting from the snake bite, submitted himself to us without ado; he fell into line quite naturally behind Tomboy on the way back to camp, and made no objection to be tethered between his deliverer and Wagtail. The female elephant came in for unlimited abuse from both Elahi Bukkus and her own driver for evincing such cowardice; while, as for the tusker, he received commensurate praise, and an extra ration of bread and sugar, for his good behaviour.

In due course we reached Huldibari, and I had the pleasure of riding Alumgirr to the "palace," and restoring him to the Rajah. When His Highness came to know that the rules of the service debarred us from accepting the advertised reward, he asked whether Tomboy was included in the prohibition, and on my saying he was at liberty to bestow whatever mark of favour he pleased on the animal, he, as a matter of fact, having been mainly instrumental in recovering the runaway safe and sound, the prince ordered that Alumgirr's golden tusklets be there and then transferred to Tomboy in recognition of "services rendered."

TOMBOY BACKED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

AN OLD SHOW-BILL.

We reproduce herewith the programme of an entertainment held at Wakefield (at the "Cross Keys" tavern) early in the century. The list of attractions will show that plenty was given for the money — it evidently needed some courage to face so many performing dogs—in the "dog days."

The "bill" shows that "Mr. Munn" was the chief performer. Mr. Hagarty opened the ball with a scientific display of the art of self-defence, in which it is to be presumed that Mr. Munn took part. One must read between the lines of a "bill" like this. At first blush it looks as if Mr. Hagarty were going to fight a gentleman from Bristol. In reality, he is only *matched* to fight him — and is, therefore, an interesting personality. Mr. Munn, it will also be observed, was only *matched* to fight Robinson, "the Yorkshire Youth." Possibly these fights came off, possibly they didn't, but in those days they fought "with the raw 'uns" (as the sporting term is), and, therefore, anyone even *matched* to meet a famous "pug" was an object of intense interest. But Mr. Munn appears to have been a versatile genius, for, after "putting 'em up" with John Hagarty, he proceeded to exhibit his dogs —the "Dog Toby," the "Dog Grog," the "Dog Sobersides," and other dogs. After the Indians and Chinese had been portrayed by the ever active Mr. Munn, his good lady, "the most surprising Female Performer in Europe," obliged on the slack wire. And this, too, after cooking the dinner!

The footnotes on the bill are quaint, and show that in those days there was a considerable gulf set between the "classes" and the "masses." Anybody who paid 2s. was a lady or gentleman—this showman had an eye for snobs!—while "tradespeople" were only charged 1s., and "working people" 6d.

Mr. Munn knew how to draw up a good show-bill, and we trust the receipts recompensed him for the time he must have spent teaching "the Dog Juggler" how to give *an immediate answer* to any question asked by the company!

THE ART OF

SELF-DEFENCE,

For Two

Nights Only

On Friday and Saturday Evenings, August 1st. and 2nd.

In a Large Room at the Cross Keys

Will be scientifically Displayed in all its varieties, by

JOHN HAGARTY,

The Celebrated Birmingham Youth, who has fought several battles in London, and who last contested with Thomas Green, the Manchester Gipsy

And who has Challenged to Fight either Green, or George Davis, of Bristol, for 25 or 50 Guineas. also

Mr. MUNN,

WHO IS NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT

ROBINSON,

THE YORKSHIRE YOUTH

Assisted by the Amateurs of this Town.

The second Part of the Performance will commence with

MR. MUNN,

AND HIS

WONDERFUL DOGS.

First, he will introduce the Surprising

DOG HARLEQUIN,

Which will take several astonishing Leaps through a hoop 7 inches in diameter, through a Balloon, and a Hoop of Fire

THE DOG TOBY,

Will walk on his foremost Paws, his hind Feet perpendicular

The Dog Grog,

Will represent the Deserter of Naples when fired at, and exhibit his sagacity as Dying and Dead

THE DOG SOBERSIDES, AND THE DOG NONSUCH,

Will Dance an Irish Jig, as Clown and Pantaloon, with a variety of other pleasing Tricks

THE CURIOUS DOG JUGGLER,

Will perform a variety of Tricks, Spell and Read, Cast Accounts, tell the Points of the Sun's Rising and Setting, Discover the Four Grand Divisions of the Earth, and will perform Blindfold with 20 handkerchiefs over his eyes

TELL ANY PERSON THE HOUR

To a Minute by the Watch, will tell any Card called for by the Company, and will perform a number of Tricks with the face of the Card downwards. And what is most astonishing, he will pick out the Card thought of by any of the company [illegible] Question [illegible] Answer, with a great variety of other wonderful Things [illegible] It is impossible to describe them [illegible]

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD!!

The Proprietor invites the Public to see these Wonderful Creatures, for so singular a Curiosity may never be presented to the World again

He will also give a representation of the Celebrated Men

The Indians and Chinese.

Mrs. MUNN, the most surprising Female Performer in Europe, will go through her Evolutions on the

SLACK WIRE,

In full Swing.

Admission,---Ladies and Gentlemen Two Shillings, Trades-people, One Shilling; Working-people and Servants, Sixpence.

☞ TICKETS TO BE HAD AT THE FLEECE INN, AND AT THE CROSS KEYS

Doors to be opened at half past Six, and the Performance to commence at half-past Seven precisely

[illegible]UTE, PRINTER, WAKEFIELD

CONCERNING TYRES.

So important is the part played by the tyres in the composition of a modern bicycle that it may be said without any hesitation that at least three-quarters of the riders of to-day owe the fact that they are riders at all solely to the evolution of the modern tyre. When we remember that only ten or a dozen years ago the pneumatic tyre was a new thing, we can see at a glance how great has been the progress made. As everybody knows, the pneumatic principle was discovered by an Irish veterinary surgeon named Dunlop; but neither he nor anyone else knew the value of it, nor what it was destined to accomplish. To speak correctly, he re-discovered it, for the pneumatic tyre had been patented as early as the year 1845; the specifications then lodged being very similar to those of Mr. Dunlop. But they were never employed to any useful purpose, and they were allowed to lie in the limbo of the Patent Office for upwards of forty years.

"G & J." TYRE.

When Mr. Dunlop made his first tyre, he had not, as I have said, the slightest idea of the importance of his achievement. All he was trying to do was to make riding more comfortable. He was not aiming at increased speeds, and the fact that he attained them was what I may describe as an accident. At first it surprised everybody. A similar accident had previously rewarded the inventor of chain driving, as applied to the bicycle. The only thing aimed at in that case was safety, the old "ordinary" having been in many respects a dangerous mount. The great increase of speed which also resulted from the use of the chain astonished everyone, and old riders were at first so incredulous that for a year or two great numbers of them went on buying the old tall machines.

In almost everything connected with cycling the proof of the pudding is on the racing track, because it is there that, under scientific conditions, men try to get the last inch out of their steeds. The value of the safety was proved to the world in this way; and so also, in its turn, the pneumatic tyre was demonstrated before the world as an adjunct that conferred new speed upon the rider. Mr. Dunlop's first tyre was

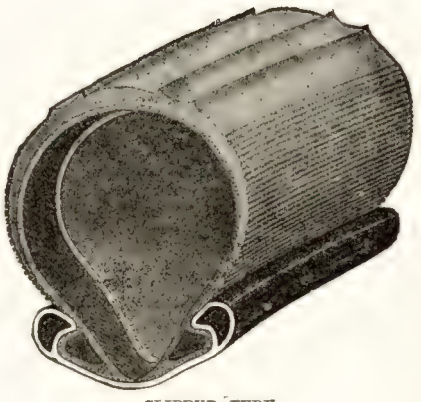
HARTFORD SINGLE-TUBE TYRE.

GOODRICH SINGLE-TUBE TYRE.

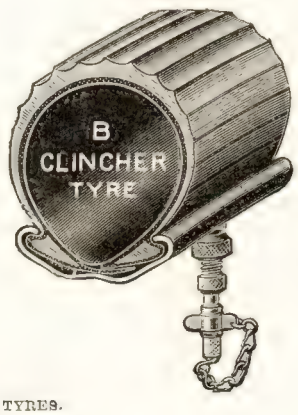
FLEUSS TUBELESS TYRE.

a very bad one. It was clumsy; it was complicated; it was what we should now call "slow"; it was easy to puncture, and it was difficult to repair.

Any one of such a list of indictments would be sufficient to effectually bar the way of any tyre inventor to-day; but that is because we have gone so much further along the road of progress. The original Dunlop, with all its faults, yet constituted the last step towards the completion of the "boat of air and steel" which should possess the magic property of being able to "float over brickbats and flow through stones."

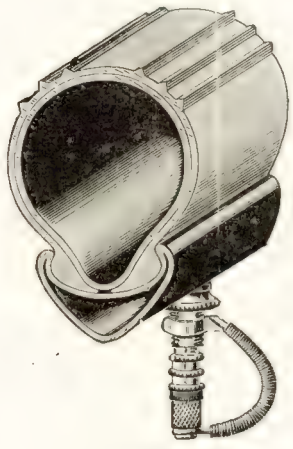


CLIPPER TYRE.



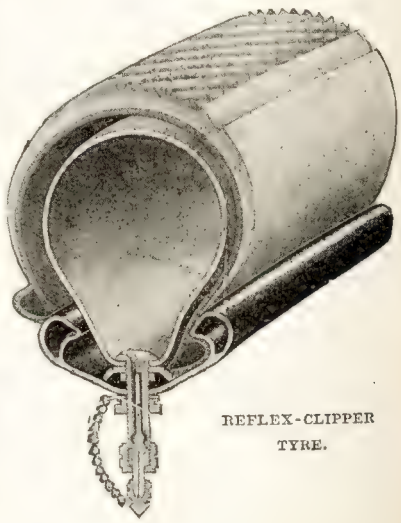
CLINCHER TYRES.

The new tyre became the centre of one of the most remarkable romances that the world of invention has ever known. Mr. Dunlop parted with the rights of his invention before it had achieved the well-deserved fame in store for it, and he did not profit to any great extent. Only a few years later the patent changed hands for £5,000,000! Here was an idea so simple that any Third Form boy might have thought of it, which suggested itself to no one until it came by happy chance to Mr. Dunlop. And such was its world-wide utility that within a few years scores of men had made fortunes through being concerned in the manufacture and distribution of the articles to which it applied. There were, of course, many imitators soon in the field. The majority of them simply took French leave and openly copied the genuine invention. About the year 1896 there were at one and the same time as many as 150 actions for infringement of the patent all waiting to be tried. The result was that all the tyres that were mere imitations ultimately disappeared from the market, leaving only those which showed useful variations or good improvements that were their own legitimate property. To-day there are plenty of good tyres to be had, all of genuine merit, and I propose to talk about a few of them.



PALMER TYRE.

Taking the oldest first, we find that the Dunlop is typical of an important group. It consists of two main parts — as nearly all tyres do. The one is

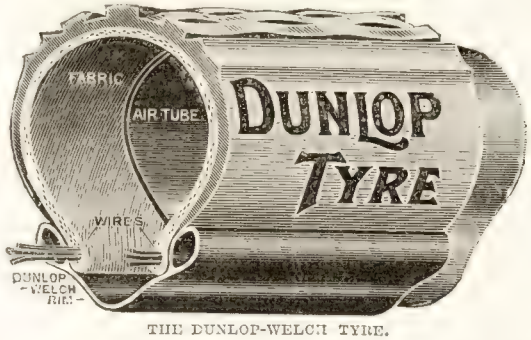


REFLEX-CLIPPER TYRE.

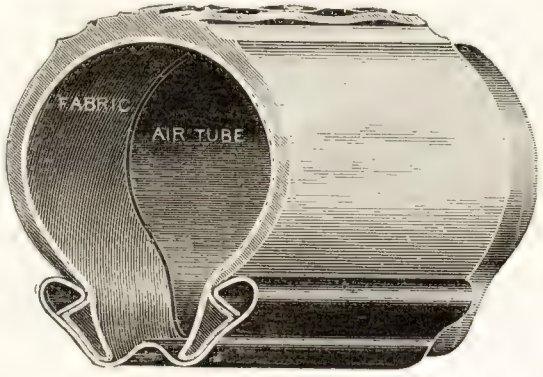
the inner tube, or air chamber. Normally, it is air-tight; but it is furnished with a valve through which air can pass in one direction — namely, inwards — by means of pumping. The inner tube is light, thin, and flexible, and could easily be blown up to bursting point. That this shall not occur in practice an outer cover is provided. The outer cover is for all practical purposes unstretchable, so that, however intense the pressure of the air in the inner tube, the latter is held firmly within dimensions at which it is subjected to little or no stretching strain. But the outer cover fulfils a second function. It protects the inner chamber from injury, and its construction is such that it is capable of resisting a very considerable amount of external attack. Touch the inner tube with a bit of pointed glass, and it is liable to spring a leak at once. Yet it is possible sometimes to run over a hundred spikey bits under the pressure of the full weight of rider and machine and still not seriously wound the outer cover. Thus the strong protects the weak. But the feature of the Dunlop is its method of attachment. It it evident that with a tightly-blown air chamber there is a considerable force tending to blow the outer cover off. This force is restrained by reason of the provision of two hoops of wire — one passing round each edge of the cover. The hoops are made smaller than the extreme circumference of the rim, and as they cannot be perceptibly stretched they cannot be forced over it. Indeed, to get them off, and to put them on, requires a little gentle persuasion, and can only be accomplished owing to the fact that they are larger than the circumference of the bed of the rim. Hence, if one side of a hoop is pushed down into the bed of the rim the other can be coaxed over the rim edge at a point opposite. It is because air pressure from within acts equally all round that the hoops can never be blown off by air pressure.

GRAPPLER RACING TYRE.

There are, of course, tyres which are not made up of these two separable but inter-dependent parts. They belong to the class known as single-tube tyres, and come principally from America. They are much in vogue in the United States on account of their lightness, and their suitability to the kind of riding to which the American cyclist is almost exclusively confined. You see, American riders have nothing like our glorious English roads stretching in noble reaches between city and city for a hundred leagues. Their country roads are

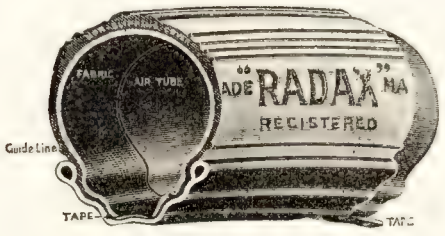


THE DUNLOP-WELCH TYRE.



The Welch-Bartlett Tyre.

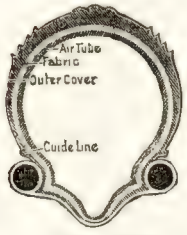
atrocious, as I know by bitter experience, and all the wheeling they can do with any sort of enjoyment is in the streets of the towns or the



RADAX TYRE.

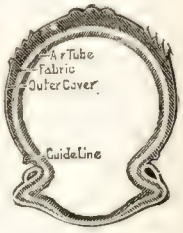
parks of the suburbs. Here, of course, punctures are less likely to occur than on the open road, and should a mishap befall assistance in repairing is generally near at hand. Hence Americans take the risk of using tyres somewhat liable to puncture and not always easy to repair, since in return they obtain a lighter and faster article. English riders similarly situated, who never intend to tour, might do the same. Of single-tube tyres some of the best known are the "G. & J." (made by Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery), the Hartford tyre, and the Goodrich, which is an English production.

There is another English firm, albeit bearing a German name, which manufactures a well-known tyre that is all in one piece; but this is not strictly a single-tube tyre. It is more properly described by the firm's own appellation — the Fleuss tubeless tyre. This is really an outer cover furnished with an ample lip or flap along one of its edges. The arrangement is such that when the whole is placed in position and inflated it becomes a tube by rolling tightly over upon itself. The coating of the flap with soft soap makes the chamber thus formed additionally air-tight. The manner in which the Fleuss is kept from blowing off is quite different from that of the Dunlop, but rather resembles the contrivance in the Clincher class of tyres. The Clincher is an excellent type of tyre, and we will pass on to consider it.

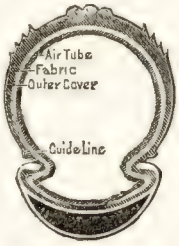


RADAX TYRE ON WESTWOOD RIM.

Unprovided with any hoops of wire, it would blow off the moment it was inflated but for the fact that the outer cover has thickened edges which fit into grooves in the rim. The thickening is not equivalent to the wires in principle, but only in effect. The outward force would be sufficient to drag the thickening out of the grooves were it not for the fact that pressures in fluids act equally in all directions. You see, there is not only an outward air pressure of great force acting on the tread, but there is simultaneously an equal pressure forcing the edges firmly into their grooves. Any boy who knows a bit of natural science will be able to see this. Will it be believed that the expert scientific evidence upon the point, given during a lengthy trial as to whether this arrangement infringed the Dunlop patent, was so conflicting that the judge postponed his decision until he could get an independent scientific opinion for himself? Fortunately, the independent expert saw the point and was able to make it quite clear to the learned judge.



RADAX TYRE ON CONTINENTAL RIM.



RADAX TYRE ON HOLLOW RIM.

Of tyres of the Clincher class a very admirable one is the Palmer. It is one of the lightest and fastest on the market. Originally a single-tube tyre, it was very liable to puncture. To overcome this defect the makers of it entered into an arrangement enabling them to make outer covers for it on the Clincher plan, and it holds its own to-day as one of the best tyres going. The tread of the Palmer tyre is admirably designed to resist sideslip, the ever-present danger of muddy roads and wet tramlines. Varying thicknesses of tread are employed, according to the special uses to which the tyre is destined to be put. The very thin ones are not to be recommended for work outside the racing path, for, although they are wonderfully fast, they are not sufficiently sturdy to withstand the rough work of the road. You

WOODSTOCK TYRE.

can tell the thickness of the tyre by the letter it bears — the further along the alphabet the heavier, and, of course, the less fast. Very

cautious riders go in for Palmer "E" tyres, which the manufacturers only intend for use on tandems. But for my own part I have found a Palmer "D" an excellent working tyre over a trial of thousands of miles of road and lane. It is strong enough for all but exceedingly heavy riders, and has plenty of life and speed. For the front wheel a Palmer "C" will in most cases be stout enough for ordinary riding and touring. The Clipper and Clipper Reflex are excellent tyres, in which the Clincher principle of attachment is employed. The Warwick, on the other hand, makes use of the Dunlop principle with a modification. There is a coupling in the endless wire hoop which enables it to be made larger for purposes of detachment, so that it will slip over the edge of the rim without any coaxing.

A few other tyres have special attachments of their own. The Woodstock and Fleetwood tyres are so made that the edges of the outer cover hook securely together, so that it is impossible for them to come undone, and yet detachment is by no means difficult. The Grappler is so named from the way in which a grappling device enters a deep groove in the rim at a re-entering angle; and there are various other devices which are all good in their way. But one of the most remarkable is a late comer, called the Radax tyre. It is unprovided with any wires or thickened edges, and yet it holds the harder the tighter it is blown. At first sight the thing seems impossible, but it is clear enough when you are told how. The fabric with which nearly all outer covers are lined—be it canvas or what—is in this case woven on a special and very ingenious plan. The warp runs all round the tyre, and the central threads of the tread are longer than those at the sides, so that the tyre is made the actual curved shape it will be when inflated. Then the weft threads do not all of them go all across, but are so arranged that when the strain of inflation is set up the tendency is to expand the tread and contract the edges, which consequently obtain the required grip of the rim. It will be seen that no special rim is required. The Radax outer cover will fit any steel rim extant, and on this ground is an excellent thing for re-shoeing an old machine upon which you hesitate to place a more expensive cover. It is one of the cheapest covers going, and can be bought anywhere for about 16s. Palmer, Clincher "A," and Dunlop would each cost about 25s., while the next in order of their cost would be Fleuss, Warwick, Clipper, and Clincher "B." No one need go short of a good tyre with such a choice as I have set before him.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

I am constantly receiving requests for information and advice upon all sorts of cycling matters, and these it is, of course, quite impossible to answer through the post. It has, therefore, been decided to devote a limited amount of space to the answering of such queries as are of general interest. It is only necessary that my correspondents comply with a few simple conditions. In the first place, before you ask anything, be sure you cannot answer it without troubling me. I do not mind any amount of trouble if it is something you can't find out, and that you think I may be able to tell you. But I want specially to help those who help themselves. Don't ask how far it is from London to Oxford, or whether spokes are made of steel, because a map or a road book will answer the one question, and the nearest cycle repairer will tell you about the other; but ask sensible questions, and I'll do my best. Then be sure to write very clearly, and at the end put your name and your full address. You may sign with initials or a fancy name if you like, but, if so, you must put your own name as well. It won't, in that case, be printed, but it will serve its purpose in telling me who and where you are, and we shall feel that in a sense we know each other. Lastly, mark your envelope "Cycling," so as to save the clerks at the office trouble. You will see, by the way I begin, that I can't spare much space for anybody, and where the question is of no possible interest to anyone but the sender, I shall not trouble to indicate in my reply what it was all about.

E.H.F. (Durham).—You will find the vibration from the handlebar much lessened if you ride with the front tyre blown a little short of tight, but don't do it in wet weather. **"Tubes"** (Much Wenlock).—Wooden rims are not likely to come into fashion again. Note what I say elsewhere. **R.** (Hulme Grammar School).—You should not attempt to keep up with your friends if it makes your heart beat and you have to pant. If you ride within your strength, and ride well, you will, as you grow older, get stronger and faster bit by bit. But forcing the pace will never improve you. The best working rule for social rides is that the weakest rider sets the pace. **Flora** (Marylebone).—(1) Yes, certainly. (2) Elastic-sided boots are quite unsuitable; you should have shoes. **"Hard-and-Fast."**—You have omitted your address, so that in saying "Yes" to you, I give you more than you are entitled to.

TWO SUNDAY NIGHTS.

I.

THEY used to gather round the organ—some of the musical fellows—after evening service on Sunday, and listen to Mr. Kitt's voluntary.

Mr. Kitt was a true artist in his own sphere. It was the happiest time of the little music-master's week, this evening service, and the happiest moments came at the end of it, when he would fill the old chapel with a majestic symphony from Beethoven, or pour all the cunning of his fingers into a sonorous passage from the *Elijah*. He could give his listeners up-lifting melody—music that softened bitter hearts, beneath whose tender influence envy and malice subsided, hatred melted away, and quarrels vanished into the air—perhaps to be revived, perhaps not; for such emotional effects as these are, alas! only too transitory.

Mr. Kitt played the organ with enchanting skill and feeling, as nobody else in that county could play it. In time came his reward, and he went from Greyhouse to one of the greatest cathedrals in England, there to enthral, as he had done at Greyhouse, all those whose privilege it was to listen intelligently to him.

One Sunday night in June the usual little knot of enthusiasts was round him, and one of the group was Sir Billy, who sang in the choir, and in the week took certain half-hourly lessons on the piano from Mr. Kitt.

As, gravely attending, Sir Billy stood on the outskirts of this small audience, he felt his elbow jogged by no means gently. He looked sharply round.

"Come on," said Parsnip—for it was he. "*You* know!"

"All right—hang on a bit!" whispered back Sir Billy, with a trace of very natural irritation in his voice.

"We shall have to bunk off to bed soon," grunted Parsnip. The group of musicians stirred uneasily. Who was this boor, thus interrupting?

"Shut up!" said Sir Billy.

"I won't! What's the good of gaping at old Kitt?" angrily muttered Parsnip. "You've seen him before, haven't you?"

"If you don't shut up," was Sir Billy's warning, "I won't help you with your Greek Test. at all."

"All right, young Billy! I'll teach you to jaw like that!" returned Parsnip, pressing the heel of his boot heavily on Sir Billy's toes. "See?"

And with this Parsnip slunk off with a lowering countenance, calling the fellows round the organ a lot of silly owls, and wondering why on earth they wasted their time in such a fashion.

Parsnip's interruption had been overheard by the organist, and had disturbed him. He finished his voluntary sooner than they expected he would.

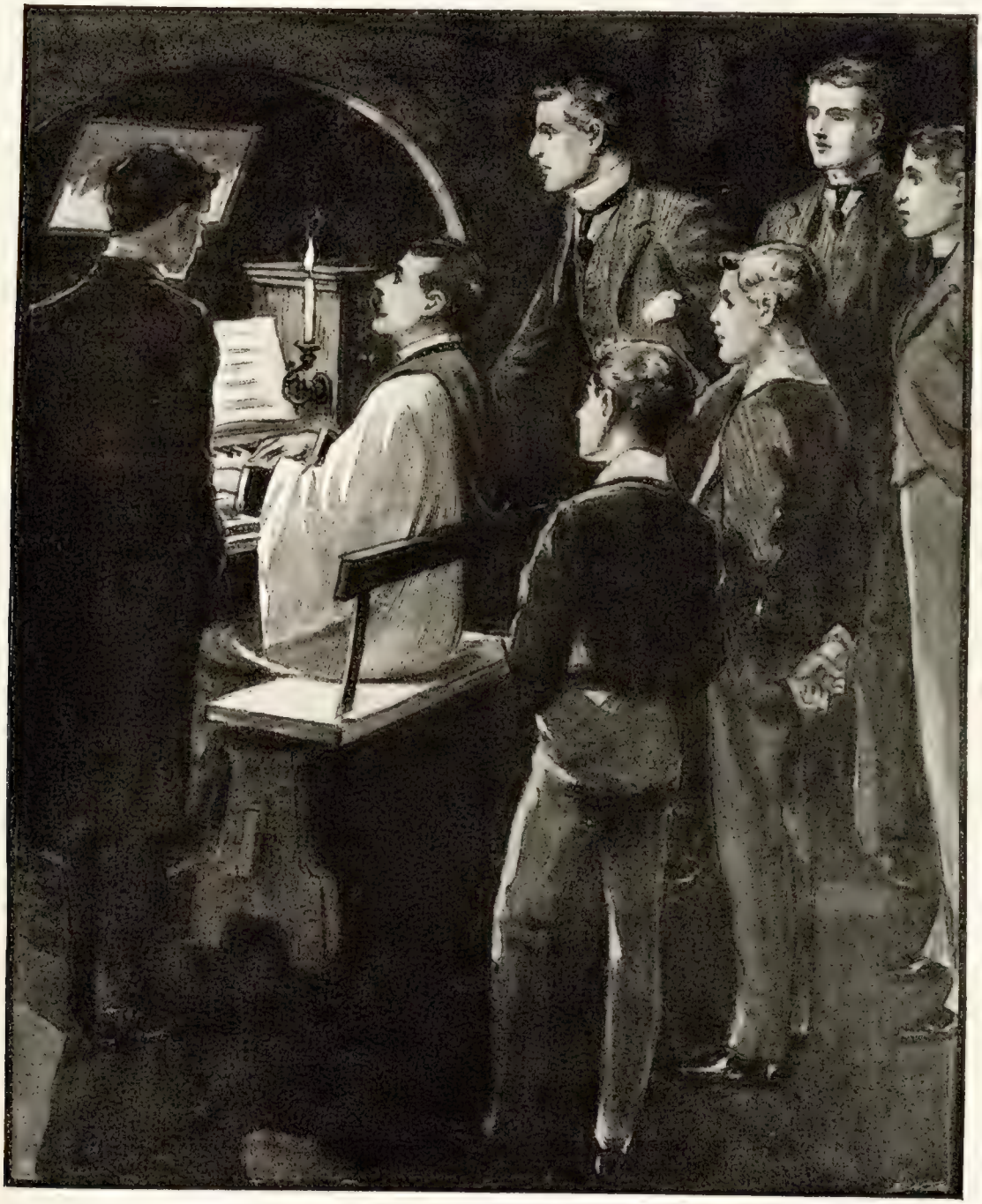
One of the listeners was a biggish fellow in the Fifth. Meeting Parsnip on the gravel outside the chapel he promptly smacked the disturber's head.

"There!" he remarked. "Don't you come humbugging round again when Kitt's playing—see?—or I'll give you something worse next time, you mule!"

Parsnip glared at his castigator, but didn't dare say anything.

A minute after Sir Billy appeared—unfortunately to find his chum (for they were close friends as a rule) in a very ugly temper.

"I suppose you asked that brute Hodges



THEY USED TO GATHER ROUND THE ORGAN AFTER EVENING SERVICE ON SUNDAY.

to lick me?" Parsnip demanded of him in a threatening manner.

"No, I didn't," replied Sir Billy.

"Why didn't you come just now?"

"Because I didn't choose to!"

"Oh, you didn't. Pretty good sauce for a kid like you. I suppose because you once got me at a disadvantage"—referring to a fight they

both remembered very well—"you think you can say what you like," blustered Parsnip, whose ear was still red and tingling, "eh?"

"I don't think about you at all, and I won't help you with a word of your Greek Test." was Sir Billy's chilly rejoinder.

"HULLO, YOUNG 'UN! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"Oh—you won't—then just take that." And Parsnip smote Sir Billy across the face with his open hand.

Sir Billy turned round sharply. Parsnip was squaring up at him in his customary plough-boy fashion.

"Come on!" he shouted. "I'll do *you* down this time."

Sir Billy clenched his fists, and for a moment it looked as if the two were about to indulge in a real mill. Then Sir Billy's fingers relaxed; he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving Parsnip in open-mouthed astonishment and triumph.

II.

Roses, red and fragrant, clustered round the window of Wardour's study. And there was a window-box, full of gay blooms; for Wardour was a lover of flowers.

It was Sir Billy's duty—as the captain's fag—to keep the contents of this green box watered. Had nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony of his and Parsnip's friendship, he would have dashed into Wardour's study, sploshed a big can of water on to the flowers, and dashed out again, so as to "walk round" the upper playing-field with his chum. It was the custom of the whole school to "walk round" after chapel on Sunday evening, and you always walked round with your especial friend. If you had had a row with your chum during the week, you made it up with him "after chapel" on Sunday—unless the row were a very bitter one.

Half an hour was allowed for this pleasant spell of pedestrianism, then it was supper and bed. Fellows crammed all the talk they could into that brief space of time—talk of home or exams., of cricket—of everything. And chaps didn't interfere with you—it seemed to cry a short truce to the usual bally-raggings and horse-play, this walking round. Great and small went in a long procession. Wardour and Gregory, arm-in-arm, would come swinging along, close on the heels of their respective fags; Sixth and First, "swotters" and idlers, bullies and bullied, "brainy" men and dunces—all joined in the circling throng. And so, round the field, you would hear a ceaseless murmur of voices, some pitched high and some low, and laughter—but not too boisterous. For the Head, in Wardour and Sir Billy's day, was just the man to preach to a boy, and many

things he said in his sermons would "stick," and a few of the fellows would talk about them after—often in a half-ashamed way, for a school-boy hates to be thought "pi." And there were Mr. Kitt's music and the hymns—these had, on certain natures, a subduing effect; and so, you see, the "walking round" time was perhaps the best time in the Greyhouse week. So thought many, at any rate; and one of these was Sir Billy.

But *this* Sunday night——

Sir Billy walked into Wardour's study, quite expecting that Parsnip would follow him. But Charles Henry Carew—whose tow-coloured hair had earned him his vegetable nickname—was quite satisfied with his bloodless victory. He would be able to make a nice shout about it in the Fourth Form room, and come it over the young "funk" as much as he pleased in the future. So thought Parsnip, in his hot and angry state, and went off to find somebody else to walk round with. But he couldn't, and had to hang about in the quad by himself until the supper-bell called promenaders into Hall. It will be observed that Parsnip carefully avoided going to Wardour's study—where he *knew* Sir Billy could be found—and it is *just* possible that Parsnip, as he cooled down, didn't feel quite happy. He had hit his best chum in the face—his best chum hadn't hit him back. Parsnip, as the cooling-down process continued, didn't care to ask himself who had done the braver thing that Sunday night—he or Sir Billy.

When the bell rang he went into Hall and gorged himself with bread and cheese, and sneaked up to his dormitory without troubling to mention his magnificent victory to anybody. And afterwards he dreamed that he was being scalped by Red Indians, which served him right, for, after eating too much bread and cheese, he had read one of Fenimore Cooper's prairie books until the lights were turned out.

III.

WARDOUR had been invited to supper with the Head. Now the Head's wife—who was young and pretty—was particularly fond of roses, and as Wardour was invariably "a very perfight gentil knight" in all matters concerning the fair sex, he intended to present Mrs. Graham with a bouquet of the finest blooms that grew without his study window. He was due at Head-master's House about ten minutes after the other fellows had gone into Hall, and so he had just got time to cut the roses. He had inspected them in the morning sun, and knew pretty well which ones he wanted, but he had omitted to gather them earlier, so that he might present them "all a-growing and a-blowing," fresh from the trees which had borne them.

As he entered his study, lo! the captain beheld a small boy sitting at his table—in short, Sir Billy, his fag. As, with head averted, and leaning on his elbow, Sir Billy didn't offer to move, Wardour concluded that something was "up."

"Hullo, young 'un! What's the matter?" he inquired, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "You're not—bless me, Travers!—you're not piping, are you?"

This was too much for Sir Billy, who sprang up with an indignant look on his face.

"Of *course* not, Wardour!"

But his lip quivered in spite of his brave tone.

Wardour—always quick to read faces and to guess at the thoughts behind them—turned aside to look for his scissors.

"Look here, Travers, I want some roses for Mrs. Graham. Hop out of the window and begin to pick some of the best—the *best*, mind. Here, I'll chuck you a chair."

Sir Billy obeyed with alacrity, glad of the relief to his feelings the task afforded him.

"Where *are* those scissors?—all right, I can reach out. Get that white chap low down—spanker, isn't he? And some leaves—mind they're young and fresh—'fag' leaves, you know."

This kindly chaff elicited a tearful giggle from Sir Billy. It was rapidly getting dark, and Wardour couldn't see him distinctly; Sir Billy was glad of that. He wasn't piping—no, certainly not!—he never blubbed now. He got cured of that during his first term. But—but—well, he was glad it was dark.

But Wardour knew exactly how Sir Billy was feeling. Lighting the gas in his study he began to arrange the roses in a neat bunch; meanwhile, with his back to Sir Billy, he talked.

"Been walking round, Travers?"

"No, Wardour."

"Oh! Tired, I s'pose, and don't want any supper?"

"N-no, I don't think I want any supper, Wardour."

"Not sure, eh? Well, there's some cake in my cupboard—if you're very good you may lay into it when I've gone. And I want you to arrange my books, so I'll give you leave to sit up a bit—see?"

"Y-yes—th-thanks, Wardour."

All this time the Captain was busy with his bunch, and he ought to have been at Head-master's House.

"How's that fellow Parsnip going along?" inquired Wardour, carelessly. He fancied it must be a "chums' quarrel."

Sir Billy breathed hard.

"His mater's dying," he replied, bending over the roses.

"Eh? That's bad—is there no hope?"

"No—there isn't any hope. He heard from home this morning, and was awfully cut up. I said I'd help him with his Greek Test. after chapel, instead of walking round; but I was listening to Kitt, and forgot all about the Greek Test. and Parsnip's mater, and when Parsnip wanted me to come along I told him to shut up."

"H'm! Shouldn't have done that if you'd promised to help him."

"I know I shouldn't. I forgot. Walters licked Parsnip because Parsnip disturbed Kitt, and Kitt dried up sooner than he generally does on Sunday——"

"Yes, and Parsnip felt sore and let fly at you, I suppose, and you punched each other's heads?"

"N-no; I didn't punch Parsnip's head. It w-wasn't till he hit me that I remembered about his mater—I saw the letter sticking out of his pocket."

Wardour began to whistle.

"I see! Well, I expect you'll make *pax*. There—that's enough roses; and now I must be off."

So saying, the Captain hurried away to Head-master's House. Of course, he had to apologize to Mrs. Graham for being late, but paid penalty with the roses; and then, after supper, he told the Head and his wife what had *partly* detained him, not forgetting the Greek Test, and Parsnip's non-appreciation of Mr. Kitt's playing.

They listened attentively to the little story, and it was not forgotten—at any rate, by one of them.

As you shall see.

IV.

DURING the week—on the Friday, to be exact—came news of Mrs. Carew's death. It was expected—several letters from home having prepared poor Parsnip for the sad intelligence.

Naturally, Parsnip was very much knocked over at first by the news, but grief cannot abide long with youth; on the Sunday he was still a little depressed, but the primary shock had spent its force. The fellows in the Lower Fourth forbore "ragging" their afflicted form-mate, and his masters were not exacting.

He was to go home on Monday for the funeral. Of course, Sir Billy went to Parsnip and frankly told him how sorry he was to hear about his mother's death. Parsnip said, "Thanks, Billy," shook hands limply, and then, rather red in the face, turned again to the book he had been reading when his friend entered the class-room.

Sir Billy lingered a moment, eyeing Parsnip wistfully, but Parsnip did not say anything else. So Sir Billy went slowly out, repenting him sorely of having refused to help Parsnip with his Greek Testament.

Parsnip was mooning about the Upper Field after dinner on Sunday—Sir Billy was pretending to read "Ivanhoe" under a tree some little distance off, but was really watching Parsnip, and Parsnip knew it—when Cripps approached him.

"A note for you, sir."

"Thanks, Cripps!"

He tore open the dainty pink missive, taking care, however, not to injure the crest on the flap of the envelope.

Head-master's House,
Greyhouse School,
June 15th, 18—.

Dear Carew,

Will you and Travers come to tea with us at 4.30 this afternoon?

Sincerely yours,

ELEANOR GRAHAM.

Parsnip blushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair. Some fellows, he knew, *liked* going to tea with the Head and his wife—they said Mrs. Graham was so jolly, and didn't make them feel awkward, and insisted on their tucking in all they knew—but Parsnip was not a society man. He loathed the idea of sitting still and behaving properly. An "after-footer-on-Saturday" sausage fight in the Lower Fourth was about his mark; he was in his element then.

And Sir Billy was included in the invitation. He wondered how that was? Why should he and Travers be bracketed together in this significant manner? How did Mrs. Graham know that they were—he meant, *had been*—chums? However, he had to go, and so he proceeded to the tree beneath whose shade Sir Billy had stretched his "listless length" (what there was of it), and silently handed him the invitation.

"She wants you to come, too," he observed, stiffly, "meet you on the gravel when it's time."

At 4.30, to the second, two top-hatted, Eton-coated, and irreproachably-gloved young gentlemen presented themselves at the Head's front door and rang the bell. The maid smilingly ushered them through the hall and so on to the lawn, where the Head, Mrs. Graham, and their three children were gathered together in the shade—making a happy family group, innocent-looking and peaceful enough to disarm the awkwardness of anyone but a Parsnip.

Tea—and such a tea—was brought out by the white-capped maid aforesaid, and the boys "fell to." And really, you know, Parsnip soon began to call himself a fool for having "funked" coming, for the Head didn't worry them a bit—just made jokes and danced the baby on his knee precisely as any ordinary man would have done.

And presently the children dragged Sir Billy off to see "the rabbits," and, Dr. Graham suddenly finding he had a letter to write, Parsnip was left alone with Mrs. Graham.

After finishing his letter the Head went out and "helped" show Billy the rabbits, and after that they all went into the paddock and interviewed "Xenophon," the Head's horse, and "Cæsar," the pony. And after this they moved on to the kitchen garden, and so to the garden proper, where they found Mrs. Graham and Parsnip walking up and down the lawn together, and *talking* "no end."

Yes, Parsnip was talking, and Sir Billy noticed with gladness how changed his face was—how much happier he looked—what a different—what a better—fellow he seemed all over.

"Carew and I have made *great* friends," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, "and he has told me what his nickname is!"

"And Travers has *quite* cut me out," cried the Head; "these young people won't let him out of their sight. I'm jealous, I declare!"

And so this most pleasant party ended, for the chapel bell was tolling for even-song.

"WALKING ROUND."

"I say," said Parsnip, as they crossed the gravel, "she is a good sort! She's comforted me awfully, Billy."

He slipped his hand inside his friend's arm.

"She told me why you didn't hit me back, Billy. I say—I was a beast! You'll forgive me, won't you, Billy?"

"Of course," said Billy, with something like a lump in his throat. "I forgave you last Sunday, old man."

And so they "walked round" after chapel, arm-in-arm, as friends should.

Warren Bell

THE END.

(Another Greyhouse Tale next month.)

THE ATHLETIC CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—*Continued from page 313.*

eerjee (Malabar).—Glad The Captain has got into your parts. Thought it would! I consider the dumb-bells better than the developer. You may use both on alternate days, if you like, with good results. The exercises given in the book are all-sufficient. Follow the course set down, or modify it to any degree you like. Too little does no harm; too much is detrimental. You would be safe in halving everything. Indian clubs are good, because they exercise the muscles in a different way. If you use them, be sure they are right, and learn a proper course of exercises. Remember that if you do a lot of different work you must modify the amount in each kind accordingly. If you feel no ill effects, you may be sure you are right in doing exercises directly you get up. The test is whether you feel pleasure or discomfort; if the latter, you should take some light food previously. Glad to be of any assistance. Good wishes. **Admirer I.**—Practise high jumping, both running and standing, also sheer sprinting. Then combine pace and spring in long jump practice. Be sure and jump much higher into the air than you feel inclined—in fact, jump as high as ever you can. **Derfta Corb.**—Sorry for delay—this is the earliest possible. I expect you have strained the fibres of a big muscle. If so, rest till it is quite right, then start using it very gradually until you have complete confidence in it. **G. Henderson.**—It is not absurd, because I have proved it is possible so to deliver the ball. But no umpire no-balls on that count; a ball so delivered is by convention taken for granted as rightly delivered. For "off-side" see p. 313. **Harold Lee.**—Having no experience of such a surgical case, I cannot say. Try when your foot seems all right, and see what happens. **Another Old Fag.**—Your letter is extremely to the point, and I am much obliged for it. I will attend to your suggestion, which I know is entirely right. The matter escaped me. **G. F. A. S.**—Probably the German *régime* does not suit you quite as well as the English, and perhaps it is not quite as good for training; still, you will do all right on it; it's good enough. You are, I dare say, a bit overgrown; that is quite common; the fault will mend itself. I like you for wanting to maintain the credit of your country. If I were you, I should go like blazes for the things your school-fellows excel in and try to beat them at their own games. You will, if you really mean business. I wish you very good luck. Yours is a nice letter. **D. J. Ashbridge.**—It is bad luck you always come in for the same matches. Counties stick to their dates and places rather; perhaps you will have better luck this year. Mead is a class, and more the better of the two in my opinion; so, in the other case, is Young. Make the back or half think you are going one way, then go the other; it is better to pass than to dribble, however. Dribble or pass in the direction there is most room; if you are clever, like G. O. Smith, you can make room. **Admirer II.**—Yes, I believe in the cold bath as long as when you have had it you feel glad you have. I am sorry the book is out of print; I do not know where my copy came from. Have you written to Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C.? **H. E. Mather.**—I have the honour to own some relations in that part of the world. Your friend's friends may be these; but I cannot say for sure. **H. K.**—There you have me; I cannot answer either question. The surgical case is beyond me, and in the other case the data you give are insufficient. **J. S. Bamford.**—Very sorry you were disappointed. You see, I happen to live in Hampshire; so it was a bit of a step. I told the executive that if I happened to be up north at the time I would do what they asked—I did not happen. You must train a bit to improve your wind, and practise sprinting to improve your pace. Whether you will succeed with Ranjitsinhji's leg-stroke I cannot say; you can but try. I did not know I wrote for the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*; but my articles get into lots of unexpected places. **An Old Boy.**—Thank you. *Vide* reply to "Another Old Fag" above. **A. H. R.**—If the referee thought you in any way obstructed the goal-keeper's view he was right in giving "off-side." Obviously, if you jumped up to let the ball pass, you must have been in the light. I agree with the referee. **H. J. Craig.**—Not detrimental to growth, but certainly to quickness. Walking is good in all ways. The age varies. **T. P. W. Carter.**—B is out. I think I might possibly oblige about the album, if you send it to "care of the editor." **Beatrice Hall.**—(1) It would be a goal in football; I am not sure, but think not in hockey. (2) I should say 18ozs. would suit you; but it is risky advising on such a point. You should make the shop fetch out a lot, and try them in order to see which suits you. (3) Not at all.

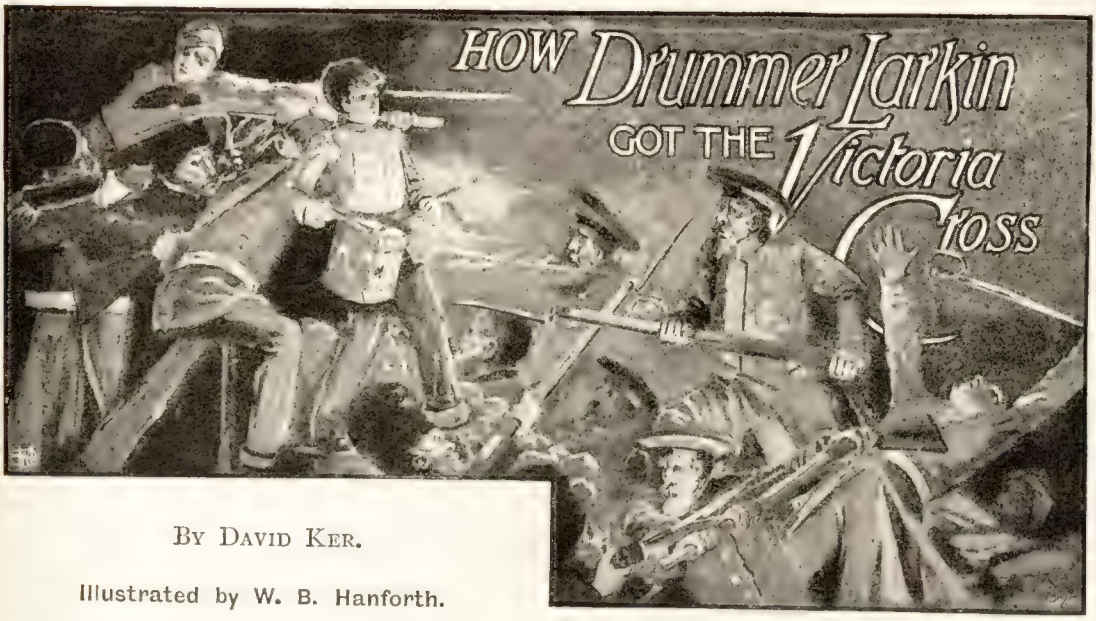
C. B. F.

EVENING.

The west was wrapped in mystic robes of glory,
Above the dreaming sea,
The massive cliffs, o'erspread with dusky foliage,
Rose weird and silently;
Dim in the twilight distance lay the moorland,
Shadowed in mists of grey,
Crowned with the giant shapes of cairn and boulder,
Dark 'gainst the dying day;

Softly on wings that whispered through the stillness,
Kissing the water's breast,
Flitted a seagull like a gentle spirit
Seeking it's longed-for rest;
Then as the white-tipped wavelets shoreward crept,
God kissed the earth with moonlight, and it slept.

Ethel Day.



By David Ker.

Illustrated by W. B. Hanforth.

"I SAY, Jim, that 'ere drummer-boy of our'n's a high-flier, and no mistake! Wot d'ye think I heerd him say just now? 'If I could only git the Victoria Cross,' he says, 'I'd be quite content,' says he!"

"*Only* that—and then he'd be quite content, the good little boy! Nothin' like bein' moderate in yer *h*aspirations—eh, mate? Well, well, you knows, and I knows, Jack Martin, wot them boys are; it's their way to *talk* big about wot they'll do; but they ain't quite so keen on it when they gits fairly in among the bullets and bay'nets!"

The speaker did not mean to say anything ill-natured, and was merely expressing the habitual disdain of a veteran soldier for all boys and their ways; but it happened that his sneer reached the ears of another hearer, for whom it had not been meant—no other, in fact, than Drummer Larkin himself—and the momentary quiver of the lad's smooth, boyish face told how deeply that coarse sarcasm had wounded him.

In the trenches before Sebastopol the post held by his regiment was what the men proudly called "a pretty warm corner," which bore the brunt of the Russian cannonade by day and of a sally in force almost every night; in fact, so well used were they to these constant attacks, that when a whole night happened to pass without one, they were wont to speak of it—in spite of the ceaseless thunder of scores of heavy cannon—as a *quiet* night.

One of these "quiet" nights seemed to be before them now, for midnight passed without any alarm—which, in truth, was just as well, for it was so intensely dark that it was impossible to *see* a man at a few yards' distance, much less to tell friend from foe.

But, all at once, a strange rustling sound, not unlike the distant patter of rain upon withered leaves, came stealing through the great gulf of blackness in front of them. Then followed the gruff challenge of a sentry—a sharp shot—another—then a whole volley fired at once, and instantly the tomb-like silence changed to a maddening roar of crackling musketry and clashing steel, hoarse shouts, deep groans, cries, curses, trampling feet, and the crash of hammering musket-butts, as if hell itself had broken loose.

Wild work it was, that stabbing and pounding in utter darkness, save when the flame of a stray musket flashed into sudden view a ghostly whirl of fierce faces and tossing arms, seen and gone again in a moment. Once the Russians, driving back the —th by sheer weight of numbers, actually forced their way right into the works; and little Billy Larkin (who was in the thick of the fray) had his drum disabled by a bayonet-thrust, which luckily pierced *it* instead of himself.

But by this time the alarm had spread, and fresh troops came hurrying up to the rescue, till at length the enemy, finding themselves overmatched, drew off, slowly and sullenly, just as the day began to dawn.

Then the British soldiers, whose fighting

blood was thoroughly up, burst forth into the open ground in hot pursuit of the retreating Russians.

It was a rash and reckless impulse, and dearly, indeed, did they pay for it; for the nearest Russian batteries had opened fire at once, in order to cover the retreat of their own men, and that fatal shower of shot cut down many a man whom the havoc of the night had spared. Few of those daring pursuers lived to obey the "recall," when it was heard, and many a sturdy Grenadier looked and called in vain for his comrade.

"Where's Jim Hackett?" asked a hoarse voice anxiously.

"Aye, and where's little Billy Larkin?" cried a second man; "surely he's never gone and—"

But the words died on his lips; for just then a gust of wind whirled aside the billowy smoke, and they could all see plainly, right out in the open ground, which was being swept by those deadly batteries, the small, slight, red-coated figure of the missing drummer-boy—a fatally good mark for the pitiless storm of shot and shell that was pelting around him.

"Why, if it ain't Billy Larkin hisself! Wotever's he a-doin' there?—he looks to be goin' *away* from us, like!"

"And wot's he got with him?—he's a-carrying some'at, but I can't see wot 'tis!"

"*I* see, though! He's got a can in each 'and, and he's a-goin' to give our wounded men a drink o' water!"

"God 'elp him, then, poor lad!"

"God *bless* him, more like—he's out-and-out the bravest of us all!"

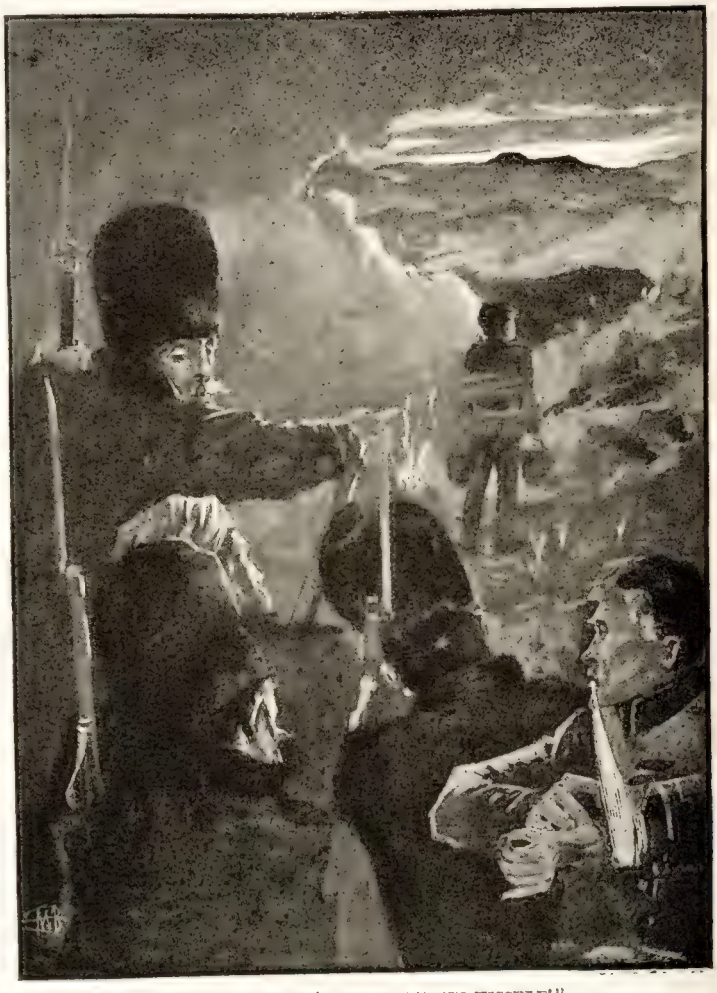
And Jack Martin, calling to mind his talk with Jim Hackett on the previous day, muttered remorsefully:—

"If ever I says another word agin the poor little chap, I'll bite my tongue out!"

In truth, it might well seem impossible for anything that had life to escape unharmed by that iron hail. On every side spouts of dust were spurting up from the dry earth, like fountain jets, where shell or round-shot had smitten it; and the very air trembled with the "whoof" of the cannon balls, and the sharp, crashing explosion of the shells. But still the solitary form moved onward, and still the soldiers followed it with their straining eyes, till the rolling smoke closed over it once more.

When the cloud parted again, the boy was *gone!*

The hardiest of the watching group gave a short, quick gasp, as if in sudden pain; but just then a voice called out joyfully:—



"WHY, IF IT AIN'T BILLY LARKIN HISSELF!"

"He's all right—I sees him. He's a creeping along that 'ere ditch, where the fire can't reach him—he'll do it yet!"

"He'll do it yet!" echoed all the rest in chorus. "Well done, Billy!"

In fact, a few moments later, the little hero was seen to issue from the ditch unharmed; and, crawling from man to man among the wounded red-coats, he gave each a draught of water in turn, followed as he went by many

a faint and half-heard blessing from the sufferers whose agony he had perilled his life to relieve.

"What?—Billy?" gasped big Jim Hackett, as he sucked in eagerly the life-giving water, and saw the well-known face bending over him. "You're a good little chap; but it's no good to bother about me; I've got my gruel! Be off and save yerself, afore you gits shot!"

"Oh, you're as good as three dead men yet, Jim," answered the drummer-boy cheerily. "There's a party a-comin' out directly to bring in the wounded—jist you 'old up till it comes."

And then, having done his work, the brave lad turned to go back into the British lines.

But just then the enemy's battery ceased firing, and a fine-looking Russian officer, springing up on to the parapet of the redoubt, courteously took off his cap, and saluted the English boy-hero as respectfully as if Billy had been the Czar himself.

Larkin, having no cap to take off—for his own had been blown away long ago—put his hand to his forehead in reply, and then went quietly back to his comrades in the trenches, cans and all.

With regard to Jim Hackett, our hero proved to be a true prophet; for, hard hit though he had been, the sturdy Englishman was able to take his place in the ranks again ere the siege ended. And, when he and the drummer-boy met once more, the big Grenadier's first words to the latter were:—

"Tell ye what, Billy, my lad!—I laughed at yer once (more shame for me) for talkin' o' gittin' the Wictorier Cross; but if any o' them crosses *does* come our way, I'm blowed if you hadn't ought to git the werry first of 'em yer own self!"

And, sure enough, Drummer Larkin *did* get it, from the Queen's own hand, not many months later.*

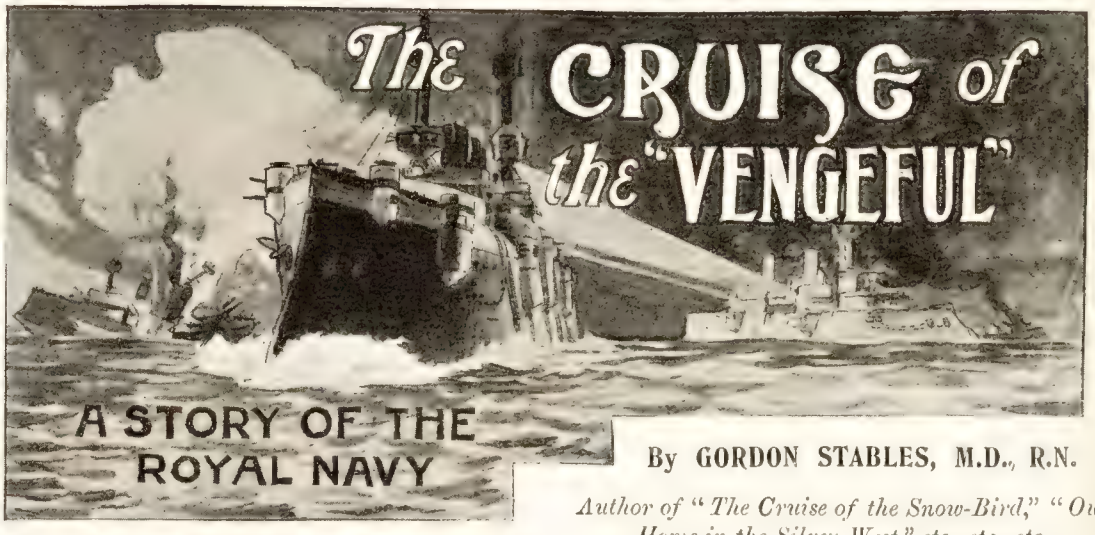
* I need hardly say that the above incident is perfectly true; and some of my readers may possibly recollect its occurrence.—D.K.

"WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL."

ANSWERS TO "CAPTAIN CLUB" CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G.—To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and old age. **Randolph.**—Don't believe it. He was evidently "getting at" you. **Traveller.**—(1) Apply to the Chief Clerk, Emigrant's Information Office, Westminster, S.W. (2) Very few assisted passages are now granted, Western Australia and Queensland giving the most encouragement. **J. K. M.**—Keep on sending in your articles to the journals and magazines you mention, taking care to suit your style to their particular requirements. New ideas are wanted everywhere. **Artilleryman.**—The President of Council is Lord Stradbroke; the Secretary is Major H. Vane Stow, and the offices are 24, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C. **S. McN.** (Glasgow).—The Associated Chambers of Commerce was founded for the purpose of discussing and considering questions concerning trade, commerce, manufacture and shipping. The Association has been instrumental in passing several Acts of Parliament. The membership consists, not of individuals, but of chambers of commerce, ninety-two of which are members, and send delegates to the meetings of the Association. **A. H.**—The sum you mention should be ample if you live carefully. I advise a good boarding-house. Will send you the name of a coach by post. **C. H. W., Slim Jack, and others.**—Consult our advertisement pages. All your other questions have been answered time after time in back numbers of The Captain. **Auctioneer.**—The examinations of the Auctioneers' Institute are held annually in March or April. Membership, either as Fellow, Associate or Student may be obtained by examination or under the "Practice" qualification. **Studious.**—If you were a regular reader you would know I have recommended Pitman's School of Shorthand to a large number of correspondents. You cannot do better. Terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. **E. T.**—"K.C.S.I." stands for "Knight Commander of the most exalted Order of the Star of India." **Noncon.**—Mansfield College, Oxford, was founded for the education of men for the Nonconformist ministry, but its classes are open for all members of the University. It has two kinds of scholarships: (1) Arts (value £60 per annum), tenable by undergraduates at any of the older colleges in Oxford; (2) Theological (value £60 per annum), with tuition free, tenable for three years. **Gray.**—Tempora mutantur sed non nos mutamur in illis. **Navy.**—Here are some suitable books: "The British Fleet," by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N.; "Ironclads in Action," by H. W. Wilson; "Torpedoes and Torpedo Craft," by Lieut. George Armstrong; "Nelson and His Times," by Lord C. Beresford and H. W. Wilson. **Wellington.**—Sons of civilians are received at a charge of 100gns. if boarded in the principal building; of £132 if boarded in a master's house. The foundation consists of ninety scholarships for the sons of deceased officers, who are educated for £10 a year. There are, as a rule, ten open scholarships, and a limited number of officers' sons are educated at £95 a year. **Rifleman.**—There is little chance of you getting into B.P.'s South African Police. Captain McLaren, who dealt with the applications sent to Delahay Street, Westminster, in November, had over 10,000 candidates for 1,000 posts. The headquarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles are at Pietermaritzburg. See an article in our January (1900) number by Mr. Manning-Foster. Give your "clerking" a good trial. A man can't make much more than a bare living as a colonial policeman, and what can he do when he grows old?

A. E. Manning-Foster.



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—VIII.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Cronjé*. She sinks the *Cronjé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase. They put in at Johanna to coal and repair, and the *Majuba* is re-christened, becoming H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*. While there, Commander Capel receives terrible news from the Admiralty—England has been invaded by France and Russia! He sends a deputation to the Sultan of Johanna to endeavour to secure the co-operation of his fast fleet of dhows, in which they are successful; and the two cruisers, with the torpedo destroyer *Tadpole*, put out to sea in search of the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

HORRORS OF THE INVASION.

THOSE glorious and stirring lines which the poet Campbell wrote so long ago to "The Mariners of England," in other words, to the men of the Royal Navy, appeal to every British heart that beats beneath the bonnie white ensign, afloat in those monster steel terrors called ships, which guard our seas, or on shore in the forts that frown over the dark waters of every important seaport.

> Britannia needs no bulwarks;
> No towers along the steep.
> Her march is o'er the mountain waves;
> Her home is on the deep.

Well, our home—the reader's and mine—has been and will be, for the most part, on the deep throughout this story. But even now, while the *Vengeful* and *Ocean Prince* are preparing to sweep over the depths of the Indian Ocean in search of the foe, it will be well if we take a glance at the crisis in Britain—though it must be but a cursory one—for, however far away on foreign seas he may be, the heart of every sailor is ever turning homewards. It is for "England, home, and beauty," he lives, and loves, and fights. "What would they say in England if he were beaten?" and "England expects every man to do his duty!"

But evil days had befallen our native land, and Britain was to have a ghastly experience such as she never had before. She was invaded by the French to the south, and by the Russians in the far north. For nearly a century both had borne us ill-will through envy of our great prosperity. Both had patiently awaited their time, increasing their fleets not in size but, what is better, in efficiency, and increasing their armies also. The two eagles, then, had been hovering in the air for years, longing to descend like a bolt from the blue when least expected, and to strike our country suddenly out of existence. Patriotism is ever present in the Scottish bosom; but we had good proof during the Boer and Briton war that, if not always so assertive, the fires thereof are never out, but only "banked," in the breast of all true Englishmen.

After the Boer war—quite on its heels, in fact—had arisen the terrible troubles in China that had shaken the world to its foundations; but though plague and famine raged in our own dear India,

and tens of thousands were dying every month, Britain came to the fore once again, and proved, to the admiration of all nations, that the Celto-Saxon race was indomitable.

Now mark the mistake we made. We permitted our swords to rust for some years. Little wars we had in Africa, in the highlands of India, and elsewhere, and turmoils in Ireland too. But our Government felt too sure of its own strength. Our Government had banked fires. If patriotism was not effusive, why, it could be stirred up in a day. Perhaps, but was everything ready? No! Volunteers, Yeomanry, and Militia had been allowed to pile arms, so to speak, and fall asleep beside them. Then the wee cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had arisen in Morocco. Just on the other side of the Straits of Gibraltar the French had laid the foundation stones of forts that should, when manned, dominate the entrance to the Mediterranean in proud defiance of the huge rock-lion couchant on the other side of the watery way. They had commenced, moreover, conquering the country here, and—we gave them notice to flit. The French replied by sending a fleet there. Not much of a fleet; but the British Government were made to believe it was immense. There would be a great naval engagement—a second Trafalgar. Hardly knowing what we were about, the monster Channel Fleet was hurried off, and, Heaven help us! the Straits of Dover were left open for a few hours. The whole affair had been splendidly managed from the French point of view. No amount of espionage on our part had brought to light the fact that the largest raid ever yet attempted was to be made on our shores. Then down, like fire from Heaven, had descended the thunderbolt of war.

Our best ships were away. They were simply guarding our interests in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. We believed we had only to make a big show to frighten the whole world. We all but ignored the French and Russian cruisers that were to sweep our commerce from the seas, or try very hard to do so at all events. We had forgotten that Great Britain and Ireland are merely rafts at the best, anchored on the west coasts of Europe, and depending entirely upon the outside world for food itself. No great national granaries had been prepared; no extra store of arms and ammunition. So London was revelling in luxury as usual; London was careless and happy over the wine-cup; London was marrying and giving in marriage. If a single thought of danger to its commerce found vent in words at a club or *salon*, the speaker was called a pessimist, and laughed to scorn. In the good old times, he was told, our merchantmen sailed the seas in great fleets, protected by convoy battleships. It would be the same now that Britain was at war. Ah! but times had changed, and ships had changed, and the difficulty in protecting a trade like ours was one with which we could not cope. Besides, convoys that are not ready to protect our ships in times of peace cannot be got ready soon enough to do so when wild war's deadly blast sounds over the sea, and guns begin to roar.

In so far had the French acquiesced in the general usages of warfare that they had sent us an ultimatum before invasion, which was simply equivalent to a demand to haul down the British flag everywhere over sea and land. Nor did they do even this until the new armada was ready to spring from every port in France, and launch itself on our shores. The ultimatum was laughed at.

Of that armada I have but little to say at present. It was the greatest and the speediest ever seen on any sea. It came but lightly armed, and with no commissariat, but was there not plenty to eat and drink in "perfidious Albion"? And the battle cry was "*A Londres! à Londres!*"

In a few hours' time the armada was off Hastings, and the enemy, like a great cloud of locusts, was landing on the beach. They did not bombard the place, nor fire it. They preferred to land in a comfortable cosy town, and find their dinners ready cooked in hotel, club, and private house. They knew well a panic would ensue at their appearance.

The people fled with all the fear and terror of a nightmare coiling round their hearts. The trains to London and elsewhere where soon blocked and stopped; so, taking with them scarcely a blanket to shield them from the autumn cold, the vast crowd began to spread itself out and away over the land. Most went London way. That city was soon to become one monster camp. For no sooner had the news of the landing reached it than foreigners fled out and away.

There were terrible fights in the streets, for this internal foe commenced requisitioning the horses wherever they could be found, or rather stealing them. Any coachman or cabby who dared to resist was butchered on the spot. Strangely enough, this riff-raff foreign mob was armed to the teeth. They had been ready for the uprising months before now.

No wonder that the Government had placed the sum of £5,000 on the head of Louis mon Brave. This man was a veritable demon, and as clever in evil as the Power of Darkness himself. He was president of all the foreigners throughout the length and breadth of Britain, and had his emissaries, organizers, captains, and lieutenants

everywhere. The object of this great undercurrent of rascality was to devastate and rob the inlands, the villages and country seats, and to inaugurate a universal Reign of Terror, to which the first fearful French Revolution could not be compared in horror. Right well had he played his cards; and now the demons of bloodshed, massacre, and rapine had at a general signal been let loose. In every city and town where foreigners had been harboured, or had lived and dwelt under British protection, they rose *en masse*, and either quietly, or after much riot and bloodshed, betook themselves into the more rural districts, and commenced their terrible work.

The wires all along the east coast were cut. There was no further communication therewith, except through the aid of despatch riders, and the news these brought grew darker and darker every hour as the enemy advanced towards London, driving the population before it, and laying waste every city and village in its route.

Meanwhile the telegrams from the far north, where the Russian fleet was destroying the towns, added to the terror of the situation.

Aberdeen was already a city in ruins, its streets littered with the dead and dying; and the fleet was making its way southward towards Edinburgh and Berwick all unopposed, bombarding even the villages in its destroying progress, but seldom landing men anywhere save for a few hours.

ABERDEEN WAS ALREADY A CITY IN RUINS.

Just for a time, and only for a time, did the military authorities lose their heads in London. They never lost their hearts. Then martial law was at once proclaimed—and not only in the great metropolis itself, but in every city, town, and hamlet, were the people called to arms.

With the exception, however, of our small home army, supplemented by the auxiliary forces, we had nothing to send against the invaders—the citizens themselves being but an unorganized mob, and more helpless than a flock of highland deer. For highland deer can both fight and flee: this mob could do neither.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Well, that is a good old motto for the soldier. And there was now to be a great deal of dying for home and country. Especially among those who were sent to the immediate front to oppose and delay the advance of the enemy, while London's main fighting powers could be entrenched in all the best places possible.

The spade would soon be a better protector than the sword itself, for one man can withstand the assault of ten if he is but protected by speedily thrown-up earth works.

The telegrams from Ireland were very disconcerting indeed. Rebellion had been fomented, and in many cases battles had already been fought betwixt the Royalists and Irish Republicans with a fury that had never been equalled in the troublesome times of long ago.

And on the coasts of this unhappy country a French force was expected to land, and might land any moment.

And all those mines which were now exploding in our islands had been laid by the master-hand of Louis mon Brave!

We need hardly be surprised to learn that this splendid fiend was an officer of high degree in France itself, and that he had been given *carte blanche* to work out his own plans in his own way. But we lift our eyebrows in astonishment when we learn that it was love alone that had prompted him to leave not a stone unturned to uproot the power of Britain, and lay her crown in the dust. Till the end of his career he might have lived simply as an officer, military and diplomatic, had he not fallen in love with one of the most ambitious, proud, and beautiful ladies in France. In her earlier youth, long before she was out of her teens, in fact, this woman had resided at the Court of England for a time, but circumstances had demanded her retirement therefrom, and it was then that she had sworn revenge.

She was a brilliant soul herself, and she soon found that in Louis mon Brave—as she herself had named him—her ardent and really faithful lover, was a genius of no small order—a genius that she could foster and turn to her own ends, not only for the sake of revenge, but for her country's good.

Louis was bold and daring to a degree, and extremely fond of adventure, even for adventure's sake. Probably, however, not since the days of Bonaparte himself lived there any man who was so regardless of life. He might not be cruel at heart in grim reality; but to obtain his end or ends, he would have been contented to wade through rivers of the blood of the innocent; to see streets littered with murdered women and children, and cities given up to fire and sword.

Britain deserved to be humbled, he argued. She was going to be; and he was going to lend all the aid that his terrible genius could invent to bring her down to a second or third-rate power among the nations of the earth.

He loved Pauline to distraction, and had she not told him that on the very day when Britain was finally humbled, and the French flag flying over Windsor Castle and Whitehall, she would become his wife, though not an hour sooner?

But as soon as she was convinced that all his schemes were ripe and ready, and that on the very morning of the invasion the word had only to be given to raise the foreign element to rebellion in London and other cities, aided by the scum of Britannia's own population, she summoned Louis to her presence.

This happened some time before the sailing of the *Vengeful* from English shores.

There was about this handsome, daring genius much of the chivalry and romance of a former France. And as an actor he would have "brought down the house" at any theatre.

But Louis mon Brave was not acting when he entered the boudoir of Pauline, and she waved her hand for her servants to retire.

He advanced half shyly, hat held to heart, and with head bowed. He took her extended hand and pressed just her finger-tips to his lips.

She smiled; indeed she was fair to look upon, with all the refinement, too, that marks many of France's fairest daughters.

"Pauline!" he murmured, "My queen! You have——"

"Stay, Louis mon Brave!" she interrupted.

"Ah! those sweet words!"

"Louis, I would speak. You think because I have sent for you that I have relented—that I believe you have already done enough. But you are young. I praise you for all you have accomplished; yet you have much more *still* to do."

"Bid me die, Pauline—only let it be at your feet! At thy hand death itself would be sweet!"

"No, no, no, Louis mon Brave must not die! It is to save you I have sent for you. There are many here in France who seek your life—enemies to the Empire—and they have emissaries even in England. When England falls I may be Queen in fact and reality, and you my prince; then, these men's heads shall fall; but until that time you must consult your own safety, and go to sea!"

"Go to sea!"

"Go to sea, if you *love* me, mon brave. Hush! no reply. My hatred of England is a passion! Her fleets must be destroyed; secrets that belong to her navy must be wrested from her. You alone can do that. Join the British Royal Navy in the first great ship that sails. You will find a way. Go now. Bless you, *Louis mon Brave!*"

The words, as Pauline spoke them and lisped and lingered over them, were to him the sweetest music that ever fell on his listening ear, and straight to his heart of hearts they went.

He was going into exile, but he could—he thought—see a bright and happy future all before him when Pauline became his wife. For *that* future what was it he would not do and dare?

Strange that a quiet and modest man like the

assistant-paymaster Rawlings should have set himself to frustrate the schemes of a doubly-qualified demon like this! An unpretending Englishman pitted against so great and daring a genius! Who should win the game?

CHAPTER XIV.

"A GAME THAT A PAIR CAN PLAY AT."

I KNOW of no more fearful national calamity than that which had now befallen Britain. I can conceive of none more disastrous to the individual or to the nation. Our people had dwelt in peace at home and under a feeling of such complete security for so many long years, trusting in their great navy, trusting in their silver streak of sea that stretches 'twixt them and their traditional enemy, France, that, when the cloud of invasion burst—as bursts a thunderstorm over a beautiful summer garden—the surprise was so great and awful that national action was for the time being utterly paralyzed, and all felt as they might feel if the Day of Judgment had come, and they had heard the crack of doom.

Just think of it! Invading armies north and south! A coast that no one had ever dreamt could need defence, now open and exposed to the bombardment of mighty modern fleets; smiling cities everywhere at the mercy of the relentless foe, and an organized rebellion of the foreigners whom Britain, for sake of filthy lucre, had so long harboured in her very midst!

Invasion? Pah!—who could have even dreamt of it?

The Spanish, with their great armada, had made the last attempt, and the veriest child knew the end of that story. Any armada that might attempt a landing—our countrymen had believed for hundreds of years—would assuredly meet the same fate.

And now! Ah, *now!* Wires cut in every direction; almost every city left isolated to meet or fight its own fate! The rebels, uncontrolled, ravishing the country, north, south, east and west! Of a verity the Reign of Terror had commenced and it seemed that the cloud that had overwhelmed our island homes would lift no more until poor Britannia lay bound and bleeding at the feet of the daring invaders.

Not a shimmer of sunshine, not a rift of blue in all the darkened sky, not one ray of hope—Ah! yes there was, though; for Britain's sons could still struggle and fight, even with the clutch of the cruel foe at their throats, and fighting, triumph, or fighting fall.

In olden times in the wild highlands of Scotland, when a lowland invader, or Sassenach, attempted to make a raid into the rugged country, at once and by night one hundred stalwart ghillies sprang, as if from the rocks and heather, to carry the fiery cross through every strath and glen, and summon the clans to arms. So was it now. A spirit seemed to whisper to every heart that the dread time had come when every male 'twixt seven and seventy must fight for his own individual hearth and home—for mother, sister, wife, or bairns—and fight and struggle on until some united action could become a possibility; some organization established which should lead to the discomfiture of the invaders, and those foreign rebels we had harboured and left to do as they pleased, because, forsooth, ours is a free country!

But the feeling of uncertainty as to what was going on anywhere was a strain on the minds of the populace that few save British hearts could have borne. Where were our great fleets? Were they already destroyed? or might they not yet flock from every quarter to cut off the foe from his far-off base? None could answer such questions as these, for the time at all events.

But, praise be to Heaven! patriotism was now rampant; one saw proofs of its presence everywhere; it was in the very air one breathed, and the brave wee words: "Conquer, or die!" were in the mouths of all.

* * * * *

Swaying to and fro high in the heavens, aboard a balloon, I have seen all the green and beautiful country, with its towns and villages and silvery streams basking in spring sunshine—a sight that once witnessed can never be forgotten. Then have I seen storm clouds arise and sweep over all the scenery, completely obliterating it and hiding everything from view, while all around our great air-ship was sunshine and ether.

So it is with us now, with you and me, reader, as we hie us back to the blue and peaceful Indian Ocean, and step on board the splendid cruiser *Vengeful* once again.

The news from England had been regarded by the officers of the wardroom mess in a very serious light indeed, for sorrow takes deeper root in older hearts. But it had by no means quite clouded even these, and in the gunroom I am bound to say that things still went on as merrily as marriage bells.

The great ship was rushing along steadily, and, save for the throb of the mighty engines, almost silently, over a blue sea, on which was neither swell nor ripple, and under a sky that was scarcely flecked by a single cloudlet. The *Prince* was far astern, but well within signalling distance, and farther still astern was a little black dot, like a

grey gull resting on the waves, which only a powerful glass could make out to be the daring little torpedo destroyer, *Tadpole*. She was on her way back to Lyra Bay.

The Comoro Islands were still visible through the glass, like small green clouds on the southern horizon; but long before the sunset ushered in the darkness that ever, on moonless nights, hangs like a star-studded pall over the Indian Ocean, all signs of land would disappear.

Had you stood on the bridge on this bright sunny afternoon, and gazed around you, fore and aft, on deck, it would have been difficult indeed for you to believe that this very ship and her consort out yonder were on the war-path. How beautifully white her fire-proof decks! How bright her brass and steel works — the very ropes and lanyards look as if spun from linen or calico! White is the prevailing colour on the decks to-day; the men who lounge about for'ard singing or yarning, or doing what they please—for it is an idle time—are arrayed in white; and so, too, are the officers, who saunter on the spacious quarter deck, talking low, and occasionally giving a half-uneasy glance seawards. But good hands are in the tops, scanning the horizon every few minutes in quite a business-like way, with no fuss, and apparently little concern.

Indeed, were there a few ladies here, with their gay dresses and merry voices, one might easily imagine that this monster ship was a huge yacht on pleasure bent, and that the 9·2 guns were only there for show.

The *Vengeful* has shared her crew and officers with the *Ocean Prince*, though there are hardly men enough for both. The first lieutenant has taken command of the *Prince*—a Welshman, red-faced, red-necked, and burly, and as good a sailor as ever drew sword. Capel himself ought to have been made acting captain, but Bullard had begged him to remain, and Capel had readily consented.

"I am more honoured," he had told his captain, "by your request that I should stay by you, than I should have been proud and happy to be commander-commandant of the *Ocean Prince*."

While these two chief officers were still talking together, slowly up the companion hatch-way that led from the aft-deck, came Rawlings. He seemed deep in thought, but this was nothing unusual. He modestly commenced his walk on the lee side, but shortly Bullard himself beckoned him to the weather.

CAPEL BLEW THEM INTO RUINS IN HALF AN HOUR

Rawlings lifted his cap, and stood waiting.

"I have nothing of the nature of duty to speak about, Mr. Rawlings," he said. "But you might care to join our conversation. You seemed rather thoughtful just now."

"I was thinking of a plan to circumvent the machinations of that demon Louis."

"Well, Rawlings," said Capel kindly. "The £5,000 shall be yours if you do."

"That is only a secondary consideration. I don't love Louis mon Brave, but the beggar is wonderfully clever."

"So are you," said the captain, speaking as if he really meant no compliment—for the truth is never flattery.

Rawlings smiled quietly.

"We want to catch the great French spy alive."

"*I d* prefer his head," said Capel. "We could stick to that; but alive—well, he is as slippery as an eel. But proceed."

"If *I* were Louis," continued Rawlings quietly, "I should have my spy dhows as well as you have. They should bring me word of all your movements; I should find out that you were going to Zanzibar, and that the *Tadpole* had gone to Lyra Bay. *I* should not go to Zanzibar, *I* should return to Johanna."

"And be made prisoner by the Sultan, eh?"

"*I* should chance that. Despite all we have done, a man like Louis mon Brave is capable of cheating any Arab Sultan ever born."

"Well?"

"Well, if you can trust me, Captain Bullard, let me have one or two or three of your fleet dhows as soon as we can fall in with them, and a few armed hands, and let me return to Johanna. I have the audacity to believe I can play as good a game as Louis mon Brave. It is a game, anyhow, that a pair can play at."

Rawlings saluted again, then silently sauntered away.

In less than a week's time the two great ships lay in the offing before the semi-savage city of Zanzibar. There were neither French nor Russians here, but both had consulates — huge buildings with stone fronts, and with flags flying. Capel sent on shore to say he was going to blow both into ruins in half an hour's time, and he did so. Good practice for the 9·2's! Nothing else, only Bullard had not meant to have those flags flaunted in his face while he lay there.

Many of his hired dhows were here. They were manned by burly Arabs, dashing fellows, and splendid swordsmen, who passed for slavers. But they gave our ships hints of the whereabouts of more than one of the enemy's cruisers, and our fellows began to spoil for want of fighting.

Capel meant to give them their fill of it. But there was much to be done before catting anchors and getting off to sea again. Provisions, wine, tea, and sundries were taken on board. A semi-official visit was paid to the Sultan, a visit which he returned in state. And such state, too! Why, Merridale and Curtis had never seen regal splendour before. Kings and Queens in Europe were mere nobodies in dress, in jewellery, and gorgeous pomp, to that tall Sultan with his guard and retinue. The great Newfoundland ran round and round His Highness, and actually barked in his face! Such fearful audacity in a dog! His Highness expected to see this beautiful canine ordered off for instant execution. Capel only smiled; then said something to Bobby Blair. Bobby saluted, mounted on the dog's back as if he'd been a Shetland pony, and rode him right off the quarter-deck, and even His Highness was fain to smile.

Zanzibar presents a noble frontage to the sea. Its sands are white, like the driven snow, the palace imposing, and the greenery of a thousand cocoa-nut palms, floating in heaven's blue above the roofs, gives to the whole an appearance which is truly Oriental.

Well, but it took a whole week to secure good hands to fill up the complement on the ships of war.

During this time the middies and liberty men had good fun on shore. The whole of the Sultan's immense stud of Arab horses was placed at the disposal of the British officers. Beautifully caparisoned they were, with mantles of crimson and gold. Our middies rode some of the 300 every day, but were invariably bushed and unshipped. Place a beggar on horseback, and we know what *he* does; start a midshipman off on an Arab steed, and you may look for him afterwards under a tree. However, losing one horse did not prevent either Merridale or Curtis going coolly next day and procuring a remount.

Bobby Blair got a horse, also. Bobby represented himself as "Captain Capel's secretary," and the thing was done. Verily, the cheek of a young British sailor knoweth neither bounds nor limits!

Meanwhile Rawlings was getting his special drama ready for the boards. It was not difficult to procure Arab dresses for himself and the men of the *Vengeful* who were going to act with him. He chose thirty trusty fellows and strong, whom the brine and the breeze and the tropical sun had made as brown as any Arab. In their white gowns and belts and dark turbans they looked their parts to perfection.

They stole out to sea at night in the starlight, with a leading wind, and steered south and away for the distant Comoros. Those dancing dhows looked like spirit ships upon the water.

But long before the sun flashed red across the waves they were very far away indeed.

CHAPTER XV.

"AWAY BOARDERS!"—ATTACK ON THE CONSULATE.

Let us follow Rawlings with his five fine dhows —a bonnie wee fleet—manned by fifteen men each, British and Arab. High poops and sterns had they, like the Vikings' ships of old; one huge sail on the main, a smaller on the little mizen, comfortable cabins, and plenty of room for'ard as well. They were sailed by Arabs, commanded by

Sub-lieutenant Scott, with Curtis and Merridale, and Tom Harris and Jack Howard.

Jack Howard was thirsting for the blood of Louis mon Brave.

So was everybody else, and the £5,000 would make a fine haul for whomsoever first caught or clutched the monster. So it had been agreed. Bobby Blair, who was in Rawlings' own dhow—the little fleet's flag-ship—told his messmates that he himself would capture the arch-fiend spy, then retire from the service to keep a public-house and a yacht at Cowes. The very day after they sailed, the glass went tumbling down, and the sea rose houses high. Dirty weather continued for days and Rawlings' dhows were scattered. This delayed his enterprise very greatly indeed. But no dhow foundered, and he finally got all together once more. On the fifth day the foremost dhow sighted a small Russian gun-boat. This cockie little craft fired a shell or two which burst right over the dhow, and all the fleet lay to.

"Hubber—bubber—boff un knonach!" roared the Russian commander through his trumpet, or words that sounded thus.

Rawlings understood them to mean that he was to be boarded and searched.

But Rawlings thought he, too, could play at this game, so he hastily issued his orders to his fleet.

Innocent-looking slaver-Arabs they looked, every one of them, who now drew near to the Russian gun-boat.

The real Arabs stood grinning, with tiller and sheet in hand, and flashing their alabaster teeth; but the sham ones—the British Jacks—lay low, clutching cutlass and revolver.

Oh, I do love a boarding fight at sea—one of the old, old school, and here was going to be one! I dare say the squat little Russian commander wondered why the dhows came clustering round, as obedient to call as baa-lambs.

He soon found out.

Three ranged up on one side, two on the other, and soon their wooden bows were rasping against the hot iron sides of the war vessel.

"Down sail!"

"Away, boarders! Give 'em fits," roared Rawlings; and his wild, armed men sprang at once on board the "Russ." Pistols rang out, sword and cutlass clashed; there were shouts and cries and groans; yell of Arab, and slogan of Scottish Highlander.

Though taken aback, these foreign warsmen fought like fiends; but dead Russians soon lay around the funnel, and all along the decks, whose white planks were red and sloppy with gore. The hands were simply rushed below. Bobby Blair himself shot the sub-lieutenant through the heart; his mate fell under the cutlass of bold Jack Howard; and the commander stuck in the hatchway while trying to dive below, and was cloven to the chin by an Arab swordsman.

"What luck to be sure!" cried Rawlings, when the battle was all over, the decks washed down, and the dead committed to the deep.

"Luck indeed!" said Curtis. "But what shall we do with the fourteen prisoners and the wounded?"

"And what shall we do with the gun-boat?" said Scott. "We haven't an engineer to take charge."

"Never mind," ventured Jack Howard; "she has masts and sails; we'll manage these. Am I right, gentlemen?"

Rawlings made no reply. Although a non-combatant officer he was really in charge of this fleet, and everything devolved upon him.

To tell the truth the capture of the gun-boat seemed for the time being to hamper his plans somewhat. If Louis mon Brave had really returned to Johanna the appearance of a gun-boat nearing the island would excite his suspicions, so he would—if still free—make good his escape.

He called a council of war now in the after cabin of the gun-boat, and the matter was then fully gone into. It was speedily settled.

"To Johanna," said Rawlings, "this prize must not go at present, and, in fact, Mr. Curtis, I feel for all the world like the farmer in the child's story to whom the king presented a white elephant. If I leave her anywhere I shall have to put a prize crew on board. That I can't afford."

"I'd blow the beggar up," said young Merridale, merrily, "and it wouldn't matter much, sir, would it, if the prisoners went up with her?"

Scott frowned. "A wilful waste of metal and money!" he said.

"If I might make so bold," began Jack Howard, who, as captain of No. 3 dhow, was a member of this war council.

"Speak out, Howard," said Rawlings, encouragingly.

"Well, sir, I've been half a commission on this coast, and know every island in the Indian Ocean. They're mostly uninhabited. If you'll trust me I'll pilot you to two of these. On the first we could leave the prisoners and their wounded——"

"What—maroon them?"

"Oh, no! They'll be Crusoes like, and we can go back for 'em, sir. Well, in the other island there's a bonnie bay where nothing'll come over the gunboat if left to ride at anchor, even for six months."

"Two heads are better than one, Jack," said Scott. "I move that your plan be adopted."

HIS WILD, ARMED MEN SPRANG AT ONCE ABOARD THE "RUSS."

So it was carried unanimously

Jack Howard now became pilot, with No. 3 dhow, and in less than two days the fleet arrived at a charming little lagoon island right in the middle of the blue and beautiful Indian Ocean.

There the prisoners and wounded were landed and taken into the interior, where a lake was found, and in this a shrubby little isle.

Every comfort and luxury were left with the unfortunate Russians, but no boat. And gloomy and depressed indeed they looked as the whalers pulled away and left them all alone in their glory.

The second island was quite over the horizon. It was rather larger than the first, and its only inhabitants were rock-rabbits, goats, and snakes. As none of these could do harm to the gunboat even if they boarded her, she was anchored, and Rawlings felt easy in his mind and quite happy when his fleet was once more steering for the now distant Comoro Islands.

It was not, even now, however, to be all plain sailing with the fleet, for storms arise on these seas with terrible suddenness, and at darkling that same evening Rawlings and all his captains knew they were in for a dirty night, and lucky indeed would they be if not scattered far asunder before the dawning of another day.

* * * * *

In our story at present there are two men playing for high stakes, *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus* — neck or nothing, death or victory, seems to be the motto of each. We know well what Louis mon Brave will do and dare; and we know, also, the motive for his extraordinary dash and intrepidity. If he can work mischief to the British navy—all the mischief he can—his guerdon will be the hand of the most beautiful and accomplished lady in *la belle France*. To give him his due, he has already deserved it, for the secret of the English submergible boat, and a copy of all Captain Bullard's important papers are even now on their way to Suez in two of the fleetest Arab dhows that Louis could procure. Each dhow has complete copies of these, for one might run aground or founder, and this arch spy has determined to be on the safe side.

There was, after all, then, in the story of this Louis, a deal of what can only be called romance. Rawlings, on the other hand, was a strange being. No tale of romance can be told of him. Still is his history not without interest. When little more than a child, his father, who was skipper of a schooner plying with merchandise 'twixt Yarmouth and Rotterdam, was washed overboard and drowned, leaving his mother and three little sisters in abject poverty in the centre of the former great town. Archie Rawlings had dreamt he would one day be the captain of some big merchantman, for the sea had very great charms for him. But now, at the age of fourteen, he found himself only a junior railway clerk, and the pittance he made helped to keep the wolf from the little cottage door of those he loved so well and dearly. He could see how patiently his mother strove night and day to keep up appearances, and how industrious she was with her poor little sewing machine and needle—rattle, rattle, rattle, stitch; stitch, stitch—oftentimes till long past midnight. Riches sometimes serve to sever family ties, but poverty and grief always knit loved hearts more closely together.

Years passed by, and the struggle continued; but Archie noticed that his mother was getting thinner and weaker, and every month she seemed less able to do her work. Perhaps she would grow ill and die before he could provide for her! But all this time he had been studying hard; and when one little bit of luck came to this poor family, in the shape of a small legacy left by an uncle, Archie determined at once to remove his family to a healthy wee village on the east coast —not a hundred miles from Cromer—while he himself determined to enter the Royal Navy as a clerk.

At the little town of M—— his mother and sisters were residing now—if, indeed, they were alive, and had not fallen victims to the invasion. Hope, however, and ambition were always uppermost in this young fellow's heart, and if fortune should but favour him, he determined that a happy life and lot was in reserve for those he loved so well and dearly; for he should then retire, and go into business at some healthy seaside watering place, and his dear sisters would be able to find better society than ever they had done as yet.

That is all. Archie Rawlings had never really fallen in love—though, between you and me and the capstan yonder, there was a wee lass called Maggie March that he used to take to her school every day at Yarmouth and go back for at night. If Maggie were alive, and still as piquant and pretty—well, there is no saying what might happen.

When the dhow that took Louis mon Brave to sea was well out of sight of Johanna, she bore up for Myotta, and this island became the ship's head-quarters. He had the knack of making friends wherever he went, and splendid were the promises of future wealth he held out to the Arab captains of dhows if they should assist him now. In very truth these were not averse to crippling the British. Money is the sole object in life with these daring slave-runners; but they hated the British, and while they would work for and fight

for the French for a mere written promise of payment, they needed gold itself from us before they drew sword or placed a hand on a tiller or a finger on a trigger.

But Louis mon Brave was not content with having others to act as his spies; he was a man of energy, and must do a deal himself.

About a fortnight after he had left Ben Ali's palace he returned to his town again, but in a different disguise. He felt certain that, after his interview with Captain Bullard and his officers, the Sultan would no longer be his friend, and Louis had no great desire to languish inside a dark and slimy prison dungeon.

THE UNEQUAL FIGHT RAGED ALL DAY.

But under the guise of a gum merchant he managed to get much information at Ben Ali's town; then he sailed for the other side of the island, where quiet Mr. Cummings lived his easy life. Rigault and the French crew were still prisoners here, but clever Louis succeeded in communicating with them, and laid a bold scheme to set them free.

He had need of his countrymen, for he was intent on a revenge as diabolical and cowardly as ever was carried out, even by buccaneers of old.

These prisoners were well guarded. What cared Louis? He laughed at lock and key and barricades.

On the very night, then, that Rawlings' little fleet was once more tossed and scattered in the darkness by the terrible storm, Louis, with fifteen dhows, was rapidly approaching Johanna.

There is an ugly reef just here, but once you get through the bar and hard-a-port your helm, you find yourself in one of the safest little harbours in the world.

Black—dark though the night was, with only now and then a star appearing 'twixt the hurrying, scurrying clouds, Louis' dhows got safely in and cast anchor opposite the very building where the prisoners were.

Towards morning one single rocket was thrown up. It was a signal which Rigault knew well how to interpret. He and his fellow prisoners were ready and waiting. Each man was possessed of a key to his cell, and when the fighting began in earnest they would all be in it.

The sentries over the prison grew more careless that night when they knew sunrise would soon relieve them of all anxiety. Alas! not one of them ever saw that sun's first red rays. Yet you scarce could have heard a sound while these men were being attacked. Pistols make a noise, knives don't—and so dead man after dead man fell to the ground with a gurgle and a thud.

Then, still in silence, doors were opened and walls were scaled, and, taken thus in front and rear, the guard was speedily overcome and mercilessly put to the knife.

And lo! the prisoners all were free.

Just as the sun leapt red from the waves, Louis mon Brave and Rigault stood hand in hand on the draw-bridge, with the quondam prisoners crowding excitedly around.

"The happy day has come!" said Lieutenant

Rigault. "I knew that you would not desert us."

"Nay, nay, my brother-friend, but a still more happy day is soon to come. I have laid my plans. We have but to wait and—fight."

"Ah! the fighting will now be 'pleasantry.'"

"Yes, but come, *mon ami*, there is not an hour to lose. We must attack the plantation. The British Consul must die, aye—and his white-faced chicks, too!"

"Good, Louis mon Brave! Good! You make me smile with the joy that is in me. When all is over, then will I laugh, and all the hills shall ring with my merriment. I am ready."

Cummings was a man who saw no reason why he should not take the world easy. He was by no means careless, nevertheless. Long before the great war broke out 'twixt Britain and France with her ally Russia, the Consul had managed to turn that square unpretentious-looking dwelling-house of his into a veritable fort. For, as he told his wife, there was never any saying what might or might not happen. On his plantation he had over thirty white men altogether; and all those green mounds around and at some distance from his dwelling were in reality ramparts, behind which he could fight and, if necessary—so well had he provisioned his consulate—hold out against fearful odds for a fortnight and more.

On the morning of the day of the massacre near the pier a fearful awakening was his, however. It was one of his own favourite blacks who brought the news. He had not waited to knock at any door, but went rushing, bounding into the Consul's own apartment, shrieking aloud that "de French enemy come quickly—murder everybody and hang all de rest!"

There was not a moment to be lost, and he sent this "boy" and three or four others to bring in the white hands and the faithful blacks with all speed.

None of these so warned needed two biddings to come to the assistance of Cummings; but, alas! they were scattered far and near, and when the last party of them did arrive they found the consulate already besieged, and a volley from Louis' Arabs told them they were too late.

The unequal fight raged on all day, with few casualties to the besieged, but many to the enemy.

No less than three attempts were made to storm the fort during the night, but each was repulsed with considerable loss.

Louis had expected they would be; but he had divided his men into five separate fighting parties one of which could attack at a time, while the others rested and slept—for this cunning Frenchman knew well the demoralizing effect of want of sleep and constant watchfulness.

This desultory fighting went on for three whole days and nights, after which, expecting news from his scouts every minute that the rest of the Consul's men were returning from the other side of the island with assistance, he determined to deliver his grand attack, which he hoped would carry everything before it.

Then the revenge would come!

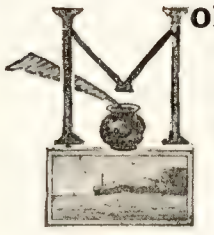
(To be continued.) Fredk. Stables

"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join the "Captain" Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine. Further particulars relating to the CLUB will be published in due course, together with a list of officers (President, Vice-Presidents, &c.)

ONE DAY'S DIARY.

By the O. F.



MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1901.—Making good resolutions last night, decided to get up half an hour earlier and go to bed half an hour later, so as to get "more" into my day.

7.30 a.m.—Rose.

8.0—Breakfast.

9.0—Arrived at office. Big pile of letters—very cold—fire out. Boy being ill, relit fire. Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions. Never get into a temper.

9.30—Tackled letters. Smith mi. wants to know what to give his white mouse, which has got a cold. Angrily tell him to give it arsenic and a decent funeral. 'Member good resolutions, cross out foregoing, and substitute: "Wrap the little darling in cotton-wool and put it by the fire. Pour hot milk down its little throat every five minutes, and make it go to bed early." "Crocus," "Lily," "Hyacinth," "Baby-Bunting," "Ickle Oopie" (all girls), want my autograph, and piece of poetry composed specially for each one's album. Have piece in stock, so copy that into each album. "Frederick the Great" (aged 12), wants a list of all the ships in the navy—encloses stamped envelope. Make out list. "Hannibal," "Cæsar," "Pompey," "Marlborough," "Wellington," and "Good Ole Kitch," are boys requiring information *re* getting commissions in army. Tell 'em all how to do it. Answer a good many other letters. 'Raculous speed.

11.0—Second post. Fifteen manuscripts—ninety-eight New Year's Cards. Write thanks and mark it: "Edit. par.—Feb."

11.30—Old man, with bleared eyes, rolls in (boy, being ill, not there to intercept him), "wansh shnow if sheditor wansh gran' shor' stories for boysh—been all over the world, into every shivilized and unshivilized country, experienced writer—'Appy Noo Year!" Find here a good opportunity to lose temper, so shoot the old man out, telling him to offer his tales to another gentleman (particular enemy of mine). Old man goes saying I'm his dear old friend. Don't agree with him.

12.0—Rest for five minutes, and light my pipe (no time before).

12.5—Five contributors call in a bunch. Interview them by turn in outer office. The other four poke the fire, sit in my chair, turn over my letters, and smoke my cigarettes—"while they wait." Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

12.45—Third postman. Coughs and wishes me Happy New Year. Give him 5s.

1.0—Go out to lunch; have to lock up office, because boy is ill, and art-editor (Scotchman) celebrating New Year at home. Eat lunch standing up—no time sit down.

1.15—Back. Eight lady artists at door; all with sketches. All begin talking at once. Interview them all by turns, keeping pretty one till last.

4.15—Lock door and take pretty lady-artist out to tea. Must have some compensations—some gleam of sunlight on this sordid office life—some halo of—hum! getting sentimental. Won't do.

5.15—Return. Crowd of cold and angry printers' boys, postmen, authors, winter poets, *et hoc genus omne*. See them by couples, having acquired art of holding two conversations at same time. Rather mixing—nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

7.15—Go and get a bit of dinner.

8.0—Return; find letter-box full. Miss Gingerwiski, Shetland Isles, N.B., wishes to "contribute to best magazines." Would I look over enclosed and criticise, etc., etc. Reminds me once met in German hydro—excuse for renewing acquaintance. Eight long stories.

10.0—Finish with Miss Gingerwiski. Advise her to send them to Jones Jones (particular enemy of mine).

10.15—Light my pipe, and wonder why I was born an editor. Give it up, and read manuscripts till——

11.30—Jove! Five minutes to catch train. Run. Fall over a match-seller. Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

12.0—Home—sweet—Home! Fire out. Comes of being a bachelor. Write up diary. Have a look at paper. Too cold to sit up, and so go to—

12.30—Bed! (N.B.—Not made—housekeeper celebrating New Year at home).

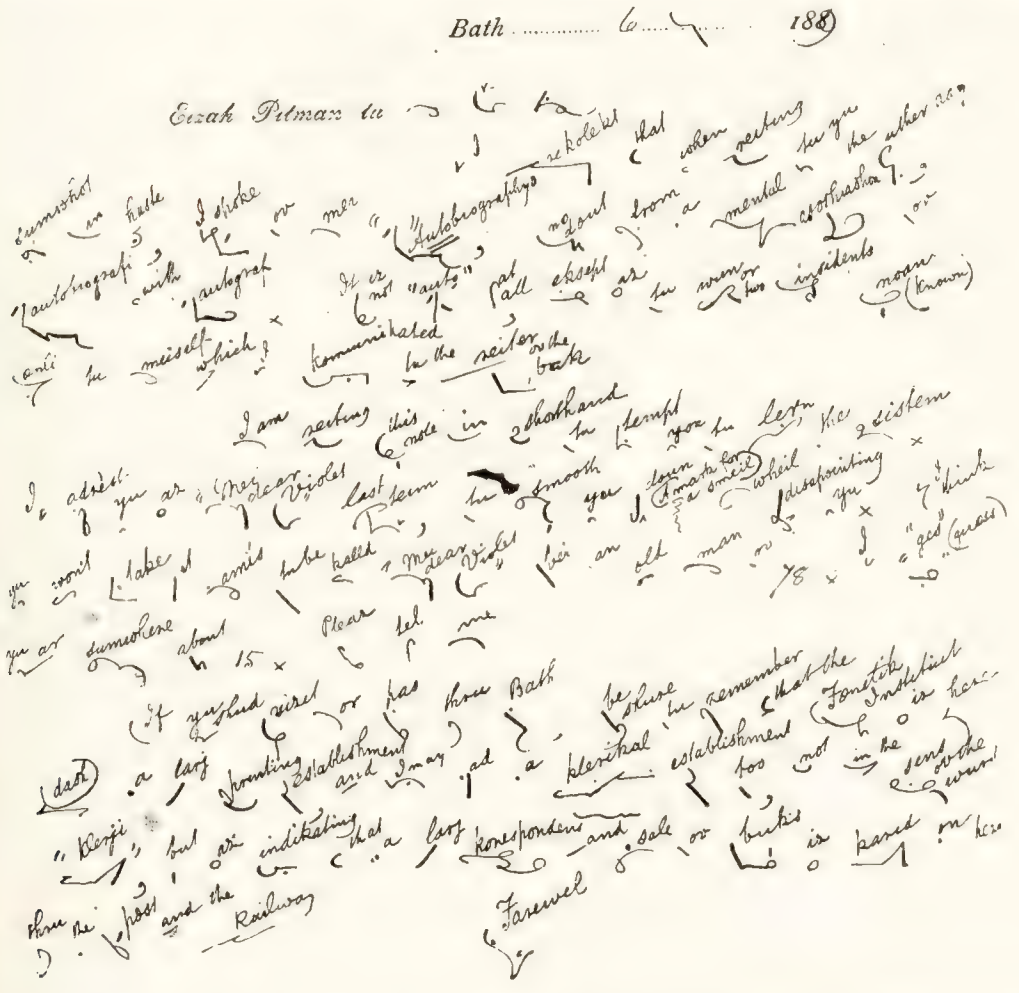
1.30—Nightmare — nem' mind. 'Member good—

THE END.

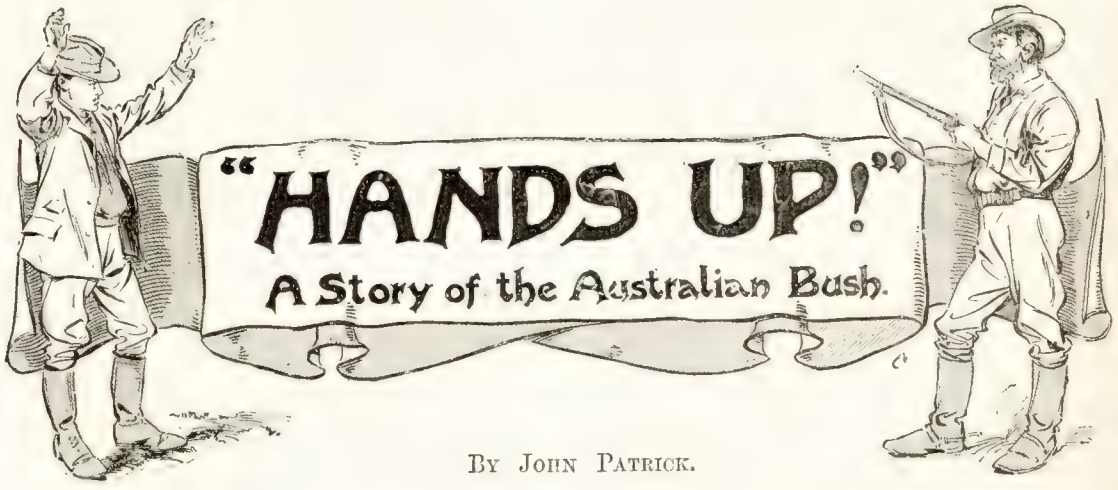
SIR EIZAK PITMAN TO AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

SIR EIZAK PITMAN, the great phonographer, was remarkably fond of children and, possessing a fund of humour, occasionally gripped his business pen to write a letter to one of his juvenile correspondents. The accompanying curious letter requires a short explanation. In 1889 a little girl wrote to ask him to send her his autograph. In reply, Sir Eizak declined in the following manner :—

"I no yur thauts. Yu think that a man must hav a hart of stone if he wud not grant yu the small favor ov reiting two wurdz. I kanot kompli with yur rekwest. It iz a afe rule ov leif tu "Avoid the beginingz ov evil." If you du not, uther evilz will folow. Stop the ferst thaut of evil from kuming into akt, and then yu need not fear konsekwensez. I folow this rule in aplikashonz for mi autograf. If I kompleid uther aplikashonz would flow in and I shonld be wasting mei teim in reiting autografts. Yu see that I am reiting a leter to yu and yet yu do not feind mei autograf in it. I wil give yu a litel auto-biografi of meiself instead ov an autograf."



Two days later Sir Eizak Pitman wrote the letter reproduced here in *fac-simile*, and the correspondence between the two so curiously begun, was only broken by the death of the young lady some few years later. In spite of his refusal, it is clear that "Sir Eizak" was a very kind-hearted old gentleman.



By John Patrick.

Author of "His First Case," "The Reformation of Flaxbourne," etc., etc.

We were three biggish boys. I had arranged with my two chums, Wilson and Bisset, to spend a portion of the Christmas holidays in a pig-hunting expedition, in the wild, rough bush country which was part of my father's run.

I met the southern express at Orari on the day before Christmas, and drove my two friends across to the run. There we each procured mounts; and with our personal belongings and a few extras upon the backs of two pack horses, we turned our backs on civilization and made for the hunting-ground.

We passed through a sleepy little back-wood township known as Hilton, and proceeded up the Kakahu Valley. After a five-mile ride we crossed the Kakahu River, and suddenly struck off into a narrow, unused track which led through the bush. Two hours later we reached our destination—a small open space in the very heart of the dense bush—and prepared to pitch our tent.

It was fully eleven o'clock before we turned in, and I can assure you that we slept the sleep of the just, awakening the following morning as fresh as three daisies.

We soon had a roaring fire going, and then the fun began; for as far as the art of cooking is concerned we were amateurs. Now you fellows needn't grin, and think you're so awfully smart, for I don't mind owning to the fact that we made a "hash" of that breakfast. Between you and I, I'll tell you that we *could* make toast and cook red herrings on a slate—we'd done that when we were fags—but I must frankly admit that the manner in which porridge should be made was to us all a mystery.

Old Bisset, however, volunteered to try his hand, while Wilson stated his anxiety to supply the toast. I was modest, so I let them share the honours between them, occupying my time by laying the table and making the tea.

"Look here, you fellows," said Bisset, who had for some time been patiently stirring the oatmeal and water in the pot, "how long does this beastly stuff have to boil?"

Wilson suggested "twenty minutes," while I said "ten," but neither of us was certain—to be truthful, we didn't know. However, as it had been boiling (according to Bisset) fifteen minutes, we split the difference between our guesses, and took it off.

In the meantime Wilson had been struggling with the toast; and he discovered that the task of evenly browning both sides of a slice of bread was far from being an easy one. He had fashioned an impromptu toasting-fork out of a piece of "manuka" stick, by sharpening one end of it to a point. However, when held over the fire, the bread persisted in falling off, on an average, once a minute; and then it became necessary to rake it out from amidst the ashes, and commence again. Each piece of bread—so Wilson inferred—fell into the fire no less than *twenty-six times* before it

became toast; yet, despite all this, Ted's patience held out to the last.

Everything being in readiness, we were just about to start breakfast, when suddenly three men stepped out into the clearing and came towards us.

That they were men of the back-blocks could be seen at a glance; yet to discover what their occupation was would have been more difficult. They wore soft, broad-brimmed "cow-boy" hats, soft shirts, riding pants, and knee-boots—which latter, to judge from appearances, had not been cleaned for many months. Slung across his back, each man carried a Winchester rifle.

"Pig hunters," I muttered in an aside to my chums.

"Good day," the strangers said as they reached us; then, one of them, who was evidently the leader, remarked in a casual manner:—

"Pig hunting?" and on my replying that we were, he asked if we had any Winchester ammunition.

I said that we had a small supply, whereupon he produced *a piece of gold as large as a hen's egg*, and asked if we could sell him *300 rounds*.

I hesitated, for the amount mentioned was all we had; and if we parted with it our month's sport was at an end.

"Come on," urged the man, noticing my hesitation, "hand it over and the gold's yours."

It was a tempting offer, but as none of us needed the money we were not prepared to sacrifice our sport; so we refused.

Almost before we could wink we were each looking into a barrel of cold steel, and a sharp command fell upon our ears.

"*Where is the ammunition?*"

We told them, and one of them dragged it forth—the whole 300 rounds. The first thing they did was to fill up the magazines of their rifles. *They had bailed us up with empty weapons!*

When this had been done, one of them nodded towards our horses.

"What'll you take for 'em? he asked, off-handedly.

Now, they were my pater's property, and, consequently, I couldn't sell them. I told the man as much, and he laughed loudly.

"Name your price," he said hurriedly; "we want 'em bad, and I guess we can't afford to wait for a month o' Sundays while you reckon up their worth . . . How much?"

I made no answer, so he continued:—

"I guess it's a case of makin' our own price, so here goes."

He threw me two pieces of gold; then he and his two companions mounted our saddle horses and, leading the other two, they disappeared amongst the trees.

We were powerlesss to stop them—*our rifles were empty.*

Bisset sank down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and thought for a moment or two. Now, Bisset is the coolest fellow I have ever known—nothing, no matter how startling, ever puts him out of his stride; his one great and only weakness being the length of time it takes him to fully realize that anything has occurred.

"It's not every day that you get held up by a party of bush-rangers—is it?" he asked.

"No" I replied; "but it's ruined our hunting expedition."

"Oh, hang that!" he ejaculated; "look at the experience which has been ours . . . I wouldn't have missed it for the world—won't we be able to talk."

You see, Bisset wasn't very keen on the pig-hunting business, so he didn't care a hang (as he put it) what happened to the ammunition. Now, Wilson and I were anxious for sport; and, consequently, we weren't smitten after the manner of our chum. We were "wild," and we groaned inwardly as we thought of the sport we had pictured ourselves having.

We were busy discussing what we had better do under the circumstances, when, suddenly, we became aware of the fact that a horseman was coming along the narrow path which led up to our retreat. We listened, and distinctly heard the beat of horses' hoofs upon the soft, springy soil. *A party* of horsemen were approaching. Were the bush-rangers returning?

We seized our empty rifles and listened again. They were getting nearer—they were coming along at a hand gallop. We looked towards where the path emerged into the clearing; and then a sergeant and five troopers of the New Zealand Mounted Police came into view. They were fine, strapping, well set-up men, looking particularly smart in their helmet hats, blue tunics, white riding pants, knee-boots, and glistening spurs. As they drew nearer we noticed that they were on "special duty"; for each man carried a rifle and a well-filled bandoleer.

I saw the sergeant start in the saddle when he saw me; then, as I looked at him, I recognized him as an old friend of my father's.

"You here?" he cried, as he leaned over towards me.

"Yes—why?" I said.

"What's the game?" he asked in turn.

"Pig hunting!" I ejaculated.

"That alters the whole affair," he said mysteriously; then, after a pause, he asked:—

"Have you seen anything of three dare-devil

looking sort of chaps knocking about here lately?"

I said that we knew something of the gentlemen in question; and, further, I told him the story of how we had been "held up," exhibiting the two lumps of pure gold, as proof that my statements were true.

"I've got them at last," he muttered between his teeth; and then, in a few whispered words, he told me a strange story—a story of theft and murder, in which the chief actors were the three men who had robbed us, not more than 15mins. before, of our horses and ammunition.

"They're the men I'm after," the sergeant remarked thoughtfully. "'Take them, dead or alive,' are my orders, and I'm going to do it. I've a pretty good idea where they hang out when they're at home, and I'm going to pay them a call."

For a moment I was silent—I was turning something over in my mind. Then I threw all hesitation to the winds, and spoke out straight.

"Have you any objection to us three accompanying you?" I asked.

The sergeant's face grew hard and stern; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Not the least objection," he cried, delightedly, "I'll only be too glad to have you—if you're willing to take all risks. I suppose you're itching for a dust-up, you blood-thirsty young dogs?"

"What an experience!" I heard Bisset mutter to himself. "Ye gods! what an experience!"

"We're ready," I said, speaking for my chums and myself, "but we have neither ammunition nor horses"

"I'll see to that," my friend said; then, turning to three of his troopers, he added: "Fetch up those three remounts."

We filled up our bandoleers and our rifles from the supply of ammunition in charge of one of the troopers, and by the time that had been done our horses had arrived. We climbed into the saddles, and were soon galloping along the narrow track at a swinging pace.

Once the main road was reached we struck off due north across country, and as the ground was rough and broken we were compelled to moderate our pace. It was then that the sergeant told me what had led up to the expedition.

A district known as the Waiau Valley, some twenty miles due north from where we had pitched our tent, had recently become the scene of very extensive gold-mining operations, and, as the precious metal had been found in large quantities, a small township had sprung up. Then several mysterious disappearances were recorded, and foul play was suspected

WE POKED OUR WINCHESTERS THROUGH A COUPLE OF NATURAL LOOP-HOLES IN THE WALL.

It should be understood that the nearest town

where the miners could sell their gold was Temuka, some thirty-five miles south of the gold-field. In order to reach this, you had to go through a narrow defile, known as "Burke's Pass," and then traverse some twenty miles of rough, wild, bush country. Several miners had started for Temuka, with considerable quantities of gold in their possession, and had never been heard of again. The police were informed, but were unable, with the small amount of evidence at their disposal, to do anything but wait. Then came tales of how miners had been "held up" and robbed of their hard-earned gold, by three mysterious men, described by those who had had the misfortune to meet them, as "dare-devils." Robberies became more frequent, week by week; then the police obtained a clue which led up to the expedition in which we took part, and which I am about to describe. There is one thing which requires explanation before I go any further, and that is—what brought the sergeant to visit our retreat? The answer, however, is simple. He had heard that *three men* were camping in the depths of the bush, and it had occurred to him that they might be the three he was after. Hence his visit—but to our yarn.

That night we slept with our saddles for pillows and nothing save the stars above, and the fresh, invigorating air of the bush around us. We rose early the following morning, and continued in a northerly direction until noon, then a halt was called, and Sergeant Benson unfolded his plan of action.

My two companions and myself were to make a wide *détour* to the north-west, and then scout round towards the north-east, while the sergeant and his men were to examine every inch of country as far north as Burke's Pass. Should we succeed in discovering the head-quarters of the gang, two of us were to remain in the immediate vicinity, while the other reported our find to the sergeant, and guided him and his men to the spot.

"Remember," said Benson, as he gripped my hand just before we started, "if they don't chuck down their rifles the moment you get the drop on them, don't give them any quarter."

"Right!" I cried, and a moment later the three of us were swinging along together. We kept in a northerly direction until we struck the Rocky Range, which bounded the valley on the west, then we turned and made east towards the Kakahu Gorge. My watch was just upon the stroke of seven that evening, when in a sheltered, secluded spot in the dense bush amongst the hills, within a stone's throw of the Kakahu Gorge, we came upon a small hut. We dismounted, and pushing open the door, entered. Almost the first thing that met our eyes as we looked around the interior of the little shanty, was *the box which had held our supply of ammunition. We were in the bush-rangers' stronghold.*

Wilson started south, as fast as his horse would take him, to report the result of our investigations to our superior officer; and so, when we had secured our horses some distance away, Bisset and I took possession of the hut—"in the name of the Queen"—and settled down to await developments.

Our chum hadn't been gone many minutes when, suddenly, we heard voices, and a moment later the three bush-rangers came into view. Matters had assumed a serious aspect.

Hurriedly barricading the door, we poked our Winchesters through a couple of natural loop-holes in the wall, and ordered the foremost of the desperadoes to "hands up!"

With an oath upon his lips he threw up his hands, while his two mates wheeled round and galloped off.

We kept our rifles on the man before us for about five minutes, then Bisset asked in the quiet way he has:—

"What are you going to do?"

With an exclamation of surprise I dropped my rifle. Yes, what could be done? We dare not open the door for the purpose of disarming and making a prisoner of the man, for his comrades were sure to be sneaking about somewhere close at hand. What were we to do?

"*Hands up! or we'll let daylight into yer systems.*"

The sharp command fell upon our ears with startling abruptness. Then we threw up our hands and glanced hurriedly over our shoulders.

Behind us, with *their* Winchesters levelled at our heads, stood two of the "dare-devils," while at the back of the hut a small door, which had escaped our notice, stood open. *We were trapped!*

"I guess it's always well to have two doors to your dog kennel," remarked one of the men, as he proceeded to make our arms and legs secure, "especially if you chance to be a bush-ranger."

"It strikes me you've walked into the lion's den," he went on, as we lay upon the floor; "want your ammunition back, I suppose . . .? Well I calculate as how you'll get a cartridge each in the morning."

He laughed softly to himself, and just then the other man joined them.

"Look here," he said; "it strikes me very forcibly that the police are on our track. I think this part of the country is getting too hot for us."

The other two laughed lightly, after the manner of men who know not fear; and then the three of them went out together to look after their horses. Evidently they had no doubts as regards the

manner in which we were secured, for they left us entirely unattended.

I heard their voices die away in the distance; and then Bisset stood up and began to untie the cords that bound my arms and legs.

"What an experience," he muttered when I stood free.

"How did you get loose?" I gasped as I seized my rifle.

"Conjuring tricks, old man," he murmured; then he added delightedly, "Ye gods! what an experience!"

We made for cover as quickly as possible, and when we were safely hidden behind a large piece of broken rock we began to form our plans as to what we were to do.

"It's no good clearing out," Bisset said, "we must stop here, and when once the bush-rangers return and enter their hut, we must keep them there until the police arrive."

"Yes, old man," I said, "we've got ourselves into a tight corner, and whatever happens we must come out of it victorious. I'll make my way to yonder pile of rocks"—indicating a position 30yds. away—"and see that no one leaves by the main entrance. You stop here and see that they don't work the 'quick exit through the secret door' business When they find that we have vamoosed they'll try the bolting game. If they do—shoot!"

"Right, old fellow," and we shook hands.

I had just reached and settled down in my new position, when I heard the desperadoes return and enter their hut. Then a torrent of oaths and curses fell upon my ears, and the next moment the sharp report of Bisset's rifle broke the stillness of the bush. The siege had commenced.

Suddenly the door I was guarding was thrown open from within, and one of the men stepped out. I fired, and he sprang back into the hut as if he had been hit. I put my head up above the rock that protected me, in order to obtain a better view, but before I had time to ascertain anything of importance, there was a flash, and a bullet sang its song of death within an inch of my head. Again Bisset's rifle rang out, and then it flashed upon me that unless the police put in an appearance very shortly our chances of keeping the men at bay were very slight—for it was rapidly growing dusk.

The ridge of the mountain range showed up like a faint out-line in the gathering gloom, while, as

AS WE CAME DOWN TOGETHER, I LET OUT ONE FRANTIC YELL—"BISSET!"

night came on, the hut and the bush assumed strange, fantastic shapes. Then the mists swept down from the hills, and darkness was upon us.

I was cramped, hungry and cold, and a hundred conflicting thoughts ran through my brain as I lay there with my rifle thrown forward. The darkness was appalling, and the silence even more so; while my eyes were aching, by reason of the severe strain they were being subjected to. Suddenly I started up and listened. What was that noise?—then there was a flash from Bisset's position, and a deafening report, followed by a dull, heavy thud—I listened again, and I distinctly heard the click of my chum's rifle lever, as he shot another cartridge into the barrel—that was all.

I glanced towards the hut, noticing that the door was open, and that a dark, shadowy form was moving across the open space towards cover. I raised my rifle and fired.

A tiny puff of white smoke rose in the darkness—a report rang out, and as the flash of my Winchester lighted up the surrounding scene, I saw a man throw up his arms, and a shriek of agony awoke the echoes of the hills, as he pitched forward in a heap. Then a patch of light showed up in the doorway, and a bullet flattened itself against the rock in front of me. Noiselessly, I crawled a few yards to the right, then I put a bullet through the open doorway, and again altered my position; but not before another bullet had whistled past, uncomfortably close to my ear.

Then, before I became aware of what was taking place, the man was half-way towards cover—I fired. He staggered for a moment, then, pulling himself together, he came straight at me. I jerked the lever of my Winchester forward and back, only to discover that *the magazine was empty.*

"Last shot!" shouted the man—*he had counted my shots.*

Dropping my rifle, I jumped out clear of cover, noticing as I did so that my adversary was swinging a rifle in his right hand. He aimed a blow at my head, but I jumped aside just in time, and the butt of the rifle struck the ground with terrific force.

At that supreme moment, the old Flaxbourne cry: "Take him low!" flashed into my brain, and I did it. As we came down together, I let out one frantic yell:—"Bisset!"

And then we were wrestling for each other's throats.

Over and over we rolled, locked in a death-grip; fighting, struggling, and gasping for breath. He was a powerful, well-built man; and, had it not been for the fact that my shot had broken his left arm, it would have gone hard with me. I was on top of him, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the path close by. The police had arrived!

"Hang on to him, Pat!" It was Bisset who spoke, and as he uttered the words the bush-ranger swung his right arm round and caught me a terrific blow upon the point of the jaw. I rolled off on to the grass, and all became a blank.

It was in the hut that I recovered consciousness. The prisoner was there—his two mates were dead—my chum had shot one, I the other. My head felt like splitting in two, and I closed my eyes again.

Then, like a faint whisper borne upon the breeze, I heard a well-known voice say:—

"Ye gods! what an experience!"

A SONG OF THE BICYCLE.

The sun outspreads his arms of light,
And bids me gay "Good-morning!"
The warm mist lingers round the height:
Another day is dawning!
Oh, bid the folk a-bed "Good-bye!"
The dew is on the heather.
We must away—good "bike" and I
And roam the world together!

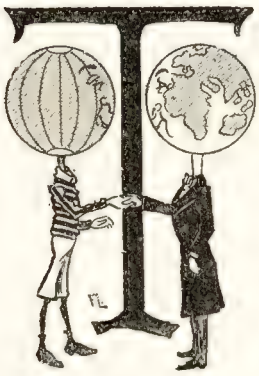
The mountain-kings are all attired
In pink and purple brightness,
Their mighty brows with glory fired,
And crowned with snowy whiteness.
Below are woodlands, dales, and streams,
Still cool, and green, and shady,
Yet lovely, too. Old Earth, it seems
You are a gorgeous lady!

On through the long and lovely day,
From the sun's hour of rising,
Good "bike" and I pursue our way,
New beauties still surprising.
Roads may be rough, and rains may fall;
What daunts the youthful-hearted?
May the sun's setting find us all
As happy as we started!

HELEN K. WATTS.

SOME EASY CONJURING TRICKS.

EXPLAINED BY A WELL-KNOWN MASTER OF MAGIC.



THE following very simple conjuring tricks, told us by Mr. J. Hamley of the well-known entertainment firm, will no doubt interest CAPTAIN readers at this season of the year. They are so easy that anyone who reads the directions carefully will be able to perform them, with scarcely any previous practice, and yet will cause more amusement than many far more elaborate and costly tricks.

Don't imagine, however, that this article will tell you how to become a conjuror. If you have any inclination to dabble in the magic art there is a good deal of hard work before you—long books to read, besides lessons in sleight of hand from some competent authority. When a conjuror tells you how some of his tricks are performed it all seems very simple and straightforward. But when you come to substitute reality for theory, you will find that after all they require a lot of practice before they can be performed in such a manner as to gain for you a respectful audience.

The Wandering Sixpence.

For this trick it is necessary to have ready two sixpences, each slightly waxed on one side. Then borrow a sixpence, and secretly exchange it for one of the waxed ones, laying the latter, waxed side up, on the table. Ask someone to draw two cards from any ordinary pack. Take them in the left hand, and, in transferring them to the right, press the second waxed sixpence against the centre of the under card, to which it will adhere. Lay this card (A) on the table, about 18ins. from the sixpence which is already there, and cover that sixpence with the other card (B). Lift both cards a little way from the table, to show that the sixpence is under card A, and that, apparently, there is nothing under card B. As you replace them, press lightly on the centre of card A. After this you may now make the sixpence appear under whichever card you like, by remembering that if you don't wish the sixpence to stick, you must bend the card slightly upwards in taking it from the table; but if you want it to stick, take the card up without bending.

To Name any Number of Cards in Succession Without Seeing Them.

Take the pack, and secretly notice what is the bottom card, and then announce that you will name all the cards of the pack in succession without seeing them. Whilst holding the pack behind you for an instant, turn the top card face outwards on the top of the pack; then, holding the pack with the bottom card towards the audience, name that card. From the position in which you hold the pack, the top card which you have turned is towards you, and in full view. Again placing your hands behind you, transfer the last-named to the bottom and turn the next, and so on in like manner.

Heads or Tails?

Hand someone a half-crown piece, and ask him to spin it on a table (which must be without a cloth) saying that even whilst blindfolded you will tell whether it has fallen head or tail upwards. This may be repeated any number of times with the same result. The key to this apparent mystery lies in the fact that you have cut a little notch on the tail-side of the coin, thus causing a minute point of metal to project from that side of the coin. If a coin prepared in this way chances to run down with the notched side upwards, it will do so just like an ordinary coin—*i.e.*, gradually going slower and slower till it finally ceases. But, if it should run down on the other side, the friction of the notch against the table the coin will go down with a curious sort of "flop." The difference in the manner in which the coin falls, however, is not marked enough to attract the attention of spectators.

To Tell a Card by its Weight.

If smartly performed this is a very effective trick. Make some remark about the amount of ink used in printing the various cards making a difference in their weight, and to prove this ask someone to draw a card from the pack and to look at it. Then you take the card and, whilst keeping the face turned away from you,

poise it in your hand, as though ascertaining its weight, and make a slight mark on it with your nail; so that you will be sure to recognize it again. Then ask your friends to shuffle the cards and hand them to you one by one. As he gives you each card, pretend to weigh it carefully in your hand, and so on till you come to the marked card, which you can name.

To Rub One Sixpence into Two.

Previously grease a sixpence slightly, and stick it to the under edge of a table (without a cover), at the place where you are sitting. You then borrow a sixpence from one of the company, and, tucking up your sleeves very high, and opening your fingers to show that you have not another concealed; rub it quickly backwards on the table with your right hand, holding your left under the edge of the table to catch it. After two or three feigned unsuccessful attempts to accomplish your object, you loosen the concealed sixpence with the tips of the fingers of the left hand, at the same time that you are sweeping the borrowed sixpence into it; and, rubbing them a little while together in your hands, you throw both coins on the table.

A Simple Card Trick.

Tell your audience that if one of them will cut a pack of cards you will tell whether there is an odd or even number in each portion. Before handing him the pack see that all the colours are arranged alternately, and acquaint yourself with the colour of the bottom card. When he has given you the portion of the cards cut, place them face upwards in the palm of your hand and appear to calculate. But by merely glancing at the colour of the uppermost card you can tell in an instant whether the number is odd or even. If the colour of the card at the bottom of the pack is black and the one you now see are the same colour, the numbers in the two portions are even; but, if different to the bottom card, then the numbers are odd.

How to Tell the Colour of a Card Without Looking At It.

This is a trick which is often performed by the aid of a mirror, but the following is an easier and safer way. First of all, divide all the black cards from the red, and, holding them in one pack, bend them slightly towards the middle, broadways. Then, in a similar way bend the red cards across the middle lengthways. Shuffle the cards thoroughly, and ask anyone to give you a card from the pack. Merely by looking at the way it is bent you can say with confidence whether it is red or black.

How to Bend a Watch.

This curious little optical delusion often causes a good deal of amusement. Don't use your own watch, but borrow one from a friend, as frequently the consternation of the owner, when he fancies that real damage is being done to his timepiece, is very amusing. When he hands you his watch, look intently at it, as though you noticed some peculiarity about it, and remark to the owner something to the effect that it is a very peculiar watch and "quite soft." Then, turning the watch, with the dial towards you, and holding it between two fingers of each hand on the back, and the thumb of each hand on the face, you bend the hands outwards, at the same time bringing the points of the fingers nearer together, immediately bringing them back to their former position once more. This motion may, of course, be repeated any number of times. This optical illusion is difficult to explain, though it is mainly something to do with the shadow that causes the spectator, situated a little way off, to think his watch is in reality being bent almost double.

A Clever Trick with Dice.

Tell your friend that you will name, without seeing them, the points of a pair of dice which he chances to throw. You ask the person who threw the dice to choose which of them he likes; multiply its points by 2, add 5 to the product; multiply the sum so obtained by 5, and add the points of the remaining dice. On his telling you the result you mentally subtract 25 from it, when the remainder will be a number of two figures, each representing the points of one of the dice. For example: suppose the throws be 5, 2. Five multiplied by 2 are 10; and 5 = 15, which, multiplied by 5, are 75, to which, 2 (the points of the remaining dice) being added, the total is 77. If from this you mentally deduct 25, the remainder is 52—giving the points of the two dice, 5 and 2. But, you will say, suppose the person who threw had reversed the arithmetical process, and had taken the points of the second die (2) as his multiplicand, the result must have been different. Let us see if this is so. Twice 2 are 4, 5 added make 9, which multiplied by 5 are 45, and 5 (the points of the other die) being added to it, bring the total up to 50. From this subtract 25, as before. The remainder, 25, again gives the points of the two dice; but in the reverse order; and the same result will always follow, whatever the throws may be.

We are indebted for our information concerning the foregoing conjuring tricks to Messrs. Hamley Bros., 231, High Holborn, W.C.; also, Bland's, 35, New Oxford Street.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine (October), gives as frontispiece a good portrait of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B.—"our oldest boy." This is one of the best school magazines Scotland sends us. "**Alma Mater.**"—Turn we now to the Australasian University journal, which bears this title. Portraits of 'Varsity notabilities, poems, articles, and essays—all go to make up a readable number. A supplement informs us that a Chaucer Celebration, to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the poet's death, was held in the Masonic Hall, Melbourne, on October 25th. **Alperton Hall Magazine.**—A well got-up private school periodical—full of bright notes. **Blundellian** (November).—The editorial starts: "Here it is again, poor thing! pursuing the uneven tenor of its way." Quite a number of editorials lead off with a moan of this sort. The Archbishop of Canterbury visited his old school on October 3rd, and observed (in the course of his speech) that he knew Tiverton, better, he expected, than anybody else in that room, and explained that in his school-days he was a great walker. "I don't think that there is a lane within seven miles of Tiverton which I haven't trodden in former days." **Bowdonian.**—This is the first number of the Bowdon College Magazine, and we observe that the editor has benefited from the many hints which we have given in these pages. School Notes come first and foremost, as they should do, and *proportion* is studied. The editor tells his readers just what they want to know. Some other humorous feature might be substituted, however, for "Births, Marriages, and Deaths"—hardly a palatable newspaper feature to parody in a school journal. **Bridlingtonian.**—Another first number, and here, again, we are pleased to observe that long essays are excluded, the space being mainly devoted to school news. There are photographs of the school and the football team. We shall watch the progress of this youngster with interest. **Brighton College Magazine.** — Hope to reproduce your poem, "Advice Gratis," in our next number. **C. A. I.** ("Coleraine Academical Institution") has just reached —with this month—its third number. "University Echoes" is an excellent feature, brightly done. The undressed gentleman on the cover has got strange-looking legs. **Carthusian.** — Compared with these babes, the Charterhouse Magazine is a veteran, having reached its 255th number. **Copyists' Own Journal,** whose first number lies before me, is run by the Boy Copyists of the Civil Service, and is run very intelligently. "Willie is a Copyist" makes a good parody. We'll keep an eye on you, Mr. Editor, even if we are not always able to review you. **Elizabethan.**—Why not have your pages cut, my dear sir? What has become of the Westminster poet? **Erasmian** (High School, Dublin), is six numbers old. The advertisements do not look pretty, especially the one with the rhinoceros on it. Charge more and do without them. At any rate, don't stick an "ad." plump on your excellent "School News." **Framlinghamian.** — A delightful cover, and well done all through. **Haileyburian.**—Again we greet thee! A glance at thy contents suffices to show that thou art in excellent fettle. Where's my paper knife? **Hurst Johnian.**—Hope to reproduce your funny "Telephone" conversation. **Hymerian.**—Quite a book! You know what correcting proofs is like, Mr. Hall! "In for the Little Go" is humorous. **Y Ddraig Goch** (that right?) is the magazine of the Pupil Teachers' School, Cardiff. This, too, is a first number. Looking through it we observe many feminine contributions. The editors—or editresses—must watch such efforts closely, because the pens of lady-writers are apt to run away with them. On the whole, this new venture is to be commended, and we shall be glad to see it regularly. **The Kendalian** (Kendal Grammar School) is still another first issue. The printing is good, and the paper is good. The frontispiece—a photograph of the

school—is most appropriate. "My Dear School" is an original and commendable way of starting a Cambridge letter. The boy on the cover is badly drawn; he has a smirk on his face, and—*what feet!* Take him off altogether, or have him re-drawn, Mr. Editor. **Lorettonian.**—We should like to see this periodical published monthly. It might be half its present size, with double the number of pages, and with a cover on it—price 4d. As it is, its "get-up" is peculiar. **Marlburian** (October).—The verses on "An Autumn Gale," by "J. R.," repay us for all the weary wading through magazines we have done this month. Our compliments to the author. **Petronian.**—This is an exceedingly quaint periodical, produced by hektograph. Pity it can't be printed. The editor appears to have a lively wit. **Portmuthian** (November) contains a touching obituary notice of the late Mr. Conrad, for many years a master at Portsmouth Grammar School: "Boys like a master to be bright, and Mr. Conrad was always bright and cheerful. He was a shrewd observer of character, and he often startled and amused us by a humorous allusion to some boyish trait that his keen penetration had detected. He knew, also, the weaker side of a boy's nature, and he was fearlessly outspoken if he thought plain speech would in any case be productive of good. Yet no man shrank more from a decisive condemnation than he, and that, perhaps, is one of the chief reasons why we boys loved him so dearly." **Quernmorian** (October).—Good cover. Editor writes strongly on "Slackness," and we hope his growl will have due effect. "If the outcome of this article be to awaken the enthusiasm of our prefects, and those whose place it is to lead their fellow school-boys, we shall not have written in vain. We look to them for a whole-hearted devotion to their school in work and play." Now, Quernmorians, buck up! **Reptonian** leads off with the usual editorial moan that appears to be a prevailing feature in the majority of school magazines this month. The cry is "Nothing New to Write About." Well, editors all, *make* something. Baden-Powell devised siege defences out of scanty resources at Mafeking; follow his example and *create* interesting subjects to descant upon. Take one of Mr. Fry's articles, and comment on its various points—anything rather than confess that there's nothing to write about. This advice applies generally to all the despondent editors we have encountered this time. **Review** (Grocers' Company School).—Apart from the big and glowing advertisements—which we have always said we don't like—this magazine is a creditable production. **Salopian.**—Yes, "Salopia" appears to be flourishing. **Shandonian** wisely reproduces Mr. Fry's "Hints on Rugby," (from THE CAPTAIN). This is more sensible than filling up the magazine with essays on Mediæval Sculpture, as some editors do. **Student** (Edinburgh University) lacks ship-shapeness. Good article on J. M. Barrie. **Truro College Magazine.**—Very pretty cover. Well done all through, but might be brighter. The "Cycling" article is readably put together, and the "Prize Essay" is thoughtful. **Xaverian Oracle** (St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges).—A very lively and interesting magazine. The editor is quite a wag.

Other Magazines received:

Askean, Bramptonian, Carliol, Dunelmian, Ipswich School Magazine, Johnian (Leatherhead), Lancing College Magazine, Malvernian, Mill Hill Magazine, New Collegian, Olavian, Ousel, St. Thomas' College Magazine, Sexey's School Magazine, Taylorian.

AN AUTUMN GALE

From the "Marlburian"

BLOW, blow, golden October,
One more blast,
Though it be thy last—
Blow thy bravest and best to-day.
One more blast while the woods are gay;
Morrow will bring November grey,
Hushed, and sad, and sober.

Russet, and red, and saffron yellow,
Merry and high,
To the bright blue sky,
Sway the boughs that canter and spring,
Nodding and dancing across and a-swing,
Roar and rustle and pipe and sing,
Up in the sunlight mellow.

Blood of the beech and oaken splendour,
Gold and green,
In a rainbow sheen,
Flares of flame on the waving hill,
Thousands ten and a thousand still
Tumble and twinkle and roll their fill,
And scorn the year's surrender.

Blow, blow, golden October!
Hearts were young
When the nightingale sung,
One more day to be blithe and bold,
One more song ere the heart be old,
Morrow will bring November cold,
Hushed, and sad, and sober.

J. R.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE winner of a year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is "SMITH SECUNDUS," author of "What a Christmas Number Should be Like." Will "Smith Secundus" kindly send his real name and address?

What a Christmas Number should be like.

By Smith Secundus.

Of course, you know, I'm not an editor. Could scarcely expect that of a Fourth Form kid, but I rather fancy I know what I am talking about.

In the first place, a Christmas Number shouldn't come out in the middle of July or the beginning of August. It should come out near Christmas. The good old CAPTAIN comes out in reasonable time. Not very near Christmas; but then, you see, THE CAPTAIN's a monthly. I'm talking, remember, about boys' magazines.

Christmas stories should be a strong point. I've got two or three written by myself, Mr. Editor, which are rather smart. Will you accept them? One's called, "Chrissie's Christmas and Christopher's Crisp Christmas." Awfully well-written thing that, about 2,000 words, I think—just your size. The best one, though, is, "Tallboy's Small Boy, and his Christmassy Christmas." Oh, it is funny! Why, when I was writing it, I nearly fell off my chair, laughing. You'll observe the awfully taking titles. Rather neat, eh? That's my strong point. Here, I say, what am I talking about?

Oh, yes, I was talking about Christmas stories. Well, Mr. Editor, there should be Christmas stories of all sorts. Christmas stories about boys, Christmas stories about girls, Christmas stories about foreign places, Christmas stories about funny places, Christmas stories about "under the mistletoe." (Oh, I say!) and—Oh, as many as you like!

CURLY CHARLES: "So I says to the judge, I says, 'I'm a poet, my lord—that's my purfession.'"
MILDEWED MIKE: "Oh! What did 'e say, then?"
CURLY CHARLES: "He said—'Ever published my poems?' 'Yes, my lord,' says I, 'several.' '*Six months!*' says he."

Drawn by Wilson Fenning

Then there should be Christmas articles (like this one, you know), about anything and everything in connection with Christmas. Articles telling us what a funny Christmas yon is of yon curious people, where we get our crackers from, how this custom originated, and how that custom originated. That's what WE want (we = I. Half-a-crown for that information, please. Thank you.)

Then as to the Editor (prepare to die, O Fag!) The Editor should "keep his end up" by writing about Christmas, talking about Christmas, giving us a blowing up about Christmas, flattering us about Christmas—in other words, dinning our ears with Christmas. Just like our good Old Fag. (I have not blown you up, after all, O Fag, as I intended to do.)

A Christmas interviewer always catches on,

too. Interview somebody who can talk about Christmas. Draw everything out of him, pitch into him, and give it him hot. Anyone calling at my address will be furnished with matter in connection with an illustrated interview about your most humble and obedient servant, Smith Secundus, to be published in the *Whataname Foramagazine* in the issue of September 61st, 1976. Doors open at 7.15 p.m. (*post-mortem*); early doors, 8 m.p. (Member of Parliament). Obituary notices supplied on application.

In the last place, my dear sir, retain your usual features—in the magazine. Retain your usual features—facially, with, perhaps, the addition of a Christmas smile. Brighten these features considerably, *i.e.*, make them Christmassy (competitions especially so). Whoever does as I have told him to do will have an ideal Christmas Number.

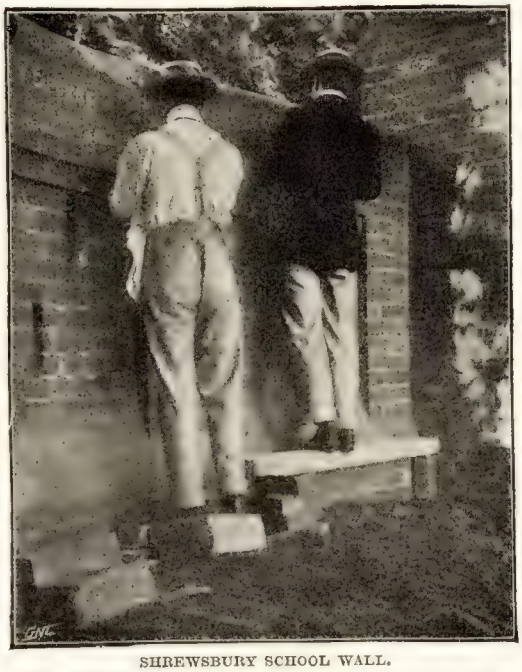
So long, my children; a long, a last farewell. Mine eyes are blinded with the tears that gush forth; I cannot see what I am doing. Once more, farewell. Bleshoo, my children.

(Signed) SMITH II.

[DEAR SMITH II.—I tried to act up to your suggestions.—Yours 'umbly, THE O.F.]

Shrewsbury School Wall.

I am sending you a photograph of the Shrewsbury "School Wall," on which only those may cut their names who are (1) double "firsts" or (2) one "first" and a four years' man. "Firsts" may be got at footer, cricket, rowing, running, gym., fives and as a praeposter; but praeposters do not count as concerns the wall.



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL WALL.
(*Sent by "Salopian."*)

I may mention that this is a very old stone wall which was at the original Edward VI. School—now the free library and museum—and was moved and put up, stone for stone, on the new school site.

"SALOPIAN."

RIVERSIDE-SCAPE.
With figures in foreground.
(*By Percy Cocking.*)

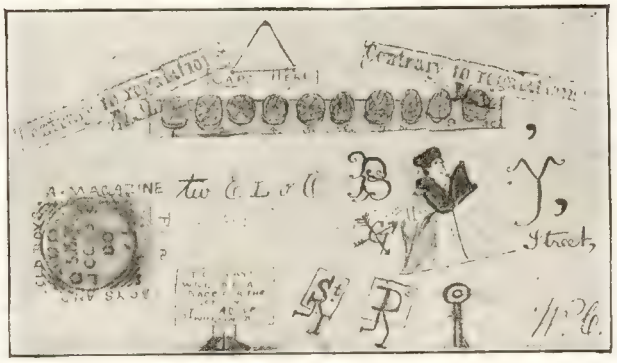
Dogs and the War.

Both boys and old boys remember spelling out the stories of St. Bernard dogs, and their wonderful intelligence, from dog-eared and much-abused 'Readers."

Those who have been to Southampton Docks during the last few weeks will have learnt that sagacity is not confined to St. Bernards; but that military dogs have their full share. Wandering about, day after day and week after week, is a humble terrier seeking for his master. The dog has been to the front, and when his owner fell was sent home with the regiment, and now haunts the docks, examining each of the transports as it arrives. He knows them by the white paint, and is always of the first aboard, eager to begin a thorough search in every nook and corner, winning universal sympathy by his patient, sad eyes. The dock police have adopted him, pay his licence, and endeavour, by rough caresses and attentions, to make up to poor old "Jack" for his loss.

One of the regiments ordered out was not allowed to take its pet; but master doggie had no intention of staying behind, and, when the huge transport steamed away, plunged into the water and swam after her a long distance. The captain and crew relented at such proof of devotion. A boat was lowered and the dog taken on board. He meant to have his share of the struggle and honours, and has done so. "Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists."

E. SIMMONS.



PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ENVELOPE THAT CAME TO "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

The Natal Cadet Corps.

Towards the beginning of the year 1896 the Natal Government saw the necessity of forming cadet corps, and in consequence all boys in the Natal schools over the age of ten years were formed into cadet corps. The Government supplied rifles for the use of the cadets, and instructors to drill the boys were appointed. Uniforms were also supplied, which were in the form of blue jerseys and knickers of the same colour. The cap is of the forage pattern with old gold facings. There is also another cap which is of the sailor pattern with a white cover to protect the neck and face from the sun. Each school has its corps and each corps has its distinctive badge, which is worn on the left breast, and also a metal badge which is worn on the cap. Each corps is allowed to choose its own sergeant and corporal from its ranks who, in the absence of the drill Instructor, drill the boys. There are seven or eight of the schools with drum and fife bands.

It was decided that camp would be held annually, about the beginning of July, in some convenient place in the colony. In 1896 and 1898 it was held in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the colony, and in 1897 and 1899 it was held in Durban.

Shooting teams, composed of six members from each school over the age of fourteen, compete for a silver shield; and under the age of fourteen for a silver cup which is named the "White Cup," after its donor. The boys in the winning teams each receive a silver medal.

There are now some who were once cadets serving at the front for Queen and Country. *Floreat Natalia.*

ALASTAIR S. GOODBRAND.

Pretty Old, This!

Q.: Why is the number 104 like a volunteer?

Ans.: Because (in Roman characters) it is a C.I.V.

C. G. ARTHUR.

Some Tiny Governments.

I have always taken an interest in tiny Governments, and I am sure that any of the readers of THE CAPTAIN who are inclined towards geography will also be interested.

We are accustomed to look upon Switzerland and Roumania as small independencies; but may I ask how many of us have heard of the tiny Republic of San Marino, on the slope of the Appennines, in the north-east of Italy? It has an area of thirty-two square miles, is about eight miles long by four miles broad, and has a population of 8,000 souls. Its capital is also called San Marino, and can only be reached with great difficulty, as it stands on a precipitous slope. The republic is as independent as England, and has maintained its existence for over 800 years.

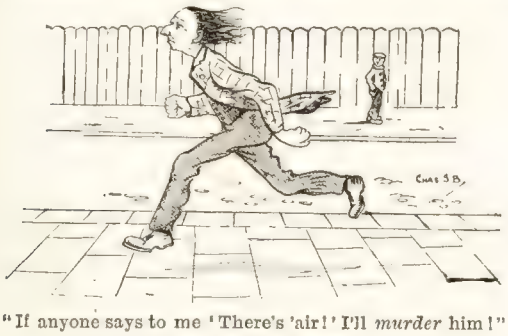
A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.
Drawn by P. Mairet.

Another tiny republic which, not so small as San Marino, is equally interesting, is called Andorra, and is situated on the borders of France

and Spain. It is wholly enclosed by the Pyrenees, and is about eighteen miles long by twelve miles broad, and has an area of 175 square miles. Its population numbers 6,000, and it has a regular standing "army" of 600 men. It was first declared independent in A.D. 778, by Charles the Great. It is divided into six parishes, and is governed by twenty-four representatives elected by the parishes. Its capital is called also Andorra.

Lastly, a tiny independency exists in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean. Its name is Monaco, as is also its capital. It has a beautiful climate, and its soil is most fertile, producing oranges, lemons, and grapes in great abundance. The area of the republic is six square miles, and its population, 13,000. Monte Carlo is included in this state. Like San Marino and Andorra, it is very mountainous. It is frequented by visitors to Nice, from which town it is distant about ten miles.

ALBERT G. SCOTT.



"If anyone says to me 'There's 'air!' I'll *murder* him!"
Drawn by C. S. Baker.

"CAPTAIN CLUB" ARTISTS.

SOME CRITICISMS BY THE ART EDITOR.

Bertha Harvey.—It is difficult to decide as to your ability from the sketches enclosed. You are rather young. Bristol board can be got at any art shop, or good stationer's; it costs from 2d. to 8d. a a sheet, according to thickness and quality. Any smooth-surfaced card would be good enough to work on. I cannot give you Mr. Tom Browne's address, as he is all over the map. Let us hear from you again. **Herbert Halliday.**—You will have to improve somewhat before any of the comic papers will accept your work. Let me see something later on, and I will give you the names of some comic papers. Your composition is good. **F. C. Owen.**—No, I wouldn't. **L. Kelsey.**—Don't make your drawings quite so small, and take more pains with them. **T. G.**—See reply to "Bertha Harvey." **C. Baker.**—I cannot definitely say that you will win success as a black-and-white artist until I see more of your work, but if you will draw more carefully from life and pay greater attention to details, in time you ought to make a good illustrator. In your "Lucknow" sketch you attempt too much. **C. S. Baker.**—You are improving, although I see you still copy Mr. Hassall's drawings. Don't put so many fine lines into your sketches. **Harold Kershaw.** — The "Brighton" sketch is an improvement. Take more pains with the mouths, and don't put such heavy eyes. Use black ink and Bristol board. **W. B. Huntly.** — Glad to hear health improving. (1) Wash drawings are generally done on Whatman's board, which costs from 2d. to 1s. per piece, according to size. A good "H.B." is the best medium, and then pure Indian ink; for your high-lights a little touch of Chinese white (2) Yes, you can get an indelible ink—black or brown—in bottles, small size, 4½d. Not so many fine lines, Mr. Huntly. **R. K. Hitchcock.**—Sorry, photograph too faint. **E. B.** (HIGHBURY) "Adapted Proverbs" not quite good enough. You get a good amount of action into your sketches; don't niggle. **W. J. C. Nettleton.**—"A Study in Lines" not quite good enough. Persevere, and perhaps some day you will be an "S.P.R.A.," or, as I suppose we shall call it now, "C.C.R.A." **F. W. Wallace.** — Drawings rather clever, but hardly good enough for our limited space. **J. B. Baldwin.**—From the sketches you enclose, I should not like to guarantee that you will be a great artist. The figures are poor, but the drawing of the steps and boat-landing is very well carried out. **F. Watling.**—The action of your sketches is windy and smart. Yes, we always prefer original sketches, as a "copy" would not be inserted in the "C.C. Pages." I do not see why you should not become a "C.C.R.A." early next century. **J. A. Parsonage.**—Your sketches are rather clever, but I cannot find space in this number. Study Mr. Tom Browne's illustrations to "King Waterbottle." **R. A. C. Batchelor.**—Not quite the kind of thing we care for in the "C.C. Pages." Why not take a little more pains over your work? **H. Voules** (GUERNSEY).—A great artist once said: "Drawing is the beginning and end of art." You ought to go in more for pure drawing, and don't niggle up your work with so many fine lines; these would not reproduce in any paper. **C. Lan-Davis, Esq.** — Sorry I cannot use the photograph of "Ye Old Red Cow." Those of the Paris Exhibition are too dark for reproduction. Many thanks. Am always glad to hear from you. **Frank Coutts.**—Your drawing of the "Ensign at Waterloo" is clever—take more care with the proportions and perspective. Sorry I can't find space to use it. **S. B. Chamberlain.**—Have returned your "Cats' Art School," as I think you can do better work now. The composition is good; quite worthy of Mr. Louis Wain. **Edgar A. Leigh.**—Don't be despondent at your seeming non-success; you are sure to come on strong yet. I am sorry not to be able to use the mazes; they ought to be done larger and more clearly. Many thanks for comp. suggestion, which I will think over. **C. F. Knowles.**—Sketches very clever; but jokes not suitable for the "C.C. Pages"; otherwise, we should have reproduced one of them. **T. Burne.**—Your interesting photograph of cattle struck by lightning is too indistinct to make a good block. Many thanks. **Fred Mann.**—See answer to "S. B. Chamberlain." Pay more attention to detail and firmness of lines; otherwise, you are on the right road. **J. B. Grandidied.**—Your sketches this month are not quite suitable for reproduction. Don't "cross hats"—*i.e.*, cross your lines—more than you can help. **Charles B. Buttery.**—Sorry I cannot find space for your two sketches; but shall be glad to see something another month. **W. E. Fuller** (TASMANIA). — Many thanks for photograph of s.s. *Manhattan*. I will use this if space can be found. As to your query *re* colonial comps., I will think

it over. Always glad to hear from you. Why not send some photographs of Tasmanian scenery? **A. B. H. Clayton-Smith.**—I am using one of your sketches; the other is not suitable for the "C. C. Pages." Your work is good; but like many others, you put in too many fine lines. **Stanley Wilson.**—I thank you for design of CAPTAIN badge; but it would not reproduce. **C. S. Baker** (second batch). —Football captain very clever. Go on drawing as you are, and read replies to above contributors. Had your sketches been more suitable I would have inserted one of them. I hope you will continue to send me specimens of your work. **Louis Higgins** is improving rapidly; but the joke this month is not suitable. **"Eyed Awry."**—Your titles of books I will use if space permits. The "Illustrated Proverbs" are not quite so good, although they are neatly carried out.

Contributions (literary and pictorial) have also been received from C. W. Simson, Fred Williams (funny idea, but diagrams badly drawn), Agnes M. Parsons, C. T. Wingfield, H. Bridge, C. M. Johnson, "Maudlin," T. L. Westerdale, "Griffonneuse," "Geo," A. W. Ellen, A. P. Cousins, Gildart Walker, R. W. McK., A. O. M., Dorothy Morris, A. T. Belfrage, C. K. Bird, Fred Williams, Tom Clark (too long, and lines very uneven), C. Medrington, B. A. Wills, H. Clapperton, W. A. Harvey, George Andmore, C. J. Ordy, A. K. (photographs of Bournemouth—good first attempts), Percy Thackeray, W. Vaughan, J. de Ybamondo, Achille Van Swae, James Harrison, D. R. Lock, Inga Bell, A. S. Atkinson, W. G. Culloden (photographs), C. S. Baker, A. J. Judd, F. C. Owen, R. Jeans, W. B. Huntley, G. Monks, Helen Sutton, "Mac.," W. D. Harris, A. B. Rosher, W. Nettleton, G. Braddell, C. C. Dawson, H. S. Fleming, C. F. Woods, Nathan Zelinsky, W. Gatis, J. Noakes, J. O. Hughes, Fred Mann, C. F. Knowles, D. L. L., J. A. Ramsay, W. H. Simmons, and others.

A number of accepted contributions held over.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"The Most Interesting Place in London."**—I suppose most of you have visited the Metropolis. What do you remember to be the most interesting place you visited? Don't exceed 400 words. Marks for writing. A GUINEA will be split among the three prize winners.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Quaint Photographs."**—Have you ever taken a funny photograph? If so, send it along, and enclose a stamped envelope if you want it back. Prizes: THREE "PELICAN" PENS.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Phenomenal."**—How many words can you make out of the letters forming this word? See. Prizes: THREE BOOKS, value 6s. each, which the winners may choose themselves.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"How Girls can be Made Useful."**—This competition is for *boys only.* Write and tell us. Don't exceed 400 words. Next month the girls shall have *their* shy. Prizes: A GUINEA among the three winners.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Fourteen.

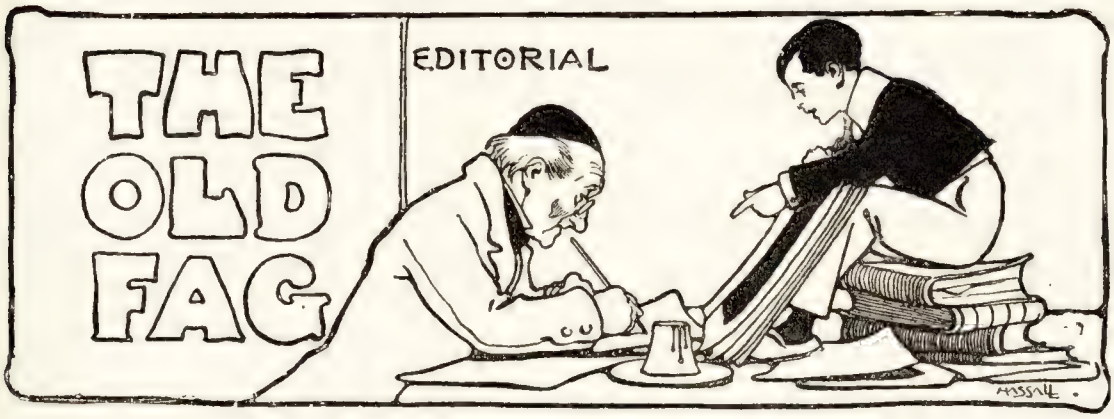
No. 5.—**"It is Unlucky to ——"**—Send in a list of all the superstitions you have heard or read of, just to show how silly people are. "Spilling salt," etc., etc. Prizes: THREE AUTOGRAPH or STAMP ALBUMS.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Handwriting."**—Copy the first ten lines of "Acton's Christmas." Prizes: GUINEA among the three winners.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"The Captain Club."—Very appropriately we open the doors of our "Club" at the beginning of a New Century, as well as at the beginning of a New Year. May this be a happy augury! I hope this Club, which has budded quite modestly in a magazine, will blossom into a gigantic institution whose influence will be felt all over the world. A young fellow going forth to make his way in a distant corner of the globe, with few friends and fewer sovereigns, may meet a fellow-member, hail him with delight, and thus find a chum by means of THE CAPTAIN Club! Who can say?

Letters about it.—I have just finished reading a big pile of letters on the subject of THE CAPTAIN Club. The idea has been received with enthusiasm. Not only young folk, but grown-up folk and old folk, have written to me, and sent me suggestions, and drawn up tables of rules, and offered assistance in their own schools and towns and villages. To all such I tender my hearty thanks. I beg to acknowledge very practical and helpful letters from:—

Sydney Robinson, "Socrates," "Neptune," "B.R.," Rose Bunbury, Cyril H. Bermingham, W. S. Eardley, "A.S.H.," R. Mewhamlatt, T. Grohman, Executrix, "Orm," "A Would-be Member" (Geneva), W. J. Patton, "Honour to Whom Honour is Due," "Pawn," "Gibbons Minor," "Penitent One," Stanley King, Achille Van Swae, "Salopian," H.C.R., S.V.P. (Cognac, France), and many others.

Any letters sent to me after November 20th, will be acknowledged in the February number.

The Club: Its Advantages.—This Club—its objects, organization, rules, etc.—wants a lot of thinking out, and so this month I will content myself by just running over the principal headings. The Club is formed, of course, to give certain advantages to those who *buy* over those who simply *borrow* THE CAPTAIN. Any fair-minded person who has studied the twenty-two numbers of this magazine that we have issued, will have noticed that we go to great pains to answer questions thoroughly, and as we employ the best men we can get, replying to so many queries puts us to considerable expense every month. As we are not philanthropists, we do not see why we should pay big salaries to gentlemen to give information to people who pick up THE CAPTAIN in libraries, and never give a halfpenny for the replies they receive from us—replies which they probably find very useful and beneficial to them, because they are sent by *men who know* what they are talking about. Look at the answer to "Paddy." This was obtained from one of the most experienced dog-fanciers in London. One of our clerks made a special journey in order to get it from him.

"Captain Badge."—You will find on page 363 a notice asking you to apply, formally, for THE CAPTAIN Club membership. State your name and address (age doesn't matter) and say how you get THE CAPTAIN—from a station, from a newsagent, or do you have it sent to you by a parent, aunt, or friend? If it is taken in for you, and you only, that will qualify you for membership. Names of members will be entered in a large book kept for that purpose. Then, when you want to know anything requiring expert advice, you will receive it if your name is found in the Members' Book. There will also be special competitions for Club Members, and next month I shall have something to say about THE CAPTAIN Badge, which is now being prepared. Only members of the Club will be eligible to

wear the Badge—and then only when they have fulfilled certain conditions. The Badge will not be lightly won, I can assure you; if it could be, members would not value it half so much. We always prize most highly what we work the hardest for. By the way, the conditions for *invalids* and *readers living abroad* will be made lighter. That will be only fair.

This to go on with.—I have reached the end of my rope this month, so must close up here. I don't want to promise a lot of things I can't perform, so I am opening the doors of the Club very cautiously, as you see. Time, no doubt, will bring great developments. I don't see why the Club shouldn't hold picnics, and (as several readers suggest) have a good big dinner in London once a year—but this is visionary—this is for the future to decide. Next month you will find a reproduction of THE CAPTAIN Badge in these pages, and also a reproduction of the Card of Membership to the Club. Now, rout about and get us all the members you can, and then wait patiently until January 22—on which day our February number will be published.

Some "Captain Club" Experts.—Here is a preliminary list for you:—

MR. C. B. FRY, on Football, Cricket, Training for Sports, and Athletics generally:

MR. H. M. GOOCH, who will answer all questions about Foreign Stamps.

MR. MANNING FOSTER, on the Army, Navy, Church, Bar, Merchant Service, Colonial Appointments, Farming, Engineering, City Clerkships, and all questions with reference to "When You Leave School."

OUR DOG-FANCIER, on Dogs and Pets generally.

MR. HAYDON PERRY, on all matters connected with Cycles and Cycling in every part of the world.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, on Cameras, Developing, Printing, Toning, and everything in connection with Photography.

THE PRINTER OF "THE CAPTAIN."—All matters relating to the starting of school magazines, prices of paper and printing, what type to use for various features, etc., etc.

THE ART EDITOR, who will criticise Art Work, and assist all members who send in sketches, etc., as to the way to draw correctly, and the proper materials to use. As to other matters, of a general nature, you may rely on it that the "OLD FAG," in spite of his stoop, will be there or thereabouts when questions reach *him*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Cape as I Found It."—At the present time my shelves are lined with books by correspondents and other participators in the Great Boer War, but Miss Beatrice Hicks has something quite fresh to say in "The Cape as I Found It," and I recommend all my readers who are interested in South African matters to study this little work. Miss Hicks spent some years teaching in different parts of the colony, so that her useful hints and observations should prove most helpful to any of my readers who contemplate emigration to that part of the world. Miss Hicks' book costs 5s., and is published by Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

Nancy.—(1) Certainly I will draw an animal in your "Animal Book" with my eyes shut. Quite a new form of athletics! (2) Your Transvaal threepenny bit will increase in value as it grows older. I expect it is worth about 3d. at present. (3) Your writing will do—it is clear, bold, and full of character. (4) I visited Whitby when I was eight years of age; the century was very young then.

"Paddy."—Feed your Irish terrier on scraps of meat, milk, potatoes, any other vegetables, and gravy; in fact, the same as you eat yourself. When buying your doggie, choose a long, lean-headed pup, with small dark eyes close together, short body, straight legs, feet well knuckled up; a very hard red coat with no white; small V-shaped ears, plenty of muzzle, and not snipy.

Vernon H. Jones.—The name "firefly" is applied generally to insects with luminous properties. The glow-worm is familiarly termed a "firefly," and is brown in colour. Why not have as your badge a "firefly" on a yellow background? Just think out some mottoes for yourselves—hold a meeting and discuss them, and then submit a list of them and I will pick out the one I like best.

Paterfamilias.—I have myself tried the "harmless pistol" you refer to. With reasonable care it is a perfectly safe toy for use in a big room or garden. The "arrows" are tipped with indiarubber "suckers," and can't do much damage wherever they hit. I think it is a very clever little invention myself. The art editor and I plugged away for an hour with the one the inventor sent us.

S. P. G. (RUGBY).—Don't write blank verse—you are much too young. If you send again, let me see something jolly and swinging, dealing with your "Big Side," or something of that sort.

Butterfly writes:—"I want a pet of some kind. I am a girl, and live in London. We have got two dogs, four cats, and two canaries; mother won't hear of goldfish, mice, guineapigs, chameleons, or rats; so what am I to do? because I *do* want a pet of some sort. Perhaps you could suggest something?"—Well, here's a poser. As "Butterfly" lives in London, she probably hasn't got much garden, else she could keep a *goat*. I should advise her to get a couple of *doves*, if she understands bird-keeping.

"Kumi, N.Z."—(1) If you *buy* THE CAPTAIN every month you can join the "Captain Club." Later on we may publish a special supplement, containing the names and addresses of members. I dare say you will recognize many an old acquaintance

in it. Get all your chums to join — they'll find it worth their while. (2) To have volumes I., II., III., and IV. sent to you to New Zealand would cost you 29s. 4d. Better order them through a local bookseller.

Midshipmite (a young lady) writes:—"I am simply *mad* about the Navy, and everything, and everyone in it. I think Dr. Gordon Stables is a genius. I hope the 'Sauciest Boy in the Service' isn't true. When I read it and saw that he died, I couldn't go on until I had thought about it, and decided that it was a better ending. I have a particular weakness for first-class cruisers. My only brother is just four years old, and *he* is mad about the Navy, too."—M'yes, you seem to be fond of the Navy, Miss Midshipmite!

Sapiens.—(1) Your writing will "form" as your years increase. (2) Send your literary efforts to the "Special Pages." (3) As to a hobby—well, a hobby generally grows on a person. I can't make you an enthusiastic collector of anything. But whatever you do, do it thoroughly. Try "stamps," if you like. Almost every well-known dealer in the country advertises in this magazine—plenty to choose from.

F. W. Bentley.—I daresay you have observed that we have had several "How to Make" articles; but I content myself with telling people how to make very simple things, as the average reader doesn't possess the appliances for building little engines, etc. When correspondents want technical details we refer them to papers like the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*.

Stanley Wilson.—I am sorry you did not win the prize after working so hard. Never mind, go on trying. I do not give certificates. It is all very well to award certificates when you only have a competition now and then; but, you see, we have six "comps." every month, and to send certificates to all the "honourably mentioned" would involve a big outlay.

Distracted.—I should say "India"; but before you decide to go write to me again and explain circumstances more fully. Enclose your address, which will be treated in absolute confidence. This is important.

Golliwog & Co. are eaten up with curiosity to know who the mysterious "O. F." is. One of the "Co." thinks he is young and jolly, but "Golliwog" thinks he is middle-aged, with blue eyes and dry humour. I cannot understand why "Golliwog & Co." think I am young or middle-aged. I was young once; that is enough.

"Anxious."—(1) Sprinkle some Keating's Insect Powder on his coat. (2) You said your collie was two months' old. It would be quite safe to wash him now, but do not let him go out into the open air until he is quite dry; at the same time, don't "coddle" him.

Aurora.—I am sorry I cannot give you a cure for bow-legs. Don't worry about 'em. Worry never cured anything and is bad for the digestion. There are invalid soldiers at Netley Hospital with no legs at all. They'd be glad of yours, and hang the shape!

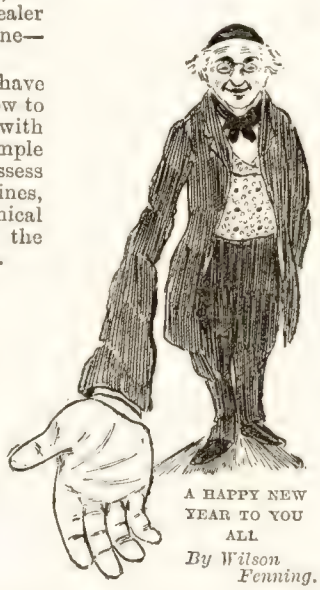
Dolly M. C. T. A.—(1) Don't exhaust yourself riding up-hill. That is where cycling does harm—in over-exertion. Get off and push it. (2) You write very well. Don't mind what they say.

D M. F. is very unkind—he says he is not going to tell me how old he is! (1) Yes, your handwriting is certainly a scribble. Write slowly and carefully, and use *lined* paper, my boy. (2) No; it isn't very hard to learn how to ride a horse, unless you funk it. Then it *is* rather hard.

King's Own.—(1) I don't know whether there is any difference in the pay; ask an army doctor. (2) Yes, he would sign it if you enclosed a stamped envelope. (3) Yes, I should think it is nice to be a girl when you are being taken to the theatre, or having your skates put on—by a mere man.

N. How-Browne (Dioc. Coll. Sch., Cape Colony).—I congratulate your school on winning the football shield twice in three years. You ought to feel proud of having it presented to you by General Baden-Powell.

Mars.—(1) No, don't have a serial story in a school magazine. Study our "reviews." (2) A boy of fourteen should read Scott, Dickens, Kingston, Henty, Gordon Stables, Ascott R. Hope, and Talbot Baines Read.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.
By Wilson Fenning.

C.A.E.W.—Massage your hands by rubbing them briskly together whenever you think of it. Probably your "circulation" will improve as you get older. A doctor could give you "expert" advice. Why not consult one if your hands really trouble you?

Derry.—I am glad to know that I have such a staunch supporter at Newcastle-on-Tyne. I have read your letter carefully and taken note of its contents. Many thanks for speaking up for The "Cap." at that meeting.

H. R. Pownall.—(1) "Tales of Greyhouse" will be published in the spring. **Chips.** — Write to Messrs. French, Ltd., Strand, London, for their list of plays. **Mephisto.**—Thanks for your pleasant opinions. Have handed your letter to Mr. Fry. **Cyclometer.**—You can obtain the "Metroscope" cyclometer from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Limited, Holborn, London, E.C.; the price is 9s. 11d., postage 4d. **A. L. L.**—Yes, you can wear the badge. **F. J. Edwards.** — What a clever fellow to have guessed right first time! **Cyclop.** —Very good of you to send the cricket colours of schools. If "Soldier's Daughter" writes again I will send them to her. **Gryps.**—Why, you ought to have been in bed at 11 p.m. Don't you set store on beauty sleep? I do! **American.**—Have handed your letter to Mr. Fry. **F.D.A.**—Hampton's Electric Stores, 9, St. John's Lane, E.C. **"Skater."**—"Figure Skating," by M. S. Monier Williams, price 5s. (Isthmian Library Series). **Sycamore.**—You can obtain tools for pyrography from "Hobbies" Supply Department, 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. **Lover of Captain.**—Yes, consult a doctor.

Letters also received from: "Fastidious," Camera (photographs of Marlborough), Frank Robertson, F. J. B., F. Beckett, James Halliday (calendar events), J. G. McRae, Rosemary Bunbury, E. Gibson-Craig, "New Zealander." and others.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: P. T. LISTER, 105, Noel Street, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. H. PARSONAGE, c/o J. Marjoribanks, 173, Dundee Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwynedd M. Hudson, H. H. Bashford, Dora L. Shepherd-Smith, Hettie Ormiston, Herbert White, M. Dicken.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: AVICE COULTON, 5, Kimbolton Avenue, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DOROTHY HUDSON, 67, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gordon Hall, Edith Parker, Lionel Hutchinson, R. Meeke, W. Stewart, H. Dobell, W. T. Mellows, A. Elmslie, T. H. Hill, William Vaughan, Harold G. Gosnell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. R. BARLOW, 20, Gwendur Road, West Kensington, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHRISTINE MARY ANDERSON, Oaken, near Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. East, Thomas Thorpe, Stanley Cragg, K. Raynor, H. Toeley, C. E. Hill, E. Dickson, George Stapley, H. Massingham, Harry Mullett.

No. II.—"The Article I most want."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Walker, David Loughnan, J. Mulligan, T. Alwork Chaplin, B. Lister, E. Sinclair, Doris L. Mackinnon, Francis F. Crisp, Gwynedd M. Hudson, Edith W. Froud, R. Leatham, H. Hooper, Mary Monteith, J. H. Parsonage, E. M. Raynes, S. Barlow, Violet Ladell, F. M. Morris, W. A. Clouter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN GAULD, 12, Balmoral Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Ross, David Pryde, Gilbert Allen, D. G. W. Ricketts, J. Pike, T. R. Davis, S. E. Gorvin, T. Hewson, F. G. Bristow, T. L. B. Westerdale, C. C. Mangles, Elinor P. Adams, J. G. Walker, S. Parry, Agnes M. Parsons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES RAEBURN, 15, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Storey, Lilias L. Mackinnon, C. Peacock, R. E. Ollerinshaw, A. Smith, Hilda Booth, D. Andrew, M. Todd.

No. III.—"For Lovers of Dickens."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: OWEN CHITTY, 7, Westcourt Terrace, Westcourt Road, Worthing.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARIAN TURNBULL, Frankfort Lodge, Park Road, Crouch End, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Agnes M. Macnab, Nelly Day, Morella Hamer, Dolly Pilkington.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. GALE, South Cliff Hotel, Southborne, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LILY GOSTLING, "Calim," Warmington Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith H. Burrow, Joan Thomas, J. M. Luck, jnr, Florence Macnab, J. W. Cooke, H. B. Andersen, E. Whalley, Violet Reed, John B. Edgar.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LEILA HAWKSLEY, 50, St. Michael's Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: D. T. MIDDLETON, 81, Darenth Road, Stamford Hill, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Connie Pease, Reginald Lawson, K. H. Moore, Dorothy Carey, C. D. Pritchard, E. M. Cohen.

No. IV.—"Best Map of Norway and Sweden."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: COLIN M. GUNN, 13, Caledonian Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Yorston, Walter D. Kerr, John Wood, R. P. Higgs, Mary Moreton, Gwynedd M. Hudson, O. C. Lupton, S. Dewing.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: FRED. INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Vaughan, Violet A. Sothers, James Weir, Edith Winifred Froud, W. Cruickshank, W. F. Macdonald, W. A. Frame, H. Brown, A. Thresher, Nella Praill, Amy M. James, Gwendoline Smith, Adam McGregor, Sybil Haines, P. M. Fremlin, Maud Sherwin, Kathleen Mack, Hylda Easton, V. Williams, S. D. Adam, J. Mitchell, L. Logan.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: FRED. C. PORTER, 40, College Street, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Richardson, W. J. Strang, T. R. Davis, Dorothy M. Smith, D. Carmichael, Francis Prior, S. V. Davis, Dorothy Egremont, W. A. Storey, O. C. Whiteman, H. T. Tudsbury, H. T. Birrell, F. C. Kirby.

No. V.—"The Twelve Most Important Events in the Nineteenth Century."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. M. WILLIAMS, 2, Hill Side, Redland Green, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to GILBERT T LUCAS, 4, Cromwell Square, Queen's Drive, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sybil Haines, A. A. Elkin, F. E. F Crisp, Charles Leigh, J. Ryle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. B. PAINTER, Englishcombe, Bath.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. A. FRANKLIN, Percival Road, Clifton, Bristol; and W. R. BASEDEN, Ward 8, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, R. Meeke, F. E. Mann, W. G. Macleod.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. C. LEMAN, 125, Dulwich Grove, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. S. HOYLAND, Westholme, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard N. St. Alphonse, A. Winterbotham, C. C. Gover.

No. VI.—"My Favourite Quotation."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MAURICE HODGKINSON, 103, Barker's Pool, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANK BROWNE, 124, Rochdale Road, Harpurley, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary Trotter, J. H. Parsonage, J. L. Turner, Lilian M. Snow, W. Mellor, D. Evans, H. G. White, J. G. McRae, Sadie Harbison, Morella Hamer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WINIFRED PEED, 124, Norwood Road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. MURRAY, Land House, London Road, Reading; SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. K. S. Edwards, F. Thornton Wills, Lilian Ormiston, D. E. Derbyshire, Avice Coulton, Marjory Robinson, L. C. Garrett, J. H. Parsonage, W. R. Baseden, Bellana Walker, Stanley Wilson, Charles Leigh, Robert Warrier, A. W. R. Ross, H. Harman, Harry Wheldon, E. W. Stiles.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: BESSIE SMITH, Inverturret, Crieff.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EMMA BARTLETT, Rowden, Hartley, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Pryde, John Read, Dorothy Browne, J. A. Weller, G. H. Mellor, John Parkinson, Maia Ladell, Nellie Grassam, Charles Fraser, Edith Grieve, E. W. Bonnyman, Sydney Moses, May Jones, G. B. Young, A. Sandeman, F. E. Russell, C. G. Dowding, William Pollard, E. Haward, Blanche Porter, T. W. M. Newman.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Friday* ...	*Partridge and pheasant shooting ends* ...	5.47
2.	*Saturday* ...	*Candlemas*	5.49
3.	***Sunday*** ...	*Septuagesima*	5.50
4.	*Monday* ...	*Kumasi captured*, 1874	5.52
5.	*Tuesday* ...	*Thomas Carlyle died*, 1881	5.54
6.	*Wednesday*...	*Charles Dickens born*, 1812	5.55
7.	*Thursday* ...	*Sir Henry Irving born*, 1838	5.57
8.	*Friday* ...	*Jules Verne born*, 1828	5.58
9.	*Saturday* ...	*General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., b.* 1838 ...	6.0
10.	***Sunday*** ...	*Sexagesima*	6.2
11.	*Monday* ...	*Thomas Alva Edison born*, 1847	6.4
12.	*Tuesday* ...	*Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton, b.* 1837 ...	6.6
13.	*Wednesday*...	*Massacre of Glencoe*, 1692	6.8
14.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of St. Vincent*, 1797	6.10
15.	*Friday* ...	*Relief of Kimberley*, 1900	6.12
16.	*Saturday* ...	*Earl of Clarendon born*, 1608	6.13
17.	***Sunday*** ...	*Quinquagesima*	6.15
18.	*Monday* ...	*Martin Luther died*, 1546	6.17
19.	*Tuesday* ...	*Shrove Tuesday*	6.19
20.	*Wednesday*...	*Ash Wednesday*	6.21
21.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Goojerat*, 1849	6.23
22.	**FRIDAY** ...	**MARCH "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED** ...	**6.25**
23.	*Saturday* ...	*French Revolution*, 1848	6.27
24.	***Sunday*** ...	*First in Lent*	6.28
25.	*Monday* ...	*Sir Christopher Wren died*, 1723 ...	6.30
26.	*Tuesday* ...	*Right Hon. Viscount Cromer, G.C.B., b.* 1841	6.32
27.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Paardeburg*, 1900	6.33
28.	*Thursday* ...	*Relief of Ladysmith*, 1900	6.35

Calendar Events for April are Invited.

A MOB OF SHOUTING, SWEARING SAILORS, CAME CROWDING UPON THE DECK.

The "Britannia's" Last Fight

By Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

DOUGLAS WOOLACOT, naval cadet, was a proud and happy young man. It was the evening of the day on which the cadets of Her Majesty's ship *Britannia* had held their annual assault at arms, and Douglas Woolacot had won the Senior Boxing as well as the Bayonet *v.* Bayonet competition, a circumstance which rendered his condition of proud satisfaction an honourable and very natural one. He had upset the calculations of all those who were capable of forming opinions upon such things by easily knocking out that redoubtable boxer—last year's champion—Palairet ; while his victory with the bayonet had been almost more hollow than that of the glove contest.

Besides these recent matters, Woolacot had—on the occasion of the athletic sports, last spring—won not only the mile, but also the football race. He was, moreover, a member of the cricket eleven, and of the Association football team—a list of honours and accomplishments which might surely cause the heart of any cadet to swell with pardonable pride, and, more than probably, his head also.

On this particular evening all Woolacot's friends among the cadets felt that it was a distinction to know him and to be seen talking to him. Even the naval instructor, before whom Woolacot was obliged to appear at class (with the rest, like any ordinary person) even the instructor offered a few words of congratulation at the shrine of the man of the hour, shaking him warmly by the hand when he entered the class-room—"I know what boxing is, my lad," said Mr. Instructor Parker. "and I may tell you that you gave us a treat ; I've punched many a nose myself in my day."

Now, all these things—the actual success, and the insistance with which all and sundry had nursed and nurtured those feelings of satisfaction which were natural and fitting in so successful a person, had made of Douglas Woolacot a very happy and proud young officer this night. He went on winged feet. He felt benevolent. He observed a first term cadet with his jacket unbuttoned—a heinous offence, according to the etiquette of the *Britannia*—yet he passed him by unchidden ; he even heard a second term cadet rattle the keys in his pocket—quite an unpardonable matter—yet he smilingly pretended that he was hard of hearing and that the sound had escaped him. With his peers, however, he was firm and dignified, and when the conversation ran, at evening, upon political matters, Woolacot laid down the law among the cadets of his term with

an air of good-natured superiority, which, under the circumstances, was accepted without question, and was, indeed, convincing. The talk was chiefly about France and the insolence of French newspapers; the possibility of war between this country and that—a contingency which Woolacot declared to be the most desirable in the world, as well as moderately probable.

"We should have them absolutely on toast!" he said. "Our fleets would be at her throat in half a dozen places at once in Europe, besides bagging Algeria and Madagascar, and Siam, and so on. We should give them beans wherever a ship showed its nose! Look at their generals—look at the Dreyfus case—well, you bet, their admirals are just as bad; you may lay heavy odds they've bought a cheap lot of guns, and of shells that won't go off; and if they do get the guns to work, the shells 'll be plugged!"

All this was self-evidently true, obvious, convincing.

"We cadets might have a look in—who knows? We'd have the old ship down to the mouth of the river and guard the approaches to Dartmouth!" continued Woolacot—"dash it! we'd anchor broadside on across the stream, and I'd like to see the confounded Frenchies try to pass us and land; of course, they'd never really get as far as the mouth of the Dart, because they'd be chawed up in the Channel first; but if they did, we'd give them something to think of before they landed here!"

"Would the old ship stand moving?" some one suggested. "Wouldn't she go to pieces if she were shifted from this anchorage?"

"She'd stand it all right!" said Woolacot; and because it *was* Woolacot that said it, and he had won the boxing and bayonets, and had done other mighty deeds besides, the statement was accepted; at any rate, no one ventured to utter a doubt in the presence of the great man.

Woolacot retired to his hammock that night on the very best possible terms with himself. He had done well. Training was over for the present, moreover, and at the canteen—after his triumphs in the fight—he had cast off the restraint of weeks and had followed the bent of his inclinations, which tended largely towards the consumption of cold sausage rolls and other delicacies of an equally deadly character. He lay in his hammock and thought.

It was not really a matter to be seriously hoped for or expected, but what a pleasant thing it would be if the French would only choose this particular night for a descent upon England, and would also select Dartmouth as the place to be attacked for the purpose of landing the troops intended for the invasion of the country.

For it so happened that the captain was absent to-night, together with several of the ship's officers. They were away at Plymouth, assisting at some considerable naval function in connection with the visit of certain officials of great importance at the Admiralty.

"Great Scott!" Douglas Woolacot reflected, "what a chance there would be for us cadets to distinguish ourselves, with, perhaps, only the officer of the watch on board!"

"Why," he added, after a pause, almost speaking aloud, "he might be killed at the first shot fired, and then"—Woolacot was thinking less of the comfort of the officer of the watch than of the glorious possibilities to be exploited in the event of the tragedy suggested by his excited cerebral condition—"and then—why, it would be a toss-up who should command—Palairet or I. The chaps would elect one of us two, and I think they'd take me."

Several loud snores from the hammocks around seemed to confirm this view of the feelings of his fellow-cadets upon the question. At this point Woolacot's thoughts began to wander into even more fantastic channels. It would be well, he reflected, to decide upon the course which he would take in the event of his election to the command of the ship. The descent of a French fleet had now, somehow, become certain. He must be prepared! First, then, mines must be laid in the river; telegrams must be sent to Plymouth to inform the captain and officers that, though matters were in safe hands—namely, in those of Naval Cadet Douglas Woolacot—it might be advisable to return at their convenience to Dartmouth, the French fleet having arrived at the mouth of the Dart.

Someone—it looked like one of the sentries from the upper deck—suddenly appeared at his hammock-side.

"Shocking thing happened on deck, sir! Lieutenant Fraser, officer of the watch, blown to pieces by a French shell while standing talking to the cook's mate, who'd just brought him a cup of coffee and a biscuit. St. Petrox Church and the old castle in flames, sir; French admiral anchored two miles out at sea, sir; cutter from the flagship now in the river, coming up fast, probably to negotiate for surrender of Dartmouth town and the ship!"

"Very well," said Woolacot. "Rouse all hands, sentry, and assemble the cadets in the gun-room. I shall proceed on deck to speak to these Frenchmen."

The sentry saluted and retired.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to Douglas Woolacot that this important news should have been brought first to himself—it was fitting that he should be recognized as the

natural commander of the ship, failing the captain and other officers superior to the rank of cadet.

Nothing seemed to surprise him this night, however. Upon reaching the deck he found the French lieutenant already climbing on board.

"Ha, ha!" was that gentleman's greeting. "Who is ze capten here? Let him appear!"

Woolacot stepped forward, bowing politely. It struck him that he ought, by international courtesy, to reply in French, since the French officer had addressed him in English, but he had been taken somewhat unawares, and could not remember whether he ought to say "*Je*," or "*Moi*"; therefore he said neither.

"Aha!" continued the Frenchman, "then, eef you please, you will surrendaire zees taoon. We have arrived with a fleet for to take 'im."

"*Très bien, monsieur*," said Woolacot. "*Vous—vous'd better venez et prenez le, si vous pouvez!*"

"Aha! Good! Ve vill come—fear not! For the last time I ask it—vill you or not vill you surrendaire ze taoon?"

"*Certainement non, vieux coq!*" said Woolacot with unintended levity, "*pas aujourd'hui!*"

"Our fleet, she is here," said the officer, warningly.

"*Laissez qu'ils arrivent tous!*" replied Woolacot, in a gallant effort to translate as literally as possible the words of a popular patriotic ditty.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders; then he departed. Woolacot quickly gave orders for the weighing of the anchors.

H. M. S. *Hindostan* is, as some are aware, attached to the *Britannia* by a wooden gallery, in order that the cadets and ship's company may pass from one vessel to the other; the accommodation of the *Britannia* alone being insufficient for the large number of cadets constantly in training.

Half-a-dozen stout blue-jackets with axes soon cut the larger ship adrift, and the anchors being by this time unearthed from their graves in the river's bed, the old warship slowly floated down stream.

Meanwhile Woolacot addressed a few stirring words to the crowd of cadets assembled in the gun-room. He had taken the liberty to assume command, he said, in order that no time should be wasted. If anyone considered that he possessed a superior claim to the temporary command of this vessel, let him step forward and say so, or—if he preferred—pop on the gloves and fight a round or two while the ship floated down the river.

No one stepped forward.

"Then I suppose I may assume that you have elected me captain," said Woolacot. "Very well! God save the Queen, gentlemen! confound her enemies! Fourth term cadets, serve out arms to the juniors and help yourselves—let each cadet fight with the weapon which suits him best—we shall be boarded in half an hour!"

A cadet brought Woolacot a pair of boxing gloves, a second offered a bayonet. All this was the most natural thing in the world and did not surprise him in the least. Very probably, he reflected, it would come to single encounters, man to man—he donned the gloves.

"Stand by me with the bayonet, Wilson," he said; "I shall give the French admiral choice of weapons."

Things marched very quickly from this point. Almost before each man was at his post (and certainly no time had been lost!) the *Britannia* had floated past the town, past St. Petrox and the old castle, and lay at the very mouth of the river. At this point the ship was deftly brought up by an anchor from the bows; the huge stern swung round, and a second colossal anchor flashed from its moorings and fled with a roar to its new resting place; the *Britannia* lay broadside-on across the stream. England was saved!

"Let the Froggies come now," said Woolacot—"they'll not get far up this river."

"Aha! you think!" cried a voice, which he recognized as that of his visitor of a short while since; "but behold, we are here!"

It was true. With inconceivable rapidity the Frenchmen had already returned to the attack. A mob of shouting, swearing sailors came crowding upon the deck in numbers which no man could compute. Woolacot had not observed the boats creep alongside, though the moon shone brightly; neither had the look-out man nor anyone else. But that was not in the least surprising; it was the fortune of war.

Then a curious scene was enacted. Each Frenchman took upon his shoulders another Frenchman, one size smaller. Each Englishman did the same. At a given word the opposing hosts rushed at one another. Just such a scene had been enacted that very afternoon at the ship's assault-at-arms, and Woolacot was mildly impressed with the appropriateness of this particular form of battling, since his own men were well prepared and trained in it. He himself snatched up the nearest cadet. The French admiral seized a young midshipman of his own nationality, and confronted the British leader.

There was a moment of breathless suspense.

"Off!" cried the admiral.

"*Sauve qui peut!*" shouted Woolacot, to whose tongue this night French phrases, more or less appropriate to the occasion, seemed to come with marvellous readiness.

It was a battle of giants; but the result was never in doubt.

Within five minutes the invading hosts lay,

panting and defeated, upon the deck—a loud British cheer rang out.

The French admiral rose to his feet with difficulty; he approached the place where Woolacot stood, presenting his sword with inimitable grace.

"I make you my compliments, monsieur," he said; "your men have fought like the giants."

"*Oh, ne le mentionez pas,*" replied Woolacot courteously. "*Vous pouvez aller maintenant à votre bateau à vapeur,*" he continued, "*et faire qu'on—qu'on*—pull down *les* flags."

"Pull down ze flags? I pull them not yet!" cried the admiral. "What for I pull down ze flags? I pull down, may be, my own leetle flag; but I am only one admiral, and ve have four to every ship—see, they shoot this minute at ze taoon."

"All right; they won't hit it," said Woolacot, startled into the mother tongue; "Dartmouth is not a large town."

The admiral had spoken the truth, however.

The French fleet was already busily banging away; but—as Woolacot had defiantly foretold—the shells did not appear to hurt anyone in the town of Dartmouth, though the yelping of a dog in the distance gave some colour to a report which presently circulated, that one of these animals must have been grazed.

Woolacot now gave orders that the prisoners should be removed to the ward-room, where coffee should be served them, with sausage rolls. Upon resuming his place on the upper deck he observed that the captain and officers of the *Britannia* had arrived and were seated, smoking cigarettes and chatting, wherever each could find a perch.

Woolacot did not feel surprised, though some little feeling of resentment came over him when he reflected that he would now, probably, be superseded in the command, and this in the very moment of his triumph.

It was hard, certainly. But the conduct of the captain soon put him quite at his ease on this score. Captain Kirkpatrick handed him a sealed document.

"From the Admiralty, my lad!" he said. "They have heard of the splendid work you have done and have empowered me to hand you—this!" Woolacot hastily passed his eye over the document—it was his appointment as full captain, to date from 1875, or thereabouts.

"I am sorry, sir," said Woolacot, "to think that you should have been superseded in the command of your own vessel. This commission appears to give me seniority——"

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Captain Kirkpatrick; "as a matter of fact I have reason to know that the First Lord does not intend to deprive me of my command for any length of time. To-morrow you will be in possession of final orders for your advancement; you are to command the flagship of the Channel Squadron with the substantive rank of Rear Admiral. That is, your promotion depends upon the issue of the personal encounter of to-night, as to which there is, of course, little doubt; for the Lord High Admiral of France, commanding the *Imperieuse* yonder, has chosen *la boxe*."

"What!" interrupted Woolacot, "the boxing-gloves? Oh, jubilee!"

"You will remember, however, sir," said Captain Kirkpatrick with respect, "that the French style of boxing, which is known, I believe, as *la savate*, differs considerably from our own, in which you are so accomplished a master; the French Admiral will kick you under the chin if he can."

"I have seen him box at the Institute of Physical Recreations, in Paris," added the lieutenant. "The facility with which the admiral laid his left heel—over and over again—upon the top of his adversary's head was really remarkable, you will bear that in mind, sir, and—if I may hazard a word of advice—keep to close quarters."

The conversation was here brought to an end by the approaching strains of the "Marseillaise," and within an inconceivably short space of time a dazzling host of bespangled French officers crowded the *Britannia's* deck. In the midst was the Lord High Admiral, wearing, as an act of special courtesy, an English uniform.

Then, in a moment, Woolacot was in the midst of the first round; there had been no preliminaries, or, if there had, they had escaped his notice.

The first round consisted mostly of sparring. Towards the end of it Woolacot was doing good work and driving his adversary steadily back, when suddenly something seemed to fall upon the top of his head from the clouds. He glanced upwards, and instantly a heavy obstacle came violently in contact with the lower portion of his chin, very nearly flooring him backwards. Then he remembered that the French admiral employed a method of boxing which differed considerably from his own, and that the officer had successfully brought off two *coups de pied*. Woolacot felt nettled.

"*Très bien, vieux coq!*" he hissed. "*Attendez un peu. Je vous montrerai quelque chose—*"

"Aha!" interrupted the Admiral. "You not like my blows of foot? That is *la savate, mon cher.* My toe, he vill in one minute box your eye!"

"*Pas si je le connais!*" exclaimed Woolacot, his blood rising at the thought of such an indignity. He rushed in, raining blow upon blow—

"*Prenez cela!*" he cried, "*et cela! je vous—je vous teacherai comment apporter votre savate ici!*"

Woolacot's French suffered in this moment of excitement, but so, also, did his opponent; for though the Admiral's feet flew hither and thither, up and down, and in all directions in search of his opponent's face and body, Woolacot was too close in, and he kicked in vain.

Then Woolacot put in a right hand hook which

WHERE HE LAY AWHILE, WEEPING SOFTLY.

sent the admiral heavily to the deck, where he lay awhile, weeping softly.

"*Si vous voudrez une lutte avec le bayonet*," suggested Woolacot kindly, "*je suis votre homme.*"

This last phrase sounding somewhat peculiar in French, he added the equivalent in English: "I'm your man."

"My nose; how he bleeds!" replied the French admiral. "I fight no more!"

"Then I suppose we may conclude that the day is ours?" said Captain Kirkpatrick. "Three cheers for Admiral—— I forget your name," he added interrogatively, addressing the Frenchman.

"Pierre Victor Beaupré de la Rochefoucauld, Prévost de Montsejour——" began that officer.

But before he had quite finished the recital, a terrific explosion startled all present. A column of fire rose from sea to sky. The French admiral shrieked aloud, tearing his perfumed hair.

"My flagship — my flagship!" he cried: "He is upblown! My fool engineer, what told I him? He has used of German ammunition—and see the dolorous result! Oh, chagrin! — oh, the miserable!"

But at this critical moment a counter excitement quickly outweighed the agitation caused by the destruction of the French flagship. A bluejacket suddenly rushed upon deck, crying, "Treachery! someone has scuttled the ship!"

"Very well," said Woolacot, displaying admirable calmness; "the *Britannia* will take some sinking; there is plenty of time; let each man go to his post and stay there; let the boats be lowered one by one. Let each boat's crew take one French admiral, who will give the necessary orders for the hauling down of his respective flag."

"Aha, perfide Englishman!" said a French admiral. "We haul not down one leetle flag for ze perfide English—aha!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but what shall we do with this ere party, or any other of 'em like him, if he don't give the necessary orders?" asked a burly bo'sun, as he took his place in the cutter, with the

little refractory admiral, spluttering and protesting, under his arm.

"Wring his neck!" said Woolacot.

Then Woolacot stood and watched the whole of his crew and his prisoners leave the ship in safety. He was about to step into the last vacant place in the last boat when, with a yell of pent-up rage and defiance, a figure shot out from where it had been concealed behind the tarpaulin which had covered one of the boats, and, springing upon the young hero, bore him backwards upon the deck.

It was one of the admirals, determined to avenge his navy and his nation upon the youth who had brought disgrace and humiliation upon them!

Together they rolled and struggled; the Frenchman's sinewy hands fastened upon the throat of his victim.

"*Aha! perfide!*—I have you—how you call—on the toast!" he hissed.

Woolacot struggled desperately.

"Let go—*laissez moi!*" he gasped, "or *je basherai*——"

But the Frenchman only interlaced his fingers the tighter. Woolacot made a desperate effort. Seizing the Frenchman's hands, he forced them gradually from his neck. Then, with a supreme endeavour, he rolled and twisted himself until he lay atop of his adversary, who was now at his mercy.

"Aha!" he cried, "*maintenant je basherai votre tête contre le deck!* I said I would, if you didn't let go!"

"Wake up, and don't be an ass!" said the French admiral, shaking him violently. "What the dickens are you yelling and shouting at?—you'll have the officer of the watch down in a minute!"

Woolacot looked at the French admiral—he was ridiculously like Ellis, the cadet who usually occupied the hammock next to his own.

"What's up—*de quoi s'agit il?*" he said.

"Up? Why you've been yelling fit to wake the dead; you *have* waked half the starboard watch, man—wake up! You've been dreaming."

"*Est-ce-que*," began Woolacot. "I mean, didn't—weren't—haven't we been fighting the French?"

"Only in your dreams," said Ellis.

"Jove!" said Woolacot, yawning. "I could have sworn it was a real battle!"

"Battle, bosh!—it was a nightmare!"

"And that I had had promotion."

"Rot, man! I'll tell you what you *did* have: you had too many sausage rolls."

"What! and the old *Brit.* isn't scuttled?"

"Not that I know of."

"Hang it all! It was a ripping dream," said Woolacot, wearily. "It seemed so real! Well, good-night!"

"Good-night!" said Ellis, climbing back into his hammock. "You'd better dream about something else a bit."

When Woolacot fell asleep again the French fleet had sailed.

SONG OF ROSSALL SCHOOL CORPS.

(*From the "Rossallian."*)

Look! the drummers go before, with Burton at their head;
Hark! the bugles' ringing call, the steady martial tread;
See the sappers swinging by, so brilliant in their red—
Aren't they a gallant little army?

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah! two hundred men and more!
Hurrah, hurrah! long live the Rossall Corps!
This shall be our chorus from the lodges to the shore,
Cheering a gallant little army!

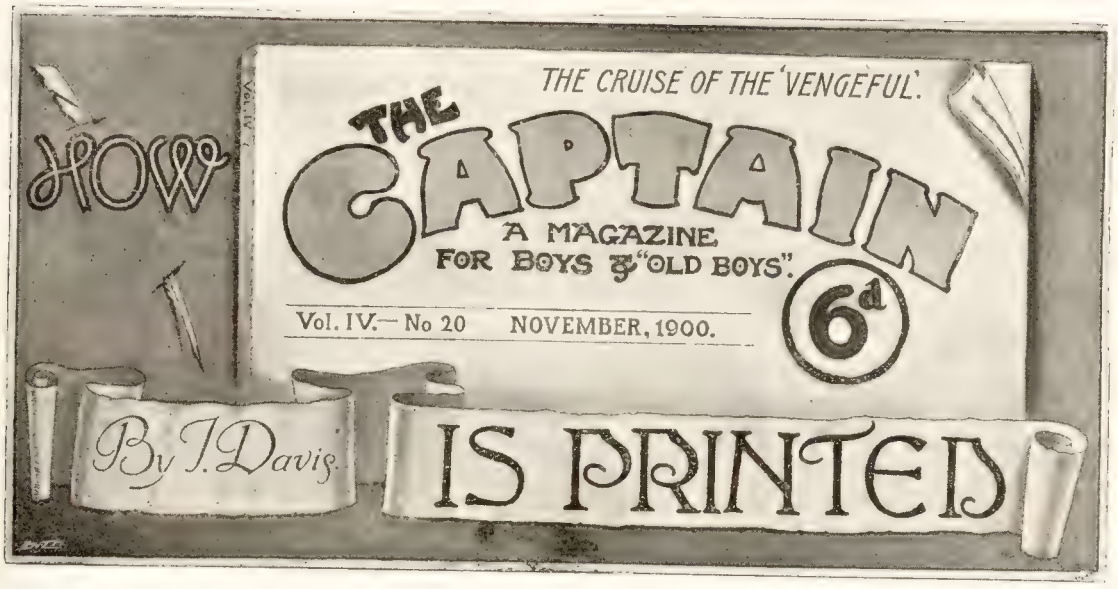
Others tell of triumphs, when examiners have reeled,
Baffled by their answers; or of glories in the field.
We remember '99, and a certain shield,
Bagged by a gallant little army!

Chorus.

Forward, Rossall, by the right! and steady be your aim.
England shall have naught to fear while such defend her name:
Let us wish her oldest corps honour, life, and fame—
Here's to a gallant little army!

Chorus.

W. W. M.



Illustrated from Photographs by J. H. Jay.

IN THE dark days of the Middle Ages the art of printing was considered so mysterious that it was treated as a species of witchcraft, and its originators were imprisoned and otherwise persecuted as beings having communion with the Evil One. Nor can one wonder at such an impression being created on the minds of our benighted forefathers, for so great is the amount of patience, skill, and labour necessary for the production of present-day printing, so far-reaching its effects, and so marvellous its results, that it really seems beyond mortal power to perform such a feat without supernatural aid.

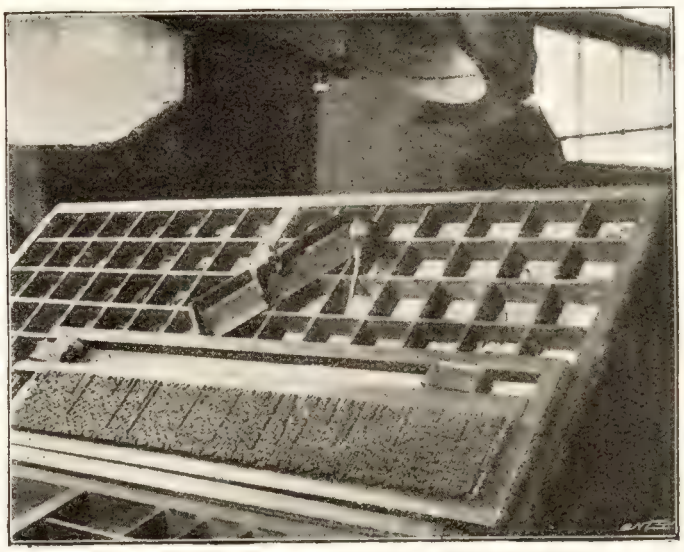
And yet, so universal has this art, and its effects, become, that nobody can be said to have completed his education unless he have obtained at least a rudimentary idea of how the various publications which meet him at every turn are produced. So firmly, indeed, is this fact impressed on our minds that in many of our larger schools it is part of the curriculum to take the pupils over a printing office, and give them some insight into the "arts and mysteries" of printing. For the benefit of those readers who have not the opportunity of a personal inspection, I will endeavour to portray the routine of a printing office, and give them a slight idea of the care and labour requisite to produce a work like THE CAPTAIN; which knowledge, I trust, will enhance its value in their eyes, and urge them to endeavour still further to increase its sphere of usefulness, and so in some degree compensate for the pains expended upon it.

"Captain—press—lg. pr."

These cabalistic signs were written—in the editorial blue pencil—on the top of the MSS. of "Tales of Greyhouse" (see p. 401), and "King Waterbottle the First" (see p. 412), and they signified that the article was intended for THE CAPTAIN, and was to be "set up" in "long primer" type.

Turning to "The Cruise of the *Vengeful*" (p. 433), and "The *Britannia's* Last Fight" (p. 487), you will find those tales are "set" in type one size smaller than long primer. This is "bourgeois" type, or, as the Editor writes on the top of MS. to be printed thus, "bgce leaded." By "leaded," is meant that between each line of type a strip of lead is inserted. If you want to see a specimen of "bourgeois" which is not leaded, glance at "An Essay on Natural History" (p. 256, No. 21).

There are also several other sizes of type used in THE CAPTAIN; for instance, "The Old Fag" Answers to Correspondents are invariably set in "brevier," and "Results of Competitions" are always in "nonpareil,"



A "GALLEY" OF TYPE, COMPOSITOR'S STICK, AND BODKIN.
Notice method of holding types in position with sidestick and quoins.

as also are "Extracts from School Magazines." The smallest type used in THE CAPTAIN is known as "pearl." (See advertisement pages, ii. and iii.) You will find that footnotes are printed in nonpareil. To each fount of "roman," or book type, there are always two sizes of capitals, the larger are technically termed "caps"; the smaller, "small caps." These two sizes are well represented in the contents —*vide* titles of subjects and authors' names. The descriptions under blocks are usually set in "nonpareil level smalls" — *i.e.*, all small caps of the size of "nonpareil."

I daresay you have now heard all you want to know about the types used, so I will go on to tell you how they are "put together." On receiving the copy, and instructions as to the type in which to "set" it, from the editor, the printer divides it into portions (technically called "takes"), according to the length of the article and time allowed to set it. The compositor having "lifted" copy, holds his "stick" in his left hand, and with his right puts the types, one at a time, into it. Between each word he puts a small piece of metal (not so high as the type, so that it will not show when printed) called a "space," and when he has set up as many words as the line will hold, he takes out these pieces and puts in either larger or smaller ones, so as to make all the lines of uniform length. This is called "setting up the copy."

A compositor's "stick" is a piece of metal (generally steel, sometimes brass or nickel) about 6ins. to 12ins. long, 2ins. broad, and 1-32in. thick. The back of this is turned up to form a rim about $\frac{5}{8}$in. high, and at the farther end from his hand there is a piece of metal of corresponding height. At the nearer end to the compositor is an adjustable slide, held by a screw, which can be moved nearer or farther from the outer end, according to the width required for the column.

Having filled his stick, the compositor lifts the matter out and deposits it on a "galley." This is a piece of zinc about 6ins. wide, 24ins. long, with ridges of brass $\frac{5}{8}$in. high at one end, and on either side. When the galley is full, a stick of wood (technically termed a "sidestick") the

The Siege of Ladysmith vividly recalls
This Type is Nonpareil.

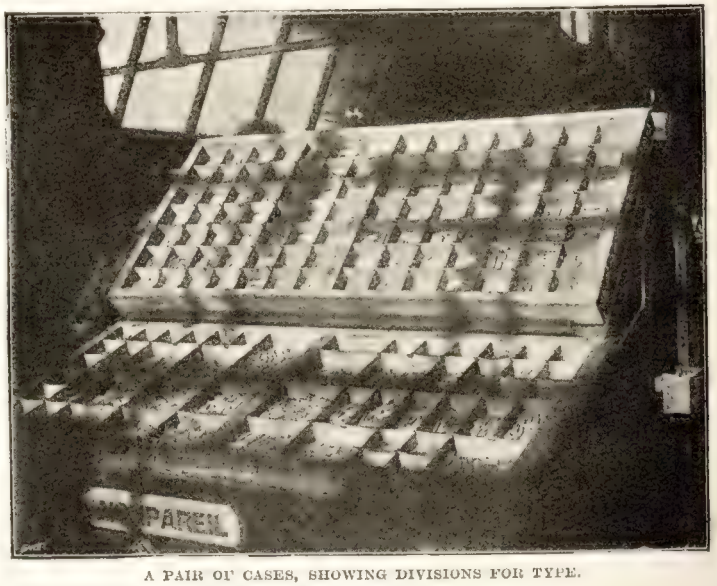
The Siege of Ladysmith vividly
This Type is Minion.

The Siege of Ladysmith vividly
This Type is Brevier.

The Siege of Ladysmith vividly
This Type is Bourgeois.

The Siege of Ladysmith vivid
This Type is Long Primer.

SPECIMENS OF TYPE USED IN "THE CAPTAIN."



A PAIR OF CASES, SHOWING DIVISIONS FOR TYPE.

length of the galley, and thicker one end than the other, is put against the type, and smaller pieces (called "quoins") are put between this and the side of the galley. By pushing these quoins to the top and thicker end, the types are wedged firmly to the side of the galley, to prevent their falling down when proofs of it are taken. Our first illustration shows composing stick and galley of type, with sidestick and quoins complete. The little tool by the side of the composing stick, and which somewhat resembles a bootmaker's awl, is called a "bodkin," and is used by the "comp." (our abbreviation of compositor) to lift up lines when correcting.

Proofs of these "slips" are then despatched to the editor, for his perusal and approval—or otherwise.

Specimen portion of such a slip:—

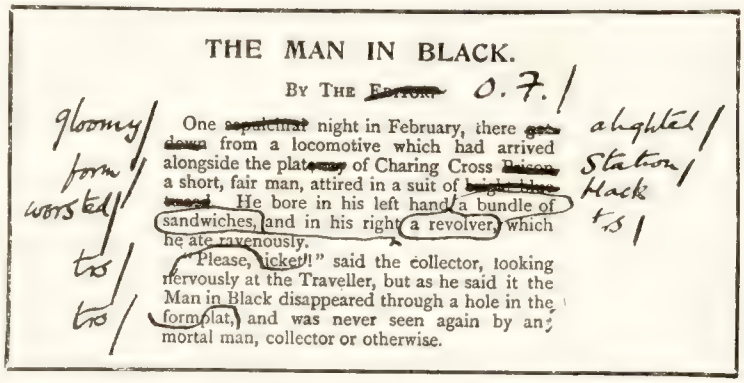
THE MAN IN BLACK.

By The Editor.

One sepulchral night in February, there got down from a locomotive which had arrived alongside the plateway of Charing Cross Prison a short, fair man, attired in a suit of bright blue tweed. He bore in his left hand a bundle of sandwiches, and in his right a revolver, which he ate ravenously.

"Please, ticket!" said the collector, looking nervously at the Traveller, but as he said it the Man in Black disappeared through a hole in the formplat, and was never seen again by any mortal man, collector or otherwise.

Now, the common or garden editor, on receiving proofs of such a medley as this, would simply throw it into the W. P. B. (if he gave it to the office dog, 'twould choke him), and re-write the copy as he had originally intended. Not so our chief. He never countermands an order; but if he finds he has steered out of the right course, he circumnavigates as it were, and, consequently, after forwarding the above pulls, the printer received by return of post, what he at first mistook for a despatch from the Chinese Government, ratifying the annexation of the Celestial Empire by the Russians. On closer inspection he found, however, it was only the proof returned, slightly altered.



THE MAN IN BLACK.

By The ~~Editor~~ O. F.

One ~~sepulchral~~ night in February, there ~~got down~~ from a locomotive which had arrived alongside the plat~~eway~~ of Charing Cross ~~Prison~~ a short, fair man, attired in a suit of ~~bright blue tweed~~. He bore in his left hand a bundle of sandwiches, and in his right a revolver, which he ate ravenously.

"Please, ticket!" said the collector, looking nervously at the Traveller, but as he said it the Man in Black disappeared through a hole in the formplat, and was never seen again by any mortal man, collector or otherwise.

PROOF SHOWING EDITOR'S ALTERATIONS.

THE MAN IN BLACK.

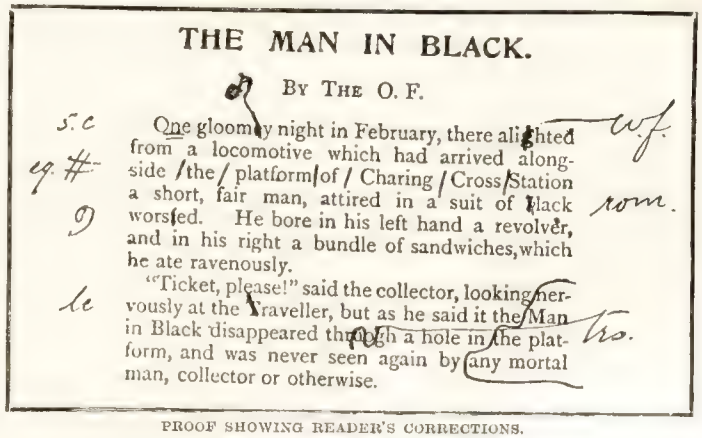
By The O. F.

One gloomy night in February, there alighted from a locomotive which had arrived alongside the platform of Charing Cross Station a short, fair man, attired in a suit of black worsted. He bore in his left hand a revolver, and in his right a bundle of sandwiches, which he ate ravenously.

"Ticket, please!" said the collector, looking nervously at the traveller, but as he said it the Man in Black disappeared through a hole in the platform, and was never seen again by any mortal man, collector or otherwise.

"THE MAN IN BLACK" AS FINALLY CORRECTED.

Compare this with the Editor's and Reader's proofs and the meanings of the marks will be apparent.



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PROOF SHOWING READER'S CORRECTIONS.

ONE OF THE COMPOSING ROOMS.
Note the "comp" locking up forme, on the left, and pressman pulling proofs, on the right.

The compositor whose task it was to correct these proofs worked with characteristic patience on them for two days, and then was promptly carried to the asylum at Hanwell, where he now spends his time setting imaginary sticks of CAPTAIN, the while he hums :—

I corrected those proofs so carefullee
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

While he was being conducted off the premises, the galleys he had corrected were again pulled and given to the reader, together with the editor's returned proofs, for him to revise.

After the tales, articles, poems, and "fill-ups" (the short articles, making half pages or less, put at end of long articles to fill up pages) have been sent to the printer, returned to the editor in proof slips, corrected by the authors, "cut-down" by the editor, "pasted up" by the art editor—that is to say, proof slips are cut up and pasted round the pictures to show where the latter should fall—and returned to the printer, he runs the type round the blocks and sends what are called "pages" to the editor.

The blocks are first sent into the foundry to be "mounted" on metal to make them type high; for, as all type is a uniform height of 11-12in. (a shilling standing edgewise is type high), all blocks to work therewith must also be that height. These blocks being returned to the printer, he then makes up the pages of type to correspond as nearly as possible with the paste-up which he has received.

Our fourth photograph shows how the pages are made up. All blocks, etc., must be "justified" to a hair, or else the lines would not be straight. If you look closely at this photograph you will see the little pièces of lead, wood, card—aye, and in some instances, paper—that have to be used to make the blocks the same depth as the lines of type beside them.

The editor having read proofs of these pages and passed them for press, they are next "imposed for foundry." That is, they are put into frames of iron about 1in. broad, as deep as the type is high (11-12in.), and large enough to take four pages each — these frames are technically termed "chases." After being carefully looked over (to see that all is straight) and "locked up"—the type is held together and prevented from falling out of the chase by pressure (there being no bottom to the

A PAGE OF TYPE WITH BLOCKS, SHOWING JUSTIFICATIONS.
See THE CAPTAIN, Vol. IV., October, page 72.

chases) in the same way as on the galley; *i.e.*, by means of sidesticks and quoins—the "forme" is then sent to the electrotyping department. The photograph at top of this page, showing "comp" correcting forme, gives a very good idea of a forme of type and method of quoining up same. By the side of the forme is the mallet and "shooting stick," with which the comp drives the quoins up to the thicker edge of the sidestick. The piece of wood upon the mallet is called a "planer," and, by laying its smooth surface on the type, and knocking the top gently with the mallet, any types that may be standing up are brought down to a level with the others, else, instead of printing, they would make holes in the paper.

On reaching the electro department (or

CORRECTING FORME.

Note mallet and planer at comp's right hand and method of fixing quoins round chase.

REMOVING THE WAX IMPRESSION FROM FORME ON HYDRAULIC PRESS.

foundry) it is thoroughly cleaned and every particle of ink or dirt of any kind carefully removed from the surface. Then a metal tray of wax, which has been well covered with black lead or graphite, is put over it—the black-leaded surface of the wax next the face of the type. The whole is then put under an hydraulic press, and a "mould" or "impression" of the forme is taken in the wax.

Our next illustration shows forme on hydraulic press, and electrotyper in the act of removing the mould from its surface. This mould is placed in a bath containing copper solution (see photograph), and an electric current causes particles of copper to adhere to the black lead on the mould. These particles cover the whole surface until a film of copper of even thickness is formed about as stout as a piece of paper. The mould is then taken out of the bath, and the "copper shell" removed from the wax. The shell is then "tinned" at the back, the edges are trimmed down till it is the correct size to fit the cylinder of the machine, and it is

THE SAME WAX IMPRESSION BEING PUT INTO THE DEPOSITING TANK.

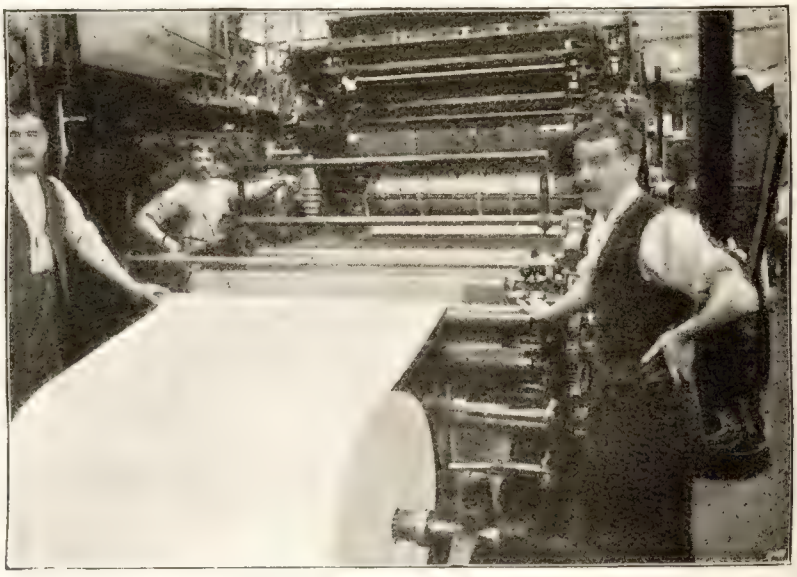
FINISHING PLATE.
The finisher is chipping off the surplus metal (blacks) before sending plate to machine.

put into the "casting box" to be "backed up"—that is to say, it is placed (face downwards) between two cylindrical pieces of iron about ½in. apart, and molten metal is poured on it. This metal fills up every indentation, giving a smooth, even surface at the back—and then you have a semi-circular electro plate about ½in. thick, with edges ready bevelled to fit into grooves on the machine cyclinders.

The weight of the molten metal causes those parts of the page which should appear white on the paper to bulge out, so that they are as high as the type, and if not carefully cleared away they would print also, and give the page a very dirty appearance. These parts have, therefore, to be routed out by machinery, or, in the case of very small spaces, chipped out by hand, before being sent to machine, as shown in illustration above.

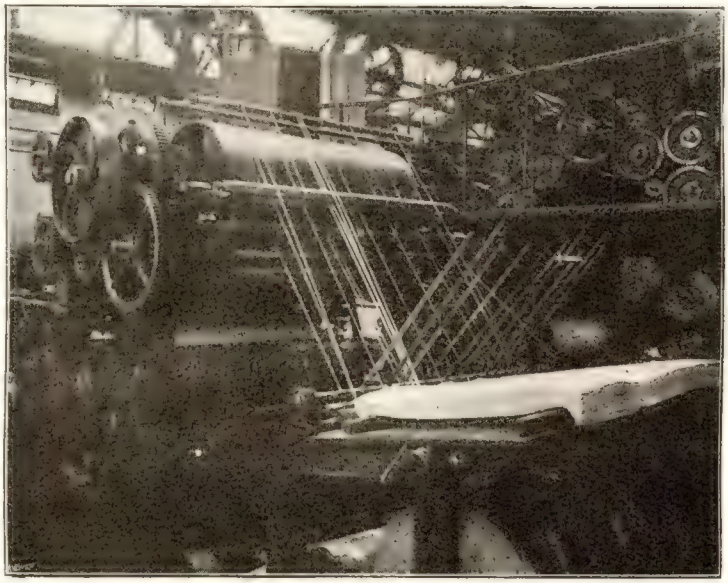
The plates are then fastened on to the machine cylinders by fixing the bevelled edges into grooves, and a few rollers and enough ink are put on to give a rough impression of the pages on the cylinder. Before the blocks are made up into pages, four pulls of each are given to the machine minder, from which he cuts his "overlays." The first of these he keeps intact; from the second he cuts away all those parts which appear white on the picture, and then pastes it over the first, so that each line and feature fits to a hair; from the third he cuts away all the white and lightest shades, and then pastes that over the second; and from the fourth he cuts away all but the black parts of the illustration and pastes these over the third, taking great care that they fit exactly. Having carefully prepared his "overlay" he pastes it on the cylinder immediately over the rough impression taken from the plates, with the result that the different shades get a proportionately heavier or lighter impression, and the lights and shades of the picture are thereby greatly accentuated. Were it not for this the many beautiful illustrations which now appear as life-like portraits would be little better than indecipherable blots.

Another impression is then taken of the pages, this time on paper, and as it is impossible to get the plates so exactly level that the same amount of impression is given to each part of the plate surface, those pages, or parts of pages, which appear too light have pieces of paper pasted on them, and those that appear too heavy are cut out. This sheet is then



REEL OF PAPER ENTERING MACHINE

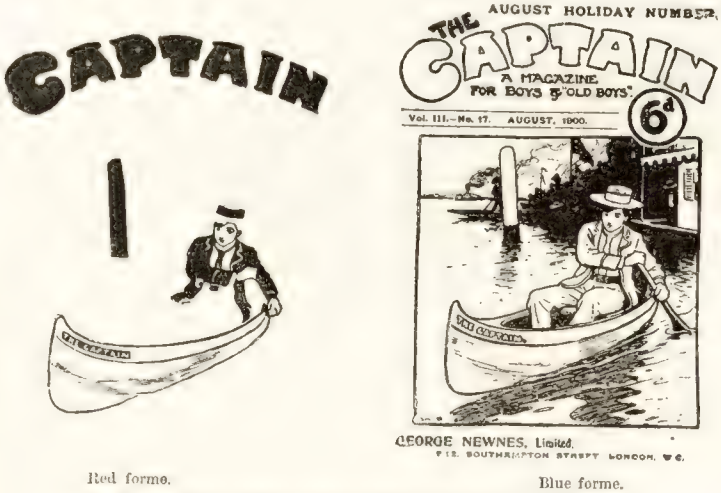
pasted in its turn under the blanket, great care being exercised that every portion falls duly over its counterpart. This process is continued until satisfactory, and is technically known as "making ready." Yet another pull is taken off, which is given to the press reader, who carefully looks over it to see that no words or letters have been chipped off in clearing the plates, etc., and when any discrepancies he may mark have been attended to, a pull is given to the machine overseer to see that the cuts are properly brought out, and that the general appearance is as it should be; and then we are ready to start.



THE OTHER END OF MACHINE, SHOWING PRINTED SHEETS.

At either end of the machine there is a large reel of paper—one carrying about two miles of white CAPTAIN paper, and the other bearing the set-off paper—a harder and stouter paper that runs through with the white and prevents the ink on the printed side from coming into contact with the cylinders above, in which case these cylinders would become so covered in ink as to spoil all that passed between them. As the copies are thrown off, the "machine minder" periodically extracts a sheet from the bulk and carefully scrutinizes it to see that all is working clean. He must also keep a wary eye on his machine, for it is as delicate as a clock, and should even the smallest cog go awry, incalculable damage would be wrought if it were not immediately stopped. For that purpose, a man is always ready with his hand on the "striker" (a lever which slips the band connected with the shafting off the driving wheel), ready to strike it at a moment's notice. His position is well defined on the left of the photograph showing reel of paper entering machine.

Truly has it been said that the printing machine is the most wonderful of all inventions. The feats of the ancient gods pale before the accomplishments of this twentieth century giant, which in a few minutes can change miles of paper into thousands of willing elves anxious to traverse the globe and spread instruction and amusement wherever they go.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COVER, SHOWING THE COLOUR FORMES.

The cover is printed on a "flat" machine. That is to say, the plates, instead of being semi-circular are cast flat, mounted on wood, and rest on a flat surface instead of on cylinders Each colour is a separate forme and requires a separate working. Special machines have to be used for this process, in which the vibration is reduced to a minimum, as the colours have to fit to such a nicety that the slightest shifting of the paper during

the process of printing would spoil the whole appearance. The illustration on preceding page is of the two plates (the red and blue) used for the cover of issue, dated August, 1900.

If you look at the bottom of page 385 of the current issue you will see, in very small type, in the left-hand corner the words "Vol. iv.—41," and eight pages further on "Vol. iv. —42," and on page 401 "Vol. iv.—43," and so on at every eight pages. These "signatures" are put on the first page of each section for the convenience of the folder, who is thereby saved the trouble of looking all over the sheet for the outside page. They are also of great assistance to the binder, who, when collating the several portions, knows that, so long as he keeps these parts in their numerical order, the pages will be in their right places when the book is bound.

When all the parts are in their proper order, making a complete book minus the cover, they are pressed together by machinery, and wire stitches are then put through to hold them securely. The cover is now glued on, the edges are trimmed, and the little volume is fully equipped for its mission of instruction and delight for young and old.

AN AUSTRALIAN MIRAGE.

About two years ago I spent a holiday in a little town away in the "back blocks" of New South Wales. Goodooga (which is about 600 miles from Sydney) was a very small place, containing about 270 persons, and surrounded on all sides, within a radius of twenty miles, by large sheep and cattle stations.

About a week after my arrival there I was one day out riding with a friend, and, while crossing a long plain, saw a most peculiar and pretty sight.

About a mile before us was what appeared to be a moderately large fresh-water lake, extending for quite a mile across the plain. To me, a thorough "new chum," it was a magnificent sight. It was a very hot day (about 150 degs. F. in the sun), and, from where we were, the "water" sparkled brilliantly. As we approached closer I was even more surprised than before, for we could actually see the reflection of the tall myalls and gidyea in the supposed water. I reined in my horse, and for a long time paused to admire this pretty view. I cannot explain the cause of the reflection of the trees—indeed, I doubt if many could; but, as long as we stood in that position it was there with surprising plainness. By way of an experiment, I asked my friend to ride on and call out to me when it began to disappear. After walking for, perhaps, 30yds., he called back:—

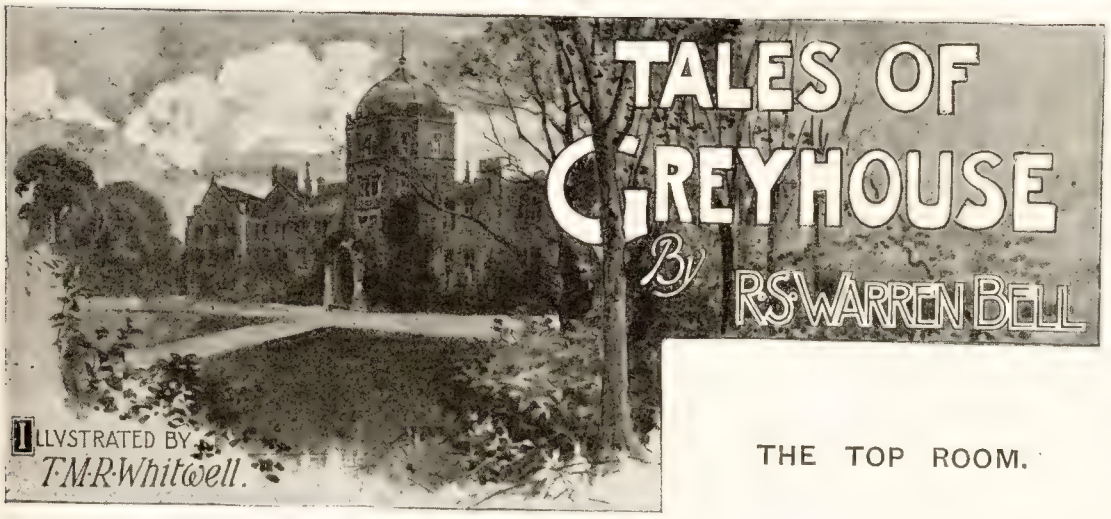
"It is beginning to draw away from me." Another 30yds., and he roared out: "I can only see a little blue haze now." And yet, the whole of the time he was riding on, it was as plain and distinct *to me* as before.

Then I cantered up to join him, and slowly it receded from view. Presently I was standing over the very spot where we had first seen it; but, although I examined the ground closely, it resembled that around it in every detail.

AN AUSTRALIAN MIRAGE.
Drawn in Australia by Walker Hodgson.

By the time we had crossed the long plain it was again in view, and now I saw a prettier sight than before. To the right and left of us, away in the distance (probably five or six miles), there stretched across the plain what appeared to be a long chain of miniature lakes; each being joined to the other by a very narrow neck of land. At such a distance the view one had was almost enchanting, and the "water" of the lakes appeared as blue as the ocean. About 3.30 in the afternoon we returned; but there was not a single trace of what we had witnessed a few hours before; and although in my six months' holiday I saw it many times, it was never once after noon.

E. George Boreham.



THE TOP ROOM.

QUITE a number of years ago, before Greyhouse was anything like as big as it is now, a big fellow named Parsons told a little fellow named Moody to run "down town" (as going into the village was termed) and buy him a sixpenny packet of cigarettes at Mother Cadby's. At that time Mother Cadby's was "in bounds" to all chaps who were allowed "leave west," *i.e.*, in the village. Only the Upper and Lower Sixth and the Upper Fifth enjoyed perpetual "leave west"—the remainder had to keep "east" of the school when they took walks abroad if they didn't want to be reported and whacked. If one desired to go "west" it was necessary to obtain a "pass" from one's form-master, who would not grant one a pass more than three times in a term, and then only if one's conduct and work had been satisfactory—which, as often as not, it *hadn't* been!

The time came (as I think I have told you in these "Tales") when Mother Cadby was excommunicated by the school authorities for giving "tick," lending money, and so forth. But at the period I am speaking of, she was allowed to trade with the boys, although the Head, as he walked down the village, often glanced at Mother Cadby's shop with suspicion. He didn't trust the old woman; he suspected her—and rightly. In spite of the fact that she hadn't a shadow of a license, Mother Cadby used to purvey dry packet tobacco, infamous cigars, cheap cigarettes, and *clay pipes!* Yes, many a lordly senior have I seen wobbling up to the school with a face as white as a sheet—*he had been smoking in Mother's back garden!* In this back garden was a little arbour, and here, it was whispered, Mother Cadby would serve *bottled beer* to certain favoured customers. She was as wily an old caution, was Mother Cadby, as any I ever did meet. Her greedy little eyes twinkled under bushy brows, her nose dipped in like a hawk's beak, her chin seemed to be gradually approaching her nose, she had only got about two teeth, and her shrivelled skin hung in loops and layers from her face-bones. Of course, she couldn't help being ugly and ancient, but she could help being wicked.

Before "school shops" were instituted there were thousands of Mother Cadbys in the land; they robbed the schoolboy much as Marryat's bumboat women used to prey on the simple sailor-man. Nowadays the "shop," a beautifully neat, well-managed, well-paying concern, absorbs the public schoolboy's shillings and pence, and some school institution thrives on the large profits which most school shops yield. Of course, this is as it should be, but it is a prosaic way of buying tuck. A successful deal with Mother Cadby, when she was "out of bounds," gave one the same sort of thrill that the old-time smuggler must have enjoyed when he managed to dodge the coast-guard!

"But I haven't got leave west, Parsons," said Moody.

"Go and get it, then," roughly retorted Parsons.

"Kitt's out—I saw him go on his tricycle," explained Moody.

Mr. Kitt was form-master to the First.

"Then do without leave," said Parsons, "and if you're caught I'll lick you. Get along now, and look sharp."

And with this threat Parsons limped away to

his class-room—a severe hack at football having incapacitated him from playing, consequently leaving him a large amount of idle time to get through.

Young Moody pulled his cap over his eyes, stole round the chapel, climbed over the red iron railings, and scanned the road leading down to the village. He could see neither master nor monitor. At the present time there are twenty masters at Greyhouse, but then there were but twelve. This being a "half"—it was on a Wednesday—the masters not playing "footer" would be all out golfing or cycling. As for the monitors—well, Parsons was in the fifteen, and it was not likely that a monitor would go out of his way to turn back a fellow who was "fagging for Parsons"—that prime favourite with the crowd on the touch-line.

So Moody—not at all liking the job, but knowing that he must go through with it—trotted stealthily down the road, keeping a very sharp eye open as he sped on his way.

He reached the shop in safety—not a soul connected with Greyhouse did he even catch a glimpse of. Mother Cadby was standing at her door.

"Well, what is it?" she asked sourly.

"Packet of cigarettes, please, Mrs. Cadby."

"*Cigarettes!* What does a baby like you want with cigarettes? Besides, I only sell sweets and cakes," she added in a tone of great innocence; "I'm not a tobacconist."

"Oh, come!" retorted Moody, gathering confidence, "that won't wash, you know, mother. Every chap says you do. I say, hurry up! I haven't got leave!"

"I'll trouble you to be more respectful," retorted Mrs. Cadby. "*Mother*, indeed! Little boys should learn better manners."

"Oh, I say—stop this jawing! Look here, they're for Parsons—not for myself."

"Oh, Mr. Parsons!" returned "Mother," in a more respectful tone. "Yes, I know Mr. Parsons. Well, how many?"

"A sixpenny packet."

"All right," she grumbled, as she turned into the shop. "Come in, and I'll see if there's any left."

There was a quick step on the path. Moody turned his head. By Jove—*Phillips!*

Phillips was Captain of Greyhouse. He had been "up" for a scholarship at Cambridge, and was now returning from the station, Gladstone bag in hand.

"Hi, Moody!" he called. "Here, I want you." Moody went obediently, for he happened to be Phillips' fag.

"Yes, Phillips?"

"Just cart this bag up to my study, and then get tea. The Head said he wanted to see me directly I got back, so I'll take a short cut through the garden."

Phillips looked very bright. He had done excellent papers—he wanted to show the Head his questions—and had every reason to believe that he had won the scholarship.

As Moody took over the bag Mother Cadby waddled to the door with: "Here's the cigarettes. Tell Mr. Parsons it's the only sort I have left."

Phillips glanced inquiringly at his fag.

"Did Parsons send you to buy those cigarettes?" he demanded, sternly.

There was nothing for it but to admit it, and Moody did so, though with evident reluctance.

"Have you got 'leave west'?"

"No, Phillips."

"That makes it worse—well, take my bag. If Parsons sees you, tell him you're fagging for me. Never mind the cigarettes."

Moody slunk off with the bag, and Phillips strode into the shop, Mother Cadby retiring before him.

"Now, Mrs. Cadby, just listen to me. I don't want to do you any harm, but if I hear of your selling tobacco of any kind to any of the fellows, I'll report the matter to the Head."

And with this one sharp sentence he turned on his heel and left her. Mother Cadby sank into a chair, trembling. She knew who Phillips was, although he never entered her shop, and she stood in great awe of him. She knew that he would keep his word, too.

Twenty minutes later Phillips walked into the Upper Fifth class-room, and shut the door behind him.

"Parsons, I understand you sent Moody down town to buy cigarettes, and without even a pass?"

"Well, what if I did?"

"Only this. That I've told Mother Cadby I'll report her to the Head if she sells any more tobacco to any Greyhouse fellow. In addition, I told Moody not to bother about your cigarettes."

"Well, that was pretty good cheek of you, I must say," retorted Parsons, "and bad for the kid, because I shall have to thrash him now."

"If," said Phillips, coming up to where Parsons was sprawling, "you thrash Moody, I will thrash you."

And Parsons, like Mother Cadby, was aware of Phillips' splendid reputation for keeping his word.

II.

I KNOW of few states of mind so unenviable as that of a small boy who has earned the dis-

pleasure—even the hatred—of a vindictive big fellow of bullying propensities. The small boy knows that the big fellow is biding his time—awaiting a favourable opportunity to wreak his vengeance on the object of his dislike—and the small boy's life consequently becomes an unending stretch of fear and trembling. He is at school—penned in—under the same roof as his persecutor. They probably meet a dozen times a day—and instinct tells the small boy that the big one has *not forgotten*. He is merely waiting.

"WELL, WHAT IS IT?" SHE ASKED SOURLY.

A fellow like Phillips, had his fag been guilty of a gross breach of duty, would have administered, on the first offence, a few sharp words of rebuke; on the second, a few sharp cuts with a drill-stick. Then it would have been over. But Parsons was made of a different clay. His nature it was to nurse his revenge. Had he been a straightforward fellow, recognizing when he was in the wrong (as he undoubtedly was over this matter), he would have accepted the situation with as good a grace as possible. Viewed in any light, the whole affair was discreditable to him. If he wished to buy an article of so contraband a nature as a packet of cigarettes, he might have bought it himself. True, he had a game leg, but it would not have hurt him to have limped as far as Mother Cadby's. Then again, it would have been bad enough sending Moody on the errand had Moody possessed a pass "down town" from his form-master, but, as it happened, he caused Moody to commit a double breach of rules. Hence his own fault was a most heinous one. He did not wish to come to blows with Phillips, because he had sufficient acquaintance with Phillips' prowess with the gloves to know that it would not be wise to seek further acquaintance with Phillips *without* the gloves. He was not a coward, but he recognized the Captain's superior ability as a boxer.

However, Parsons fully intended to get even with Moody, and he at length hit on an idea. It would hurt Moody much more than any physical violence, and at the same time avoid a conflict with Phillips.

Meeting Moody one day in a solitary part of the quad, he hailed him. Moody, having perceived the enemy, had glided behind a pillar, but Parsons' eyes were sharp.

"Come here, Moody."

"Now for it," thought Moody, vaguely wondering whether punishment would be administered by boot or hand. It proved to be worse than that, however. "Why didn't you get those cigarettes for me the other day?"

"Because Phillips told me I wasn't to."

"How did Phillips know they were for me?"

"He heard Mother Cadby say so."

"How did Mother Cadby know?"

"I told her they were for you."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Because, before I told her that, she said she hadn't got any cigarettes."

"And so you were mug enough to give me away! I believe you told Phillips, too."

"He heard Mother Cadby say so first" protested Moody. "As Phillips was passing she came out of the shop saying that I was to tell you they were the only sort she had left—and Phillips overheard her."

Parsons knew that this was quite a reasonable and probably a truthful version of the affair—but he preferred not to recognize it as such. He caught hold of Moody's ear and gave it a twist. Moody set his teeth and prepared to take his licking like a man. To his surprise, however, Parsons let him go. But the relief was only momentary.

"I haven't time to lick you now," said Parsons, "it must wait. Probably it'll have to wait till Last Day. Yes, I think it must keep till then. Something for you to look forward to. If you say anything about it to Phillips you'll get a double dose."

With this humane speech Parsons walked away, leaving (as he knew he would) the small boy in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. Moody had only been at Greyhouse a year, but he had heard the familiar rhyme used at the end of every half:

Last Day but Two
Taste my Shoe!
Last Day but One
Take it all in fun!
Last Day—
Pay Day!!!

And *his* licking was to "keep" till Pay-Day!

Snow and ice—glorious long slides in the Upper Field—box-packing, train-hunting in Bradshaw, party-forming for travelling purposes, general disorder and confusion, and no one attempting to do a stroke of work, masters as well as boys being full of holiday anticipation, and Christmassy good-fellowship. It was the last day of the winter half—for in those days the school year was not divided into three "terms." It was the last day, and everybody was in the wildest and highest spirits. It promised to be a real old-fashioned Christmas, with plenty of skating and sleighing, and ice, hockey, and snow fort building—not a miserable-snivelling, damp-day-in-April sort of Christmas, as we generally have now-a-years.

And 'twas Pay-Day!

Still, what paying-out there was to be done was done good-humouredly—indeed, most of the fellows forgot that they had any paying-out to do. And rightly so, for is not Christmas the "Queen of Feasts," when there is peace on earth and goodwill amongst men—and boys? Surely 'tis a time for hand-shaking and forgiving, for "making up" rows, and forgetting injuries. There must be something wrong about a nature on which the prevailing good-fellowship of Christmas has no effect. To my mind, Christmas Day is the sweetest and best day of the whole year, no matter what the weather may be—though to be sure old Mother Earth looks best in her white cloak, with the holly-berries showing red upon it!

For six weeks young Moody had been brooding over Parsons' threat. When he got out of bed this last morning he shivered; to-day was Pay Day! His chums chipped him about his solemn countenance, but Moody had no banter to exchange for theirs; laugh and merry jest had gone from his lips. *It was Pay Day!*

He stole into Hall for breakfast behind a clump of chattering chums, and slid into his seat hastily, fearful lest he should catch Parsons' eye. After breakfast he did not rush for those glorious long slides with all the rest, but went and hid himself in his class-room. Here, at any rate, thought he, there wouldn't be much risk of encountering Parsons.

But just as Moody had opened the book he was reading, the door was opened, and Parsons looked in. He hesitated on the threshold; then closed the door and went away. He meant to prolong the agony a bit.

No rest for Moody, even in the class-room, thought Moody. So after dinner he mingled with the crowd in the play-box room, and, getting into the darkest corner, began to pack up his play-box, taking no pleasure in this usually pleasurable operation.

Suddenly a voice sounded close by his shoulder.

"Moody, go and ask Cripps for a bit of cord, and look sharp."

"All right, Parsons."

Poor Moody ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and came racing back with the cord without wasting a moment.

"There'll be a bit left over for you—to-night," grinned Parsons, roughly taking the cord from the white-faced fag.

Moody hastily finished packing his own box, locked it, and got out of the box-room as soon as he could.

To-night! So Parsons was reserving his licking until the very last thing. On the night of the Last Day there was a theatrical performance in Big School, and after that a bit of a spread in Hall, and then fellows went to bed —much later than usual.

All was turmoil and confusion and romping. Very little attempt on the monitors' part was made to keep order. The very night, of all the nights in the half, for a bully to do his worst.

Moody mooned about at the lower end of the Upper Field long after it was dark. In the distance he could see the fellows sliding in long lines, all as jolly as could be, laughing and jeering when some unlucky chap came a cropper, shouting out warnings to those in front, singing and hallooing — how Moody envied them!

After tea, he went listlessly to his dormitory and put on his best suit, as well as a spotless shirt, tie and collar. Greyhouse made a fine show of clean linen in Big School that night, for many visitors from the neighbourhood had come, and there were heaps of girls, by Jove! So Greyhouse wanted to look its best — and cleanest!

Moody crammed himself away into a corner at the very bottom of the room. Here, at any rate, it wasn't probable that Parsons would see him. Whether Parsons saw him there or not, it is quite certain that Parsons was waiting for him by the great door when the theatricals were over. He made a sign to Moody to follow him, and Moody meekly obeyed.

Arrived in one of the side corridors, Parsons said:—"Go up to your dormitory, and wait till I come."

Nobody saw the two together. Moody was such an unobstrusive little fellow that the other First Form kids didn't miss him in Hall. Besides, it was such a hurly-burly and scramble that it was hard to find anybody, even if one had looked for him.

Moody went slowly upstairs — to the first floor, and then to the second, and then to the third. Here his dormitory was situated. He was quite unstrung by the suspense of the last six weeks, and this last awful Pay Day. He was a weakish chap at the best—not built for roughing it—and he felt pretty well done now.

Parsons was going to lick him! Nobody would hear or see—servants, masters, monitors —not a soul was about in these silent upper regions. Besides, if there had been, he couldn't have sneaked!

A wild longing for escape, flight, anything, rose in Moody's brain. Couldn't he *hide* somewhere?

Half-a-sec! There was one room, at the top of the main building, which was never used. There was a rumour that it was haunted, but Moody's fear just now was of a flesh and blood enemy—not ghosts. What if he hid in the haunted room until Parsons had gone to bed? Parsons would never dream of looking for him in that top room.

Listening for all he was worth by the staircase, Moody heard a heavy step on the landing below. *Parsons was coming up!*

It must be the Top Room! There was a bed in it; if the worst came to the worst he could sleep there.

A narrow, winding staircase led to this top room. He raced up the steps, treading very warily, and reached the door of the Top Room, just as Parsons arrived on the landing below.

No good hesitating. *Moody turned the handle, and entered the Top Room, closing the door softly behind him. Now he was safe from Parsons!*

III.

Some twelve years after little Moody took refuge in the Top Room of Greyhouse there was a big gathering of "Old Greys" at the school. Since very early times there had been an "Old Greys' Club," which dined annually in London, issued a printed list of members, and announced the University successes, appointments, promotions, marriages, and deaths of its members in the *Grey*, the magazine of Greyhouse School. This particular year the honorary secretaryship of the club had been taken over by a very energetic gentleman — Mr. Phillips, a master, and an "O.G." himself, having once been head monitor of Greyhouse. Mr. Phillips, with praiseworthy zeal, had used every possible method of whipping up as many old boys as possible for this particular *réunion*, and he had succeeded in getting together quite a little army of them. "Present *v.* Past" was the match, and it was toughly contested, but "Past" brought an International and three Blues, and the boys, though they fought game as pebbles, had to give way before superior odds.

Present Greyhouse, thickly lined along "touch," gazed with awe at *Past* Greyhouse, which was, of course, numerously represented among the spectators. Some were young fellows still at the 'Varsity—whom many present Greys could remember as boys at the school—while others were moustached fellows of thirty, bearded men of forty, and grizzled "paters"

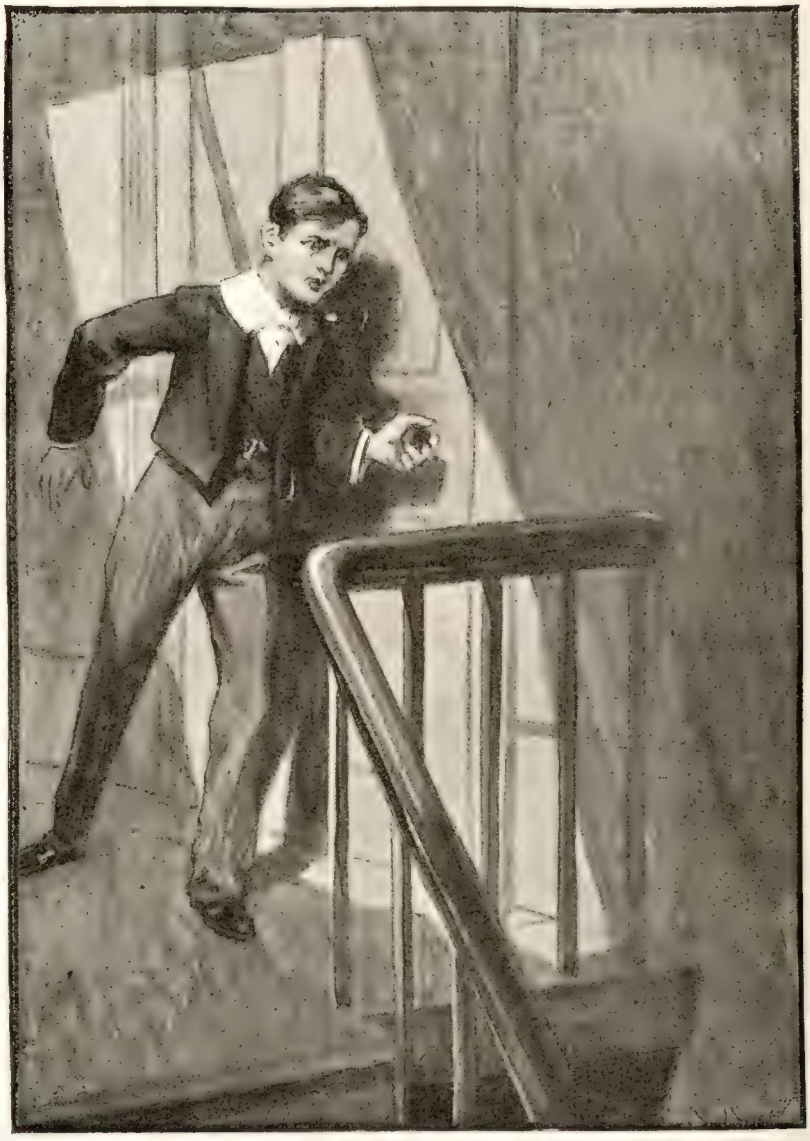
of fifty and sixty. The indefatigable Phillips had enticed down (with carefully-worded invitations) a couple of bishops, an admiral, a cabinet minister, and a judge—all O.G.'s.

Greyhouse had heard that the judge's nickname in police circles was "Hanging Henry," and so Greyhouse awaited his awful lordship's arrival with morbid curiosity, for they understood that his *soubriquet* had been given him on account of the severity with which he dealt with murderers. The school's disappointment, therefore, may be imagined when they found "Hanging Henry" to be a rubicund, jolly old gentleman, who insisted on standing endless tuck to anyone who wanted it, and cracked jokes unceasingly as Present Greyhouse—at his invitation—cheerfully cleared the shop out.

After the match the old boys crowded into the Masters' Common Room, but, there hardly being enough space for them in this quarter, they overflowed into the class-rooms and studies asking Present Greyhouse many questions about prevailing customs, and telling each other anecdotes of times long gone by, and, in a word, enjoying themselves most thoroughly.

The two bishops, after wandering aimlessly about for some time, at length found seats in the First Form class room, and here, to the open-mouthed kids, they related how, half a century or more ago, they were both flogged for making a midnight raid on the gooseberry bushes in the Head's garden!

Phillips was talking to half a dozen men at once in the Common Room, when he observed that some of the men were looking hard at a stranger who had just entered the room.



HE REACHED THE DOOR OF THE TOP ROOM JUST AS PARSONS ARRIVED ON THE LANDING BELOW.

The term "stranger" is not misapplied, for, presumably an old boy, the newcomer looked anxiously about him as if not quite sure as to the welcome which would be accorded him. Nobody recognized him, but so nervous were his movements that very soon everybody was staring at him.

"Hullo!" said Phillips, "who's this? Can't fix him—can you?" turning to an old boy who was at Greyhouse during his captaincy.

"Hanged if I can! Looks more like a ghost than a man. George! I never saw a fellow so wasted away in my life. His limbs look like sticks."

Phillips, as organizer and "M.C." of this monster meeting of "O.G's," was obliged to "do the civil" by everybody. So he approached the stranger.

"Excuse me—you are an 'Old Grey'?"

"Yes! yes! I am an Old Grey. Is your name Phillips?"

"Yes; and yours?"

"Mine is Parsons."

"*Parsons!*"

Quite a number of the men present echoed the word. Of course—Parsons! Old Parsons! Certainly they remembered Parsons—one of the best "three-quarters" the school had ever had. Left before anyone thought he would at the end of a winter half. Wrote to some of his chums saying that he had persuaded his pater to let him go to India, instead of returning to Greyhouse, as he had been offered a good billet—on the railway out there. That must have been twelve years ago—just! And not a word had been heard of him or from him since. Rather queer he should turn up suddenly like this, after dropping his old chums for such a length of time! However, here he was, looking more dead than alive, and there was no reason why he should not be made welcome.

Phillips, a contemporary of Parsons', chatted to him for some minutes. He noticed, however, that Parsons still continued to look very nervous and ill-at-ease.

"Look here, old man," said Phillips, "I suppose India knocked you up a bit, eh? Come and sit down and have a drink of some sort. You really look very seedy."

"Oh, I look worse than I really am!" said Parsons, with a ghastly smile, "you see, I lived in the jungle a lot, by myself—at least, I was the only white man in the district. I got fever, and that laid me out, and I was finally invalided home. I met a man at my club in London who told me of this O.G. gathering, so I thought I'd run down. Hope it's all right?"

"Of course it's all right, old fellow. Very glad to see you, and hope English air will buck you up. By the way, a lot of these men are staying the night. Will you?"

Parsons looked strangely agitated.

"Sleep here? No, no! I couldn't! I couldn't sleep at Greyhouse."

"Nonsense! You can't go back to-night. The men bound for town will be off in ten minutes. The rest are sleeping here. I'm sure I can find you a bed. Now, look here, Parsons, you're knocked up—get into that easy-chair till dinner-time. I'll go and see about a bed for you."

Parsons dropped into the chair without a word, and closed his eyes, heedless of the scrutiny he was subjected to by many of the men who had been boys with him at Greyhouse. Personally, Phillips had absolutely forgotten all about the Mother Cadby incident—he simply recognized in Parsons a man who had been at school with him—an O. G.—and therefore one to whom it was his duty to be hospitable.

He went to Mrs. Dolman, the matron—a plump, good-tempered little woman.

"Oh, Mr. Phillips, what a to-do to be sure! Every bedroom is *packed*—and how they'll all dine I don't know. And it's all *your* fault!"

"My dear madam," said Phillips, with a smile, "I am sure you are equal to the emergency. You are never beaten!"

"Flattery!" cried Mrs. Dolman, demurely. "Well, and what is it now! Another bed?"

"Exactly. An old boy has turned up suddenly from India."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the good matron; "they seem to have come from all parts of the globe. There's a missionary from China, and an explorer from Abyssinia, and a gentleman who has been to the North Pole——"

"You must blame the school, Mrs. Dolman," said Phillips, "turns out such good men, you see. They go everywhere, and get to the top."

"The *judge* has been talking to me," said Mrs. Dolman archly, "and I must say he is very nice. What a shame to call him 'Hanging Henry'! He doesn't look as if he could condemn a mouse to death. He has been telling me how he used to come to Greyhouse by stage-coach. He is really a charming old gentleman."

"Until you meet him at Petershall Assizes," laughed Phillips, "when he is the reverse to charming. But, come, Mrs. Dolman, about this bed. I want *one* bed. Only one. Is it to be had?"

Mrs. Dolman reflected.

"There's only the Top Room left," she said; "there's a bed there."

"The Top Room? I thought it was never used now."

"It isn't. But I don't see why it shouldn't be. I don't suppose this gentleman knows that it's supposed to be haunted——"

"I'd forgotten all about that," said Phillips. "What is the story, Mrs. Dolman?"

"Why," said the matron, with bated breath, "I thought everybody knew it. Years and years ago a boy who was made to 'run the gauntlet' died there. It was used as a sick room before the hospital was built. Well, it was said that this boy haunted it."

"Oh!" cried Phillips. "I remember now. Wasn't that the room in which poor little

Moody died? Yes, that was very sad. He was found dead, sitting on the bed, completely dressed, and staring into one of the corners. It was never known why he didn't sleep in his own dormitory that night, nor why he went to the Top Room. He was my fag—so I have cause to remember the occurrence."

"That was before I came here," said Mrs. Dolman, "but I have heard a tale about a boy who was found dead in that room on the morning of a breaking-up day, years ago. And he was your fag, Mr. Phillips?"

"My fag! And a dear little chap! He was too fragile for Greyhouse. I think, for my own part, that he hid there, and then, remembering the tale about the room, *imagined* that he saw the ghost that was supposed to haunt it. Anyhow, that's neither here nor there. *I* don't believe it's haunted, and I don't suppose this gentleman from India will even remember that Greyhouse had a haunted room. He left the school twelve years ago."

"Do you want me to have a bed made up there?" asked Mrs. Dolman.

"Yes, if you will be so kind."

"Very well, Mr. Phillips. Fortunately, none of the maids have heard anything of this nonsense, although they know the room isn't used. I'll have a bed made up, and I daresay the gentleman will spend a very good night there, and laugh at the idea of a ghost when you tell him in the morning that he slept in a 'haunted room.'"

"That's about it," said Phillips cheerily; "of course, I shan't breathe a word to him about it to-night. I shall simply show him to his room in the ordinary way."

"Very well," said Mrs. Dolman, "I will have the bed made up."

IV.

After dinner the old boys who were sleeping at Greyhouse School that night sat round the Common Room fire, talking of old times. Parsons alone was silent, At intervals he lit a a fresh cheroot, and smoked feverishly. As in many like cases, tobacco was his only solace—his only friend.

The majority of the "O. G.'s," laughing and chatting over by-gone days, did not pay particular attention to this haggard fellow. The average athlete has very little sympathy with those of his fellows who enjoy (parodoxical phrase!) indifferent health. Parsons' contemporaries regarded him with pity, largely mingled with contempt. Poor chap! quite broken up! great pity! such a fine fellow as he was once upon a time!

Phillips, more thoughtful than the rest, suggested to Parsons that he should make a fourth at the whist table. Parsons accepted the invitation with feverish alacrity, but threw his *vis-à-vis* into a state of despair—he being the kind of man that takes whist in grim earnest—by revoking, trumping tricks already won by his partner, and committing other heinous crimes. At the end of the rubber the other three rose with a sigh of relief that was quite pathetic.

The men dropped off to bed one by one. At length, as the great school clock boomed out the midnight hour, Phillips and Parsons found themselves alone.

"Well, old man," said Phillips, with a healthy yawn, "it's time we were trotting. Your room's just over mine—I'm on the third floor. You're about the only man who's got a room to himself."

Parsons looked as if he would like to sit up for another hour or two, but he recognized the fact that he must keep school hours—as far as the Common Room was concerned. With the exception of Phillips and himself, Greyhouse was slumbering.

"All right," he said. "Show me the way, will you? It's twelve years since I was here, you know."

"Ah, so it is," said Phillips, lighting a couple of candles; "just twelve years."

Phillips turned off the gas in the Common Room, and the two men, after passing through several corridors on the ground floor, came to the private staircase that was used by the masters. They went up.

"This is my room," said Phillips, softly opening the door. "You see, I've already got a man sleeping in my bed, or I could have put you in it. I'm dossing on the floor myself. However, you're fixed up all right. Come on!"

Chancing to look at Parsons he noticed that his companion was deadly pale—paler than was his wont. However, he put this down to fatigue.

They ascended the narrow staircase.

"Here you are!" said Phillips. "Snug little crib, eh? Well, good-night, old chap. Hope you'll feel a bit better in the morning."

"Good-night," said Parsons, walking into the Top Room.

As he did so he dropped his candlestick.

"Hullo!" said Phillips. "Hand a bit shaky? Here, take mine. There, that's all right! If you feel queer in the night, just hammer on the floor with your boot, and I'll come up. Good-night!"

So saying, he shut the door on Parsons, and went to his own room, where, with some overcoats and blankets, he had made himself up a

bed. He turned into this, and soon dozed off. How long he slept he never knew, for of a sudden he was aroused by a frantic hammering overhead. Shaking off his coverings Phillips lit his candle, hurried up the little staircase, and into the Top Room.

The sight that met his eyes he never forgot—he never will forget.

Standing by the side of the bed, his skeleton form shaking within the long white night-dress which Phillips had borrowed for him, stood Parsons.

"What's the matter?" cried Phillips.

"Look — look!" almost screamed Parsons. "See—just there!"

"I see nothing," said Phillips.

"Look — it is there! Didn't the bed stand there twelve years ago? Look! It's — *it's Moody!*"

"I can't see anybody,' said Phillips, soothingly "Come — get into bed, old chap!"

"Hush!" cried Parsons, "or he will hear us! Look—he is watching us! Hush—I'll tell you! I was going to thrash him the last night of that half—and he hid here. I was going to thrash him because he told you he was buying cigarettes for me. He hid in here. Oh, I can't bear his eyes! He is looking at me! He hid here—in the morning he was—found dead!"

"Come down to my room," said Phillips, grasping the other's arm. "Come down! You're not well."

Parsons laughed. Phillips shuddered.

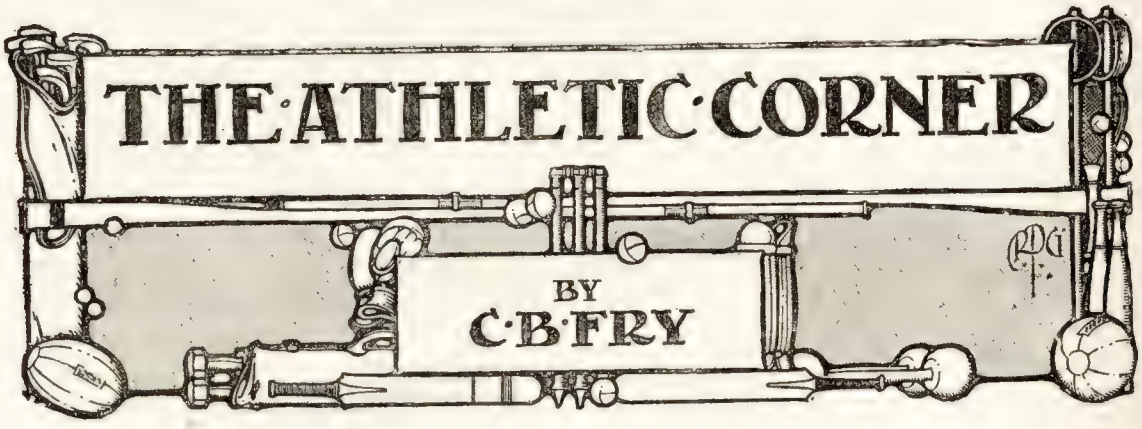
"He hid here from me . . . Nobody knew . . . I couldn't come back . . . I saw him when he was found . . . I went to India . . . I saw his face there . . . I have always seen it . . . When I had fever it looked at me all the time. . . . See—it is there now . . . He thinks I'm going to lick him . . . Look—he's coming towards me . . . Look—he's touching me!" And, with a scream of terror, Parsons fell down dead.

"SEE—IT IS THERE NOW . . . ."

There is no Top Room now at Greyhouse. The staircase leading to what was once the Top Room has been bricked up.

(THE END.)

[The concluding tale of this series will appear next month.]



GAMES THAT GIRLS CAN PLAY.

Boys stranded at home, with no male companions, are at the mercy of their sisters for athletic society. I open the subject from the male point of view because girls are never stranded at home. It may be worth while to say a few words about the games that girls can play; this, for the sake of the stranded brother.

At this time of the year the game one thinks of first is football. This may be very briefly dismissed; it is obviously not an appropriate game for girls, or for mixed games. Football matches, side against side, unless sugared to such an extent as not to be football at all, are at once too acrobatic and too rough. The lady footballers who played exhibition matches a few years ago were not exactly a success. But I must admit I have seen the game played by a mixed party, in the form of a miniature kick-about with a small-size ball, and—well, it was all right, and rather fun. I knew, too, of an ingenious youth, very fond of football, who managed to engage his sisters. He put up two goal-posts on a lawn and stretched some strawberry netting (about which the gardener said a word or two) across all but the lower 3ft. of the goal-mouth; he also put three sisters in goal behind the net, telling them to do the best they could with their feet. He then practised shooting, much to his own satisfaction; and the goalers did not seem to mind, except when he shot crooked and they had to fetch the ball. But girls do not, I think, care for football much in any shape; those that want to try it merely do so because their brothers estimate the game highly.

The games that for girls take the place of football are hockey and lacrosse. In the important girls' schools, such as St. Andrew's, Wycombe Abbey, and Roedean, which are modelled upon public-school lines, and which are an unqualified success, cricket is the summer game, and hockey and lacrosse the winter games. These three games are, I believe, each in season compulsory, and the girls are not allowed to play other games during the time assigned to them. But the girls themselves regard cricket, hockey, and lacrosse, as superior to other games, and would devote their attention chiefly to them of their own accord. The organization at these schools is excellent, and the games are properly played. The success of the new system of educating girls has killed for ever the groundless but common idea that girls cannot play games—really play them—without becoming hoydens. I defy anyone to detect the slightest difference in point of gentleness and refinement between the girls from the new schools and those formed by the older and more conventional education. The new education does not produce the New Woman, but woman essentially the same as she always is, when she is good; the novelty consists in using a process that is at once more free, more sane, and more healthy. But I digress.

Hockey is, of course, a first-rate game. Look at the good sportsmen who play it, if you are ignorant, and doubt. Mr. A. E. Stoddart, for instance, who represented England both at cricket and football, and is a scratch-golfer, regards it as a splendid and all but equal substitute for his great games. Who shall say that the confirmed hockey player is not right in claiming that his game has no superior? Really, hockey is nothing less than Association football played with sticks instead of feet. Charging barred, there is the same need of accuracy, judgment, dash, and combination, and the same

"fast and open" play in each. A celebrated American athlete I met the other day told me he admired the Association game immensely. "Such a grand, quick, free game," he said. The same criticism applies to hockey. Hockey has been brought to a high pitch of excellence by the chief clubs. As for how girls play, read this extract from the *Lorettonian*:—

I went yesterday to see the Ladies' Hockey Match—Yorkshire *v.* Lancashire. I wish you had been there. You could not wish for a faster game, or a better played. The forward combination was beautiful; but best of all was to see the girls letting themselves go with might and main into a game, just as if they were boys. The shinty we used to play at school is a muddled mob compared to this game. There was no compunction about their play, I can tell you. When one of the backs went in to stop a rush, it was a case of "Smite and spare not!" Feet, or shins, or the ball, it did not matter a rap; but they did not ever get rough over it. Is the Persian King's saying about to come true? "My men have become women and my women men."

Lorettonians know what games are, so there is no doubt girls can play hockey. Good mixed hockey, then, is clearly possible; brothers and sisters might play the game together with splendid results. But those who only know rough, elementary hockey should not join in the game till they have mastered the up-to-date rules and their application. Wild hockey is as rough as football and far more dangerous.

Lacrosse is every bit as good a game as hockey. Might one describe it as aërial hockey with no off-side rule? It is the native game of the North American Indians. Inter-tribal matches are all but battles; the squaws assist by swishing their males into dash and energy. The game is difficult, but is well played by the girls of St. Andrew's and like schools. At some schools it is made the chief game of the Easter term, hockey being played in the Christmas term; at others the two are concurrent. Where there are sufficient sisters adepts at the game there is a grand chance for them to initiate brothers; the latter, as a rule, do not know the game. But lacrosse is not widely played, and its chances as a mixed game are not very bright. However, girls have proved they can play it well. With slight modifications in the direction of rendering the game easier much might be made of it. It is worth noting that, if mixed games are played, in hockey or lacrosse the most successful arrangement is for the boys to be as far as possible confined to the defence; but, in any case, the boys should occupy more or less the same places on each side.

As for cricket, I have splendid things to say of the way girls might play this great game. To begin with, heaps of girls play cricket nowadays, and most of them are not half bad at it. Some of them are real cricketers, who not only can play, but also know a deal about the game. Of my girl correspondents, nine out of ten ask questions about cricket. One of them is a ripper; she makes runs, takes wickets, and is better up in the theory of the game than most boys. Cricket at the girls' schools is most flourishing. As in the case of hockey and lacrosse, not only inter-house but inter-school matches are played. Boys have an idea that girls' cricket is humbug. A gross error this. Girls can bat really well—a good girl player quite as well as the average boy—and, as far as I can see, there is nothing whatever to prevent girls reaching the same excellence in cricket as they have reached in hockey and golf. And, mind you, a good lady-golfer is pretty good. I used to think no girl could possibly bowl decently. I was wrong. The very nice girl in Mr. Snaith's story, "Willow the King" (and such a good story too!), is a possibility. She is a remarkable slow bowler. Now I may tell you in confidence that I have had about fifteen minutes' batting practice nearly every fine morning this winter, have learnt a good deal about playing on sticky wickets, and have been bowled out on an average once a day; and my bowler is—a "sister." And I vow I would rather have a couple of overs from her before going in to bat in a county match than from any professional; good length, slow medium, and quick off the pitch.

So, ye brothers, there is cricket practice to be had at home. As to girls' batting, I would like to say an emphatic word. It would be five times as good as it is if they were properly taught. As it is, they—and most boys, too—are taught nothing but how to play forward, and they know no other stroke. This is sheer cruelty. The things to learn are (1) how to play back at good-length balls (*vide* my articles in back numbers), (2) how to hit over-pitched balls, (3) how to pull short balls. If you doubt me, write to "Ranji," and ask his opinion. Forward play is useful, but it carries you nowhere by itself, and it is most difficult to master. Anyone, on the contrary, can learn back play in a few hours; while to hit an over-pitched ball with a free, straight bat is ever so easy, compared with correct forward play. Girl-bats are chiefly concerned with slow bowling. No great batsmen play forward at slow bowling if they can help it; they either hit with a full drive or play back. And, if you'll believe it, girls are taught not to pull slow short balls! Why, what else can be done with them? Certain fours, too, every one. Girls should be taught to watch the ball—the great secret of all good play—and to play with straight bats, except in pulling short balls. They would get runs then—simply lots.

Forward play as a refuge and a stand-by is an exploded fallacy—ye coaches, do not teach girls that to play forward correctly is the be-all and end-all of batting; the error is ruination. Brothers, you can make good bats of your sisters if you try, and good bowlers, too. The advantage of the latter accomplishment is obvious. But the cricket advice I see sometimes given in girls' magazines almost makes me weep. By the way, all girls with any sense wear gymnastic clothes, nowadays, for cricket. You cannot play cricket in a long voluminous skirt; I have tried, just to see—you really cannot.

Golf is, all round, I think, the best game there is for girls. It is a game of the first rank, and it can be played by quite grown-up girls, and for a long time after that stage of growth is reached. Hockey, lacrosse, and cricket, with all their merits, are better games for schoolgirls than for grown-ups. The degree of excellence some ladies have attained in golf proves that the game is completely within the power of their sex; and there is nothing in the game to offend even the old-world sense of feminine fitness. The apprenticeship is rather long and arduous, but the prize of proficiency is well worth striving for. If any girl told me she was fond of out-door games and sports, and asked me which she had better take up, I should tell her:—Golf as a game, fly-fishing as a sport. Single-handed golf matches between men and women are not much good, though, of course, not to be despised—on men's links the man's driving upsets the balance, and on a ladies' links the holes are generally too short. The best mixed golf is a foursome on full-sized links. It may be mentioned that the best lady golfers are almost perfect in their short approaching and putting; they have a fineness of "touch" rarely possessed by even the best men players. Brothers cannot do their sisters a greater kindness than to teach them the sound rudiments of golf.

In conclusion, I should like to say that modern croquet—not the old bang-about, but modern croquet—demands a high degree of skill and knowledge, and is a grand game. People who despise croquet are simply ignorant. Also, I may add, that mixed doubles at lawn tennis ar always spoilt if the men play consistently to beat the opposite lady. All mixed games call for a certain tact. *Verb. sap.*

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. Stewart.—In Law 8 it is expressly stated that the goal-keeper may be changed during the game, but notice of such change must first be given to the referee. Therefore, a captain may change his goaler as often as he likes, provided he notifies as the law directs. If he wishes to make a temporary alteration for a penalty kick, there is nothing to prevent him. But why? Surely the usual goaler, having most experience in the position, is the most likely man on a side to save the situation. Law 15 lays it down expressly that the goal-keeper may not advance more than 6yds. from the goal-line. He may do what rushing he likes within this limit. The blowing of the whistle does not suspend the operation of this law. Why should it? I am glad to answer your questions, the more so because to judge from the size of my budget. Christmas books seem to monopolize the market just now. But, friend, why do you not read the laws of the game? They are not perfect (*vide* the sporting press *passim*) but they are fairly explicit. **D. G. G. B.**—Leather cricket-bags do not, as far as I know, need oil. Mine has existed in a portable and useful condition for just ten years without it; and its career is by no means over. Of course, linseed oil imparts a deeper hue to leather; so does harness or brown-boot polish. The last, for choice. Varicose veins are a plague. Many first-class athletes suffer from them. You should let a doctor see them. If they are not bad he will probably tell you to wear an elastic stocking while playing. If they are bad, he will want to cut them out. I do not know whether cold water is detrimental to varicose veins. Be wise and consult a doctor, and follow his advice. **Novice.**—(1) Running shoes made of thin leather with a thin leather sole furnished with spikes are far superior to rubber shoes. The latter are really a handicap on grass tracks; better run with bare feet. (2) No, a short walk is all you should do the day before sports. Individuals differ in the matter of sleep. Be in bed by 10.30 p.m., and out of it by 7.30 a.m. Then you'll do. **Graham Skillen.**—Glad to hear from you again. No reason whatever why you should not arrange your exercises as you propose. Mind, though, not to overdo the game. By all means practise with a stone of 5lbs. or 8lbs., but a roundish lump of metal is preferable. Bad luck missing the soldiers! No doubt you like Canada better. But I fancy you are the sort that is fairly happy anywhere. Best wishes to you. **Wigan.**—No man by taking thought can prophesy another's eventual cubits. But I fancy you'll end a six-footer. That is, if you neither smoke nor drink, nor do anything else deleterious. Your figures prove you an extra well-grown specimen. Yes; I think His Highness might oblige. Tell him you are a friend of mine, and enclose a post-card addressed to yourself, with a piece of paper gummed on to receive the signature. **C. E. L.** (Tongala).—The professional you mention has a sports shop, I think, but the amateur is in a firm of wine merchants. Your letter interested me much; it was kind of you to write it and to send a jolly Christmas card. The chap that bowls to you and to the office-boy is clearly a rattling good sort. Perhaps I shall meet you and him and the office-boy some day. I hope I shall. That tie-match was certainly very bad luck indeed. You would likely have won with one more ball. But if it was time the umpire was quite correct. Most likely you will bang out-grow your ill-health and turn out a big strong man—like Sammy Woods. You might write again some time, and tell me how you are getting on. The Captain regards with favour the kind of boy you appear to be.

C. B. F.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret. The Commander-in-chief then forges a letter in the rescued man's handwriting, in which, supposing himself about to be drowned, he bids farewell to King Waterbottle. Placing the letter in a bottle, the Commander-in-Chief deposits the bottle on the beach. In the morning it is discovered there by the islanders, who loudly mourn the death of the King's brother. That night the Chancellor drugs the King and his brother, and changes them about, laying Augustus Waterbottle (the brother) in the King's bed, and hiding the King in a cellar. On the following morning Hag Haggety and Buzzie restore the occupant of the King's bed to consciousness by pouring boiling hot coffee down his throat—and discover, by the colour of his eyes, that he is an impostor. Buzzie faints away on discovering that the man is not her betrothed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARMY MEETS WITH A REVERSE.

"WHAT a peck of troubles!" moaned Hag Haggety, laying Buzzie's inanimate form on the floor. "There, poor darling! rest like that a bit while I fetch something to bring you round."

And she toddled off to her medicine cupboard in the other room.

Hag Haggety had not been gone a minute, when Augustus Waterbottle sat up, yawned, blinked, and looked about him.

"Well, I nevah!" he ejaculated; "what peculiah quartahs!"

Proceeding to take further stock of his surroundings, his eye fell on Buzzie. Force of habit caused him to feel for his eye-glass; but he couldn't find it, the Chancellor having annexed it on the previous evening. "Doocid strange—doocid—ah—wum! I wemembah being washed off that howwid wet deck into the howwid wet sea, and the next thing I remembah was waking up and finding myself with two old fossils who looked as if they'd walked out of a pantomime. I now awake to find—now who on earth is *this?*"

For at that moment Hag returned. The two treated each other to a long stare.

"Good morning!" said Augustus Waterbottle, thinking it best to be polite. "Delightful weathah!"

"How d'you feel?" roughly demanded Hag, bending over him.

"With the exception of a most unusual warmth in my—ah—my intewiah, I feel very well indeed, thank you."

Hag smiled grimly. Small wonder he felt warm in the interior!

Hag sat down on the bed.

"Now, look you here, young man—before I feteh that young lady out of her swoon just you tell me who you are and what brings you here. You're not King Waterbottle!"

"I have every reason to—ah—to believe," he replied, "that my name is Waterbottle, and that I am King of a place called Kingland."

"It's a lie!" screamed Hag. "You don't talk like the King. You don't talk quite like a gentleman, but as if you wished to be taken for one."

"You are a vewy wude old woman," said Augustus. "I think you had better go away and not ask me any more questions. And please take—ah—take that young person away, too."

Hag raised Buzzie from the floor, and half-lifted, half-dragged her out of the room. She had just deposited the girl on her own bed, when there was a tramp of feet outside, and the Army marched into the Palace—without knocking.

It was accompanied by the Lord Chancellor and the Commander-in-Chief.

"Halt!" cried the last-named.

The Army halted badly. There was not an atom of smartness in the way it obeyed the order. Corporal Job Jones, after his overnight acrobatics, looked exceedingly careworn; the islanders, too, in arresting him, had closed up one of his eyes and broken his nose. Private Tear appeared to be a little damaged, for when Corporal Jones fell on a man he generally left a *souvenir* of his weight behind him in the shape of a broken rib or some internal injury. Private Hooligan also seemed a little out of joint, Major So-So having dropped on him heavily when he was dispatched on his aërial journey by Mr. Jones. Altogether, the Army was not in its best fighting form, by any means.

Hag surveyed her visitors with scorn.

"Thank you for coming in to see me," she said, "its the same way out, I may tell you."

"Mrs. Haggety," said the Chancellor, "a word with you."

"A hundred thousand if you like," was Hag's obliging reply.

"My business," continued the Chancellor, "is to demand your reason for tampering with, firstly, his Majesty the King——"

"Long live the King!" cried the Army, very feebly.

"Secondly, with my wife——"

"Long live the Lord Chancellor's wife!" cheered the Army (by order).

"She's lived a good long time already," remarked Hag, "although she says she's only thirty-three."

"Thirdly, with my daughter——"

"Long live the Lord Chancellor's daughter!" was the Army's weak cry.

"You don't mention the poor child's *father*," Hag sarcastically observed to the soldiers.

"Long live the good Lord Chancellor!" bawled the Army.

"Please keep those men quiet," the Chancellor testily requested the Commander-in-Chief. The Commander-in-Chief cuffed the head of the man nearest to him, and said, "Pass it on!" Each man passed on the cuff with spiteful vigour (for the Army was feeling very ill-tempered), but when Corporal Job Jones received his cuff, he promptly floored the man who cuffed him—poor little Private Tear, to wit.

"Jones!" exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief, "how dare you!"

"'E shouldn't 'it me on my bad ear, then, retorted the Corporal sullenly.

"Consider yourself confined to barracks for a week!" thundered the Commander-in-Chief.

"Oh, orl right!" said Corporal Jones, "if it's to be that, I leave the Army. Fust I'm given summut in my sleep, which makes me feel as it I'd swallowed a volcany—I wish I noo 'oo done it!—then I'm bound with cords and sat on, and then I'm 'it over my bad ear by a bit of a boy 'oo never ought to have joined the Army as long as there was a perambulater to wheel! After that I'm confined to barracks—no fear, Commander, I leave, that's what I do! I'm tired of such a silly game!"

"Keep him in a good temper," hastily whispered the Chancellor. "We want all our troops—can't spare a man."

"Jones," said the Commander-in-Chief, "I have decided to look over your offence for this once. I forgot that you were not feeling well. Private Tear," he added, glaring at the Corporal's castigator, "why didn't you remember that Jones had a bad ear?"

"I—d-don't know," whimpered poor little Tear. "I d-don't want to be a soldier any more. I'd much rather go home and t-take the washing round."

"Or the baby out for a walk," added Hag Haggety.

The Chancellor now saw his way to create a diversion.

"Seize that woman!" he cried, pointing at Hag.

"Seize her, men!" added the Commander-in-Chief, drawing his sword. He did not, however, take his place at the head of the gallant band. If anything, he edged away from Hag, who was looking dangerous.

"Altogether," cried the Chancellor, encouragingly, "go for her altogether! Go on!—double beer for a month if you succeed! Take her—dead or alive!"

The Army roused up a little at the mention of "beer." After all, thought the Army, it was only a feeble old woman, not a man.

Hag, however, was before them in her assault. Hurrying to her medicine cupboard, she plucked from the bottom shelf a large jar. It was the work of a moment to snatch a handful of brown powder out of the jar and fling it in the faces of the soldiers. Another handful was divided between the Lord Chancellor and the Commander in-Chief.

"Seize her—" began the Chancellor, "seize her—seize—a—a—tish—atish—ATISHOO!!"

It was snuff!

"Be brave," yelled the Commander-in-Chief, waving his sword, "be—be—a—a—tish—atish—ATISHOO!!!"

"It's only an old woman," said the Chancellor, wiping his eyes, "only an o—o—a—a—a—tish—ATISHOO!!!"

"SO MUCH FOR THE ARMY!" CRIED HAG, MAKING A TRIUMPHANT EXIT.

And simultaneously the Army gave a gigantic "ATISHOO!!!"

"We would," replied Job Jones, "if we c—c—a—a—tish—atish—ATISHOO!!!"

"It's our noses that stop us," whimpered Private Tear. "We can't help sn—sn—a—a—tish—atish—ATISHOO!!!"

"Gineral, darling," said Private Hooligan, speaking-very-quickly-to-get-it-all-out-before-the-next-sneeze, "It's me eyes is full av sn—sn—sn—a—a—tish—atish—ATISHOO!!!"

And all the Army again said "ATISHOO!!!"

The Commander-in-Chief, taken by a paroxysm of sneezing, brandished his sword irresponsibly and very nearly cut off Corporal Job Jones' head. The corporal warded off the blow with his poleaxe and knocked the sword out of his superior officer's hand. Then he leaned against the wall, and gave himself up to sneezing.

Meanwhile, Hag supplied them liberally with snuff, flinging it at them with well directed aim, and keeping them sneezing until they were so exhausted that they would have found it difficult to arrest a fly.

"So much for the Army!" cried Hag, making a triumphant exit.

The hurricane of sneezing gradually subsided. As, at the end of a display of fireworks, you may sometimes see a left-over squib fizzing its little heart out all by itself, so, on this occasion, Private Tear had a quiet, final sneeze after the others had finished. He looked apologetically round, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, my nose is more susceptible than your noses—pray excuse it!" Whatever he did or said, it is a fact that nobody took any notice of him or his last little "atishoo!"

For some minutes after the tickling in his nostrils had ceased, Corporal Job Jones stood with his mouth expectantly open—quite decided in his own mind that Hag Haggety was a witch. It may be added that this opinion was shared by the whole Army.

Private Hooligan slowly wiped his eyes with his coat sleeve, and remarked: "Bhoys, can ye tell me whither the back of me head's in the front or the front av it at the back?"

Being stone-deaf he did not wait for an answer, but went to Hag's looking-glass to see if his helmet was on straight—for he was the dandy of the Army and very particular about his appearance.

By the looking-glass there was a curtain, and behind this curtain was situated Hag Haggety's couch. A sudden agitation of the curtain attracted Mr. Hooligan's attention. Mr. Hooligan (still busily arranging his helmet) watched the curtain sideways.

Then there came an exclamation:

"Oh! where am I? What has happened?"

The curtain was pulled aside, and Buzzie—pale and trembling—stood before the Army.

"So *there* you are, my love!" cried Major So-So, striding towards her. "This is well met indeed."

What with the scalding his face had received at Hag's hands, and what with the sneezing, and what with the battering he had been treated to on the previous night by his comrade-in-arms, the major did not look quite the sort of man to put a maid's heart in a flutter.

"Go away!" cried Buzzie. "I hate you!"

"No more nonsense!" cried the major; "you are mine, and mine you shall remain."

Buzzie's frightened eyes glanced from face to face—looking for a friend. The Chancellor showed his green teeth in a grin of spite; the Commander-in-Chief surveyed her with contempt; Private Tear gaped foolishly at her and felt for his moustache. But as he hadn't got one, he stroked his upper lip instead. The other soldiers—with the exception of Corporal Job Jones, who, with his mouth open, was still waiting for another sneeze to come—shrugged their shoulders in a way that plainly said: "It's no business of ours."

Stay—there was one man who looked as if he would befriend a helpless woman. Private Hooligan was of Irish descent, and everybody knows that an Irishman prides himself on his gallantry in all matters pertaining to the fair sex.

"Save me!" cried Buzzie, darting behind Mr. Hooligan.

"Begorra, but it's a purty little bird!" he exclaimed. "Ah, me darling, what is the matter? Tell be arl about it!"

And with the best intentions in the wur-r-ld, he slipped his arm round Buzzie's waist. Although he could not hear a word she said, he could see that his services, as a gentleman, were needed.

"If you please," said Buzzie, tearfully, "that horrid man wants me to marry him. But I am engaged to the King——"

"Long live the——" began the other soldiers, more from force of habit than because they wanted poor Waterbottle to live a long time.

"Silence, dogs!" thundered the Commander-in-Chief. There was a sullen murmur.

"'Oo are you callin' a dog?" inquired Corporal Jones, who had at last closed his mouth. "Call me a dog again, and I leave!"

"Come, Hooligan, no more of this tom-foolery," said the Chancellor. "So-So is quite right—the girl does belong to him."

Hooligan understood his officer's gestures.

"Do you?" he asked Buzzie.

"No!" said Buzzie, emphatically, "I do not."

"Well," said Hooligan, who had watched her lips shape the negative, "she ought to know best, my lord. There's no forced marriages in Kingland, my lord, or bedad! I'd marry her mesilf!"

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't," said Buzzie, "you are too good and generous to do that, sir."

The other soldiers laughed hoarsely. The idea of Hooligan's being good and generous had never occurred to them before. But Buzzie's distress had touched the Irishman. He did not know why the others were so amused—but he guessed it was at his expense.

"Its larfin' ye are, ye spalpeens! I'll make some of ye larf out er the back of yer necks if ye don't be careful. Now, my dear, the matter can be easily settled. The King is in the other room—he will say whether you belong to him or not."

"He announced our betrothal in the market-place, before all the people!" cried Buzzie.

"It is not quite usual," sneered the Chancellor, "for the King of Kingland to announce his betrothal in the market-place. However, the question can soon be settled. I will myself go to the King, and inquire of him whether your statement is correct."

"As the young lady is in rather a ork'ard position, my lord," said Hooligan, "perhaps I'd better see her home?"

"Certainly not," returned the Chancellor, "let her sit down and wait."

"But the King is *not* in there!" cried Buzzie, frantic with terror. "It is a man just like him, but not the King."

"The young woman is mad," said the Lord Chancellor, "I advise you to guard her closely."

And with this he went into the inner room.

CHAPTER X

WHY THE CHANCELLOR CHUCKLED.

When Hag Haggety, taking Buzzie with her, had retired to her own part of the palace,

Augustus Waterbottle, with that equanimity of temperament which characterised all his actions, turned over and went to sleep again. If a King, thought he, couldn't have as long a sleep as he liked, who could?

He awoke to find a strange figure, in robes and a wig, leaning over him.

"Hullo, why it's the pantomime gentleman again!" exclaimed Augustus. "Vewy effective make-up, must say. Wather odd he should wear it all this way from Dwuwy Lane, though!"

"I do not care to know what a pantomime is," said the Lord Chancellor, "but I should like to hear when your Majesty would be pleased to start murdering. I have a cabman in prison whom your Majesty might begin with."

"Eh?—muwdewing!" exclaimed Augustus, sitting up.

"In the English newspapers I have seen," explained the Chancellor, "it seems that English gentlemen—and kings, I presume—set booby-traps by day, and murder by night."

Augustus stopped half-way through a guffaw. "What English newspaper have you been weading, may I ask?"

"It is called," said the Chancellor with dignity, "*Snippity Snimkins*. Its price is a halfpenny, and it comes out once a week. On the outside are pictures of Englishmen amusing themselves by playing practical jokes, while inside are to be found illustrations of Englishmen in a more tragic mood—killing each other, etc."

Augustus restrained his mirth, as he said:—"I will begin muwdewing this afternoon. You can bwing the cabman here, and leave an axe handy. I pwefer to do it with an axe."

The Chancellor shuddered.

"Is murdering an occupation generally followed by the highly-educated in England?" he inquired.

"Well, I won't go so far as to say that," replied Augustus, "the young gentlemen who came into my shop at Eton banged each other about a largish bit, but they stopped short of actual killing."

"Did you say your *shop?*" demanded the Chancellor.

"Yes, I— ah— I was a hairdwesser," said Augustus.

"But I understood from your brother," said the Chancellor, "that you went to England to be *educated* at Heton and Hoxford."

"That was Jack's *kid*," laughed Augustus, forgetting to assume his fashionable drawl, "he was having you on."

"Then you weren't educated at those places?"

"I was—in hairdressing. I followed a lot of my patrons from Eton to Oxford." The smile had vanished from the Chancellor's face. So, after all, this was only a make-believe gentleman—no better, really, than Waterbottle himself. He was disappointed on this tack—now for the other!

"Do you," he inquired, "murder much?"

"Of course not," roared Augustus. "That must have been a comic paper—sort of thing street-boys read. The murdering parts were simply illustrations to stories. You must be a simple old boy to have got hold of *that* pig by the tail."

"He is even a *vulgar* young man when he drops into his natural way of talking," thought the Chancellor. "Dear, dear me! What a trouble all for nothing! Never mind! I will keep him on the throne. That other Waterbottle I will never forgive for all his insults. I will keep him in my cellar for the rest of his days. I'll go and tell him so, too——"

"By the way," said Augustus, breaking in on the Chancellor's cogitations, "what's become of my little brother?"

"I regret to inform you," said the Chancellor, pretending to wipe away a tear, "that your brother was drowned whilst endeavouring to swim out to save you from the wreck."

"What—Jack drowned! What—my brother drowned?"

"Yes, it is the sad truth!" said the Chancellor, producing his handkerchief.

Augustus was silent. To come back to the island of his birth and receive such sad news as a start-off was indeed disheartening. Poor old Jack! Many and many a game had they played on that beach—many a swim enjoyed together in boyhood's happy days. And now he was gone—poor Jack!

"I ought to tell your Majesty," added the Chancellor, speaking in a lower tone, "that the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, one of his staff—Major So-so—and myself are the only persons who are aware of your arrival. Your brother was on the beach with us when your ship was going to pieces on the rocks. Nobody else was there. Now, your Majesty ought to know that your Majesty's brother was very popular among the islanders. If I was to tell them he was drowned whilst endeavouring to save you there would probably be a riot—for they would not believe me—and I fear your Majesty's life would be in danger. So, for the present, I wish you to impersonate your brother—to act as if you were he—and let everything go on as before. You are exactly alike. I will coach you carefully to play the part. Nobody need be any the wiser. See, here are your brother's clothes——"

"No—hang it!—I can't wear poor old Jack's

togs," cried Augustus. "I couldn't! And I don't like your suggestion, old man—and what's more I won't pretend I am Jack!"

"Then," thundered the Lord Chancellor, "your blood be on your own head! The islanders will assassinate you to a certainty—you have no idea what a lawless crew they are!"

"HA! HA! YOU'RE CAGED, MY FINE BIRD!"

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Augustus, uneasily.

"Worse—they'll kill me as well!" returned the Chancellor.

Augustus reflected.

"I must think this over," he said at length, "it's a deucedly awkward situation for a man to be placed in. I wish I'd never come back. Meanwhile, can't you lend me some clothes?"

"You must wear your brother's I am afraid," said the Chancellor; "it's not very nice, but there's no help for it. And now I will leave you to dress. Remember—your life depends on your discretion!"

The Chancellor lifted his hand warningly, bowed, and quitted the royal bed-room. On rejoining the others in the hall his eye fell on Buzzie.

"Oh—the girl's yours, Major So-so," he said, proceeding towards the street-door. "The King declares her tale to be a pack of lies. He is not engaged to her, and says that you are quite welcome to marry her."

As the Chancellor hurried into the street he heard Buzzie scream. He guessed Major So-so was claiming his bride with a strong hand, and so proceeded on his way home, feeling quite satisfied.

Arrived at his house, the Chancellor walked gaily into the kitchen. Seizing the crowbar he used for that purpose, the Chancellor jammed down the spring which worked the stone trap-door. It flew up, disclosing the cellar beneath.

King Waterbottle had recovered from his drugging, and was seated on a wooden bench. It would be hard to describe the abject misery and hopelessness of his position. He was in the demoniacal Chancellor's grasp—there was no chance of escape. He had lost his crown; worse than that, he had lost Buzzie.

The Chancellor lay down on the floor, so that only his head protruded over the opening.

"Ha, ha!" he cried, as Waterbottle looked up at him; "I've got you this time. You're caged, my fine bird, *caged!*"

And the Chancellor chuckled gleefully.

(To be concluded.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

BRITAIN'S philatelist-royal, the Hon. President of the London Philatelic Society, H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G., is about to visit Australasia, that most magnificent of ocean steamships, the *Ophir*, being entrusted with the welfare of the royal party. That the Duke is more than a stamp collector in name is fully assured, for he takes a keen interest in his stamps, and does not, as so many of our newspapers persist in asserting, contemplate selling his collection.

At the great London Philatelic Exhibition of 1897 the Duke of York visited the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, where the exhibition was being held, twice, and on one occasion was accompanied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

As evidence of the keen interest the Duke of York takes in actual collecting, an incident which occurred during the royal tour of the galleries is noteworthy. The Duchess of York was examining an exhibit of the stamps of Canada, noticing especially the variety of 1851, bearing an excellent portrait of the late Prince Consort. Expressing her astonishment that the late Prince Consort's portrait appeared on the stamps, the Duchess turned to the Duke and inquired if he possessed a copy in his collection. Upon which, with a smile, the Duke of York remarked, "Yes"; adding that it was the 12d. of the same issue he lacked. The Prince Consort stamp is worth, used, about £1; the 12d. black anything under £75!

The royal visit to Australasia is being made at the right time, for, as referred to in my last article, January 1st, 1901, witnessed the consolidation of these important colonies under one federated Government, involving changes not alone political, but philatelic.

Hence our text this month is very appropriate, being taken from the 2½d. New South Wales stamp of the 1891 issue.

Less than ten years ago—about six years—a financial depression made itself felt throughout the Australian Colonies, the philatelic results of which soon became evident in London by the number of Australian collections upon the market. "Sydney Views," or the first issue of New South Wales, which had hitherto risen by leaps and bounds from shillings to pounds, were flooding the auctions, and were obtainable for a mere song. Those with spare cash kept them, and wisely. The depression is past, Imperial Federation is an accomplished fact, commercial prosperity for the Orient colonies is assured, and once again philatelic eyes are upon Australian stamps, and they are booming! "Sydney Views" are no longer to languish without the album, but these varieties, and even the latest issues in addition, bid fair to increase in interest *and* value.

I have so often urged my pupils to give special attention to the stamps of the British Empire, that I think most readers of THE CAPTAIN must have fairly bulky pages in these portions of their Albums; anyway, as one cannot prove this by ocular demonstration, my advice for this lecture is to centralize in urging all readers to, as rapidly as possible, fill out their vacant spaces in the issues of the Australian Colonies during the past ten or fifteen years. Most of them are to be picked up used for a small sum each; but good, clean, and perfect copies should prove an investment, if purchased at a reasonable sum under present catalogue value.

I would especially remind collectors of the New Zealand pictorial issue of 1898. This handsome series of stamps was printed in London, and when completed the stamps, with the plates, were forwarded to the colony. A short time afterwards fresh impressions were taken from the plates locally, resulting in a complex variety of perforations and shades. Then the low values were exchanged in colours, etc., and, at the time of writing, altogether a new issue is in preparation, particulars of which will be found under "New Issues." The various varieties of this issue should some day be classified and priced according to rarity. The error "Wakitipu" instead of "Wakatipu" is not likely to become rare, but as an interesting relic is worth 6d. unused.

Queensland has been tinkering with her stamps ever since 1890—at least eight distinct ½d. stamps alone having been issued in ten years. Reference to an up-to-date catalogue will show an astonishing number of varieties of all the values, from ½d. to 1s., in the issues named. Most of these can be picked up for a small sum; it is well worth an attempt to complete all issues since 1890, in view of coming events. Young collectors would do well to

concentrate their attention on the stamps of all the British Colonies subsequent to 1890.

MAFEKING STAMPS.—WHAT ARE THEY WORTH?

It takes a long time for reliable philatelic news to travel from South Africa, and we are only now receiving accurate information regarding the famous Mafeking stamps—the talk of all and the envy of many. When first the news arrived that provisional stamps had been issued in the beleaguered town, excitement began to be manifested, and this rose to fever heat on the receipt of certain post-marked specimens of the stamps; but the revelations of Mr. A. H. Stamford, in the *London Philatelist*, the organ of the London Philatelic Society, are calculated to put a different aspect on the much bolstered-up provisionals, and tend to show that after all the coveted treasures are the fruit of speculation.

Naturally, British boys and their elders are desirous of having interesting stamps to show to their friends, and in any ordinary case nothing could exceed the interest attaching to issues of the Mafeking order. As it is, it behoves us to speak plainly, and warn young and old against these exhorbitant relics of war, the value (?) of which is fixed by those who hold the wires of the stamp market at the right end. There must be thousands of Mafeking stamps, both unused and used, somewhere. Large, very large, quantities—according to Mr. Stamford's information—were issued, and every stamp was bought up, prior to the raising of the seige! The state of the besieged was such that single letters could scarcely leave the town. Where, then, could be the use for a total of 61,434 stamps?

The stamp market is necessarily governed by the law of supply and demand, and no fault can be found with stamp collecting while this method of buying and selling legitimate Government issues prevails; but it is no recommendation of philately for the juniors to know, that for selfish and sordid interests, stamp collecting is being relegated to a mere speculator's gamble, the tables of which are controlled by a few who play the game for what it puts into their pockets. The writer speaks from the standpoint of a collector, and also from long experience. He warns young collectors to eschew any desires after these "immense rarities," the estimated values of which are visionary and ephemeral.

An excellent article upon the Mafeking boom appears in "*Stamps*" for November, and those desiring further information are advised to send for the paper to Mr F. L. Heygate, Rushden, R.S.O. Price, 2½

REVIEW.

THE NEW A.B.C. CATALOGUE.

Messrs. Bright & Son have reached a new, the fourth, edition of their well-known "A.B.C. Catalogue." This is the only single-volume catalogue published, which lists *all* varieties, including envelopes, wrappers, and postcards. The present edition runs to 850 pages, with over 5,000 excellent illustrations, and includes, in addition to the usual values for unused and used specimens, a wealth of information indispensable to collectors, young and old. The price is but 2s.6d. nett, and at this figure we can recommend the new "A.B.C." as being all that a collector can need. The marvel is how Messrs. Bright & Son can produce the book at the price. The following quotation from the Preface will be read with interest, and, we trust, duly digested.

> We may here state that, while no objection can be raised against the legitimate issue of new stamps, we are of the opinion that unnecessary issues have lately been alarmingly frequent, which entails a continual drain upon the pockets of both Collectors and members of the Trade, while it simply serves to enrich the coffers of impecunious petty Governments and Corporations. This has disgusted many Collectors, and in a large number of instances has caused their withdrawal from an active interest in Philately. We must respectfully point out that this class of "stuff" would not be produced if it did not sell well enough to make the game pay. It is, therefore, entirely in Collectors own hands as to whether the nuisance shall cease. At present it is a great danger to our hobby.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

Corea.—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, have sent me a new set of stamps, one value of which I illustrate. There are seven varieties in all, each differing in minor respects. The values are expressed in "re" and "chinn," there being ten re to one chinn, and 100 chinn are equal to 2s. of English money. Colours: 2 re grey, 1 chinn green, 2 chinn pale blue, 3 chinn dull red, 4 chinn carmine, 5 chinn pink, 6 chinn blue.

COREA.

Dominican Republic.—Some time back our Dominican friends were jubilating over the discovery, real or imaginary, of Columbus' bones. Evidently there is an impression that the Republic might be overlooked in our geographies, for they have issued a map stamp, the design of

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

which is illustrated. The values are five: ¼c. blue, ½c. pink, 1c. grey, 2c. green, 5c. brown.

GREECE. — The surcharges alluded to last month are multiplying *ad nauseam*. A fresh batch has arrived, some of which are overprinted with the enigmatical letters "A.M.," which is said to designate them as parcels stamps.

JAPAN.

INDIA. — More new colours: 3 pies grey, ½ anna yellow-green.

JAPAN.—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, have sent me a new value, which I illustrate: 1½ sen grey.

MOROCCO (German). — Here is another addition to German Colonial issues, the current stamps of the German Empire being surcharged "Marocco," and new value in "centimos." The surcharge is in black on all values. 3pf. brown, 5pf. green, 10pf. carmine, 20pf. blue, 25pf. black and orange on yellow, 30pf. black and red on buff.

MOROCCO.

NEW ZEALAND. — The *Melbourne Argus* announces that the Government of New Zealand has commissioned the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, to design the new penny stamp which is to inaugurate the adoption of universal penny postage. The design is described as being emblematical of New Zealand diffusing the benefits of cheap postage throughout the world.

NORTHERN NIGERIA.—An illustration of the new stamps is given herewith. These stamps do not, I find, supersede the Niger Coast stamps, but are for use in the northern portions of the late Niger Company's territories.

NORTHERN NIGERIA

ORANGE RIVER COLONY.—The current ½d. green Cape of Good Hope stamp has been overprinted "Orange River Colony" in black.

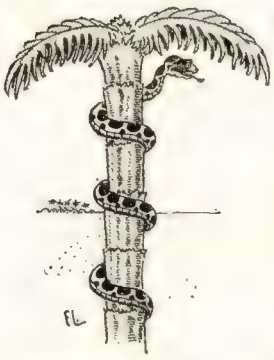
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. Butler.—Thanks for your letter, but I doubt your anticipations of rarity will not be realized this side of one hundred years! The Swiss jubilee labels are postage stamps, I admit, but there was absolutely no need for their issue; they are therefore speculative and unnecessary. **Connie Wilkie** wishes to know of someone who would receive unlimited numbers of common stamps. This is a large order, and Connie does not say whether they are to be given away or for sale. If the former, I can put her into communication with about 50,000 philatelic readers of THE CAPTAIN. If the latter, I fear there are few purchasers, as very common stamps are only worth so much per sack. **C. Medrington** asks the value of a Hong Kong jubilee stamp, unused. It is worth about 2s., and less used. **"Collector."**—I regret that it is not possible for me to value stamps which are imperfectly described to me by letter. **J. A. McSweeny.** — There is no such stamp as an English (you ought to say British) halfpenny blue. See reply to "Collector." **T. G. H.** has a stamp which has a water-mark which is indistinct, which he thinks might be soaked in benzine, which he thinks might damage it, which would be disastrous, both to the stamp and himself, in which I quite concur! "T. G. H.," nevertheless, need not fear that the benzine will hurt the specimen. The operation should be quite bewhiching! Pinch, please. **"Jumbo."**—I have no time to sit on the doorstep of 12, Burleigh Street, and wait for letters to come in, nor can I guarantee replies by return of post. **Brisbane Girl.** — Yes; Queensland stamps *are* pretty and interesting, especially the early design. The later issues have been spoilt by frequent tinkering of the dies. The large 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. stamps are among the prettiest issued. Glad you like THE CAPTAIN. **"Mafeking."**— You will see elsewhere what I think of the Mafeking stamps. Others think differently, and are willing to pay for them. **F. H. Wilson.**—You cannot do better than write to the Circus Stamp Co., who have just issued their new price list. The prices are very low, especially for South African issues. See advertisement. **T. G. Philpot.**—1, 2s. 6d.; 2, 4d.; 3, 1d.; 4, 1s.; 5, 9d; 6, 5s.

Next month Mr. Gooch's article will be entitled:

"ALL ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN STAMPS."

Don't miss this article. Plate numbers, watermarks, etc., will be fully described



THE false dawn had scarcely flushed the sky when a voice called me: "Sahib, awake! We must start early, for the day will soon grow hot, and the jungle is far off."

I didn't like to leave my bed, which was placed on the lawn behind the bungalow, for the morning hours brought the refreshing sleep that was denied me during the hot night. But a day with Jungly the Bird-catcher was a treat not to be missed, and it had taken no small bribe to induce this solitude-loving individual to let me accompany him on his rambles in the jungle.

The creature before me was a ragged, unwashed, low-caste Hindoo, but he had the charm of living a life as free as the birds of the air. So free, indeed, was he from the restraints of civilisation, its manners and customs, that he was known in the bazaars as "Jungly," *i.e.*, the Wild Man.

In his hand he held a number of bamboos, tied together much in the fashion of the chimney-sweep's bundle. The different pieces fitted together making one long bamboo—this was his lime-rod, with which he caught his birds. At his side hung a large canvas bag, in which he generally stowed away his loot, and in which you might find anything from a young mongoose to a crocodile's egg.

We were soon upon our way.

After the false dawn the sky had grown dark again. Soon, however, the first sunbeams stretched like the rays of a search-light from horizon to zenith, and the sky quickly filled with birds, mostly the green parrot, which sets out early to its favourite feeding grounds, fifty or sixty miles away. They fly in large flocks, their green plumage looking like gems flashing across the rose-pink sky.

Our way to the jungle lay beside the course of a river, with long stretches of sand on either bank. Jungly's sharp eyes soon detected some moving objects ahead, and, telling me to follow his example, he got down on his hands and knees, and crawled forward noiselessly, hiding in the thick furze bushes that lined the sandy track. At last we came to a spot whence we could see a large number of river turtles, or tortoise, busy digging pits in the sand; others were shovelling sand into similar pits where they had already laid their eggs. Jungly told me he had found as many as 300 eggs in one pit. Fortunately, the turtle does not have to provide food for her large family, else she would have a tremendous task on her hands.

We carefully avoided disturbing them, and after Jungly had made a few marks for private reference on some of the furze bushes, we continued on our way. We were soon in the thick of the jungle, and the air was full of the song of birds. Jungly understood their language like one of themselves. I had often heard this said of the bird-catchers, and determined to question him.

"What a noise those babblers are making in that mimosa tree!" I remarked.

"Yes; they have just killed a dhamin snake that tried to get at their eggs," he replied, hardly looking in the direction of the tree.

The simple, matter-of-fact way in which he said this so surprised me that I turned to go towards the tree to see whether he was right.

"Take care," he added. "The snake is not yet quite dead."

Now from where we stood the intervening bushes were so thick that it was impossible to see anything at the foot of the tree, so this piece of information astonished me more than ever. Having forced myself through the bushes that grew between, I came to the foot of the tree, and there lay a large dhamin, or whip snake, almost 6ft. long, in the throes of death, its head and body being torn and punctured by the sharp bills of the babblers.

"However could you know all that, Jungly?" I asked, when I got back to where I left him.

"It is very simple, sahib," said he; "also I can tell you the snake you found was nearly 6ft. long."

"Tell me how it was possible to understand that from the birds' talk," I said.

"This way, sahib. The babblers, or seven sisters, have a quick, loud cry when they see a snake, quite different from their other alarm cries; at least, I can tell the difference. Just now, when you noticed the hubbub, most of it was just the chatter of excitement that follows some danger they have escaped. Some gave a cluck of satisfaction, that meant they were now quite safe, and many were cleaning their bills against the bark, which proved they had been using them. Every now and then some would give the alarm cry of 'snake'; that is because the snake was not quite dead, but still writhing. At another season the babblers would have only flown about and screamed if they had seen a snake; but you see there are several nests in the tree, and the snake knew it was the time for eggs; so it must have a fight to the finish."

THE LIMED ROD WAS NOW A FEW FEET FROM THE BIRDS.

"But how could you tell the snake was about 6ft. long, and a dhamin?"

"Because, sahib, if you will look at the tree you may see by the trunk, which the wood-cutters have deprived of its bark, that no snake could climb it, on account of its smoothness. Therefore, it got up by the branches where they hang very low; and as the lowest branch is about 5ft. from the ground, therefore it must have been only a 6ft. dhamin snake that could do it. No other snake that sucks eggs would be long enough."

"But how do you know it ever climbed the tree?" I replied, and I thought I had fixed him.

"Because the birds would never attack it on the ground; in the branches it cannot turn so quickly and defend itself, therefore it was in the tree when it got its skull pecked through!"

"Why should you think the skull was pecked through? You did not see it," I persisted.

"What other wound would kill a snake?" answered Jungly, quite simply.

I was profoundly impressed by the bird catcher's jungle knowledge, even more when I found that what appeared to be some supernatural power was only the outcome of patient observation.

Many were the wonderful things he told me that morning which would surprise you beyond measure had I the space to relate them. But one little bit of conversation I may mention before I go further.

"It will rain the day after to morrow," he observed, casually.

"Why do you say so?" I asked.

"The frogs are talking," he replied, shortly.

"Did they mention the date?" I asked, sarcastically.

"The old ones feel the coming rain two days off," he explained. "The young ones can only

tell the day before it rains. Now it is only the old ones that are rejoicing. The young are silent."

One of the prettiest sights that morning was a colony of green parrots hollowing out the boughs of some dead mango trees into numberless little caves and hollows, in which they would shortly bring up their quaint little families. Jungly, after a mental calculation, informed me there would be at least 500 young parrots in those nests in a couple of months' time, and I think his face quite brightened as he thought of the many rupees to be gleaned from the bazaars, where the simple Hindoo loves to have a parrot calling on the name of his favourite god all day long.

In the midst of the jungle we came across a grove of samul cotton trees. At this season of the year the tree had no leaves, but was covered with its magnificent crimson flowers; which, owing to the shape of the branches, made the trees look like gigantic candelabra aflame against the blue sky. The flowers contained a sweet honey, which brought hundreds of birds to it. At present there was a great flock of rose-breasted starlings, with their beautiful pink and black plumage, busy feasting on the banquet before them.

Jungly, leaving me in the gloomy shadow of a mango tree, stole softly forward until he was under one of the trees where dozens of starlings were squabbling and fighting over their meal. Then, taking from his bag a bottle made from a joint of bamboo which contained his bird-lime, he covered a long thin piece of bamboo with it, and, fitting it to a piece somewhat thicker, he slowly raised it to the branches overhead, fitting piece after piece to it, till it grew about twice as long as the biggest fishing-rod you have ever seen.

The limed rod was now a few feet from the birds, but it moved as slowly as a shadow and attracted no attention. Now it was only a foot away from a fine specimen of the rose starling, which was too busy with its meal to notice the limed rod. Suddenly the rod darted forward among the tail and wing feathers of the bird, and it was a prisoner. Its cry of alarm was hardly heard amongst all the noisy screaming and fighting that was going on. The more it struggled to free itself the more involved it became, and it was soon helplessly descending to the ground on the end of the lime-rod. The bird-catcher gave me the starling to hold, and commenced to repeat his performance. The slight alarm created by the capture soon subsided, and he was again successful; for, though at other times the birds would have been scared away, the honey from the samul flower partially intoxicates them, and they can hardly be driven from the tree while the flower lasts, which is only a few days.

A WHITE, MILKY FLUID TRICKLED OUT OF THE CUTS.

Jungly caught a dozen of the birds, and could have caught more, only the problem seemed to be how he was going to take them away without a cage of any kind, but he soon overcame that difficulty. Taking some rags from his bag he tore them into strips, and tied one over the head of each bird, blind-folding it. Then he made them all perch on a bamboo, which he put upon his shoulder, and the birds, being in darkness, sat tight and never attempted to fly, although they could not have made much use of their wings in their sticky condition.

THE GREAT BIRD FIGHTING TO GET FREE.

Jungly considered that he had done a good day's work, and as it was now noon and very hot, we turned our faces homeward.

The hush of noon had fallen upon the jungle, the noise of bird, beast, and insect had ceased for a space; for it was time for the noonday *siesta*. Suddenly we were startled by a shrill voice calling out from the tree overhead, "*Ram sat hai*" (God alone is pure). We looked up into the foliage, but there was nothing visible. Again came the pious Hindoo cry.

"I should know that voice," said Jungly; "I believe it is the Bahadur Sahib's parrot which he brought from the hills. I wonder how it got loose."

"Is that the parrot he paid a hundred rupees for because it can recite verses from the Shostras?" I asked.

"The same," answered Jungly; "and he values it very highly."

"Then why not catch it?" I added. "You could be sure of the Bahadur Sahib giving you twenty rupees for it, at least."

"I am afraid it will be a very difficult task," said he, "for it is a very heavy bird."

At that moment the parrot, as if it had been listening to us discussing its capture, gave a loud derisive laugh and flew off to a tree some distance away. I then saw why Jungly was doubtful about catching it, for the green parrot from the hills can attain the size of a macaw, and this is a very large bird indeed.

"The weight of that bird would snap the top joint of my rod," he said, looking at the distant parrot, which was just visible on the top of a mango tree.

"Why not use a thicker joint," I suggested.

"Because it would be seen so easily as it moved amongst the foliage," he replied.

After a few minutes' profound reflection, however, he seemed to make up his mind to attempt the capture of the bird.

Slitting up a thick piece of bamboo, he made another top joint about half-an-inch thick, which he covered with the *lassa* or lime; then, bidding me stay where I was, he began to creep towards the tree in which the parrot was sitting, taking advantage of all the cover he could on the way. But the bird was wary in the extreme, and before he could arrive at the tree it flew off with its mocking laugh towards another and more distant tree. Then Jungly changed his tactics, and instead of going after the bird he crouched down in the long grass and made his way to a small plum tree at right angles to the direction the bird had flown in.

Having concealed himself under the small plum tree, Jungly began to imitate the call of the female parrot, from its cry of pleasure to the soft caressing tones in which it called its mate.

The parrot put its head on one side and

listened attentively, as if criticising the imitative powers of Jungly. Then it responded with two or three calls, and flew in circles round the tree where Jungly was hiding. But evidently it suspected something, and feared it might lose its hard-gained liberty, for it eventually settled on a small tree some distance off, and the most persuasive and dulcet tones of Jungly's imaginary parrot were lost on it, for though it listened intently, it was not to be drawn to the plum tree under which Jungly was concealed. An hour went by, and I was tired of this fruitless chase, and hoped Jungly would give up the idea of catching the parrot.

But the bird-catcher was a man of great resources, as I was to find out. For a few minutes the imaginary parrot ceased to cry; then suddenly I heard the harsh, jarring scream of a mynah bird in a bad temper, evidently proceeding from the tree where Jungly was hiding. I had crept quite close to the scene of operations, and I was astonished to see the big green parrot puff up its feathers till it looked twice its size, and a very formidable and angry bird. Then the voice of the mynah screamed out something in a tone that was suggestive of abuse and sarcasm and ended with a challenge to mortal combat. Before its voice had died away the parrot swooped down on the plum tree, with feathers erect, and, giving utterance to a murderous snarling noise, set to burrowing into the foliage of the tree in search of the mynah. There was silence for a few minutes, then there was a despairing cry from the Bahadur Sahib's parrot, and I knew Jungly's artifices had succeeded. Soon he emerged from concealment, with the great bird fighting to get free, flapping and screaming, and trying to get some part of Jungly between its strong mandibles. But he knew how to quiet his captive, and a small pill of opium dropped into its open mouth soon made it as tame and sleepy as a house cat.

HALF-FLEDGED "QUEEN" PARROTS.

Jungly was elated at his capture, and the thought of the reward he would probably get for his trouble.

"I was very nearly giving up," he said, "when I found the old bachelor was not to be decoyed by love. Then I remembered the mynah bird the Bahadur Sahib had, between which and the parrot there was always a deadly feud. The parrot being chained to a perch was at a disadvantage, for the mynah would drop on him when he was asleep, drag a few feathers out of his back, and be off before the enraged parrot could catch him.

"You see I was not wrong in thinking that hate may be stronger than love with the morose old parrot," he added. "As he was too cautious to let me come within reach of him I had to be

artful enough to bring him home, and therefore imitated the mynah."

I have put Jungly's rough homely words into language which is more understandable to my readers; but it must not give them the impression that he was anything but a poor illiterate bird-catcher, however shrewd and keen the powers of observation which he possessed.

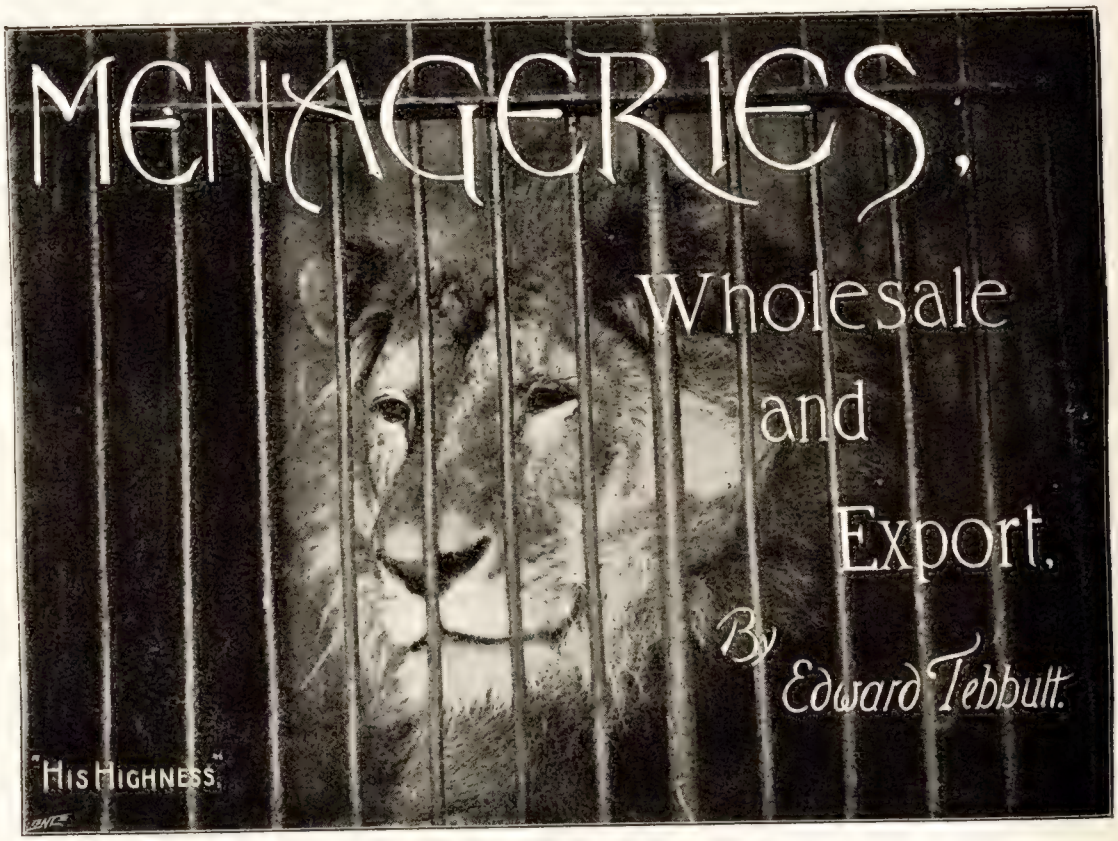
On our way we came across a very fine peepul tree, and Jungly said he wanted to make some *lassa*, or bird-lime, as his stock was running out. He accordingly took a small hatchet from his bag, and began to hack the trunk in several places. Immediately, a white milky fluid trickled out of the cuts; this he gathered in a cup, the fluid soon thickening through the action of the air. He then mixed some oil with it, and worked it into a very stringy state with a piece of stick, until it became tenacious enough to stick his forefinger and thumb together so securely that he could hardly get them apart. This lime is much stronger than that used in this country, and large parrots, and even strong hawks become powerless in its grip.

MAKING LASSA.

Besides the lime-rod Jungly has other ways of trapping birds. He can float down amongst a flock of ducks on the river, with his head concealed in an earthen vessel, and noose the whole flock by the legs before they are aware of it. Sometimes he will take a large net and snare a field full of quail, which bring him in a good deal of money, although quail are very cheap in India; but his most lucrative job is when you see him going round with two enormous cages, slung from a pole, containing half-fledged "queen" parrots, which are readily bought both by Europeans and natives. Hawks and falcons also find a ready sale and fetch the biggest prices, for the native gentlemen are often fond of hawking.

Jungly leads an ideal life, and is as happy in the jungles as the monkey-folk themselves. Since that day's excursion we have often gone out together, and the strange adventures he has told me of, and the instances of his marvellous manner of understanding bird and beast language which I have witnessed, would fill a book; and some day, when I have the time to spare, I shall tell you more of Jungly the Bird-catcher.

A HEAVY SWELL IN YARMOUTH ROADS.



"MR. SHOWMAN," piped the youth to the magnificent proprietor of the travelling circus, "where do you get a new lion from when one of 'em happens to die?"

"Vy, my little dook," replied the facetious gentleman, "ve goes down to Peckham Rye and crouches under a rock, and ven ve sees a lion astrollin' along, ve sprinkles 'is tail vith salt and vhistles 'Rool Britannia,' and, bless yer little 'eart, 'e trots behind us like a puppy dawg. Straight, 'e do!"

And in the mind of the callow youth there doubtless arose a vision of a day in the near future when he, too, should salt lions' tails, or even rise to the unparalleled eminence of inserting his head in their gaping jaws, to the accompaniment of the cheers of applauding thousands. We most of us, I fancy, have experienced that wild longing at least once during our juvenile career; the desire seems to wear off in time, however, and we rest content to remain a mere spectator.

I scarcely imagine that the salted tail theory will hold water as far as readers of THE CAPTAIN are concerned; but, lest any of them should be placed in such a position that they require a white elephant or a laughing hyena at a moment's notice, it is only right they should know to whom to apply for the immediate gratification of their desire. The man, then, who deals in menageries, either in bulk or piecemeal, so to speak, is Mr. William Cross, and his wild beast emporium is located at Liverpool. At Cross's establishment, you can procure anything from a dromedary to a grass-snake, or from a jaguar to an Egyptian mummy—delivered, carriage paid, by return.

Mr. Cross's menagerie, where he maintains his somewhat peculiar stock, is the most interesting place of its kind that I have ever visited. It is more or less a public menagerie; but if you call in on Monday and become specially interested in, say, a pair of Red River hogs, it is no use your returning on the following Thursday with the idea of having another look at them. For the odds are that by this time they will be well on their way to Calcutta or Klondyke, and their cage will be occupied by an individual of gorilla persuasion. Indeed, the great charm of the place lies in its infinite variety; for instance,

on the first occasion of my visit I beheld something like a couple of hundred monkeys, and a week later only three were in evidence. The famine, however, was merely a question of hours, for Mr. Cross was expecting a fresh stock of 500 by the next incoming steamer—a shipload of monkeys with a vengeance, eh?

"William Cross, Licensed to deal in Game"—such is the somewhat humorous sign displayed over his doorway by the largest importer of wild animals in the world. I passed beneath it into a small lobby stacked with curios and rarities innumerable, and the first atrocity that struck my eye was a mummy in a glass case—a lady mummy who, a few thousand years ago, had been an Egyptian queen with an unpronounceable name. Have you ever seen a mummy? If not, don't worry about it; you wouldn't be edified. The royal personage in question looked more like a rag doll that had seen better days and had been used to mop up a London pavement after a day's sleet. I suppose it is rather impolite to refer to a lady in such uncomplimentary language, especially a lady old enough to be my great grandmother once or even twice removed; but such was my impression, and there you have it. Squatting opposite to the mummy were a couple of porcelain Burmese gods, and from their expression of countenance I gather that it is a very fine thing indeed to be a Burmese god. They were smiling broad smiles of placid imbecility in a superior fashion that made me long to take them out in the Liverpool slums and lose them; indeed, I should have suggested the idea, only Mr. Cross incidentally remarked that they were worth several hundred pounds each, when I felt more inclined to overlook their shortcomings in the way of facial distortion.

MR. WILLIAM CROSS.
"Licensed to deal in game."
From a photograph.

Mr. W. Simpson Cross, who since the death of his father, the late Mr. William Cross, has succeeded to the business, was good enough to conduct me round the place and to answer the string of questions that I put to him. The menagerie, which is obviously built for practical rather than for show purposes, is of very considerable size, and during the past forty years has contained practically every species of wild animal extant. The beasts are received from almost every country—civilized or uncivilized—under the sun, where Mr. Cross has agents who buy up specimens from hunters and trappers, and ship them here to Liverpool. Sailors, too, form a continuous source of supply, and it is very rarely indeed that a vessel reaches Liverpool from any distant oversea port without containing live stock for this well-known English naturalist. Concerning the trapping of wild beasts, by the way, Mr. Cross tells rather a funny yarn. A couple of English sailors, whose ship was anchored at a West African port, strolled into the mainland with an eye to collecting specimens. They reached a cave which presented rather a likely appearance, and William—commonly called "Bill"—crawled inside to investigate, his companion keeping watch at the entrance It so happened that the cave formed the coast residence of a particularly bloodthirsty lion, who put in an unwelcome appearance just as Bill was well inside. The sentinel, who saw him coming, promptly skipped behind a boulder, and as the lion wriggled through the doorway, he seized it by the tail and, planting his feet against the rocks, held on for grim life. "Hi, Jack," shouted the cave explorer, "what's blocking up the light?" "You wait a bit," replied the perspiring Jack. "You'll find out what's blocking up the light as soon as the tail breaks!"

The majority of animals that are shipped to the Cross emporium are caught as cubs. Wounded animals are, of course, comparatively useless; so that, to obtain saleable, full-grown specimens, the hunters and trappers require to have recourse to strategy. For the capture of

lions, tigers, and beasts of a like breed, deep pits are dug, are covered with sticks and straw, and finally baited. In the course of his wanderings, the king of the forest comes across the trap, and, investigating the bait, is promptly floored. A thin, strong net is flung loosely over the top, within range of the frantic bounds of the captive, and as he springs upwards, he becomes enfolded in the insidious meshes, is lifted bodily from the pit in a helpless condition, and carried by natives to Mr. Cross's nearest agent, where he is promptly deposited in a travelling cage and shipped to Liverpool. Delicate specimens, such as springbok, deer, and species of a similar nature, are even more difficult to obtain, for they have to be stalked, and driven into an enclosed paddock—an operation which nine times out of ten is unsuccessful in its results. A junior member of the firm—Mr. J. Conrad Cross—has lately been occupied in touring the world, supervising the agents, and buying up all available live stock. He is supposed to have penetrated further north in China than any white man of his generation.

RARE "GAME."
Being the mummy of an Egyptian queen.

To the travelling showman Mr. Cross is more or less indispensable—and it may interest you to know that that species of peripatetic entertainer is as numerous in England to-day as ever he was. For him Mr. Cross will construct a caravan, or a series of caravans, and will stock them with a motley collection of wild animals that most appeal to the sight-seeing public. As the showman prospers, Mr. Cross assists him in the increasing of his attractions; should he desire a waltzing elephant, or a *prima-donna* ostrich, the trainers at the Cross emporium turn them out with efficiency and despatch. Or, on the other hand, should he prefer a constant change of programme, he can hire a waltzing bear for a week or two, and as soon as its novelty has worn off, can exchange it for a boxing dromedary or a whistling alligator. Anything to maintain the attractiveness of his show is procurable from Mr. Cross—even a full-blooded negro to wear a laced coat and minister to the requirements of the elephant, or a Burmese youth to wring unwilling music from the big drum by the side of the pay-office.

Among the many exciting events which have occurred in connection with this peculiar business, the most noteworthy, perhaps, and at the same time the least humorous, was the burning down of the menagerie, which happened about three years ago, and resulted in the destruction of close upon seventy animals of various breeds. The fire originated in the lion-house, and rapidly spread to the adjoining premises, carrying inevitable decimation in its wake. The roaring of frenzied lions, the frantic trumpeting of elephants, lent a ghastly significance to the agony and terror reigning within, and it was some little time before the firemen ventured inside the place with their hose. Fortunately, however, the cages remained secure, and it is reasonable to assume that the animals were suffocated by the dense volumes of smoke, even before

A CORNER OF THE SWAN AND DUCK YARD.

MDLLE. VALDA: THE "ONLY LADY LION TAMER," DURING HER EXHIBITION WITH CROSS'S FOREST-BRED LIONS.

they were touched by the flames. The sole survivors were a baby elephant, which had the sense to lie quiet in a corner, and a young kangaroo, whose cage was outside the limits of the fire. For the rest, a few hyenas were just barely alive, but so maddened with pain that it was found necessary to despatch them immediately.

Then there was the case of the elephant that ran amuck. This gentleman was a particularly restless member of his species, and during his railway travelling was addicted to such little pleasantries as walking through the walls of his van, or surveying the scenery from impromptu holes in the roof. When he arrived in Liverpool he was roped behind a heavy dray and conducted towards Cross's menagerie in great style. *En route*, however, he took exception to the colour of a passing 'bus, and, without consulting the dray or the dray-horse, made an heroic charge across the road. The dray followed sideways, as a matter of course, and had not the keeper severed the ropes, something tragic would doubtless have happened. As it was, the elephant's wild career was eventually brought to a conclusion, and he was successfully piloted to the menagerie. Upon arrival here, he found something in the atmosphere which did not altogether agree with his constitution, so decided to sever his brief connection with Mr. Cross. He was penned in a yard, having stout iron gates, which were already closed and barred. He didn't trouble about lifting the catch, as you or I would have done, but simply strolled through the iron without a sneeze, leaving it snapped and mangled behind him. Then

AMALAMAZOO: THE AFRICAN PIGMY DWARF.
The most wonderful being in existence.

THIS IS A VERY SCARCE SPECIMEN OF THE WATER BUFFALO.

he made a rush for the country, only pausing by the way to smash a few windows and to otherwise emphasize the high-class nature of his manners by charging old ladies and donkey-carts, and casual live-stock in the way of dogs and poultry. Needless to observe, the old ladies, etc., got out of his way with celerity, and didn't wait to be assisted, so to speak.

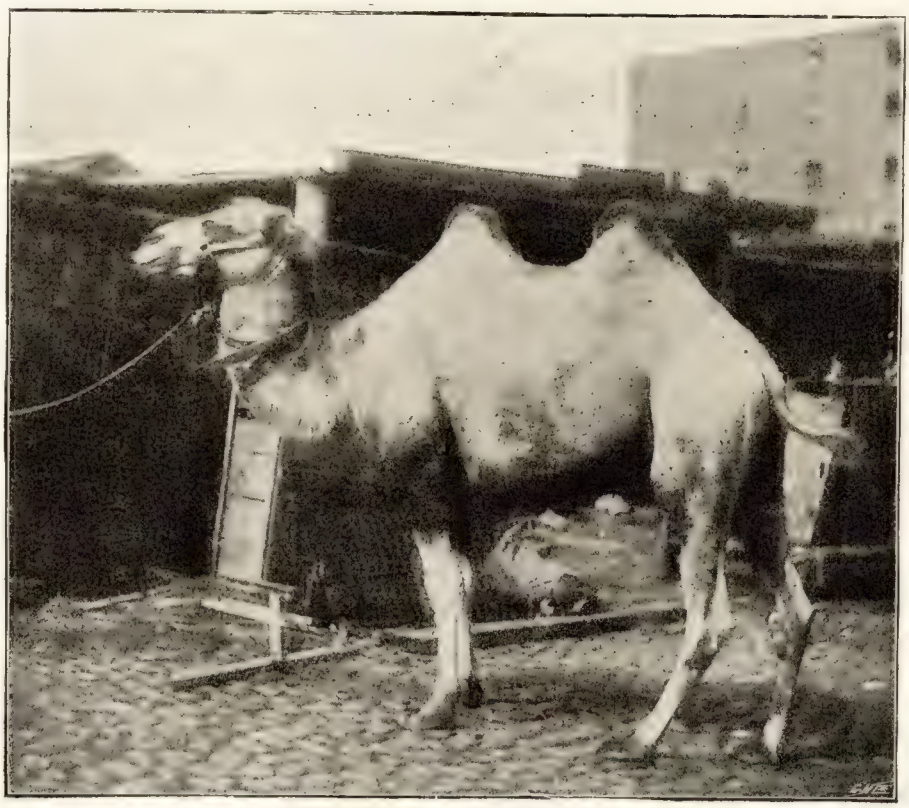
By and by he reached the city suburbs, and for a day and a night had a high old time on his own; then he was caught napping by a farm labourer who promptly roped his fore feet to a couple of adjacent trees. So far, the elephant had done all the laughing; but from this point onwards Mr. Cross bossed the show, and by way of retaliation ordered prussic acid. So a carrot, with its centre scraped out, was filled with a sufficient dose of that succulent poison to dispose of a hundred human beings, this *bonne bouche* being proffered to the runaway, who swallowed it with gusto. The onlookers stood around in the rain and patiently waited for the elephant to expire; the sagacious animal, however, did nothing of the kind, but smiled gently and continued its intermittent slumbering. Then a syringe was obtained and more prussic acid was squirted in his mouth. He evidently disliked the flavour for he promptly spat it out again, but a second injection shot straight down his throat and refused to be dislodged. In a couple of hours or so, he showed signs of uneasiness, and at length became distinctly agitated. He swayed dizzily from side to side, and finally ended his career of dissipation by expiring upon the grass. And should this paragraph meet the

A HARNESSED ANTELOPE: A GREAT RARITY.

eye of any self-willed elephant of immature years, I hope the lesson it conveys will be duly taken to heart.

The packing and forwarding department of Mr. Cross's wild beast factory presents decidedly novel features in the way of commercial despatch. Light goods, such as lions and bears and hyenas, are forwarded to their destination in heavy travelling cages, the latter being of sufficient size to afford comfort to their occupants, but allowing little superfluous room for casual gymnastic performances. The cages are, of course, very solidly built, having bars at one end only, whilst during street cartage, even this aperture is screened by a sliding trap. So, except for sundry mysterious growls and rumblings which occasionally emanate, the cases might just as presumably be filled with boots or with brass watches from Germany; greater care, however, has to be exercised in keeping the right side up, because lions don't like to take up a permanent position on their backs during a sea trip, and when lions don't like anything, they usually let you know.

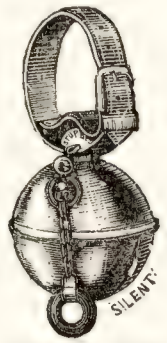
Bulky packages, in the way of elephants and camels, are despatched loose, as it were, under the charge of a menagerie attendant; indeed, keepers usually accompany the more valuable animals of every class, especially if their destination happens to be the far east or the extreme west, or other distant quarters of the globe.



DESTINED FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BICYCLE BELLS.

THE bell is a very important adjunct to the cycle, and especially so since it has become a practically silent carriage. I have known blind men who could hear a bicycle, however slowly it might be creeping upon them, but the average person hears nothing at all, unless the machine is "speaking" in some part or other of its mechanism, and that, of course, is a sure sign that something is out of order and requires immediate attention. From the very first, when bicycles did, indeed, make what we should now consider a great deal of noise, they were still rather quiet as compared with other road vehicles, and in very early times a bell of some sort was usually carried. The most ridiculous type employed was the old house bell, with its crude clock-spring arrangement—a form of bell which, in these days of electricity, is becoming less and less seen even in our homes. When fixed to a boneshaker it was kept at work by the vibration set up between the iron tyre and the road, and added yet another to the many annoyances and discomforts endured by the early pioneers.



THE "STOP" BELL.

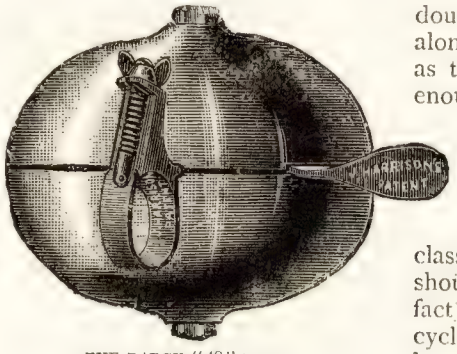
In those days, and, indeed, for long afterwards, the English law took no account of bicycles. There were plenty of things which riders might not do, but their legal status was unknown, and a great many difficulties and hardships arose in consequence. One of the first things that happened was that all the local authorities in the country—and there were many hundreds of them—began to legislate on their own account. There was no doubt need for some regulation of the new traffic, but anything more inconsistent than piecemeal legislation for riders of so cosmopolitan a vehicle as the bicycle, destined as it was to roam all over the land, could hardly be imagined. Most cyclists who were keen—and we were all keen in the old days—took the trouble to learn their own local by-laws. We knew whether we might ride on the footpaths or not in our own districts, and possibly we knew how matters stood in one or two adjoining localities. But obviously nobody could possibly be acquainted with all the varying rules laid down by parish wiseacres scattered from one end of the kingdom to the other.

I remember once being on a tour from the Midlands to the west o England. If I could only show you a picture of the mount this journey was undertaken upon you would laugh hugely. But I was very proud of it at that period. I carried with me both a bell and a whistle, because I knew that while some local authorities required the use of the one, there were also some who would have none of it, but insisted upon the tourist employing the other. Well, when I reached the beautiful old city of Bath, I was just pedalling quietly through a rather well-frequented thoroughfare with my whistle between my lips, and ringing my bell at short intervals, when I was accosted by a policeman, who called out: "That bell must be continuous, sir," and he demanded that I should alight. This I did. I drew his attention to the fact that I was riding slowly, ringing the bell as often as seemed necessary, which I had to do if only for my own sake, and I offered, if he would allow me to proceed, to promise to ring the bell continuously as long as I was within the confines of Bath. But no, the constable was obdurate. The bell

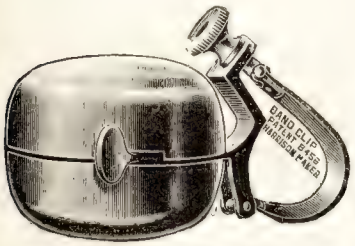
must be one of those "that goes on ringing by itself!"

What he meant was a sort of big cat-bell then much in vogue. It was kept jingling by the vibration of the frame-work and handle-bars. It was only by much soft speech, and the final parting with a shilling of my pocket money—a sum not to be trifled with in those days—that I regained my liberty, but the dubious policeman went with me as far as the city boundary to make sure that I kept my word and made that distance on foot.

On the next opportunity I laid in stock the best continuous bell at that time obtainable. It was called the "Facile," and possessed the advantage of convertibility into a silent bell, or back again into a speaking one, at any moment. This was done by pulling the loose tongue or clapper into a ring just the proper size to confine it, afterwards liberating it when desired by a mere push of the knuckle. There is at least one old firm of cycle accessory makers, Messrs. J. Harrison & Sons, of Birmingham, who still make a device of this description. They call it the "Stop" bell. I was much amused to see a contrivance of the same kind shown at the last cycle show in Paris by an inventor who thought it a novelty. He was twenty years or thereabouts behind his English competitors. Nowadays there is little call for such a bell. Its principal advantages were that it provided you with the means of keeping the law in localities where continuous ringing was required, yet left you free to jog along without its annoyance when you were travelling through otherplaces.



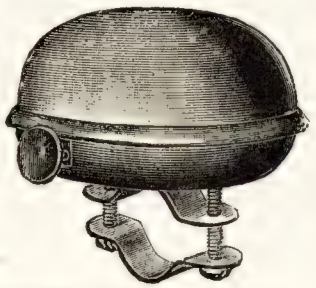
THE LARGE "48" BELL.



THE SMALL "48" BELL.

Happily, all doubt as to what particular law, or set of laws, the tourist is subject to has long since disappeared. In 1888, an Act of Parliament was passed which abolished all these confusing by-laws, and forbade any others being made. At the same time it laid down certain very sensible rules of its own, that should thenceforward apply to cycles and cycle riders. It declared a cycle to be a carriage for all purposes of legal action. It also set forth two regulations, one of which has a direct bearing upon the subject of bells. Without repeating the roundabout lawyers' phrases, I may say that it requires every cyclist who overtakes any cart or carriage, or any animal drawing or carrying anything, or a pedestrian, or another cyclist, before doing so to give "audible and sufficient warning." He must do this by sounding a bell, whistle, "or otherwise." This leaves some doubt as to whether the voice alone is sufficient. So long as the warning is really loud enough for an ordinary person to hear it, and if it is also given soon enough, it seems reasonable that a shout is a proper warning. But it is "no class" to go along the road shouting, and, apart from the fact that magistrates often fine cyclists for relying on their lungs alone, I should dissuade my readers from the practice.

The law clearly recognises either a bell or a whistle, and of the two the former is on many grounds the better. It is by far the best known kind of warning of the approach of a bicycle, which is one good reason for using it. Then, too, unlike the whistle, it still leaves the voice free for a shout should that become necessary. There have been many kinds of warning instruments invented, and some of them have had the run of fashion for awhile. Rattles, air pistols, the hideous "cyclorn," now by general consent given up to the motor-car, and the "deviline," with its vulgar siren shriek—all these have practically ceased their connection with cycling. The whistle still remains, but I should like to see it follow the others. A good bell properly used will answer all requirements, and that there is abundance of choice among the wares of the really good makers we shall presently see. Bells can be had in a considerable variety of forms and sizes, made upon several different principles, and at prices ranging from a shilling up to half a sovereign or more.

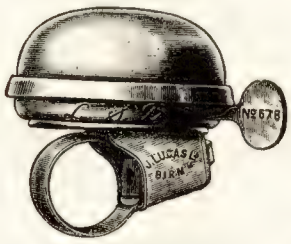


NEW DEPARTURE "ELECTRIC" BELL.

The firm already mentioned have a fine assortment to suit all tastes and all purses. Their "Demon" and "Don" bells are large and small varieties made on similar principles. A large bell generally gives a louder as well as a deeper note than a small one—a point to be observed when you are buying. Bells of the "48" type give two notes, hammers hitting both the upper and the lower dome when the lever is moved, and the domes being purposely made of different sizes. Then Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C., have a number of knacky bells from America, which they market together with other useful accessories from the same source. The "New Departure" bell is one of theirs. The form of it which is sometimes called the "Electric" is not, of course, worked by electricity. It is actuated by clockwork, which you wind up by turning the dome round a few times before starting out. A mere touch liberates this clockwork for a moment whenever you want to give an alarm. You can have "New Departures" with all kinds of fancy designs upon them if you are of opinion that these look better than the simple polished dome. Then you can invest in a tyre bell, which means one that sounds only when it touches the tyre in motion. An advantage of this class of bell is that the faster you are going the more noise it makes.

A GERMAN TYRE BELL.

There are other bells on the market that have been made abroad, notably bells from Germany. But English makers nevertheless maintain a high place for the excellence of their productions. There is the old firm of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham.

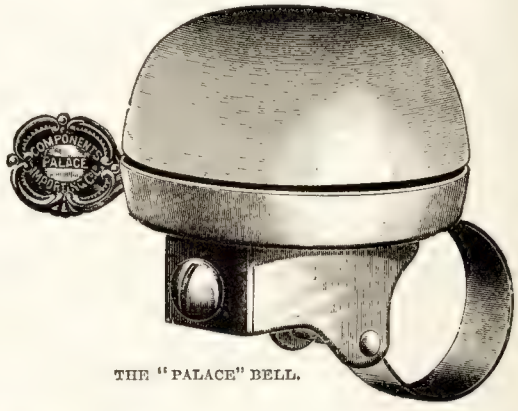


LUCAS' "BABY KING."

My favourite bell at the present moment is one of their "Challis" bells, with a 3in. dome. You can ring it very loudly if you want to, or very softly, while by holding the lever at a sort of half cock you make the bell continuous for as long as you like. I generally give it a caressing little tinkle at first, and then, if I find that, through deafness or stupidity, that is not sufficient, I sound a louder stroke. There is a great deal in knowing how to use a bell properly, and some day I may have more to say upon that point. For the present I would say that it is important, having once selected a bell, to attach it so that it will be out of the way when the machine is at rest leaning anywhere, and yet quite handy for the finger to be used in working it. Then, too, it should be very firmly screwed on, and once in place it should be regarded as part of the bicycle, and should be carefully cleaned and looked after as if it were. A good bell is worth all the care that a fellow commonly bestows upon the things he values.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Invicta" (St. Helens).—The noise you describe probably comes from the saddle springs. Take your oil-can and just touch every point at which one coil makes contact with another. **Jack and Harry F.** (Yarmouth).—The Mohawk tandem is all right. The firm were one of the first to turn out a machine of the kind that was free from "whip," and they have kept up the quality of their work. **"Little Miss"** (Antibes, Alpes Maritime).—(1) Yes, there is a quite practicable road all the way to Genoa. Much of it was made by Napoleon for military purposes, and it is to-day splendid in parts. (2) Palmer "C" tyres. **"Jack"**

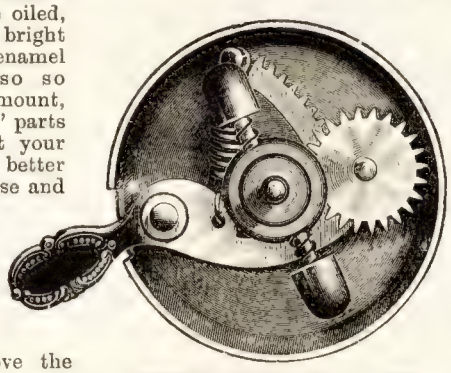


THE "PALACE" BELL.

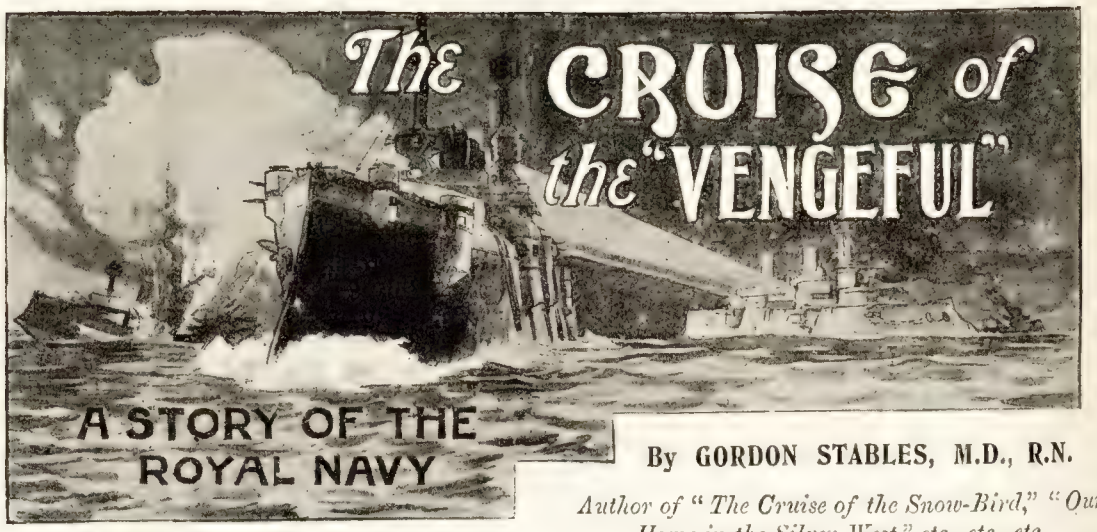
and "Jill" (Kensington).—It is better for the lady to have the rear seat of a tandem; better in every way, except for the smart appearance of the turnout when the other arrangement is adopted. The Raleigh design is the best I have ever seen for the lady to ride behind. **"Jan Ridd"** (Blundells).—The Swift and the Royal Enfield are both in the very first flight. **F. F. H.**—You must give your full name as well as your address. Even if you had done so, are there not many of your questions that you could

answer yourself with very little trouble? I will answer your ninth by saying that the Bradbury is made of sound stuff, and is to be recommended. **L. S.** (Trinity College, Cambridge).—(1) It never does so. (2) Good ones are to be had from Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham. (3) No. **W. H.** (Fulham). — No. **"Rough-Rider"** (Rossall). — Yes, you need not hesitate; but don't gear over 72 unless you are a fellow of exceptional strength. It may be all right when you are full grown. **L.** (Sheffield).—The best place of all in which to keep a cycle in winter-time is a living room, or some other place where similar conditions prevail. A reasonable amount of warmth and a dry atmosphere are the chief desiderata. When the machine is put by let all bearings be oiled, and it is well to cover all bright parts with vaseline. The enamel may advantageously be also so treated in the case of an old mount, in order to protect "chippy" parts from rust. But at the best your machine cannot be kept in better condition than if it were in use and properly looked after. You talk of giving up riding in February. Why, after the vile weather of December? **A. K.** (Hampstead).—I do not recommend the parallel top tubes. To my eye they in no way improve the appearance. But that is not everything. It has been demonstrated that they are no stronger than a single top tube with the same amount of extra metal put into it. You see, what it gains in one way it partly loses in another, by putting a thrusting strain sideways on the main down tube, which it is not constructed to withstand. A tube passing from the seat lug to the fork crown has not this disadvantage. It breaks the frame into two triangles, and only sets up thrust at points where there are strong joints. The special frame of the Raleigh, or the one lately brought out by the Cycle Components people, are to be recommended for such exceptional weights as yours. **A Cycleman** (Llangollen). — If you know the hills of your own land well, and want an entire change, I can recommend no finer one than a tour in the eastern counties. The scenery is quite unique, and not by any means uninteresting. Indeed, I have toured there by the month together and still would go. The almost absolute flatness is beautifully broken up by wood and water, and the colouring is at all seasons such as to please and soothe the eye. You might vary the trip with a little exploration of the Norfolk and Suffolk broads, although, alas! they are not the unknown and sequestered region they were when I first steered my way amongst them. **E. Jones** (Great Marlow).—Acetylene may be the light of the future, and the genius of inventors has done much to make it more manageable and more trustworthy than it was at first; but it is still in the transition stage, and not on all points satisfactory. To my thinking it is too bright as at present arranged in any cycle lamp I know, and makes a breach of the good road rule of doing as you would be done by, by dazzling other fellows who may chance to meet you. There are plenty of good oils to be had. To name only two, "Springvale" or Lucas' "Britenwite" may be relied upon if properly used. I shall devote a future article to the subject of lamps and how to keep them, but have no space now. **Edward Morris** (Dulwich). — Yes, go back by all means and see the old places from your saddle. You will probably find the roads a trifle better than they used to be, but speaking generally they are still atrociously bad. The best roads I have struck in Ireland are in the romantic regions of the west, of which you speak—far from the railway and from civilization generally. The answer to your other question is "No." **W. J.** (Brighton).—The idea is very old, but it has never been successfully carried out. Consult the patent books and see what others have done. Sails might be an advantage under some circumstances, but they would have to be used by skilled hands. They would be very dangerous in such a wind as is blowing while I write.

H. P.



INTERNAL MECHANISM OF THE "PALACE" BELL.



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—Chapters I.—XV.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Cronjé*. She sinks the *Cronjé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase. They put in at Johanna to coal and repair, and the *Majuba* is re-christened, becoming H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*. While there, Commander Capel receives terrible news from the Admiralty—England has been invaded by France and Russia! He sends a deputation to the Sultan of Johanna to endeavour to secure the co-operation of his fast fleet of dhows. In this he is successful; and the two cruisers, with the torpedo destroyer *Tadpole*, put out to sea in search of the enemy. They reach Zanzibar, and Lieutenant Rawlings thinks of a plan to capture Louis mon Brave, who twice previously has eluded their vigilance. Disguised as Arabs, he and thirty of the *Vengeful's* crew steal out to sea in five dhows. They board and capture a Russian gunboat. Meanwhile the French spy returns to Johanna, sets free the French prisoners there, and attacks the British Consulate, which holds out for three days, when help arrives.

CHAPTER XVI.

"IT IS RAHZAH!"

This would be a pleasant world if evil were not so often in the ascendant, and pleasant would be the work of the patriotic historian if he had to speak only of battles won by his countrymen in the war. But reverses are bound to come. With nearly 500 men at his command—rapscallions though most of them were—it would have been strange indeed had not Louis mon Brave triumphed in his final attack on the consulate.

I must draw a veil over that battle—its fighting, its terrors, its massacre of every white man, save the Consul himself, and the capture of his wife and the poor girls whom our middies liked so much. True children of dear old England were they; a trifle thoughtless, perhaps; never looking a far way into the future, because so very content to live in the happy present, and never once dreaming of danger until that terrible morning, when Louis mon Brave and his liberated men appeared before the consulate and demanded its surrender. And now the inside of the little fort was like a shambles, and the whole family was taken prisoners, and thrown for the time being into the very prison, near the pier, in which the men of the *Majuba* had been incarcerated.

But Louis mon Brave, though determined that Cummings himself should meet a fearful fate, gave orders that his wife and children should be treated with kindness and respect. Their time might come, he hinted to Rigault, but—it must not be yet.

He smiled unpleasantly as he spoke these ominous words.

There was plenty to do, however; plenty to occupy Louis' time for a fortnight if he chose to wait here so long.

For hardly had the prisoners been carefully stowed away, ere scouts brought news that the rest of the Consul's men were advancing to attack the French with quite a little army.

"Very well," said Louis, as he lit a cigar, "we shall give them battle among the hills, my Rigault. And," he added, "when we beat them—as beat them we must—we shall pay Ben Ali a friendly

visit. His pretty palace needs looting, and our Arabs, as well as our own men, will find many nice trinkets therein, in the shape of jewellery and live stock, that will amply repay us for our trouble and adventure. The harem of that soft-hearted Sultan is——"

"Hullo!"

His speech was interrupted by the arrival of a scout.

"The English, with Ben Ali's Arabs, are but three hours' march from here." That was the news the scout had brought.

Louis laughed.

"We shall make ready at once to entertain them," he said. "I myself shall lead, *mon cher* Rigault. Gaublois, our sub-lieutenant, and fifty men shall stay to guard the prisoners."

That fight on the hills was a very long and bloody one, for the Englishmen, with their Arab allies, had entrenched themselves among the rocks, and were determined to resist to the last.

Assault after assault was made by the French —Louis mon Brave never leading in person, however. He was, as we know, brave to a fault, but he considered his life precious to himself and his country, and perhaps he was right. The battle, indeed, lasted all day long; the slopes of the mountains being littered with the enemy's dead and wounded, though the English hardly lost a man. Firing ceased with sunset, and a starless night succeeded.

Louis had retired to a little glen, about a mile nearer to the sea, after setting pickets and sentries, and here camp fires were lit; but after supper these were allowed to die down, and the men slept beside their piled arms, ready to spring to their feet and fall in should an alarm be given.

Rigault and Louis still sat by their own fire, however, and it was evident they were laying their plans for next day's action.

"I know every millimetre of ground round here," the latter was telling Rigault, "and *mon cher*, I will lead you to victory before sunrise. We outflank them you see. We get to their rear, while it is still dark. Then a front attack, which shall be but a feint, and the position shall be ours, carried from the heights behind. On then—on to hunt up Ben Ali. Ah! my friend, I tell you I mean that we shall make merry there. Ben Ali has a strong dungeon. It was contrived by himself for his particular friends. In it live a breed of green snakes, and black, and the imported cobras. No one comes alive from that pretty hole. Now, Ben Ali shall taste of its sweets himself. Often he has told me how he listened at night to the agonized screams of his victims, while he quaffed his wine—no, no, he is no true believer! We, *mon Rigault*, shall listen to *his* pretty voice as the snakes coil and writhe around him; and when all is still, then shall the dark-eyed beauties of the harem play and sing to us. Nay, we shall even make them dance—— But hark! Did you not hear a footstep?"

"It was but the wings of the flying squirrel among the branches," said Rigault carelessly.

"Well now, *mon ami*, we shall sleep a few hours, and to-morrow evening we shall sup in Ben Ali's palace."

On hands and knees a naked figure—a young black Arab—crept away from the tree against which Louis had been leaning, and in a very short time was back at the camp of the British.

When, next morning, Louis' men advanced to the attack, they found an empty camp. Their enemies had made good their retreat, and were at that very moment snugly entrenched near to the Sultan's palace.

Louis mon Brave smoked in silence for a short time, then laughed gaily.

"The English are clever, Rigault," he said. 'Let us have breakfast."

But that same evening the little French army was within striking distance of the town, and had thrown up trenches on a rising ground commanding the palace.

Had they possessed even one gun, ill would it have fared with Ben Ali and his people. On the other hand, though the Sultan possessed guns, they were merely for show, for no one knew where the shells and shot had been stored.

Gaublois, the young officer who had been left to guard the prison, was a Frenchman of the lowest caste, and the two midshipmen under him were much of the same type.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred on the first day, but on the afternoon of the second Gaublois commanded an orgie. There is no other way of expressing it. He took the precaution to set sentries on the land side of the pier and prison, however, and these he would keep sober, but to all the others wine was served out in gallons.

It might have been eleven o'clock at night—no one knew or cared—and the camp by the pier was reduced to a pandemonium—the French sailors hob-nobbing, drinking, singing, and shouting; while in a room by themselves the three officers were having what they considered a very happy time of it.

At last Gaublois stood up, and, while his body swayed to and fro, proposed the health of the lady prisoners. "But," he added, "let us now go and see them, and take them a bottle of wine. Why should not they, too, be happy?"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted his two companions. "Let us do as you say. Hurrah!"

They found the door of the prison-room strongly

barricaded from within, and they pleaded for entrance in vain.

Gaublois tried even to talk his best and prettiest English: "It ees not preesonaires you aire more longer," he cried. "It ees to be our friends. It is to sweeten the wine for us. We would make of you de free peoples."

But he lost his temper at last.

"An axe! An axe!" he shouted in French. "I am commandant, and I will not be treated thus!"

Two drunken sailors rushed up with handspikes, and commenced to batter in the door.

For a time they made no impression on it. Then there was a crash, and agonized screams from the interior of the room told that they were all too successful.

Some of them waved lighted torches on high; the brutal sailors who were not *hors de combat*, overcome by wine, now crowded around the prison door to cheer their officers on.

But their triumph was short-lived. For just at that moment—in the nick of time—a truly British cheer rang high above the maudlin shouts of these mad revellers, and at the head of their men, Merridale, Curtis, and Rawlings himself, came rushing along the pier.

The fight was a very brief one, for the French, thus taken aback, made but little show of resistance.

Gaublois was run through the body by Merridale's dirk; Curtis and Scott "scuppered" the other officers, and short indeed was the shrift the rest received from Arabs and bluejackets. Some escaped, but no prisoners were taken. Nor were even the wounded permitted to live.

In less than half an hour Consul Cummings, with his wife and daughters, was safe and sound on board the largest dhow, and Merridale, as he squatted next to Aggie at the midnight supper that was spread on the deck, was perhaps the happiest middie in the Royal Navy, for the time being at all events.

But more work had to be done at sunrise. The narrow entrance to the great natural harbour had been guarded by two of Rawlings' dhows, so that escape for any of Louis mon Brave's vessels was out of the question. Then at daybreak these were boarded, and were found deserted.

They were all burned.

As silently now as he had glided in by night, with his spirit-like fleet, did Rawlings sail away.

* * * * *

Louis mon Brave and his rapscallion army encountered far greater resistance from Ben Ali's Arabs than they had expected. The Arabs even proved themselves adepts in throwing up trenches.

These men, in days gone by, used to be armed with an obsolete sort of gun, called by courtesy a rifle, and it was surprising what good practice they used to make therewith. But the soldiers who opposed Louis' advance were furnished with the very newest pattern of British rifle, so that from behind their earthworks they were able to pour a fearful fire upon the foe when they advanced to the assault.

Louis mon Brave had little mercy on his own men, and sacrificed their lives in repeated attacks. They fought like furies, too, and many succeeded in leaping, cutlass in hand, into the trenches. These, however, were speedily spitted by long Arab swords, and their bodies hurled back into the very faces of their advancing comrades.

So the unequal contest went on for a whole week.

But the heart of Louis mon Brave beat high with joy when one morning his attention was called to a long low craft of war that was seen steaming towards the city. Of Russian build undoubtedly, and carrying a Russian flag.

Here was luck! Here was joy!

The men fired their rifles, and waved their jackets on high to bid her welcome.

Luck vanished, however, and joy was turned to grief when a shell from this Russian's sturdy little low turret came shrieking towards them and burst within 20yds. of the trenches. A second flew high overhead, then a third was plugged right into their centre, and fifteen men lay dead or wounded when it exploded.

Louis mon Brave's army was entrenched on a bare hillside, and escape seemed impossible in the face of such a fire.

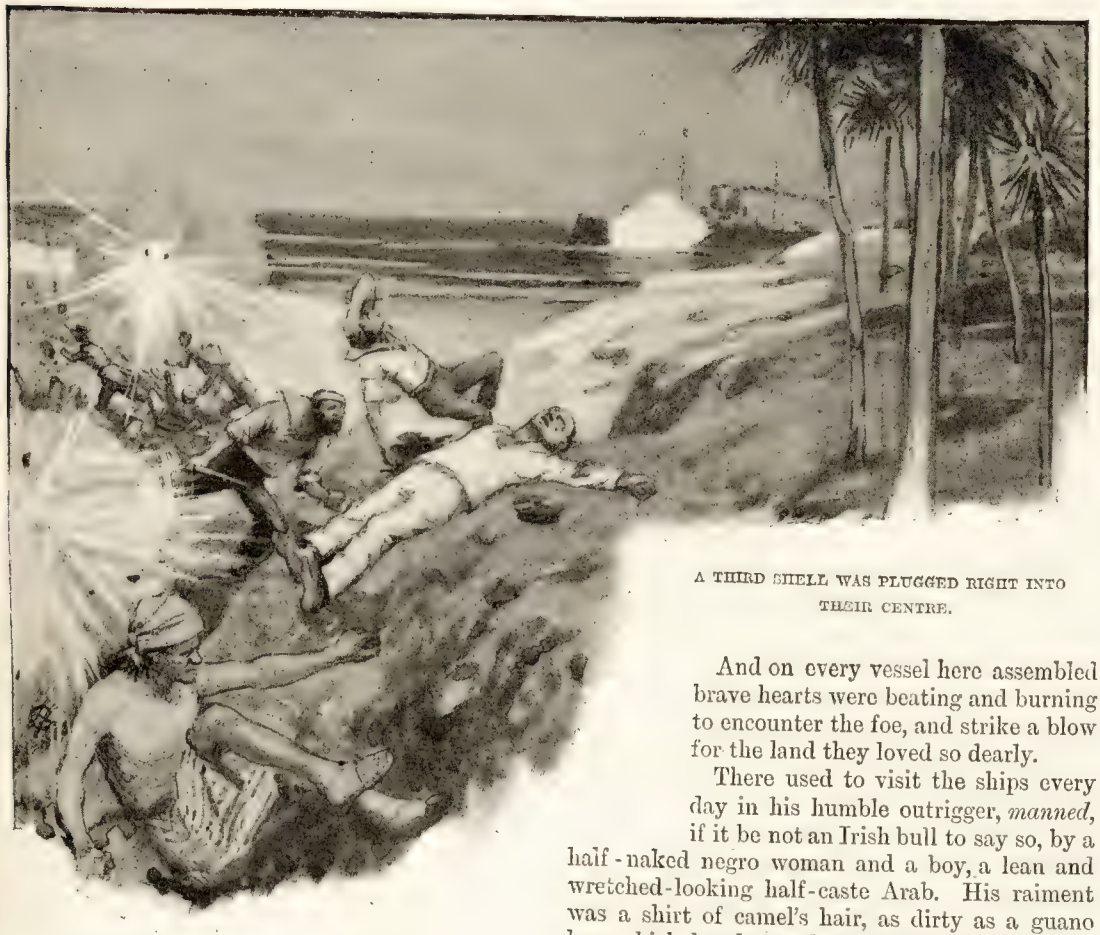
But when the position became absolutely untenable, and Rawlings was seen landing to the attack with bluejackets and Arabs, *sauve qui peut* was the cry, and Louis mon Brave and Rigault also were among the very first to fly.

Both subsequently escaped in a dhow and sailed away, no one knew whither.

The island was soon afterwards completely cleared of the enemy, and a new consulate established close to the Arab town.

I think there was quite as much romance and sentiment to the square inch about Merridale as you find in any British middie. As he bade Aggie good-bye at last, the evening before starting for Zanzibar in the captured Russian gunboat, his quotations from English poets, especially from Byron, proved that his memory was certainly a remarkable one, and that the boy believed himself very much in love.

Parting seemed such sweet sorrow that—well, even Romeo's impassioned words and tones would have appeared flat to Merridale's.



A THIRD SHELL WAS PLUGGED RIGHT INTO THEIR CENTRE.

The fleet which lay off Zanzibar about three weeks after this, all ready to start, was but a small one, it is true, but capable enough nevertheless of doing terrible execution against the cruisers that were still in the Indian Ocean, sinking and burning every British craft they could overhaul.

Here was the *Vengeful*, who by this time might well have been called the terror of the seas; the *Ocean Prince*, the *Plevna*, or gunboat so neatly and prettily captured by Rawlings with his merry men, and the tender *Tadpole*, not long returned from her unsuccessful attempt to raise the French submarine boat.

As additional tenders were the hired Arab dhows of Ben Ali, each with its little pennant fluttering gaily out in the breeze.

The *Plevna* was really a powerful little craft, having no less than three splendid guns, beside torpedo tubes, and her speed was over forty knots an hour.

I have said nothing of the submergible boat Her turn for action might come.

And on every vessel here assembled brave hearts were beating and burning to encounter the foe, and strike a blow for the land they loved so dearly.

There used to visit the ships every day in his humble outrigger, *manned*, if it be not an Irish bull to say so, by a half-naked negro woman and a boy, a lean and wretched-looking half-caste Arab. His raiment was a shirt of camel's hair, as dirty as a guano bag, which barely reached his knees, and a little straw skull-cap. His legs were no thicker than a boat's oar. But he used to do good business with the Jacks — selling them eggs, fowls, and fruit, and bringing their washing on board.

All night long, round and round the fleet, boats rowed sentry, and every suspicious craft coming off was overhauled and boarded. But no one took any heed of Rahzah. Sometimes even, when it was close on midnight, he paddled towards the *Vengeful* or *Ocean Prince* with an officer who had got belated while rambling in the bush or playing cards at the big hotel.

No one heeded Rahzah, no one suspected him, and indeed some of the bluejackets, or stokers, rather loved him than otherwise. And yet this wretched being, whose lank, lean visage bore an expression of settled melancholy, was chosen as a tool by Louis mon Brave, who with Rigault had managed to reach Zanzibar in the disguise of a Parsee, to assist in as dastardly a deed as ever was attempted since the destruction of the *Maine* at Cuba by the cowardly Spaniards.

So well was the fleet guarded that no one save Rahzah could have succeeded in attaching a line

to the bottom of the great flag-ship, and paddling quietly on shore with the end thereof. This line was of wire, and thin, yet it was capable enough of guiding a torpedo of exceptional power right under the very bottom of the *Vengeful*, where it could be exploded from the shore by means of electricity.

Close to the little Arab burying ground on the sands, where so many skulls and bones of slaves lie bleaching, and on the very night before the little flying squadron was to sail, two men sat quietly smoking their cigarettes and gazing seawards. A gentle swell was on; the long waves lisped lazily on the white beach as they broke into foam; the war-ships, with their bobbing, blinking, yellow lights, rose and fell drowsily; the sky was star-studded, and low on the horizon were great, white, rolling clouds, lit up almost incessantly by tropical lightning. That was the seascape. Behind the men all was darkness, for it was long past midnight. Silent, too, save when now and then a long, quavering yell rose and died away—the shriek of an Arab sentinel.

A boat passed between the men and the ships, and suddenly from its bows shot the dazzling splendour of a searchlight.

But the men lay flat beside the bank, and in a few minutes a sturdy English sentry's voice might have been heard shouting: "All's well!"

If anyone was awake in the midshipmen's hammocks he but turned on his side when he heard the hail, and, feeling safe and secure, soon fell fast asleep.

Suddenly a dug-out was beached just beside the graveyard, and Rahzah himself glided silently on shore, and stood like an apparition between those men and the stars.

"It is you, Rahzah?"

"It is Rahzah!"

CHAPER XVII.

"IF I WERE LOUIS MON BRAVE," SAID RAWLINGS.

THE two men who sat smoking on the beach near to the ghastly burying-place had been silent for some time.

"Louis," said one presently, "you are certain everything is arranged?"

"Yes; but hush, Rigault, speak lower. Arab sentries have ears like devils, and are strangely suspicious. Ha! here comes Rahzah."

"You have done what I told you?" said Louis.

"All, all, and everything silent as that skull."

He lightly kicked some bones as he spoke, for all around was a Golgotha of bones.

"Then go, my good Rahzah, I will see you to-morrow. Paddle silently to the shore farther up, and let no one observe you."

Next moment the men were alone.

The time had not yet arrived, however. They must wait till the guard-boat had passed. So they lay quiet and smoked.

A huge torpedo was already at anchor not 50yds. from them. One touch to the spring of the apparatus which Rigault carried would set it free, and then——

Jooma the Fifth, as he was called on board the *Vengeful*, was the interpreter and spy belonging to that ship. A very little man, an Arab, but as black as printers' ink nevertheless. He was a silent and most uncomely dwarf. Perhaps he had found out that silence was silvern; anyhow, no man on board ever succeeded in making this Jooma talk about anything that did not refer to business.

However, he had been faithful hitherto to every British ship on the coast that had engaged him.

Jooma had been permitted to go on shore on this particular night to say good-bye to his family, but with orders to be off on the stroke of two bells in the middle watch.

It was some time past his usual hour, however, before he made his way to the beach, and Jooma was the soul of punctuality.

He met Rahzah.

"Ah, you'll do! Quick!" he cried. "Row me out to the *Vengeful*. Speed you, speed you!" This in English.

"No—me not row."

"What you tell to Jooma? You scoundaraile! You not row a British officer! I shoot you quick! Come!"

The sight of the revolver was enough, and next minute Jooma was seated in the little boat, and Rahzah was paddling seawards.

He slowed when near the ship, however, and presently, to Jooma's astonishment, dropped his paddles and sprang overboard.

At that moment there was a hail from the ship, "Boat ahoy!"

"Ay, ay—quick!"

There was a slight commotion on board now, and men with lanterns hurried down the starboard ladder to the water's edge to receive Jooma.

He sprang up the side like a cat. This was no time for ceremony. Jooma had something in his hand which he must show to the commander at once.

In two minutes' time he stood in Capel's cabin.

"Up, sir—up! Quick—quick! The ship will be deestroy soon—soon!"

Capel was stupefied for a moment, but soon came to his senses, and by the light which Jooma had turned on he examined the things which the

MERRIDALE WAS ON THE BRIDGE OF THE *VENGEFUL* AT THE TIME.

dwarf thrust into his hands—some pieces of wire and some strange tools.

These had been found in Rahzah's boat.

"Quick—again I say!" cried Jooma. "Evil men have put one topeedo undah you sheep!"

Capel jumped to the situation at once, and all round the ship—quietly but quickly—an examination was made, and the wire from the shore was found and cut.

The affair did not end quite here, however.

For, only a few minutes after this — so narrow had the escape of the *Vengeful* been—Louis mon Brave touched the spring, and silently away spun the awful torpedo on its mission of death and destruction.

Louis had determined to court no failure. The torpedo was one of those which move by compressed air, and which explode at once on hitting an object, but should it not strike with sufficient force, the arch-spy had means by which to communicate an electric spark to its magazine after a given time.

On this occasion that given time never came, for hardly had the torpedo left the shore ere Rahzah sprang up out of the sea and made a rush towards the conspirators to alarm them. He tripped on something, and severed the tiny connecting wire.

Now a wild bull at large is an ugly customer to meet, but an escaped torpedo, which has been well wound up, and is well loaded, is a thousand times more dangerous.

When that particular torpedo, which Louis mon Brave had launched, found itself at the end of its tether or wire, it was free. The cut end, however, had sunk, and somehow deviated this submarine thunderbolt from its course, and thus saved the *Vengeful*.

It gave its wicked tail an extra wriggle, and ploughed boldly on. It pressed close under the stern of the *Ocean Prince*, but didn't touch; then it made straight for an Englishman's yacht, but a stray shark wonderingly nosed it, and turned it out of that course. It passed dangerously near to many merchantmen, then went merrily heading out to sea.

But the holiday of that frolicsome torpedo came speedily to an end, else it might have gone far enough.

Whether it was the ocean current itself, or a shoal of jelly fish, or a wandering bonito, I could not say, but something touched it forward on the port bow. Then, instead of heading any longer for the ocean wide and wild, it once more took another direction, and bore straight for the Sultan's powder ship, which was anchored some distance from the place where vessels lay.

There were only five Arabs on board that craft, and Merridale, who was on the bridge of the *Vengeful* at the time of the appalling explosion, told his messmates next day that he distinctly saw those five men high in air, in the cataract of flame and débris, holding on their turbans with both hands. They seemed to be taking a westerly direction, as if they wanted to get on shore as quickly as possible, but were speedily swallowed up in the darkness.

Anyhow, the *Vengeful* escaped a fearful fate; but so violent was the explosion that ships were shaken to their very keels, and houses blown down on shore, while the boats moored near to the beach were lifted bodily and cast high, if not dry, on the sands.

So grateful was Captain Bullard, his officers and men, for the services of the dwarf, that a collection was made for him at divisions next day, and he was presented with a bag of gold, silver, and copper pice that quite took his breath away.

Capel was determined if possible to capture the spy. "In the island he must be," he said at the mess-table, "A blockade could be established," he continued, "and every vessel searched, as well as the city itself."

Rawlings only smiled.

"If I were Louis," he said, quietly, "I would be far enough away ere now. We can see the hand of the arch-spy in this attempt to blow us up, but he would have sailed immediately after the failure of the plot. I should have done so."

At this very moment a dhow was seen in the offing, making all sail shorewards, for a good breeze was now blowing. She was flying the pennant, and was therefore one of the *Vengeful's* auxiliary fleet.

Hardly, therefore, had she dropped anchor before a man-of-war's boat was being rowed rapidly towards her, Mr. Merridale in command, and Rawlings himself in the stern sheets.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"BUT—WE SHALL BE FREE!"

Up and down the broad and wide quarter-deck of the *Vengeful* paced Commander Capel, all the time the boat was gone. Swiftly too, for his feet were keeping pace with his thoughts. This gallant sailor had but few home ties—an aged father and mother, but neither sister, brother, nor wife.

Stay though—he *had* a wife. His ship was that wife, and he dearly loved her. Few officers of the navy have what can be called real zeal for the service in time of peace, but this was a time of patriotism. We were at war, and I do not

think there was a man or boy fore or aft in this mighty cruiser, whose heart did not thrill to think and believe himself to be part and parcel of a navy unparalleled in history—a power which, despite the fact that the enemy had succeeded in effecting a landing on our shores, would in the end sweep that invader off the ocean, and hurl him back, crushed and broken, upon the shores he had dared to sail from. Even the midshipmen were imbued by the same spirit as their elders and seniors, and, terrible though the tidings had been which the now severed cable brought from England, they lived in hope, and were spoiling for more battle and strife.

The news which Rawlings returned with soon spread throughout the ship, and men were seen standing everywhere in knots to discuss it. A glance would have told the veriest landlubber that, shoulder to shoulder around their guns or down in the awful heat of the stoke-holes, those brave bluejackets would stand on the battle-deck when the day of tussle came, and bravely do or die.

"Well, Rawlings?"

"Yes, sir, Louis mon Brave has fled. Did so early this morning. Bore up for the east. No doubt with the intention of joining his own war-dhows and meeting and fighting ours."

"Well?"

"Well, his two swiftest have escaped the vigilance of our dhow-fleet, and by this time the secrets of our submarine boats, our code of telephone and telegraphic signals, and everything else may be known in France."

"Bad news!"

"Yes, Captain Capel, and he is a brave man, and true, who commands that flag-dhow; a long-headed man, too. He tells me that without a doubt our exact strength will now be made known to the combined Russian and French cruisers at the entrance to the Red Sea, and that a sufficient naval force will be despatched to sweep us off the sea."

"By heaven!" exclaimed Capel, sternly and determinedly, "they will find their mistake. But here comes Captain Bullard, and this is no time to waste words; we must call a council of war and act immediately."

"Undoubtedly, Capel, undoubtedly!" That was all the good captain said just then.

What was agreed to at that council of war, to which the acting captains of the *Ocean Prince* and *Plevna* were invited, was not divulged to the men forward, although Jack Howard, whose duties happened to call him aft to the captain's quarters, told his messmates he had heard Bullard addressing Mr. Rawlings in the following words, which had been received with a cheer by the others.

"He says there are four Frenchmen and three Russians coming for us. Eh! Pah! the odds is insignificant. Capel, we'll give them battle."

At the council held this forenoon, Rawlings, the clever and astute detective, had made many suggestions that commended themselves to Capel and his Captain, and, acting upon one of these, no movement or stir was observable on any ship of the fleet that day. They lay as quietly at their anchorage as if they did not mean to move for a month.

The Parsee and Hindoo merchants chuckled to themselves as they turned in, and so, too, did the seller of the vile gin and arrack. The British fleet would lie here for weeks yet, and Jack and Joe continue to squander their money.

But lo! when the sun shone red and dazzling over the waves next morning, never a ship was to be seen, and even the swift dhow had gone. Hindoos and Parsees ran to their offices to scan their books uneasily. But no, not a man in the British fleet owed them a penny. The excitement was over, therefore, in Zanzibar—for a time, at all events. The show was closed; the Russian and French consuls rehoisted their flags, and even the Sultan breathed more freely.

We must leave this city now, however, and follow our little fleet of cruisers.

That fleet was rushing northwards, then, at fullest speed, and without doubt a great battle would soon be fought either off Aden or in the Red Sea itself. For Bullard and his officers had not been slow to recognize the urgency of affairs as they now stood. Nor did they hesitate to grant to Louis mon Brave and his excellent Lieutenant Rigault, all the credit that was their due. It was no child's game that this masterful spy had been playing, and the stakes were probably of greater value than nations had ever played for before in the world. This was no ordinary war; it was a struggle to the death, or the final triumph of Britannia, who, till now, had reigned as, and been recognized by every nation as, mistress of the seas. As yet the French and Russians had the best of it. They had invaded our shores, and even at this very moment, while the *Vengeful* and her consorts were ploughing their way bravely northwards through the blue waves of the Indian Ocean, England, and a large portion of Scotland, was overrun by the armies of France. Having once seized the southern shores, having once got possession of the Straits of Dover and the Channel, their transports continued to land soldiers, ammunition and guns in a never-ending stream.

Our troops were beaten back in every direction, and though London was yet uncaptured, it was in a state of seige. Her brave sons were fighting

in trenches, for forts there were none, and although the water supply was abundant, if help did not arrive, the city would be starved and obliged to capitulate in a few months' time at the farthest. Everyone who had been able to leave the great city had already gone, and the county was by this time one vast widely-spread service of isolated camps. Railway traffic had mostly been suspended, and telegraphic communication between the cities was, for the time, a thing of the past.

In every war, just as in an upstanding fight between two men, victory is almost half ensured to the combatant who can land the first well-placed blow. The combined forces of Russia and France had succeeded in planting that first blow with a celerity which did them credit, and for the time-being Britain lay panting and bleeding at their feet. She was not demoralised, it is true. She was even preparing for another spring; and if she could maintain the unequal contest until some great success could be gained by our navy at sea, war's red tide might be rolled back amain, and final victory be assured.

But there were cowards and pessimists in every town nevertheless, who told their friends quietly—though they dared not preach such doctrine openly—that the navy could assist them no more; that Britain had seen her day; that her sun was now setting, encrimsoned with blood, amidst the thunderclouds of battle and strife; and that this was the fate of all too-grasping nations.

Yet why should they mourn, even if for the future they must be a third-rate power, and no longer honoured in the councils of the nations? Peace would arise with healing in its wings, and that alone could bring happiness and surcease of sorrow.

Another class longed for the intervention of other nations; Italy would help us, brave Japan was already preparing for war against Russia, and America could not afford to see England wiped off the map of the world.

I am glad to say that this class was in the minority.

"No! no! no!" cried the true British hearts. "Avast with intervention! We ask not the assistance of a single gun from a foreign nation. Such assistance means disgrace. Britain must bear the brunt of the storm, and, all alone in the conflict, fighting triumph, or fighting die."

CHAPTER XIX.

"MAN AND ARM THE SU'MARINE!"

ALTHOUGH Bullard's bold little fleet was, in a manner of speaking, quite cut off from its home base, and no news could reach it as to the terrible state of affairs in that now unhappy country, the captain could guess the whole truth and imagine more.

If France and her ally, Russia, had so far won the game at home, they had been but little less successful here in the Indian Ocean. It is true that we had sunk one great man-o'-war and captured another; but this success had been as nothing compared to that scored by the enemy through the genius of the arch-spy, Louis mon Brave.

He had not only managed to wrench from the British the secret of their submergible boat, which in itself counted for many points in the war game now being played, but he had stolen many other secret papers, and made himself thorough master of our private code of signals.

Had it been possible to telegraph home to the Admiralty that such loss had taken place, the code might have been altered, the cipher changed.

The only hope which now remained, although this was almost a forlorn one, lay in the off-chance the *Vengeful* had of either overtaking or intercepting the two swift dhows which had been despatched by Louis to bear this code of signals to the French ships in the Red Sea.

These dhows, fleet though they were, could not defy weather and storms, and besides, they were almost certain to be becalmed on the line.

Two of the most marvellous discoveries, or inventions, were now in use, not only in our own navy, but in that of other nations, namely, wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony.

But another invention had been added to these, and although any two friendly ships could converse with each other even at a distance of 100 miles, intervening men-o'-war belonging to the enemy had now an apparatus—partly kite, partly balloon—by means of which they could search the sky above them, and so get in touch with a portion of the electric wave by which the message was being transmitted. This message, be it remembered, would still pass on intact, and neither of the two friendly ships would know that it had been tapped or interfered with.

So perfect were the instruments for intercepting and reading messages sent through the air from ship to ship that even submarine boats, lying like sharks in waiting far below the surface of the ocean, could hurl these skywards, catch the telegram, and then quietly change their position, lest a single bubble on the water should reveal their presence to a watchful foe.

It will easily be seen, therefore, how important it was now that either Louis mon Brave's dhows should be overhauled by Bullard's fleet, or, if this were impossible, that the enemy's ships in receipt

of the stolen signal codes should be attacked, captured, or destroyed before they had a chance to send the secrets to France and Russia.

And that was the stake for which the *Vengeful* was now playing. Success in the game would not necessarily avert the danger that hung pall-like over Britain; but defeat would undoubtedly lead to the gravest disaster, and interfere materially with the efficiency of her navy when going into action.

The captain of our "flag-dhow," as the fastest of this strange fleet was termed, was a tall handsome Arab, said to be a scion of the prophet. He therefore wore the green mantle which indicated his rank. He was taken on board the *Vengeful*, the command of his war-dhow devolving on his lieutenant, another most energetic gentleman Arab.

Mahmed's first lieutenant had orders to rejoin the other vessels of the flying dhow-fleet, and together to go in quest of the dhows of Louis mon Brave—to fight, sink, and destroy them if possible; and, if not, to harass them in every possible manner, keeping them ever in sight and delaying the arch-spy's voyage to the Red Sea.

And now that our ships were fairly under weigh, there were no longer any secrets kept from them. Jack really hates to sail with his eyes shut.

Somehow the favourite bos'n's mate was the first to receive intimation. He was no longer "mate," however, but promoted to full-blown bo's'n. Capel himself — and he loved and respected this honest fellow — gave him the news.

It was on the very evening of the day they had sailed that the commander called him into his cabin as he was lurching along the gallery, for it was blowing stiffly—one of those fearful gales, in fact, that come sweeping over the Indian Ocean in the autumn of the year (south the line).

"Oh! Harris, here you are. Haven't seen a deal of you lately—privately, I mean—but I don't forget we are old friends and were boys together. Come inside."

"Ah, sir, and I never forgets those dear old times in Cornwall. Mind upon our fishing adventures, sir? I used to call you 'Charlie' in those days."

THE BOLD MIDDY SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE SIDE AND INSTANTLY DISAPPEARED.

"Yes, indeed. Help yourself, Tom; there stands the bottle, and it's at your service any time you like to pop in. I don't touch it at present, because we'll soon be going into action, lad."

"Well, sir, I guessed as much, or dreamt it, or something, sir. God send us the victory!"

"Amen!"

"Bearing up for the Red Un, ain't we?"

"That's it, Tom."

They had a little kindly conversation now about dear old boyhood days spent in bonnie Cornwall, then Captain Capel gave a little sigh as he said, "Well, Tom, old man, have another liquor, and you can go. We'll be all happy yet, and I'm going to take you on a tour when I get home."

Tom helped himself sparingly.

"And may I mention forward where we're bound for, sir?"

"Certainly," said the commander. Then he laughed. "I think," he added, "that the best and quickest way to spread the news, Tom, will be for you to tell Bobby Blair in confidence."

The wind howled and moaned that night at a terrific rate. The great ship shivered fore and aft as in such weather great ships do, and the seas often dashed in foam high over the fo'c'sle; but down below in Jack's mess—in every mess forward—many a song was sung and many a hearty yarn spun, for the men were just as merry as men could be.

But what a heavenly morning after that fearsome night, for in the middle watch it had been blowing a gale more terrific than the oldest sailor on board ever remembered!

The *Vengeful* had weathered it all unscathed, however, and so had her consort, the *Ocean Prince*.

The *Tadpole* and *Plevna* were not visible. But the ocean was now swept by wireless telegraphy, and, ere long, back from both came the gladsome message—"All's well."

Both were astern.

Warm on deck, hotter still below, but melting in the stoke holds, and during the day both O'Shane and McDrift had plenty to do—the real Elliot, by the way, was doing duty on the *Ocean Prince*—for man after man of the black gang was hoisted up wet and limp, and to all appearance dead.

The *Vengeful* waited not at present for the rest of the fleet, but went ploughing on at even greater speed than ever. The *Tadpole* could keep the course and the *Plevna* too.

Only when she was well over the line was she stopped, and this for the purpose of submarine drill. The great derricks were speedily unlimbered, and by the invisible power of electricity, the matchless sea-dragon was elevated and easily lowered over the side.

Right merrily now went the bos'n's pipe, for it was not all button-work on board the *Vengeful*. Commander Capel, and Bullard too, liked to see the bare feet and busy arms of his crew, as they rushed hither and thither at work on the decks.

"Away—ay—ay—!—*Dragon's* crew! Man and arm the su'marine."

And the "su'marine" was manned and armed in the twinkling of a handspike.

They were indeed a strangely dressed crew that manned her, but every soul there knew his own particular duty.

It would have been difficult indeed for anyone not behind the scenes to have told that the curious little marked figure to whom Capel handed a card was Midshipman Merridale.

"Here are your instructions, sir, and the evolutions are to be performed precisely as noted. Go."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the bold middy, as he swung himself over the side and instantly disappeared.

And next moment the sea-dragon had gone. Look where one might, across or around that smooth and oily ocean, not a bubble was there to indicate the presence of the most perfect "su'marine" that ever sank. She might have gone to Davie Jones for all that anyone on board the *Vengeful*, with the single exception of Capel, in his conning tower, could tell.

Capel was the soul of the ship. Capel was conversing, by wire, with Merridale, and Merridale was, most of the time, two or three thousand yards away.

The strange drill was kept up for some hours, then came Merridale's last message to Capel.

"I'm going to blow you sky-high, sir, if you please."

The reply was "Communication now severed. Blow away if you can, but you've got to find us first."

Hardly had this message been flashed, ere Capel's fingers were busy on as many buttons as if the semi-circle in front of him was some new species of type-writer.

In less than a quarter of a minute, he had put himself in communication with every portion of the mighty ship, and was issuing orders to all quarters.

Clear indeed must be the head of him who mans the conning tower!

CHAPTER XX.

"MAY GOD HELP YOU, BOY."

THERE was not a ship to be seen upon this part of the Indian Ocean, except the *Vengeful* and the *Ocean Prince*, but, had some merchant vessel been

passing at this moment, and had she directed her lorgnettes towards the former, puzzled indeed would the master-mariner have been at beholding her movements. There was only one conclusion that he could have come to.

"Whoever is commanding that ship," he would have told his mate, "has gone suddenly out of his mind."

Has the reader ever heard of a battle 'twixt the thrasher and the whale? Here it was then, or here it seemed to be, but on a larger scale than any battle of the kind ever beheld by eyes of seafarer. The *Sea Dragon* or *Warlock*, as she was called by McDrift, was the thrasher, the *Vengeful* was the whale. Round and round went the latter, with helms hard a-port, and almost on her own length, the sea for 100yds. all around her and fathoms deep churned into foam by special machinery. Other precautions also were taken for the purposes of defence against the dreaded su'marine.

Then once more all was still, and presently the *Sea Dragon* was lying quietly along the star-board quarter. Up the side slowly now came little Merridale, and staggered aft.

Capel himself rushed to meet him, and seized his outstretched hand.

"Are we blown up?" he said. "But—why you are ill, my son!"

Merridale's voice sounded very far away as he made answer:

"Yes — you're in heaven, now, sir—or—somewhere else."

Then down dropped the brave middy, and was borne gently forward to the sick bay.

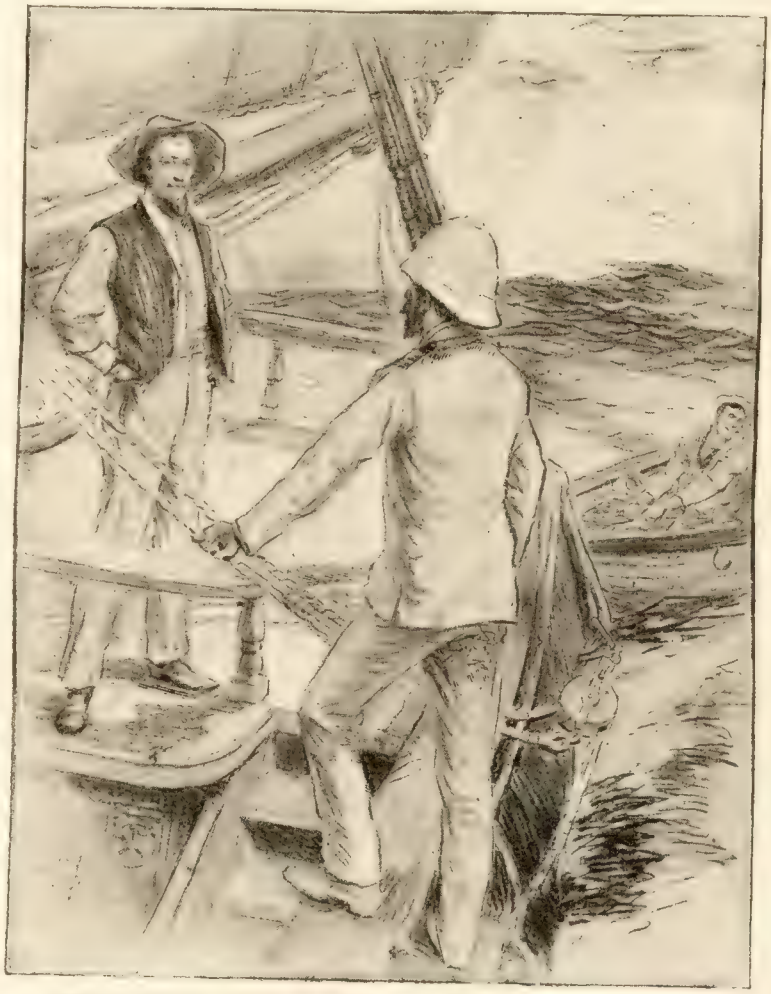
There is nothing more successful than success, and in less than half an hour the *Sea Dragon* was safe and sound in its old quarters, and Merridale, and all his little men, were their merry little selves again.

During these evolutions, the *Tadpole* and *Plevna* had come up, and soon the whole of the fleet was *en voyage* for the north, but spread out in open order just within sight-signalling distance.

* * * * *

Mahmed, the captain of the flag dhow, was most earnest in duty, and seldom indeed during the day was he absent from the *Vengeful's* foretop. He had in his hands one of the best portable telescopes on board, and with this he was never tired of searching the horizon.

Many a dhow was sighted, but when appealed to concerning these, he would only shake his head or reply, "No, Allah has not heard my prayers yet."



CAPEL WAS MET ON THE QUARTER-DECK BY A LANTERN-JAWED YANKEE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

He even came on duty at night, and, by aid of the searchlight, scanned the sea on every side. He had been offered a spare cabin below, but smilingly refused, nor would he deign even to eat in the ward room. His bed by night was a grass mat, spread on deck, and his food, rice boiled by his own servant, with dates and fruit galore. His drink was water only.

Nevertheless, this strange being was a great

favourite with everyone, especially with the gun-room officers, and many an evening during this memorable voyage did Merridale, Curtis, Scott, and others sit round him, as he squatted tailor-fashion in the fo'c'sle, and listen to the wonderful stories he had to tell of his adventures in the far interior of Africa. Bobby Blair was never far off while these yarns were being spun, and, with a hand behind each ear and eyes as big as florins, he lay on his stomach behind the charmed circle, and greedily indeed did he drink in every word.

Several of the dhows were boarded, but they could not, or would not, give any news that was of the slightest use to Capel and Bullard.

Partial success at last however! Mahmed simply pointed to a dhow and smiled, and swift though this craft was on a leading wind, she was soon overhauled.

Among her papers on board were found copies of the British code of signals, and plans of the famous submergible boat, and every item of information that Louis mon Brave, prince of spies, had so cleverly obtained. These, of course, were destroyed, but as the surly black Arab who commanded could give no clue to the whereabouts of the sister-dhow, he and his vessel were left alone in their glory, but not before every sail and spar was taken out of her, and in this plight she would have to float like a log till rescue came.

The other dhow, it was sadly evident, had reached the Red Sea, and our secrets would probably by this time be in the hands of the enemy.

There might be time yet, however, for she could not have managed to get very far ahead of her consort.

While still a long way off Aden, the black cinder or rock which is so familiar to every tourist who travels to or from India, a barque was sighted, and though she hoisted the stars and stripes, and was forging ahead on her voyage to the south, a shot was fired across her hawse, and she was obliged to heave to.

Capel himself boarded her, and was met on the quarter-deck by the master, a long, lantern-jawed Yankee of quite the old school.

"I say, Britisher," he drawled, before Captain Capel had time to put in a word, "you've got a darned good cheek for a representation of a fifth-class naval power."

Capel smiled. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Come off!" cried the Yankee. "What are ye giving me? D'ye mean to tell me that you don't know that Britain's whipped at last; that there ain't another kick in her; that your country is captured, and going to be sliced up among the powers; that London's fell, and that the streets of the French port of Aden—ay, French now, so you needn't grin—is placarded only yesterday with news of the disaster, and capture of the whole blessed Channel fleet? Ya-as, grin again, it becomes you, for an unbelievin' dogoned son of a British sea cook."

"But there!" he added, sticking out his fist, "shake, old man, I can't forget we once was friends! And now I'll give you a tip. Go right away back to your bit of a fleet, and haul down your bunting, and turn your jib to the south'ard, 'cause seven ships, French and Russian, sail day after to-morrow to sweep ye clean off the briny ocean. Will ye liquor? No? Will ye smoke or chew? Very well, take my tip and turn tail. So-long, capting, changes will occur, ye know. Now, mate"—this to his first officer—"stand by to fill the fore-yard."

By sunset the fleet was but eighty miles from Aden. The Yankee skipper had given Capel a tip, and he was going to take it too, but certainly not in the way he had advised.

Ere it was quite dark, the ships were stopped, and now lay close together. Moreover, the *Warlock* or *Sea Dragon* was once more alongside, and Merridale and his crew were awaiting orders.

The terrible little craft had no less than five torpedoes on board, and extra hands would be sent to manœuvre them.

The commanding officers of the *Ocean Prince*, the *Plevna*, and the *Tadpole* stepped on board the *Vengeful;* Capel and his captain had quite made up their minds as to what they should do before asking them to come on board.

There was a murmur of applause when Capel stated the case. Then these officers had their orders, and soon after left just as quietly as they had come.

And now Merridale took his card of instructions from Capel's hand.

"Good-bye, sir," he said.

No sign of tremor in that brave young voice.

"Good-bye, good-bye; and may God help you, boy!"

Every head was uncovered, and tears were trembling in the eyes of more than one bold mariner, as the boy went silently over the side and disappeared in the gloom.

(To be concluded.) Gordon Stables

The SECRET of the IDOL

By W. MURRAY GRAYDON

AN UNPLEASANT surprise was in store for Luke Tearle, agent and manager to London's largest dealer in wild animals, when he came down one morning to Hans Goldbeck's emporium at Wapping, near the Tower Bridge. He arrived at an unusually early hour, for a couple of important consignments were to be made ready and shipped that day. He unlocked the door of the private office, entered the room, and saw before his eyes unmistakable evidence of a nocturnal visit. In the middle of the floor a pyramid, composed of a large table, a smaller one, and an arm chair, towered to within 4ft. of an open skylight overhead. An ordinary pocket-knife, with its single blade snapped off at the hilt, lay near the fireplace. Otherwise the room was apparently undisturbed. Neither the desk drawers nor the safe had been tampered with, and a fresh box of cigars was unopened.

"It's a queer business," said Hans Goldbeck, who turned up within a few minutes of his assistant. "The fellow seems to have been scared off before he got to work. Hullo, what's this?"

As he spoke he drew open the door of an upright glass cabinet that stood in a corner, the shelves of which were filled with all sorts of rare and valuable curios, from a string of Aztec beads to the preserved head of a Carib Indian.

"The lock has been forced," he added. "That accounts for the broken knife. But there is only one thing missing—the little gold idol."

"You mean the Ashanti fetish," said Tearle. "Nothing else?"

"That's all. But the idol is gone, right enough; and I fancy I know who stole it. You remember the chap who dropped in yesterday morning — Vanberg he called himself? He palavered for an hour about buying some bears for a travelling menagerie, and promised to return to-day, which he won't do. For that case caught his eye, and he gave it half his attention while he was here. Yes, Vanberg is the thief."

"I am inclined to agree with you. Yet why would he be satisfied with the idol?"

"That's the queer part of it," replied Goldbeck. "He could have stuffed his pockets with things equally valuable, or more so."

"I took a good look at the man," said Tearle. "He was a German, and his skin had the peculiar and unmistakable yellow tint left by West African fever; which is, at least, a suggestive coincidence."

"How so?"

"Because that diminutive idol came from the Gold Coast, as you are aware. A Haussa soldier picked it up in the forest a year ago near the borders of Ashantiland, and shortly after the British troops entered Coomassie and dethroned King Prempeh. I bought it from the Haussa at Cape Coast Castle."

"I don't follow your reasoning," said Goldbeck. "The affair is wrapped in mystery. Suppose we look about outside? We may make some fresh discovery."

But no clue of importance was found, though it appeared that the thief had scaled a gate, reached the office roof by climbing over a shed, and then lowered himself through the skylight. Of the two watchmen, one had heard nothing, while the other had spent the night in the big warerooms containing the caged wild beasts. The matter rested there, for Hans Goldbeck decided not to put it into the hands of the police. But Tearle, whose curiosity was deeply roused, cherished a hope that some day the mystery would be cleared up.

"The Ashanti fetish was stolen for a purpose," he told himself. "It possessed some power—some secret—that was known to the thief, or was suspected by him. I wonder if the thing could have been hollow."

Three months have elapsed. In far distant Coomassie, under the fierce rays of the African sun, a couple of bronzed Englishmen were threading their way one afternoon through the mass of ebon humanity that well-nigh choked the market-place. The spacious enclosure, lined with booths and stalls, and opening into narrow streets of wattle huts, resounded with strange, harsh cries. Here and there, amid the ferocious-visaged Ashanti warriors, strutted a brace of Haussa soldiers or Gold Coast Constabulary—mute witnesses to the altered condition of affairs. For since the banishment of King Prempeh, and the installation of a British Resident, peace and honest government prevailed in Coomassie.

"You saw that chap who just passed us?" John Garthorn said to his companion. "He is a German, Adolph Becker by name. He used to trade in these parts, and it was rumoured that he dealt in black ivory. He disappeared some time ago, and last February—when I ran across him in Liverpool—he called himself Vanberg. Now he is back in his old haunts again."

"Vanberg?" exclaimed Luke Tearle, with a start of surprise. "What is he doing here?"

"I don't know," replied Garthorn. "His camp is in the neighbourhood, and he has a lot of Fantee niggers in his pay. Several times, before you arrived, I caught him lurking about my place. On the last occasion he dropped this. What do you make of it?"

Tearle examined with interest a fragment of coarse blue paper, 3ins. square, scrawled over with hieroglyphics that roughly suggested the inscription on an Egyptian obelisk.

"It is a native drawing," he said, "and looks to have been traced in blood. You are sure the man Becker lost it?"

"Well, I picked it up where he had been standing," Garthorn replied.

"May I keep it?"

"If you like—certainly."

Tearle was silent and thoughtful during the three-mile walk to the camp, which was north-west of Coomassie, in the cool shelter of the forest. An area of 400 square yards, lying between a sluggish stream of water and the rocky base of a hill, was surrounded by a high stockade with a gateway. On entering the enclosure one saw to the right the negroes' quarters, and on the left two wattle huts of better construction. In one of these the Englishmen slept, and the other was packed with the fruits of Garthorn's judicious bartering—ivory, gum-copal, monkey skins, rubber, and palm oil. In the rear were two stout cages, containing a rhinoceros and a pair of superb lions. In the middle of the space a clump of trees grew by a large boulder of peculiar shape.

The animals were Tearle's property. Having come up country a week previously, he had gladly consented to share quarters with his old chum Garthorn, the trader, who kept a permanent camp near Coomassie. At the present time, besides the Englishmen, there were only two negro servants here. Johnson, Tearle's white companion, was a dozen miles away, with a number of native assistants, constructing traps and pits for the capture of wild beasts.

When supper was over, and the night had fallen darkly, the negroes squatted by a fire of logs, near the open gateway. Garthorn lit his pipe, and presently began to shake with a chill.

"It's the confounded malaria again," he groaned.

He crept to his bed in the hut, and Tearle threw a blanket over him, and gave him a stiff dose of quinine. "That will knock out the fever, old man!" he said.

"Yes, I'll be all right in the morning," Garthorn assented.

Five minutes later Tearle was standing by the boulder in the middle of the camp, the mysterious bit of blue paper in one hand, and in the other a flaring wax vesta.

"There is certainly a resemblance," he said to himself. "It is a wild and improbable theory, and yet there is reason to think——"

A low, eager cry just then interrupted his thoughts, and glancing round he saw that the negroes were on their feet, in attitudes of alarm. He hurried towards them, and was half-way to the fire when six dusky figures swarmed through the gateway—five stalwart Fantees, headed by Adolf Becker. The German levelled his rifle.

"Hands up, my friend!" he commanded fiercely. "Quick! or I'll put a bullet through you."

Tearle, unarmed and helpless, was trapped like a rat. "You scoundrel!" he cried in a passion. "I know your game."

"So much the better—it saves explanation," Becker retorted.

"You are Vanberg the thief! It was you who stole the Ashanti fetish!"

The German laughed sneeringly. He had chosen his time well, and was master of the situation. Garthorn, crawling forth to see what was wrong, was promptly seized and tied at the wrists. Tearle was secured in a similar manner, and then both were thrust into the hut, from which all firearms were first removed. Two of the Fantees squatted outside the low doorway, and the other three stood guard over the trader's terrified negroes. Meanwhile the strong gate of the stockade had been closed and barred against possible intrusion.

Garthorn was burning with fever, and was almost indifferent to what had happened. Tearle's outburst of rage had cooled down a little, and he did not utterly despair of turning the tables on his wily foe. His shrewd mind revolved one thing and another, while he ventured an occasional peep at Becker, who was now digging with a spade at one corner of the boulder, with a burning torch stuck into the ground at his side.

"He shan't carry off the prize, if I can help it," Tearle muttered.

Five minutes slipped by. The German dug hard and fast, and the heap of excavated earth mounted steadily. An occasional roar, or a deep-throated grunt, told that the caged animals were unusually alert. Tearle smiled as he heard them, and suddenly he rolled over, close to his companion, and breathed a few whispered words of instruction. Garthorn turned, bringing his wrists where they were wanted by Tearle, who speedily bit through the thin strands of rope that confined them. A moment later his own arms were free.

"There you are," said Garthorn. "What are you going to do?"

"Can't stop to explain now," Tearle whispered. "I'm not fit to help you, old man!"

"I don't want you to, except by shoving those two chests against the doorway directly you hear me shout. And that's for your own safety."

"I'll do it."

"It must be sharp work. Hush! I'm off now."

In the side of the hut remote from the fire was a small window. Tearle climbed through it noiselessly, and dropping to his hands and knees, he crept across to the stockade. In the semi-darkness he gained the rear of the enclosure, and stood for a moment within a couple of feet of the imprisoned lions. He looked back to see the crouching groups of negroes—to see Becker digging away as if his very life depended on the task.

"It will be a costly sacrifice," he thought; "but it is the only chance of outwitting that scoundrel!"

There was a creaking, rattling noise as Tearle drew back the sliding door of the cage, and as quickly, with a lusty shout of warning, he darted behind the structure. The lions, who were uncommonly bad-tempered brutes, did not hesitate an instant. Seeing the way to freedom open, they bounded, with angry roars, down the enclosure.

The scene that followed was both ludicrous and tragic. Becker dropped his spade and climbed in hot haste to the summit of the boulder, from which dubious vantage he pulled himself to the limbs of a tree that was within reach. One of the lions stopped underneath, and the other plunged on. The negroes, captives and captors, scattered in terror. A couple of the Fantees flung away their firearms and scrambled like cats to the roof of the sleeping-hut. Two more, with the trader's two blacks, ran for the stockade. They gained the look-out platform, recklessly scaled the pointed piles, and vanished from sight.

The remaining Fantee, poor wretch! was too paralyzed with fright to imitate his comrades. The lion pounced upon him, seized him by the breast and throat, and with blood-curdling snarls worried him for a moment or two. The

agonizing screams of the man quickly ceased, and then, abandoning his dead or dying victim, the great beast slunk off into a dark corner of the enclosure.

Meanwhile, the other lion, having leapt vainly at the branches of the tree, sprang to the top of the boulder. He glared up hungrily, with fiery eyes. Becker was only a few feet overhead, and in a position of imminent peril.

"Help! help!" he cried hoarsely, appealing to the Fantees on the hut. "Slip down and get your guns—shoot the brute! Now is your chance! Do you hear, you cowardly dogs? Quick, or I'm a dead man!"

"That's what you deserve to be, you scoundrel!" Tearle shouted from the roof of the cage, where he had taken refuge. "All right, Garthorn?"

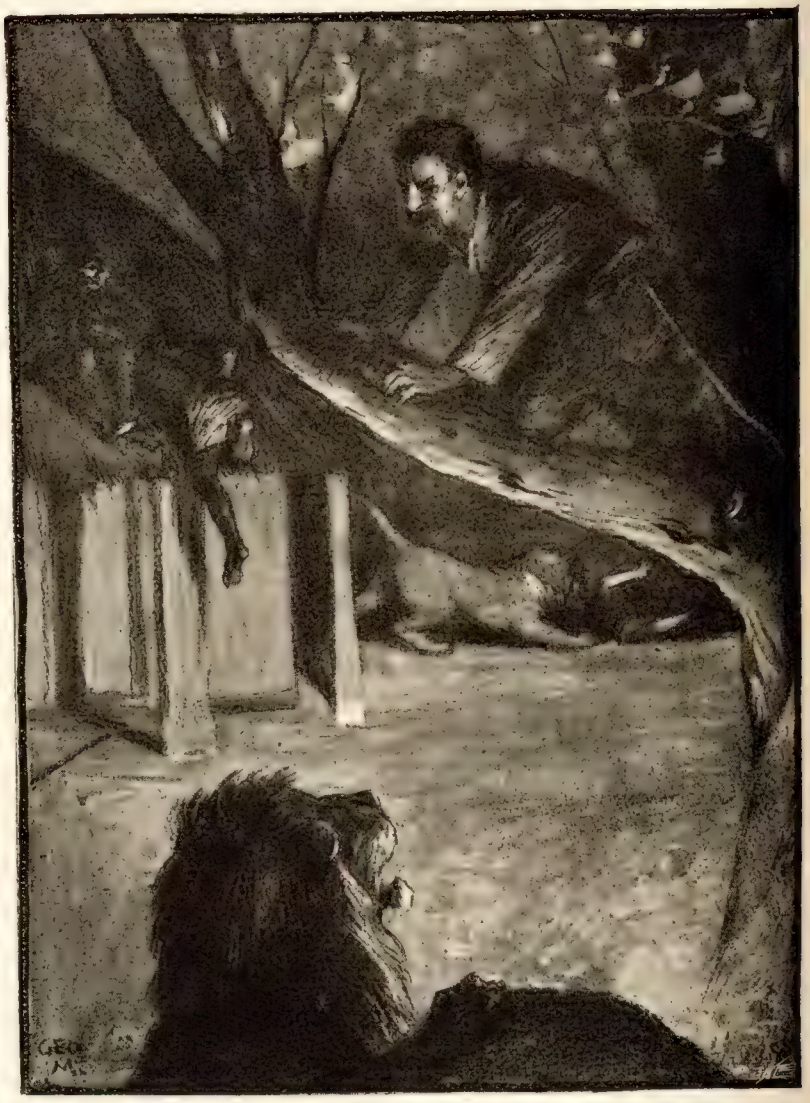
"Yes!" came the muffled response.

"Well, stay where you are, and keep the doorway blocked. I'll tell you what to do when the time is ripe."

For two or three minutes the situation was unaltered. The roaring of the lions —the one was still invisible —echoed far through the forest. The Fantees jabbered and moaned, and Becker, despairing of any help from them, kept shouting at the savage animal crouching below him, in the hope of scaring it away, or preventing it from leaping into the tree. The bellowing and snorting of the rhinoceros, who was stamping excitedly about his cage, added to the din.

"Try to get the guns, Garthorn," Tearle called to him, during a brief interval of quiet. "A couple are lying just outside the door."

But the Fantees heard and understood the words, and one of them mustered up sufficient courage to drop to the ground and snatch a rifle. He aimed hurriedly but well at the lion on the boulder, and with the loud report the brute came to earth. A few convulsive struggles, and it lay motionless.



"HELP! HELP!" HE CRIED HOARSELY.

"It's time I was taking an active hand," Tearle concluded.

But just then something occurred to change his mind and keep him where he was. The rhinoceros, goaded to madness by the crack of the rifle and the smell of the powder, charged with the utmost fury against the end of his cage. He split the stout wooden bars, forced them apart, and squeezed his huge bulk through. At that instant Becker, rid of his dangerous enemy, had ventured to slide down the trunk of the tree. He saw the great horned beast galloping straight towards him, and with a yell of terror he fled, forgetting the immediate shelter of the boulder.

HE UNEARTHED A BULKY OBJECT, WRAPPED IN A LEOPARD SKIN.

Excepting this, the nearest place of refuge was the hut that contained the trader's goods. The German scrambled to the roof, and about four seconds later the rhinoceros went through the hut, from side to side, playing havoc with the contents, and leaving the structure a wreck. Becker was pitched to the ground, and as he rose the angry quadruped wheeled round and charged him, grunting viciously. The unfortunate man was knocked down, gored and trampled upon, and that his enemy did not turn again to finish him was due to the surviving lion, who suddenly appeared on the scene and attempted to creep by the rhinoceros. The latter made a rush, the lion met it with a spring, and at once the two animals were engaged in a furious combat.

This gave the two Fantees a chance to escape, and, unbarring the gate, they fled from the enclosure. Garthorn crept out of the hut and joined Tearle on the roof of the empty cage. From a distance they watched the thrilling fight, until it was brought to a close by the lion bolting through the gateway, with the rhinoceros in hot pursuit.

"There go a few hard-earned pounds," Tearle said bitterly. "But I don't altogether regret it; we have won a richer prize instead."

"What do you mean?" asked Garthorn.

"I'll show you presently. We had better take a look at that rascally German first."

Even as he spoke, without the slightest sound or warning, a dusky horde of men swarmed into the enclosure. They were Ashanti warriors, at least a score in number, and armed to the teeth. The band stole cautiously forward, peering right and left, and at length they caught sight of the excavation at the base of the big stone. They gathered round the spot, and while one of the Ashantis fanned the nearly consumed torch into a blaze, another wielded the spade vigorously. In three minutes he unearthed a bulky object, wrapped in a leopard skin, and when he held it up to view a storm of triumphant yells and cries rent the air. The Englishmen had been looking on curiously from their hiding-place.

"What have they got there?" whispered Garthorn.

"Without doubt," replied Tearle "it is the famous Golden Stool of Coomassie—the emblem of royalty, that has descended from king to king, and which the natives regard as sacred."

"I knew it had disappeared at the time of Prempeh's downfall," exclaimed Garthorn. "But how did it get here?"

"That is a long story," Tearle muttered savagely. "We're in hard luck to-night, old chap! We turned the tables on the German, and now these black scamps have outwitted us."

"I believe they are going without further search."

"So they are. Hush—not a sound! Discovery would mean a short shrift and no mercy!"

The danger passed. Several minutes later the enclosure was deserted, and the clamour of the retreating Ashantis had died away in the depths of the forest. There was nothing more to be feared, so Tearle and Garthorn left their shelter. The trader's damaged goods, the ruined hut, two valuable animals fled, one dead Fantee, and a dead lion—such was the dismal record of loss. This did not include Becker, who was suffering from severe bruises and a deep wound in his thigh. He was unconscious when found, but a dose of brandy revived him, and he was able to talk.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said in a sullen voice, scowling at Tearle, "since you seem to know so much. It's a short story. For a year or two before the trouble broke I was a sort of adviser to King Prempeh, and I was pretty thick also with his favourite minister, Kalcalli. When the British troops came and captured the King, I thought it best to light out, and Kalcalli and I fled together. He had previously buried the golden stool by the King's command, and I had reason to believe that he had drawn a rude map of the spot, which he carried concealed in a gold fetish that he wore about his neck. I intended to rob him—I admit that—but, unluckily, Kalcalli lost the fetish, and the next day he was speared by a native of a hostile tribe. I escaped to the coast, and some time later I learned that the little idol had been found by a Haussa soldier. On coming to England I discovered by chance that it was in Hans Goldbeck's collection of curios. You know the rest. I stole the cursed thing and found the chart, which was tucked away in the hollow interior and cunningly plugged up. To locate the right spot was a more difficult task; but I succeeded in the end, though it took a lot of prowling about your camp. But for one of my own niggers, who must have blabbed the secret in Coomassie, I should have carried off the loot, and been rich for life. It's hard lines!"

"You don't deserve any sympathy, my man!" was Tearle's comment.

There is little more to relate. None of the raiding party of Ashantis were ever identified, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Resident, and in what new place they concealed the King's golden stool—the prized and sacred emblem of Ashanti royalty—is unknown to this day, though the matter has recently been brought afresh to public attention.

Adolph Becker, *alias* Vanberg, ultimately recovered of his injuries, and succeeded in escaping one night from the trader's camp; he is supposed to be now in the interior of Africa. Tearle's trapping expedition turned out well, and, in due course, he landed a fine cargo of wild animals at the Wapping docks. He also brought with him the golden idol—he took it from Becker's pocket—and it occupies its old place in Hans Goldbeck's cabinet of curios.

OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE CAPE.

THE NATIONAL POST-CARD.

Written and Illustrated by
HAROLD MACFARLANE.

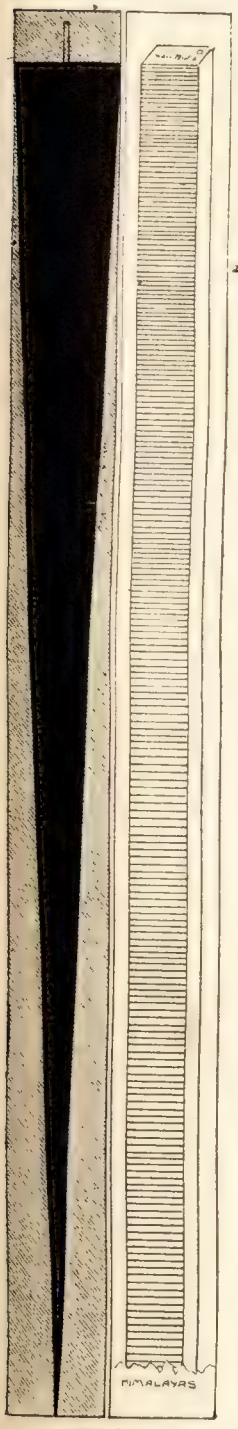


FIG 1.

The column on the right represents the National Post-card compared with Mount Everest (5½ miles high); while on the left we see the same column (120 miles high) contrasted with a section of the Earth—the black wedge.

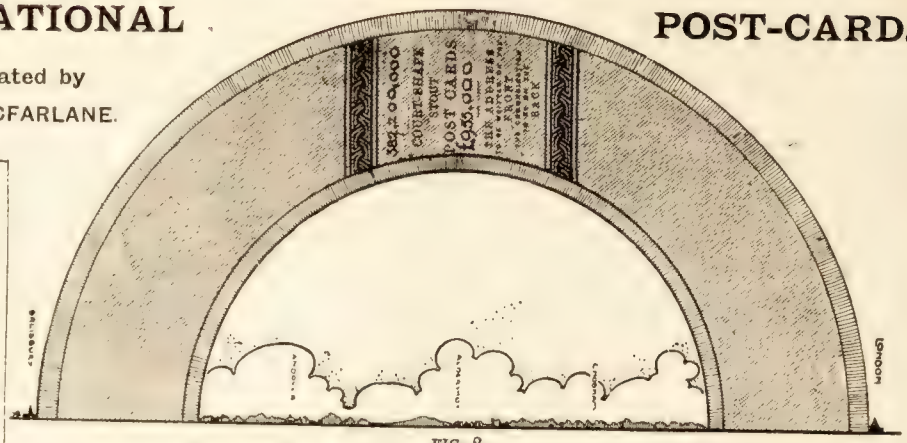


FIG. 2.

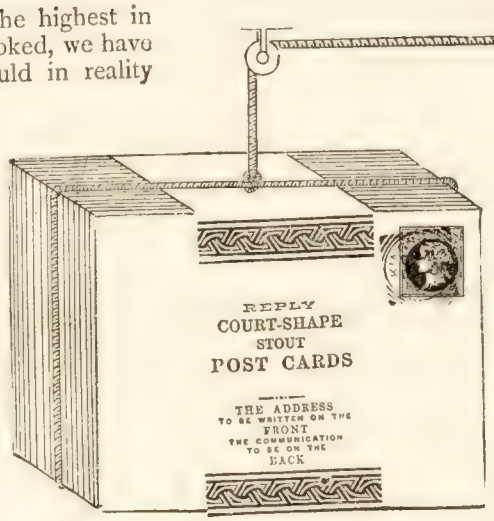
The same column of post-cards as in Fig. 1 would, arranged in the form of a semi-circle, reach from London to Salisbury.

THAT the post-card is year by year increasing its hold upon our affections can be quickly gauged by noting the steady augmentation in its numbers during the last ten years, as set forth in the appendix to the Post-master General's last report; sufficient proof is, however, contained in the statement that, whereas we used 76,000,000 in the first year of their use, or about 2 1-3 cards a head, we now find that 382,200,000, or 9½ cards *per caput*, are necessary to satisfy our requirements to-day.

Nine and a half cards does not appear to be an extraordinary number for an inhabitant of the United Kingdom to receive in a year; but "small beginnings" have, in the case of a nation as large as ours, an extraordinary habit of finishing up with large endings; and, when we consider the amount of literature the authors of the national post-card write in order to fill up the pages of their popular annual, we get a very good idea of the magnitude of the same. Mr. Walter D. Wellman, a San Francisco book-keeper, some little time ago, copied on an ordinary post-card three columns of a newspaper, containing 7,068 words, using an ordinary steel pen and violet ink for the purpose. Although the writing was perfectly legible to the naked eye, we cannot take 7,000 words as the average length of messages conveyed by each of the numerous items that together form the national post-card; but, with that extraordinary effort before him, the reader can hardly accuse us of exaggeration if we take fifty words as being the average burden of the British post-card. Our statement, therefore, is as follows: If all the messages conveyed by post-card in the United Kingdom in one year were set up in type similar to that used in this magazine, we should, each year, have sufficient literary matter to fill 182,000 volumes, each the size of an ordinary 6s. novel, and these volumes, if placed side by side, would require a book-shelf long enough to extend from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the South Kensington Museum—a distance of about 3½ miles, as the message by wireless telegraphy flies.

In our first figure we give two comparisons in which the national post-card takes a more or less important part. To the right we show the cards piled in a single column that rears itself above the clouds to a distance of over 120 miles, and we compare its height (its width and depth have been vastly exaggerated for the purpose of making it visible) with that of the Himalayas (of which Mount Everest is 5½ miles high) which are drawn to the same scale. In

order that the mountain range—the highest in the world—should not be overlooked, we have labelled it with letters that would in reality be about three-quarters of a mile deep. Lest the national post-card should be too uplifted in its pride, to the left of the first-mentioned diagram we show it again, and this time we compare it with the Earth; the black wedge, representing a section of this sphere from the surface to the centre, being drawn to the same scale as the diminutive column 120 miles high, that projects from its surface.



As some of our readers may not be very familiar with the majestic peaks of the Himalayas we have, in Fig. 2, prior to breaking it up, transported the column to England, and, having placed one end on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, bent it over until it forms a beautiful half-circle, the other end resting in the neighbourhood of Salisbury. Although the size of the British p.c.—post-card, not police-constable—has lately been increased, let us hasten to confess it does not measure quite fifteen miles in length, as depicted in our diagram; we have again been guilty of exaggeration in respect to its girth, but as our object was but to give an idea of its tremendous height, perhaps we may rely on the reader's forgiveness.

No one knows better than the British householder who has calculated how many feet of oil cloth are required to cover a certain floor surface, how deceptive "length" and "width" are when they combine to form "area." The extraordinary faculty possessed by the Demon Area in making length and width look small was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the post-card. Taking our column, 120 miles in height, in one hand, we started upon the task of covering the major portion of Great Britain with a layer of post-card, with a light heart, though a heavy hand.

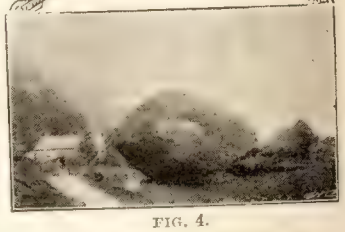


FIG. 4.

The National Post-card would require fourteen battalions of troops to balance it, each man weighing 20st.

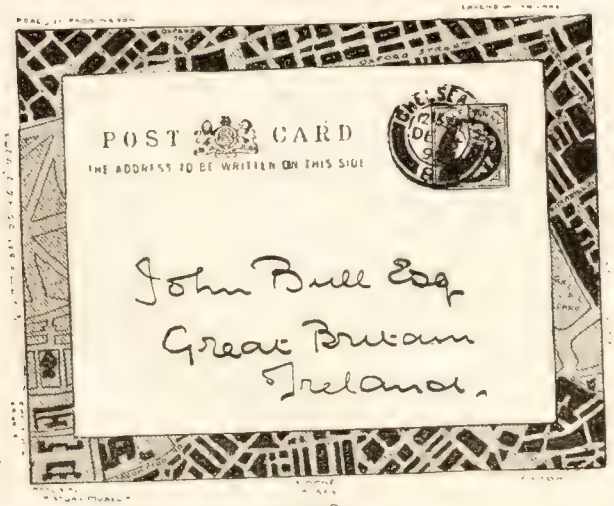


FIG. 3.

Placed in the form of an oblong, the National Post-card would cover the area represented above

Our surprise can therefore be understood when, having covered but a little more than the area of Hyde Park, St. James' Park, and Regent's Park, the supply of post-cards ran out. Although its area is somewhat disappointing, the national post-card, if suddenly dropped from the clouds upon the West-end, would cause no little consternation, as an examination of Fig. 3, in which we see the

post-card resting on the chimney-pots of Victoria, Paddington, South Kensington, and Park Lane, shows.

As we have no desire to deceive the public, perhaps we had better mention that, when we stated in the last paragraph that we took the 120-mile column of post-cards "in hand" we were speaking figuratively; indeed, we very much doubt whether such a burden would not be too great for us to cope with. The national post-card, although it does not weigh quite so much as that enormous detached piece of rock (30ft. high and 60ft. long), to be seen in Borrowdale, near Keswick, and known as the "Bowder Stone" (see Fig. 4), still its weight is such that if we did not possess the convenient counterweight depicted in our diagram the services of almost fourteen battalions of troops (13,664) would be required to balance it, and as each man would have to come up to a standard of weight of 20st. they might not easily be obtained.

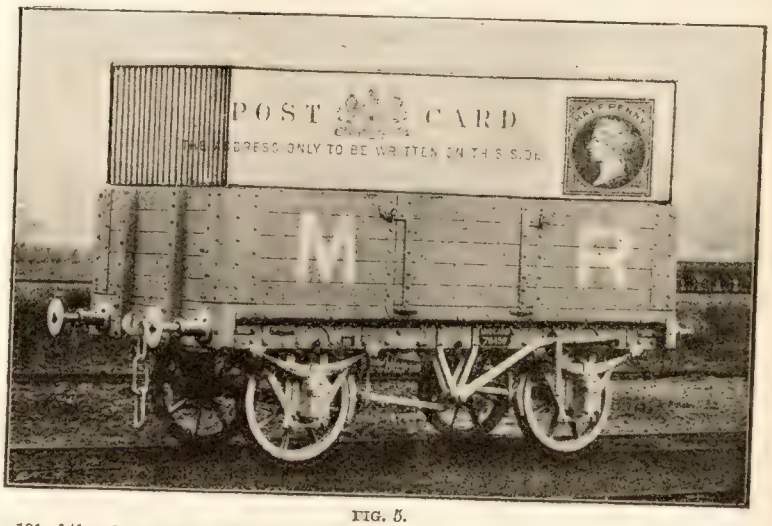


FIG. 5.

191 of the above trucks, the capacity of each being 7 tons, would be required to convey the National Post-card, thus forming a train $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile long, to draw which, at a speed of 40 miles per hour, eight engines would be necessary.

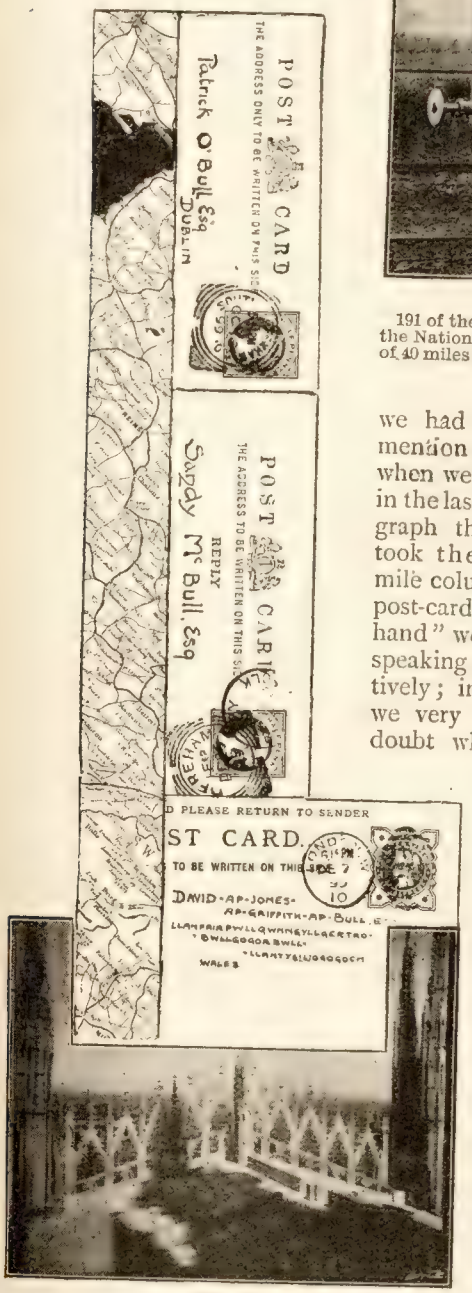


FIG. 6.

The National Post-card would form a pathway, 13ft. wide, stretching from Milan Cathedral to London, a distance of over 600 miles.

Our post-card, which weighs over 1,330 tons, is not only heavy but bulky, and its removal from the northern frontier of India to England for the purpose of our second diagram would be a very serious undertaking. Should we elect to utilize the railway for the purpose, we should require a train consisting of 191 trucks, each carrying seven tons of post-card; such a train would be almost three-quarters of a mile long, and to permit of its rate of progression to be over forty miles an hour, eight engines would be required to pull it. By the courtesy of the Midland Railway Company we are, in Fig. 5, able to show one of the 191 trucks, laden with its burden of over 2,000,000 post-cards; this vehicle, technically known as a "high-sided" truck, weighs, with its freight, 12tons 2cwt.

The three hundred and eighty odd million items that together form the national post-card never fail to accomplish their task, however arduous it may be; indeed, were we to ask them to encircle the earth at the equator they would do so with 3,000 odd miles of post-card over.

In our sixth diagram the reader looks, from the

summit of Milan's famous marble cathedral, across the Alps, over Switzerland, France, and the English Channel, to London, and sees, stretching from his feet to the centre of his beloved capital a pathway of post-cards 600 miles long and made up of forty-five rows of post-cards, giving him a width of 13ft.

Apropos of post-cards and their journeys it is recorded that a certain member of the family despatched on a journey round the world accomplished his task in 183 days, having travelled at an average rate of 191 miles per day during that time—a speed that compares very favourably with that at which a post-card travelled from Italy in 1898. This post-card, addressed to a firm in Holloway Road, N., was posted on October 20th, 1898, and arrived at its destination in a somewhat peculiar manner on January 7th, 1899, the recipient reporting the matter in the following words:

> On unpacking a case of oranges from Spain, which had been purchased with many others by the buyer of our fruit department at the wharf, the card in question was discovered among a lot of other miscellaneous papers which had been used for the purpose of packing the said oranges securely.

Such a coincidence must be almost unparalleled in the history of the post-card; but the rate it travelled at is not, for a German post-card, addressed from Mettman, and dated November 14th, 1891, to a Sheffield firm, with an order for goods, took eight years to travel to its destination—the post-mark reading: "Sheffield, 8 P.M., Sept. 29th, '99."

The highest price ever paid for a post-card is said to be the sum of £10, which sum was paid in 1892 at a stamp exhibition, held at the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. The post-card in question had pursued the individual, whose name and address it bore, round the world, and was at the finish of its journey decorated with seventy-two post marks. The ordinary post-card, we are thankful to say, is somewhat less expensive; in fact, we can purchase ten of him for one four-hundredth part of the cost of the record-breaker; but even at this low price he amounts in the aggregate to a large sum, namely, £955,500. If we took this sum in sovereigns, and, having obtained permission from the Mint authorities, melted them down into one nugget of gold, we should have a sufficient quantity of the precious metal to form 83,727 "post-metals," the exact size in every respect of the ordinary court-shaped post-card, but each worth £11 sterling. About one in every 39,000 ordinary cards is posted without any address, and about one in every 280 cards cannot be delivered because it is insufficiently addressed; we do not, however, think this proportion would hold good in respect to the "post metals," if they were put into circulation. In Fig. 7 we show how the 83,727 gold cards would compare in height with Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square, if they were placed one on top of another; the statue, it will be observed, has the advantage in height of about 37ft. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention that the card in the diagram is somewhat exaggerated as regards width and depth—a "card" of gold the size of the one depicted would approximately cost £474,000. They would be scarce.

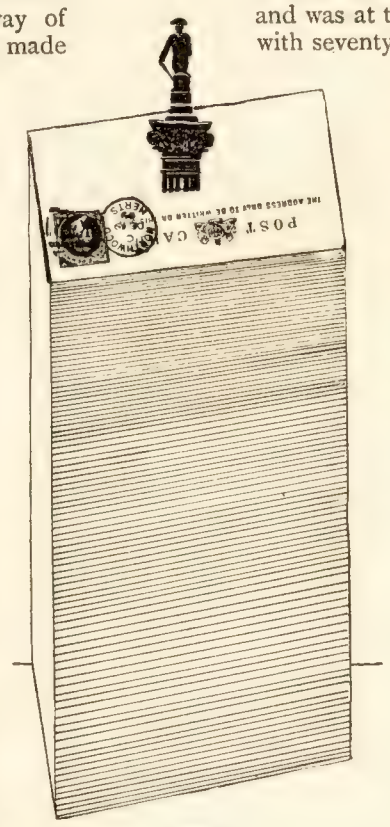


FIG. 7.

Here we see, compared with that of Nelson's Monument, the height of a column of golden post-cards equivalent in value to the cost of the National Post-card.

After Worcester Fight.

By FRED SWAINSON.

Author of "Acton's Feud," etc.

Illustrated by F. C. Luckhurst.

THE loyal Tylecotes had concealed His Majesty King Charles II. in the hiding place in the old disused gravel pit, commonly called the "Cage," not a moment too soon. Hardly had he and the faithful priest, Huddlestone, been safely installed than a body of Parliamentary horse swooped down upon the manor house on a hot scent. This king-hunting band consisted of a zealous Ironside captain, Aaron Martindale, a twanging, psalm-singing sergeant, Habbakuk, and twenty grim rank-and-file.

It had been arranged that the King should stay in the "Cage," which was amply provisioned, until young Mr. Evesham should arrive to conduct him towards the coast for France and safety. This would be in a day or so at the latest, and, provided the fugitives were prudent, they were as safe in the flanks of the gravel pit as if they had been at St. Germains.

Captain Martindale had quartered his men on the manor house, to the unspeakable disgust of old Sir Austen Tylecote and the furious anger of Ralph and Dick, his sons. Each day the Parliamentary captain beat the country and scoured the roads for miles round, shrewdly guessing that the royal bird was in the wood somewhere near, but bitterly disappointed that so far he had not seen a feather. On the third day Martindale had evidently heard some strong rumour of the King being in another quarter, and was thus in a hurry to get away, but could not forbear a final rail at the old Royalist. Therefore, he clattered out from the stable to the court-yard, followed by his men, and found the old knight and his sons moodily pacing up and down in the mild September sunshine. Martindale reined up before Sir Austen. "Like Herod of old," he said bitterly, "thou art an old fox, Austen Tylecote. Yea verily, I believe thou knowest where the son of that man of blood, Charles Stewart, lieth hid."

Sir Austen looked steadily into the captain's face. "And if I did, it were a poor guess to think that I should cry out such a high State secret for all to hear."

"That savoureth of treason," said Sergeant Habbakuk with a dark glance.

"Nay, friend, not against the ruler of these kingdoms."

"The Lieutenant General of the army peradventure might think otherwise," said Martindale. "But bethink thee, old man. The chosen instrument, Oliver Cromwell, will crush thee to the earth before the set of to-morrow's sun, if it be but whispered that thou harbourest the man Stewart."

"He and his shall be utterly rooted out and his name become a hissing and an abomination to the ears of the godly."

"Sergeant Habbakuk, thy words are of a sweet savour," said Martindale, with approval, "but this malignant hath ever followed that accursed house of Stewart, and hath given his gold and silver to that race of perdition, yea he hath not withheld even his limbs——"

"My arm," said the old knight quietly, "at Marston Moor, where Goring swept Fairfax off the field. I saw the backs of thy friends, sir soldier, on that glorious yet sorrowful day."

The Cavalier's joyful tone angered the Parliamentary captain, who was little accustomed to such hearty badinage. "Thou pratest of a crowning mercy to the arms of the godly Parliament, as though it were a victory of Rupert of the Rhine. Verily, it is hard to teach fools wisdom! But

bridle thy tongue, old man, when thou speakest to a captain who, though unworthy, hath yet girded on the sword of Gideon, or thou wilt run the risk of losing thy head as well as thy arm." To emphasise the menace he struck the old man in contemptuous disdain roughly on the shoulder with the flat of his sword.

The swords of the young Cavaliers flashed out like lightning at this brutal insult. Ralph's face was as white as a sheet, and Dick's brow flushed with overwhelming fury. The knight faced round hastily. "Ralph! Dick! Put up your swords. This is no time to throw away your lives, and this good Sergeant Habbakuk would pistol you now like mad dogs. At once!" he said angrily, as the young men hesitated to obey, and he gave his sons a meaning glance. Remembering their King, hidden a mile away across the park, the young Cavaliers sullenly dropped their swords; but not before Habbakuk had spurred up and threatened Ralph with his pistol.

From the knight's face every vestige of colour had faded; the wax-like pallor showed how deeply the insult had stung him. He looked steadily into Martindale's eyes. "Friend, consider, I am but a one-armed man, and could not even extend thy skill with that long tuck in thy hand. But 'tis a hard thing to feel a tattoo beaten on one's shoulders with another's sword—even when it is the sword of Gideon!"

Martindale made no answer to the knight's sarcasm, but, unabashed, spurred his horse roughly forward, with a savage, disappointed glance at the three Cavaliers. The troop moved smartly forward after their leader and swung out of the gateway. When the hoof-beats of the party died away in the distance, towards Oxford, the old Royalist's heart was lightened of a heavy load.

That night Charles and Huddlestone emerged from their hiding-place. Judging all safe, the Tylecotes had prepared an excellent supper for his Majesty and the priest in the cottage of a woodman, who, a week ago, had fallen at Worcester. It was judged advisable that Sir Austen had better keep to the manor house, for his absence might arouse suspicion if any of the household were traitors to the cause. Outside the cottage Ralph kept an anxious watch, whilst a merry party of King, priest, Lucy Tylecote, and Dick, snatched a hasty supper—for Mr. Evesham was expected at midnight—within. The King was sending out Dick with a glass of wine for Ralph, when Ralph himself came to the door: "Your Majesty, I hear a horseman galloping rapidly in this direction. By the gallop, and an occasional clank of harness, I judge the rider to be a redcoat, possibly one of the crew who left us this morning, returning. Your Majesty's safety, perhaps, depends on your getting away to the sand-pit at once."

"If there be only one——" said Charles, looking with regret and annoyance at the cheerful room, "Why should one scurvy knave——?"

"There may be more behind," said Ralph. "I pray your Majesty bethink you how much depends on your safety."

Huddlestone whispered a few words to Charles, who nodded like one unwillingly convinced.

"Lucy," said Ralph, "do you conduct his Majesty to the 'Cage,' and then hie home for dear life. Dick and I will stay here and see the horseman a little nearer."

Without more ado Charles gave a hand to Dick and Ralph, who dutifully dropped upon one knee to offer their loyal homage; and then he followed pretty Lucy Tylecote, who flitted through the woodman's garden into the fields and fled like a lapwing towards the "Cage."

An hour later, as the moon rose, Charles and Huddlestone were on their way south with young Mr. Evesham.

When the brothers were assured that the King was well away, Ralph said: "The rider, who ever he be, will have seen our light, so it is useless to put it out. Sit down there, Dick, and have your pistols ready. I'll step outside and wait upon events."

Ten minutes afterwards a man unceremoniously lifted the latch of the cottage and walked in. Dick instantly recognized the Ironside, Martindale. He was covered with mud, and from the disposition of it and the state of his dress it was obvious that he had been but just thrown from his horse. He started back in astonishment on seeing Dick, and made as though he would go out again. But Ralph, with his drawn sword, silently slipped out from the shadows of the bushes and entered behind him. Martindale faced round sharply on hearing the Cavalier's step in the doorway.

Feeling himself among enemies, the Ironside hastily clapped his hand to his long rapier, but Ralph said sharply, "All in good time, friend Roundhead. Keep thy hand off thy tuck for the present. Afterwards, perhaps, thou wilt need it. Shoot him, Dick, if he attempts to escape."

Martindale, seeing the great risk, did not make any further attempt to unsheathe, but drew himself up proudly, if sullenly, and looked at the two young men with high and menacing glances. "My horse hath thrown me, the sorry jade, but a bare mile below here, and hath turned her nose towards Oxford as though she had met devils on the road."

"The horse has been, haply, wiser than her master," said Ralph coldly, "but I hope—for it concerns a certain score 'twixt thee and me—that thou hast taken no hurt by the fall."

"No, none," said the Roundhead stiffly. The presence of the young Cavaliers in the woodman's cottage perplexed him, and the remains of the late so merry supper seemed to contain some puzzle. Cottagers did not sup on plump capon, dainty pies, and white bread, nor wash down such good fare with red wine out of crane-necked glass. And why should young esquires prowl about at that time of night with pistols loaded and bare swords? Evidently there had been a feast, and when Martindale saw the faint smile hovering over the young Cavaliers' lips answering his puzzled wonderment, he instantly guessed the truth. "Then the rumour was true after all! Had I but waited for Habbakuk and ten file!" he exclaimed in bitter self reproach. He fiercely took a step nearer the elder Tylecote. "That man Charles Stewart is here or near. Where there be wine and rich living a branch of that accursed tree is not far off."

"Gently, sirrah, gently!" said Ralph. "Use not a King's name thus lightly."

"Young men," said Martindale sternly, "think what you do if you hinder me in the work of the godly Parliament. It may be that you both will mount the scaffold, as the father of the young Stewart did. Where is he?"

"Martindale," said Ralph passing by the Ironside's peremptory question as though he had not heard it, "I am not to talk with thee of any matter save one. Why didst thou, safe in the middle of thy ten file, strike my father this morning—an old, a grey-headed, a one-armed man?"

"Whatever my hand hath done," said Martindale sourly, "my head will answer for it. Out of my way, lest a worse thing happen to thee and him."

THE CAVALIER'S RAPIER DID ITS DEADLY WORK.

The soldier took a stride forward towards the door; but Tylecote planted his rapier at Martindale's throat. "Sit down on that chair, sirrah! I will repay thee thy cowardly buffet to an old man."

The captain, with a smothered exclamation of rage, retreated before the steady point of the sword, and fell into the seat which Huddlestone

had just left. Ralph said: "Within the hour the moon will rise above the trees in the wood. There will then be light enough for our swords to do their work. But of us two, one shall not leave the garden gate alive!" Ralph was pale; his colour had almost entirely vanished, but grim resolution straightened every muscle of his face. The Ironside looked fixedly at the brothers for a moment. With a curious, exalted tone of prophecy, he murmured aloud: "The matter hath passed out of my hands. I did not seek the life of this young man, and it will not be laid to my charge." The Roundhead's anger had gone; he calmly took out from his pocket a Bible, and read with grim satisfaction certain gloomy passages in "Kings" and "Chronicles." The brothers admitted that Aaron Martindale was a *man*.

When the first glimpse of moonlight streamed into the cottage doorway, the soldier shut up his book and looked at Ralph. "Go first, Dick, and shoot if he attempt to run."

"I shall not run now," said Martindale quietly.

"In any case, Dick," whispered, Ralph, "don't let him go till morning."

Dick nodded approval, and the three filed out.

What Ralph called "the garden" was a corner of a small orchard, with good firm sward under foot and clear from the shadows of the apple trees. The moon now rode triumphantly in the velvety September sky, high and clear above the woods, her white light resting in floods of silvery brightness on the unthinned greenery of the trees. A murmurous whisper of faintly-stirred leaves, the tinkling of a brook hurrying through the undergrowth in the woods; the faint, distant bleat of some uneasy sheep, and all the slight, mysterious sounds of Nature from far and near, filled full the listening ear of night. A white owl was silently hawking on the dark edge of the trees, and moths flitted ceaselessly out of the whiteness of the moonshine into the dimness of the orchard. Neither Ralph nor Martindale perceived the loveliness of the night; but Dick never lost the memory of it whilst life lasted.

The Cavalier slipped off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves, whilst Martindale drew out his long rapier with savage satisfaction. Dick, a most unhappy soul, drew off a few yards, under the lee of the cottage.

The first few passes seemed to show that the skill of the two combatants was about equal; the Cavalier parrying with easy grace the solid and careful attack of his enemy, or pressing him to no result with a vigorous and sustained onset. Martindale had learned his sword-play in a good school. Almost continuously engaged in active warfare for half a dozen years, ever crossing swords with the fiery Cavaliers, he was as formidable an adversary as young Tylecote had ever encountered. His rapier did not leave the line for a moment. The clever and skilful lunges of the Cavalier were foiled with steady address, and not once nor twice, but many times, a deadly thrust slithered harmlessly along the Roundhead's blade. His defence seemed invulnerable. Tylecote, more than surprised at such a sound resistance offered by one whom he regarded as a mere hardy ruffian, put forth all his finesse to tempt the Roundhead to some unguarded thrust; but Martindale was far too wary to rise to the bait. He smiled in sour disdain as each trap opened before his eyes, and contented himself with making play, warily, but firmly, until he should discover the limits of Tylecote's skill. The Ironside surely felt his way until the strength of his steady attack and the cool inflexibility of his defence forced the drops of perspiration to the Cavalier's brow and made the sword hang heavy in his hand.

The suspicion now crossed his mind for the first time that he was going to lose, and, maddened by the thought to a paroxysm of anger, he put forth all his courage, strength, and skill into one desperate rally. It was met by an impenetrable defence. The swords crossed and re-crossed, glanced and glittered in the moonlight, like two running tongues of flame—the slither of steel gliding on steel sounded sharp and shrill as the hiss of angry snakes. In that furious encounter, Tylecote felt the iron strength of his opponent's arm—a strength he could neither break nor bend. As he disengaged to draw breath he felt that he was doomed. Martindale already knew it.

With the chilling weight of the issue weighing on his heart, the Cavalier's courage flickered for an instant, and his sword hung in momentary indecision. Instantaneously Martindale's weapon flashed out. Tylecote swerved in the nick of time, and the rapier passed harmlessly through the shirt sleeve. This escape steadied him. Feeling only too certain that he had been weighed and found wanting, and that now only a miracle could save him, he felt he risked little in attempting one last desperate ruse. This was the "pass of despair" of Savolio, the famous fencing master. It seemed to the Cavalier, in his desperation, of little importance that he who tried this desperate stroke was generally a dead man five minutes afterwards.

The Roundhead was now attacking with bitter fury. His sword seemed likely at any moment to find a sheath in the Cavalier's body. With all the coolness of which he was capable Ralph gave ground, but not so readily as to excite the Ironside's suspicions. Martindale followed hotly up, with the grim smile of triumph. Another fleering

THE BROTHERS BURIED HIM BEFORE DAY BROKE.

Cavalier for the long journey! Ralph, as though he were reeling from exhaustion, staggered backwards; the weight of his body rested on the heel of his boot, and his sword point dropped. The soldier lunged full at the Cavalier's throat. Tylecote swerved from the deadly thrust as marvellously as a swallow from a stone. The sword flashed over his shoulder. Then, gliding under his enemy's outstretched arm, the Cavalier's rapier did its deadly work. The Ironside plunged forward, spitted through and through on his opponent's sword.

Dick held the dying Roundhead in his arms. "Thanks, friend, thanks. As Abimilech fell even in the moment of victory before the gates——so—I———the good fight."

Five minutes afterwards he was dead.

The brothers buried him before day broke. The sand-pit hid the dead Ironside safe in its deep concealment, keeping the secret of the slain soldier as closely as it had held that of the living King.

Fred'k Swainson.

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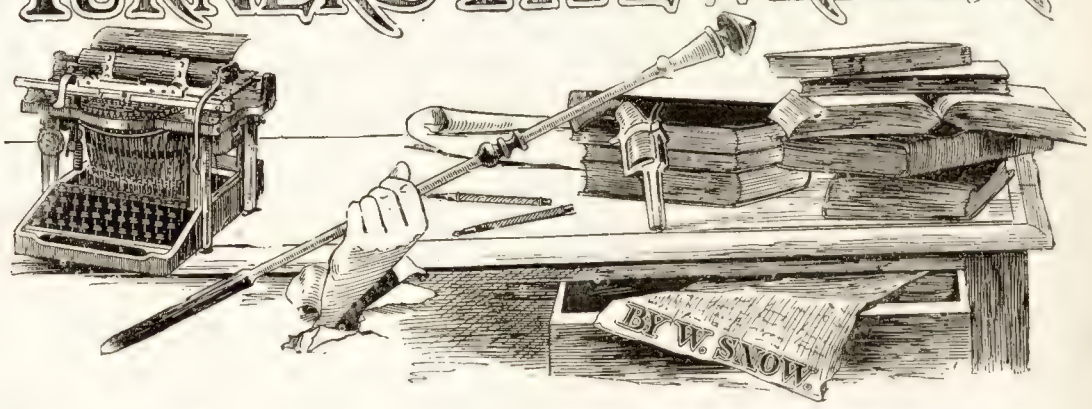
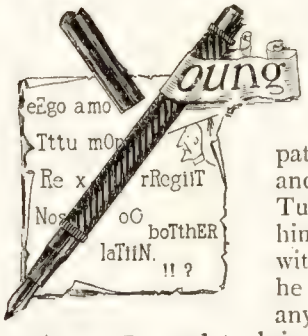
TURNER'S TYPEWRITER



Illustrated by Walker Hodgson and E. F. Skinner.



TURNER was one of the queerest kids you ever saw. His pater had lots of money, and shelled out no end. Turner wasn't a bad fellow himself either, and, what with his money and tuck, he had as good a time as any of the juniors at Greyshot. He used to bring the rummiest things back after the holidays; things, he said, which were lying about at home and weren't wanted. One term he set up half the chaps in the form with fountain pens, which drove Denning (that's our form-master) nearly mad; for he couldn't bear to see fellows with ink on their fingers, and you know what fountain pens are, even the best sort! At last he bagged the lot, and kept them till the end of the term, and made Turner promise not to bring them again. Another time, he brought a fret-working machine, and two revolvers. Nobody cared when he had the fret-working machine taken away for using it in "prep."—it made such a beastly row; but it was a shame about the revolvers. You see, Turner and I (we are great pals) were going to have an awfully good time shooting sparrows in the Bayfield woods; but the Matron found them in his bed-room drawers, between two waistcoats, and took them to the Head, and there was a row. The Head said they were "lethal weapons," and that it was a mercy they had been discovered; but when I wanted him to whack me as well as Turner, because I was going to use them as much as he was, he smiled, and told me that one narrow escape ought to be enough for me. I don't see what he meant, for it's all rot about firearms being dangerous when you know how to use them. And besides, how are we going to fight the French when they invade us, as Sanderson (that's one of our fellows) says they're sure to do, if we don't practise, so as to be good shots? But that isn't what I was going to tell you about.

After the revolver business Turner lay low for a bit, and was more like other chaps; but the next term, the moment I saw him, I knew there was something up. And I hadn't long to wait. He carried me off to our study directly we had done tea, and showed me a sort of box in the corner.

"There," he said; "what do you think that is?"

"Is it another fret-work machine? If it is, I'll smack——"

"Smack your granny! Try again."

"I know, a sewing machine!" (Turner is quite capable of having one, so as to put the buttons on his shirt himself).

"Rot! I'm not a girl."

"Well, tell us, Turny, that's a good chap!"

"All right, then. Here goes!"

He unlocked the box, and took out a thing all keys and bars and levers.

"Golly!" I said. "Is it an internal machine?"

"*Infernal*, you ass!" said Turner—he's awfully particular about words sometimes—"No, it isn't; it's a typewriter."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh! it's a thing you write with—no, print,

instead of writing. You do it much quicker, and it's easier to read. Your clerk can save you £5 a day by using it. My pater has seventeen in the office, and this one wasn't being used, so I just bagged it. Look here."

He shoved in a piece of paper and began. This is what he wrote:—

"dEaRden isa bIg AsS."

"It doesn't do it very well," I said, after I'd smacked his head.

"Oh! that's my fault," he said; "I haven't had time to learn it properly yet. But, you bet, in a day or two, I'll do it all right."

"But what good is it to you?" I asked. "It won't save *you* any money."

"It'll save me time, and time's money. I'm going to do my letters and exercises and impots on it, and I'll let you use it if you're decent. But, come on; let's go and see how much chink the new kids have."

That night all the juniors in the house were in our study, looking at the typewriter, and Turner might have made any amount if he'd liked to take money for letting the fellows use it. But he isn't that sort; and the old thing would have been jolly well worn out, if Turner hadn't fought Jones and Digby-Smith to make them give it up.

The next day was Sunday, and Turner and I practised nearly all day, and got on pretty well. Some of the letters were rather worn, but that did not matter; and of course we made lots of mistakes. But anyhow, the stuff we typed was much easier to read than our ordinary writing. Turner said he would just wait till he was perfect, and then do all his work on it. He said he expected that in a year or two every boy in England would do his work on a typewriter, and that he was the "pioneer," or some such rot. I bet him my new three-bladed knife against his cricket-ball that Denning wouldn't take an impot, let alone an exercise, if it was typewritten—and lost the bet, too, as I'm going to tell you.

Well, when he could type a page without making more than about two mistakes a line, he told me that the time had come, and he set himself to worry Denning in school all he could, so as to get a good long impot to start on. But he didn't score much that time, for Denning gave him ten pages of Homer to write out, accents and all, and that was no good, because Homer hadn't a typewriter, and couldn't have used it if he had, as he was blind. However, Turner did his Homer, and said he'd been a fool to try it on in Greek lesson, but he'd know better next time. So he didn't learn his History, making sure that Denning would give it him to write, as he generally does. But Denning was in a beastly temper that morning and just kept him in till he knew it. Turner said it was useless trying to do anything with such a discouraging brute as Denning, and tried to get an impot from Sykes, the mathematical master. So he poured a bottle of ink over my book in Algebra, and got ten quadratic equations to do, which was as bad as ever, for nobody could write x^2 on a typewriter. I wanted him to type the rest, and put in the little figures at the top with a pen; but he said he was going to do it properly when he did start. At last he got what he wanted, 200 lines of Virgil for shying bread at dinner, and wasn't he cocky! I pointed out that there are no "w's" in Latin, and that he would be wasting a machine that had a "w" in it, if he used it for Virgil; but there was no stopping him.

"What a lark!" he said, as he got the machine out. "I'll do the whole lot in half an hour, and it would have taken me an hour and a half to write."

But he was so awfully conscientious about that impot, and started again so often, because he had made a mistake, that it took him the best part of two half-holidays to get it finished. However, he got it done at last, and then the fun began.

"What on earth's this?" said Denning, when Turner gave up the lines.

"My impot—my imposition, sir," said Turner, as cool as a cucumber.

"Your imposition!"

"Yes, sir."

"I told you to write out 200 lines of Virgil, didn't I?"

"No, sir. You said nothing about writing, sir. You said: 'Take 200 lines,' sir."

Denning smiled (he isn't such a bad fellow at bottom), and began in his sarcastic style:—

"Civilization is indeed progressing, when her latest expedients find a votary in Turner," and we all thought that Turner had scored. However, he went on:—

"For the future, Turner, all impositions and exercises must be written—with a *pen*, understand that."

Turner just said, "Yes, sir," and it looked as though that was the end of it, but it wasn't.

That day, just after tea, Turner and I were starting out for cricket, when Denning came out of his room and called us.

"Bring me that typewriter, Turner, I should like to look at it."

Of course Turner was awfully cocky at being asked to show the thing, and went off for it like a shot. Denning didn't ask me in, so, after I'd waited about twenty minutes, I went off to the field. Turner was in our study when I came back, but he seemed rather shirty about something and

HE TOOK THE POKER AND SMASHED THE TYPEWRITER INTO BITS.

wouldn't speak for a long time; but at last I got it out of him that Denning had praised the typewriter no end, and had made Turner stay and type out for him all his marks for the week, and his Scripture notes for next day, and part of an article he was doing for a magazine.

"Of course, it's awfully good of him," said Turner, "and he wouldn't have *anybody* in his room all that time."

Next day he had to type ten more pages of the article and six letters, which Denning dictated while he sat swilling his tea. And so it went on. Turner had to work that old machine about three hours a day, while Denning got fatter and fatter, through having no work to do. Turner soon left off pretending he liked it; but what could he do?

At last he couldn't stand it any longer, he said, and just took the poker and smashed the typewriter to bits, and when Denning told him to come to his study after dinner and type the lists for him, he told him it was broken.

"Broken!" said Denning; "but it was all right yesterday."

"Yes, sir," said Turner; "but it's broken now."

"What a pity," said Denning; "but it doesn't matter. I liked your typewriter so much that I've got one of my own coming to-morrow; so we'll be able to go on as usual."

I thought Turner would have burst out crying, though he's a plucky kid enough; but Denning took pity on him, and said that perhaps it wouldn't be safe to trust him with a new machine.

The same night, as we were coming out of Chapel, I heard Denning telling Sykes that he thought he'd cured "Turner's insatiable passion for novelty," and now the very worst threat he can use is to tell Turner that if his writing doesn't improve, he will make him type his exercises.

That's the worst of Denning. You never know when you have him.

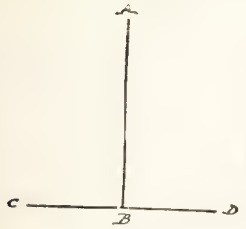


FIG. 1.

SOME OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

By Walter Dexter.

THAT seeing is *not* believing we will endeavour to show you by means of a few of the many optical illusions which are to be found around us every day. The eye, that most wonderful portion of our anatomy, though at the majority of times most exact, is yet ever leading us astray, and causing us to believe the things which are not. There is, perhaps, nothing more deceptive than a straight line. Look at Fig. 1. Here we have a vertical and a

FIG. 3.

horizontal line, both of the same length. "No, surely not!" you will say. "A B is certainly longer than C D." You are deceived; just measure them. The same it is with our next illustration—A C and C B are equal, yet A C, being divided into many smaller parts, appears to the eye to be the longer. We have several more instances of deception in straight lines. Take Figs. 3 and 4, for example. A B is in each case the same length, yet in Fig. 3 the two long lines above and below it dwarf our line A B,

FIG. 4.

and make it appear much shorter than in Fig. 4, where it is bounded by two lines much shorter than itself.

A very similar illusion to this is shown by Figs. 5 and 6, where again A B in each case are equal; but whereas in the former the arrowheads are stretching out the line and making it appear longer, yet where the arrowheads are compressing the line in Fig. 6 it makes it appear shorter.

A thin man always appears to be much taller than a stout man, and in Figs. 9 and 10 we have an illustration of this, but in reality the thin man

FIG. 2.

FIG. 5.

is only as tall as the fat man, as you will see if you measure them both. The same it is with a thick and a thin line, as shown by Figs. 7 and 8, both of which are the same length.

We will leave straight lines for the present to examine Fig. 11, which, like the thin man, appears to be longer; because it is more elongated, than it is broad; but it is made in

FIG. 6.

an exact square If the drawing be turned round—that is, with the four points to the right and left—it still has the same appearance of being broader than it is high.

Euclid tells us that parallel lines, if prolonged in any direction, will never meet. The three parallel lines in Fig. 12 appear to be going in the right direction to directly contradict this universally accepted statement. But they are parallel, as a ruler will prove. The cross lines, being at directly opposite angles, are the sole cause of this further optical illusion with reference to straight lines. Each one of these cross bars furnishes us with a further illusion, which is enlarged upon in Fig. 13. The block A does not appear to be continued in B; yet it is, for the line *a b* is a perfectly straight one. Our eye is turned, as it were, by the block in the centre. Fig. 14 gives us another example of this. Here is a block with a line (A B)

FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

passing through it. A B appears to be a straight line, but it is not, as can be proved by passing a ruler along it, when the straight line will be found to be A *b*.

I suppose many of you know what an ærometer is; you will very often see one on top of a flagstaff, consisting of four cups which revolve with the wind. If you gaze steadily at them for a few moments they will appear to turn and revolve in the opposite direction. This is a very remarkable illusion, and should be tried by all who read this article. In Fig. 15 is an example very similar to the illusion mentioned above. Here are four rings which, if looked at steadily for a few moments, will appear as if they have changed, and turned inside out.

FIG. 9.

No doubt many of you have seen Fig. 16 before, but it is worth repeating here. No. 1 is a strip of paper tinted from black down to white. When placed at a distance of about 3yds. it will be seen that, although the longer sides of the strip are quite parallel, they seem to be converging towards the top. If, however, you place the same strip of tinted paper at the same distance from you on a sheet of paper tinted dark at top and light at bottom, as in Fig. 2, the strip will resume its shape, that of a perfect rectangle.

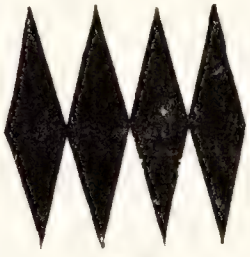


FIG. 11.

Fig. 17 is not the only optical illusion which has been used for advertising purposes. The

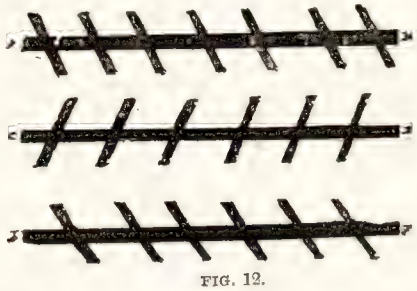


FIG. 12.

question asked is, "Which is the larger of the two pictures?" Cut them out, and you will be surprised. Messrs. Pears, of soap fame, have used the rings in Fig. 18 with great success for advertising. If you revolve this magazine in your hand, the two big rings will revolve also, and the truck and its occupants will be made to appear as if moving at an alarming rate of speed. An excellent optical illusion picture, but which owing to lack of space I am unable to illustrate, was drawn by an Italian artist to represent two different subjects—one, two children playing with a puppy; the other a death's head, which will appear if you hold the picture a yard or so from you, or view it in a dull light.

FIG. 10.

Another is not an ordinary optical illusion, it rather goes to prove how an object is imprinted on the eye. Look at the black spot in the

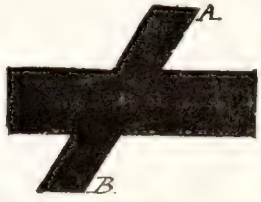


FIG. 13.

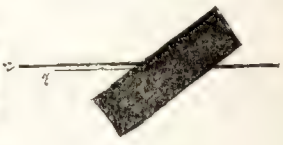


FIG. 14.

centre of a circle until your eyes are rather tired; then look to the ceiling, and after a second or two you will see the black figure on

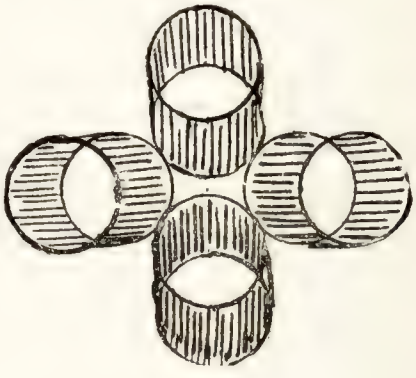


FIG. 15.

a white ground. This is certainly an extraordinary optical illusion, since you see on the ceiling an object which is not there

When you are reading, are you aware that you only read the top half of the printing? In the letter S, for instance, you would

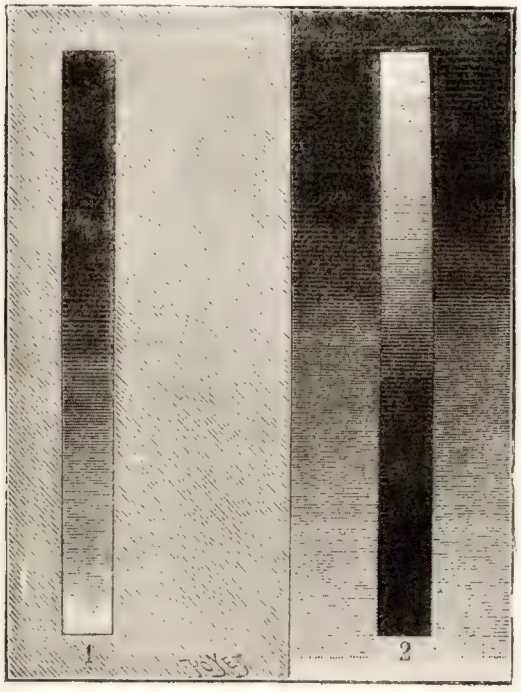


FIG. 16.

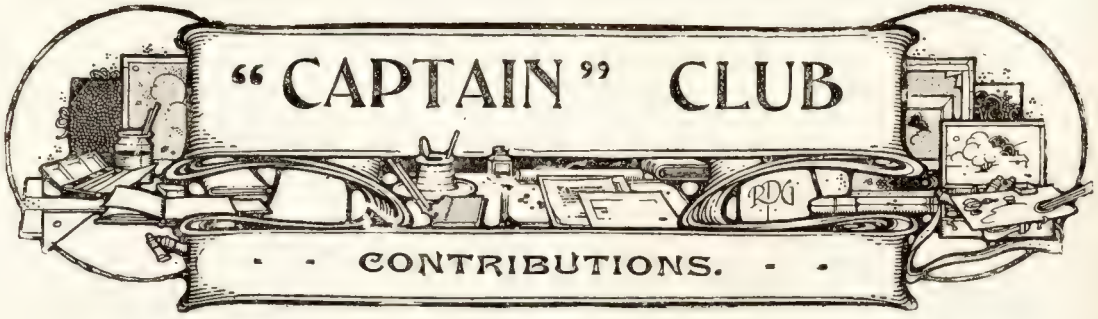
generally say that the top half was as large as the bottom half of the letter. But turn it upside down and you will see that you have always been mistaken.

An old trick to prove how deceptive is the size of anything is to show somebody a silk or "top hat," and ask him to indicate on the

FIG. 17.

wooden skirting round the room the height to which the hat would reach if placed on the floor. The person asked generally puts his finger from 12ins. to 18ins. above the floor, and is greatly surprised to find how far he is out in his reckoning, for a silk hat is very rarely any higher than 6½ins!

FIG. 18.

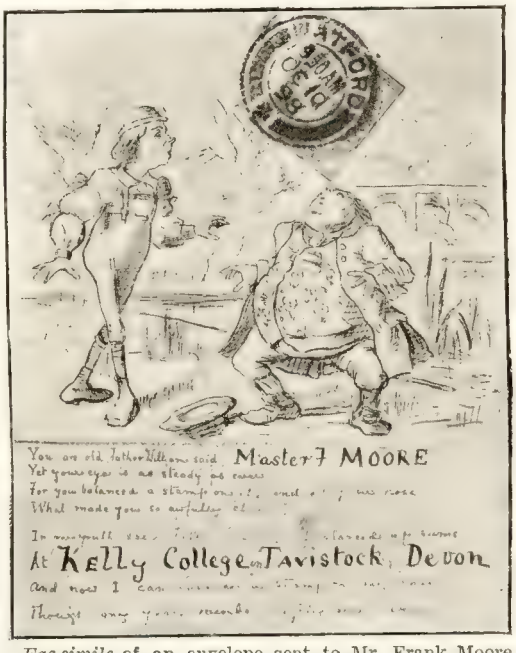


THE prize of a year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to D. MCEWAN, 1, Grey Street, Shettleston, N.B., for his two sketches—"The Clown," and "The Comic Juggler."

A Visit to a Convict Prison.

My father being a visiting chaplain at Peterhead Convict Prison, he got permission one day to take me over it. The prison is surrounded by a large stone wall, from 15ft. to 30ft. high. It is entered by a large door, situated where the wall is highest. We were admitted by the gate warder, and I found myself facing the cell buildings in the prison yard. Before entering the yard however, there was a huge iron gate to be opened. When this was done we went straight to the cells. As it was working-time, all the convicts (except those who were sick and confined to their cells or the hospital) were out. At the top of the door of each cell there is a narrow piece of glass, to enable the warders to take a passing glance inside. The convict inside cannot see anything but the warder's eyes; but the warder can not only see the convict but the whole of his cell! The cells have each a bed and a washing-stand. All the cells are exactly the same, except two. These are known as the "padded" and "silent" cells. The padded cell, as its name suggests, is completely padded over. It is reserved for the use of any convict who goes mad. The silent cell is a dismal place, and pitch dark when the door is shut. Shout as you like, nobody on the other side of the door would hear you! The bed is simply a board cemented into the floor, upon which the convict puts his blankets. This cell is only used as a punishment. There is also a hospital and a chapel in the buildings. Going round to the back of the yard, there is a row of sheds. Each of these sheds is a "shop." There is the carpenter's shop, the blacksmith's shop, the tailor's shop, etc. All the "carpenters," "blacksmiths," and "tailors" are convicts, and "good-conduct" men. Of course, they are strictly watched over by warders with loaded rifles. The other convicts work at the quarries near the prison. I was very sorry when our visit came to an end, and the large gate was shut behind us.

GILDART J. WALKER.



Fac-simile of an envelope sent to Mr. Frank Moore. The address, as you see, is printed in larger letters, which still form part of the well-known rhyme.

Sent by Frank Moore.

I Say——

Q.—How do we know there is no insanity among the Arabs?

A.—Because, so our geography tells us, there are *no-mad* tribes among them.

Perpetrated by
A. L. SNOW.

In a Coffin.

The following is an extract from a letter which I received from an uncle who is an officer on board the ss. *Coptic*, plying between America and Japan. I think it might be of interest to your readers, so I send it:—"We have several empty Chinese coffins aboard, as whenever a Chinaman is not

THE CLOWN.
Drawn by D. McEwan.

expected to live long, he ships for China (if he is not in China), hoping to reach home before he dies. The coffins are there, presumably in case of the owners' decease on board. We keep these coffins aft near their quarters, and it appears that there were some of these Chinese passengers playing cards alongside these supposed empty coffins, when all of a sudden up goes the lid of one of the coffins! The Chinese fled all over the ship in abject terror, thinking the devil was after them, and were barely pacified even when, upon inquiry, the cause of their fright was discovered to be a Japanese stowaway. You cannot imagine the spectacle of these terrified Chinamen, running pell-mell about the ship with, as they thought, the devil at their backs."

ONE OF THE CLUB.

The Horse.

[Extract from an encyclopædia of the future. Date about A.D. 2000.]

The horse was an animal much used by the ancients. Its form was considered very handsome, and varied much in height and colour; the smaller breeds were called "ponies," and were much beloved by the boys of all periods.

The head was placed at the extremity of a long thin neck, the ears were pointed and upright. The leg terminated in a horny substance (capable of giving a kick if teased) termed a "hoof," usually shod with a semi-circular piece of iron. The colours of the beast were chiefly black, white, brown, or a peculiar shade then known as "roan." The ancients used this creature principally as a beast of burden. They rode on its back or in their different kinds of chariots. Some kinds were used only for hunting and racing, amusements which were then very popular, but which have long since gone out of fashion. The horse was guided by a complicated combination of leather thongs, with a steel bar fastened in its mouth. This animal is now totally extinct, but a good stuffed specimen may be viewed in the South Kensington Museum (a very ancient edifice).

The reason of the horse's rapid extermination may be attributed to that now obsolete locomotive called the "motor-car."

W. L. L.

Another Howler.

A schoolboy was asked what he knew about hydrogen. He gave a fairly correct answer, but added the strange remark that it was not to be found in the Orange Free State. The perplexed examiner, feeling sure that the boy must have had some foundation for so curious an assertion, looked up the textbook which he knew the boy had been using, and discovered its origin in the statement that "hydrogen is never found in a free state."

[Gentleman didn't sign his name.—ED.]

THE COMIC JUGGLER *By D. McEwan*

A Little Glory.

There could be no doubt that the face peering at me belonged to a Zulu, and a remarkably ugly one, too. It stood its ground, even when my eyes were fixed upon it, and did not duck behind the shrubs as—so I am given to understand—black gentry, called Zulus, are in the habit of doing.

I never for a moment doubted that I should be killed, and I vaguely wondered in what manner they would despatch me. The thought that even at that moment, perhaps, a Zulu was standing behind me, with his assegai poised ready for hurling, made me feel a trifle uncomfortable, but suddenly twisting my head around, I assured myself there was no one there.

I cannot say I was charmed with my position, nor was it as impregnable as—well, as Gibraltar, for instance. A kind of valley, bordered on either side by a forest of dense bushes, formed our primitive entrenchments. The fair, or rather the hideous, unknown, had pitched his tent on one side of the Jordan, as I may term the glade, and I was on the other. Thus we waited.

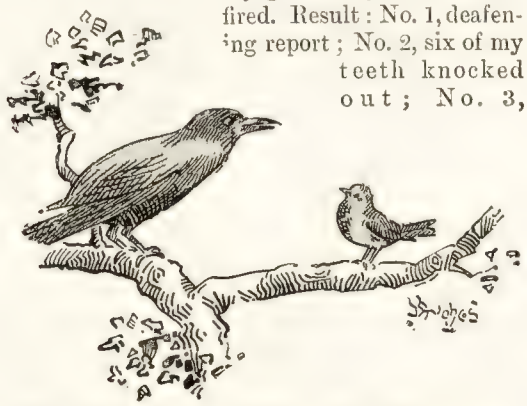
The Zulu still displayed an interest which did him credit in myself, and gave no signs of assault with intent to kill, to my great relief.

By-and-by I became tired of watching the Zulu's face in such an uncomfortable posture as kneeling invariably is, so I resolved to strike up a profitable acquaintance with him. With this end in view, I began to move cautiously through the bushes, but, being a novice in the art, I snapped a stick in two. The fair—I mean the hideous—unknown also heard it, and ducked behind the bushes.

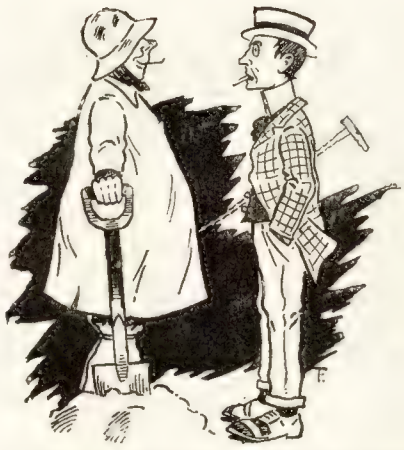
Then an awful thought came into my mind. I would shoot, actually shoot, the Zulu, and purchase everlasting glory and never-fading renown in that manner. Yes, I would, and in this state of mind I waited for his reappearance.

He rose above the bushes. I cautiously raised my gun to my shoulder and fired. Result: No. 1, deafening report; No. 2, six of my teeth knocked out; No. 3, horrible groans from the Zulu; No. 4, rushed across the Jordan and found—I blush as I write—a coal-black sheep in its last agonies.

D. R. Lock.



THE ROOK: "Hullo, youngster! How's things?"
THE ROBIN: "Not very O.K., sir. In fact, I'm a little dicky."
By J. D. Hughes.



"Oi planted some taters 'ere t'other doy, and what do yer think cum hup?"
"Potatoes, of course."
"Nar! There cum hup a drove o' pigs an' ate 'em hup."
By Fred. Thompson.

Experiences of the Captain of a Private School Football Team.

(That is to say, NOT a good one.)

You change, and come out on the field with much side. You go up to the captain of the other XI., wondering where you would be if he charged you, and stammer out a question as to whether he will toss up, or any other question concerning the game. Perhaps you win the toss. You arrange with your forwards in a matter-of-fact way to kick off. You do. As soon as your inside man touches the ball you feel a rush and a whirling mass of something which leaves you dazed and blinking, and when you look round you see the enemy's forwards charging with dreadful velocity towards your goal. Thank goodness! your back has not lost his head, and with frightful audacity and great presence of mind puts himself before the goal. In trying to stem the on-coming rush he sends the ball a few inches behind the flood of forwards which is advancing upon him. Instantly our centre-half, who, thank goodness! has kept cool through all the charge, hooks it up and passes to the centre-forward—at which station you have posted yourself—and you realize for the first time how great a responsibility is on your shoulders. You stretch out your foot to take the pass, but before it touches your boot, again there is a rush, as though you were standing on the platform of a station as an express was passing through. You look round and begin blaming the man of your side nearest to you for not charging

the other side's man; but long before you have come to the end of your vocabulary you hear a mighty shout ascend, and you realize, as the triumphant forwards of the enemy come marching back from the scene of their success, that the score stands at one goal to *nil* in favour of the enemy. This goes on until "time," when you retire from the field feeling how very small and weak your eleven is, and thinking of what you *might have done* and what you *did*. Of course, if you have a crack school team under you, you will not condescend to look at this, but if you are not *quite* perfect, you may sympathise with the writer's sensations.

C. K. B.

What I Can See from Our Windows.

By looking out of the back windows we can see Greenwich Observatory and the ships on the river. Then by coming to the front of the house I see (working from right to left) first, the Tower of London, the Tower Bridge, and the Monument. Right behind that we can distinguish the Alexandra Palace and Highgate Hills and church (this only on clear days).

Further to the left we can see St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and Big Ben. Straight in front of us we see the Big Wheel and Denmark Hill.

Now last, but not least, the Crystal Palace and the fireworks every Thursday and Saturday.

CYRIL J. LUND.

[P.S.—Just opposite us is a small park in which a band plays every Thursday.]

Our Gymnasium.

And How We Fitted It Out.

Having an out-house, for which my parents could find no particular use, I and a cousin, who lives with us, decided to turn it into a "gym." Neither of us being overladen with cash we could not purchase the necessary apparatus, so we had to be content with home-made articles, which, however, serve their purpose quite as well. I will explain how we managed it. Procuring two posts of wood, 7ft. long, we fastened them to the floor by means of screws; these posts stood upright and were 3ft. apart. At a distance of 9ft. we fastened other two posts, 15ft. long. To the top of these posts, by means of brackets, we fastened a short length of ladder. This ended the making of a hand-ladder, and we next started to make our vaulting horse. From a grocer we bought an old apple barrel, and, after stuffing it as tight as possible with sawdust, we nailed on the top. This barrel we fastened to four short uprights in the floor, and, when covered with baize, made a splendid "horse." The steed finished, we next fastened up four posts 2½ft. high, and so placed that the first two were 2½ft. apart, and a distance of 5ft. from the second two. These were joined by posts 5ft. long. With the addition of hand-rings and a trapeze our work came to an end, and, on the whole, the result was surprising.

J. S. PATERSON.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

V. Wakefield.—Unless you can give me a satisfactory reason for sending in a poem copied out of another paper, I cannot allow anything else of yours to appear in THE CAPTAIN. Were you under the impression that copied matter was eligible? Just write me an honest letter and explain. **Littérateur.**—You have an idea of writing, but your work is as yet very amateurish. Your boys' speeches are too long, and the tale before me is wildly improbable. The boys who "cured" the "cad" ought to have been thrashed for playing tricks with such a dangerous force as electricity. Keep your tales shorter, and mind your spelling. You'll need a great deal of practice before you are worthy of print. Nothing like trying, however; endeavour to be as original as possible. **Fred Mansfield.**—Most of the above remarks apply to you. You have ability, and your dialogue is chirpy and readable. Try to get hold of a better plot; the end of your tale is very weak. **Dorinda.**—Your verset show distinct promise. Send in some more shors poems. Don't write so much about "Life" and "Death." Keep copies of poems sent. **John A. Patten.**—There is a fine, unselfish ring about your "Danger Ahead!" which likes me well. May you live long and prosper apace! **H.E.S.**—Wait half a dozen years, and then see what sort of poetry you can write. **Iris.**—A little more care and pruning might have made "A Lay of the Pit" printable. As it is, it stumbles instead of trips along. Try again, and remember that writing verses costs endless pains. Don't think that they can be "dashed off." Tennyson once smoked six pipes over one short line. **Golliwog & Co.**—Apply formally for membership, stating that you are now taking in THE CAPTAIN regularly yourself. A post-card will do. **H. E. Woolley.**—Tell us "how to make" something a little simpler than an optical lantern. **H. B. Parker.**—Before you get a story into print you must suffer many disappointments. For instance, I

A PLEASING FORECAST.
By Gordon Barnsley.

cannot use "A Snow Sedan." It is a good idea, but if I were to accept it I should have to rewrite it—and Life is short! Put this tale in a drawer, and take it out when you are older—then you will observe errors that don't strike you now. You have evidently spent much time on it, but you have made a number of glaring spelling mistakes. **Inga S. Bell.**—Not quite up to the mark. Try again, my dear. **Gildart J. Walker.**—Subject not of sufficient interest. **Fred Thompson.**—Yes, your pen sketches are good. Don't get into the way of drawing vulgar comicalities; this is sadly overdone. **W. B. Huntley.**—Not so good this time—go more for outline. **W. Knowles.**—Crowded out this time. **W. B. Tapp.**—I regret the mistake. Your figure is tumbling over—for wash drawing use rougher card. **F. C. Owen.**—Do not attempt so much till you can draw better from life. "**Little Goose.**"—Yes, I am always glad to hear from you. **Basil Knowles.**—Not good enough. Your cousin is a good-looking fellow all the same. **C. F. Knowles.**—"Tommy's Christmas" is good, but I cannot find space. **A. E. Olley.**—Not so many fine lines; the idea is good enough—it wouldn't print. **E.B.D.**—A bad sketch from nature is much better than a slavishly-copied pen sketch. **D. McE.**—You are coming on apace; the care you exercise shows you intend to succeed. Go ahead!

Contributions also received from: F. Baron, Joan Stirling, A. S. Atkinson, C. S. Baker, Geo. Monks, Archie Wallace, W. Matthews, H. Weeks, S. L. Harding, Norna Walford, A. C. Gwyer, M. S. Edwards, Alchemist, W. H. Thomson, John Cox, M. Duke (photograph too dim for reproduction), A. G. Eggleston, D. Kraemar, W. Linton Andrews, C. K. Langley, V. Clifford, and others.

(A number of accepted contributions held over.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—"**Six Best Living Story-Writers for Boys.**"—Send a list of the six you most fancy—on a post-card. You can send as many post-cards as you like. Prizes: In each class Two BOOKS, selected from the works of the six authors on the winning list.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—"**Twelve Most Flourishing Towns in the United Kingdom,**" *excluding* London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. Well, barring these six, which do *you* consider the top twelve towns? Your votes will decide. Write your twelve on a post-card, in order of merit. Three prizes from our advertisements to the value of 7s. 6d. each, to be chosen by winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Animal Stories.**"—Not exceeding 400 words. Original anecdotes about animals. Prizes: THREE "PELICAN" PENS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Best Sentence in Abbreviations.**"—Three prizes of 7s. each will be given for the three best sentences written in this way: "If the B. m. t., put:"—*i.e.*, "If the grate be empty, put coal on" (colon). Send post-cards only.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"**How Boys can be Made Useful.**"—This competition is for *girls* only. Don't exceed 400 words. Prizes: A GUINEA among the three winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**Map of Palestine**"—as it is at the present day. Marks given for *careful printing of names.* Prizes: THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The Club. — Thousands of applications for membership of THE CAPTAIN Club have arrived at this office. Needless to say, sorting out the letters and booking the addresses is taking up a great deal of time, but all those who have written will kindly understand that, as yet, I can only acknowledge their applications in this general way. Later on I shall be issuing membership cards, and I shall then state in the magazine how these will have to be applied for. For the present this paragraph must serve as a "receipt" for applications to hand. THE CAPTAIN Club looks like developing into a very big concern.

Its Badge.—In the middle of this page you will find reproduced the long-talked-of CAPTAIN badge. Before you begin thinking to yourselves that this doesn't look much like a badge, kindly read on. The original of this illustration is in black, red, and blue; THE CAPTAIN, of course, being red, and the sea blue. We are negotiating with the biggest badge-making firm in this country for a very large supply. Until the negotiations are completed I cannot tell you how much the badge will cost, but you may depend upon it that we shall sell it to you absolutely at cost price—that is to say, we shall not make a penny profit on it ourselves. Of course, only members of THE CAPTAIN Club will be supplied with badges; so those regular readers who have not yet applied for membership had better hurry up and do so—a post-card will be sufficient. Kindly write your name and address very distinctly, with the declaration that you are a *bonâ-fide* purchaser of THE CAPTAIN. And be so good as to tell the truth, for, in this matter, as in all others connected with THE CAPTAIN, we put you on your honour to do and say the square thing.

"THE CAPTAIN" BADGE.

The Form it will Take.—You will be able to wear the badge on coat or cap, or on the ribbon of a straw hat. It will consist of an enamel button slightly smaller than the illustration here presented to you. As the badge will be provided with a pin you will be able to put it on whenever you like. It will be got up in a manner befitting the position of the magazine which issues it. By general consent, THE CAPTAIN has "gone up top" of all existing periodicals of a similar nature; and I say this not so much in a spirit of boastfulness as with a proud sense of the place THE CAPTAIN has taken amongst the world's periodicals — echoing, in point of fact, the sentiment which pervades my correspondence.

"The Captain" Brooch.—As, whenever a thing catches on largely amongst boys, the girls are pretty sure to follow suit and ask for it too, the ever polite O.F., having received a large number of requests from his young lady readers on the subject of a brooch, hereby begs to say that THE CAPTAIN badge for "girl-reader wear" will be produced in the shape of a brooch, but, of course, it will be very much smaller than the illustration. Girl-readers may, if they prefer, have the button described above instead of a brooch. In time I hope to use the badge for various purposes; for instance,

it will appear in future on the frontispiece to the volumes, and it will become, in fact, THE CAPTAIN trade mark. Further particulars next month

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The Colonies and "The Captain" Badge.—One very gratifying proof of the tight grip THE CAPTAIN has taken, not only of the mother-country, but of her offspring, is the large number of communications we receive from the colonies, and, naturally, these colonial fellows all want the badge—and they shall have it. We hope that this badge will prove to be a further bond of union between the old home-land and the new home-lands—for, of course, the colonies are new lands as compared with the old-established firm called the United Kingdom. And so, what with our readers at home, in the colonies, and foreign lands generally (for a great many foreign boys who admire English sports and English ways and English papers are among our subscribers) there will be few places in the world to which THE CAPTAIN badge will not penetrate, there to be boldly worn on cap, and coat, and blouse, by faithful Members of the Crew.

Christmas Cards and Crackers.—I heartily thank my readers for the extremely pretty Christmas Cards which they were good enough to shower upon me at Christmas-time. We decorated the Editorial Desk and the Editorial Mantelpiece with these charming *souvenirs*, thus giving the office a very gay and seasonable appearance. As Messrs. Tom Smith & Co. were also good enough to send me a packing-case full of crackers, we were kept fearfully busy pulling them with anybody who happened to drop in, with the result that we soon found ourselves in possession of a large assortment of coloured paper caps, cracker jewellery, and sentimental mottoes. People who growl about Christmas, and say that it is a nuisance and not worth keeping, ought to be put in rainwater tubs head downwards—and left there.

"Plebeian" sends the following list, showing the numbers of Old Boys who represent our leading public schools in the new House of Commons :—

Eton	116	Charterhouse ...	5
Harrow ...	44	Marlborough ...	5
Rugby ...	24	Shrewsbury ..	5
Cheltenham ...	12	Wellington ...	4
Winchester ...	11	Rossall	3
Clifton	7	Westminster ...	2

W. R. A. writes.—I noticed a paragraph in your September "Editorial Notes," stating that "Oswestry School was founded in 1407, and was thus the second oldest school in the kingdom"; and this set me wondering what the writer considered the oldest school in the kingdom. The date of the foundation of the Aberdeen Grammar School — of which I have the honour to be an old pupil—is, in reality, lost in the mists of antiquity. The earliest mention of it occurs in the year 1262, when a certain Thomas de Bennum is called "Rector Scholarum de Aberdeen." Stray mentions of the school occur during the next 200 years, and from 1479 onwards there exists a complete list of the rectors, or head-masters. I suggest that you publish a list of some of the oldest schools in the kingdom, with the dates when they were founded, including Scottish and Irish as well as English schools.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Edgar Manser.—(1) Certainly I will write my name in your autograph album. (2) I don't think I know of any cure for heavy sleeping. If it worries you why don't you consult your doctor? (3) To avoid corns wear very easy boots with good thick soles to them. (4) As to what I said about "growing until you are twenty-five," I didn't for a moment mean to infer that a fellow grows to any

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"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join THE CAPTAIN Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine, or that it is purchased for you. Various particulars relating to the CLUB will be found in THE CAPTAIN for January, 1901.

extent after eighteen or nineteen—sometimes people stop at sixteen. Growth after eighteen is, of course, very slight. However, Dame Nature is the lady who rules what the number of a man's inches shall be, and so you must leave the matter to her, and don't bother.

Nemo.—I don't advise you to pay a premium to an American farmer. If you go as a farm labourer you get a labourer's wages, a healthy life, and lots to eat. If a fellow is smart he can get on, but he ought not to go out unless he has a friend there who will see him through. Try and find somebody who has done some farming in America—somebody who "knows the ropes," in fact—and have a chat with him. Write to me again if you want any further information.

E. C. S. A.—I quite understand the difficulties you mention, but I have made it a definite rule not to discuss such matters in the columns of this magazine. It is in the power of men like you, with influence and a knowledge of what is right, to do an immense amount of good in their own particular circles. If every other young fellow of twenty-one had your healthy earnestness and desire to help weak-minded chums, the world would be a very much better place. Do all you can, and I shall be glad to hear of the success which I am sure will attend your efforts.

One of the Club had a curious experience owing to a slip of our binder's. His September, 1900, copy of THE CAPTAIN contained two instalments of "The Three Scouts." I need hardly say that we are not usually so generous as this. Curiously enough, only to-day a gentleman came up to the office with a Christmas number in which "An Unexpected Wolf Hunt" was bound upside down; of course we gave him another copy with the tale right way up.

Samson is angry with me for not answering his letter. My dear "Samson," if you could only see the tremendous pile of communications which lies in front of me as I write these lines you would send me a humble apology for being angry. Letters I cannot give an answer to I always do my best at least to acknowledge. But, my dear "Samson," if you want any information direct, enclose a stamped envelope or an addressed post-card.

Walter B. Wood is a very sensible fellow, for when he feels inclined to write and ask me a question he looks through the many answers which have already appeared in THE CAPTAIN, and generally finds that the information he wants has already been given. I wish other readers would do this as well. Certainly "W. B. W." may consider himself an official representative of THE CAPTAIN at St. Paul's School.

J. E. Matthews and **Roanite.**—Yes, rather vexing to be "honourably mentioned" seven times and not get a prize. I cannot help it though. Perhaps some day we will have a scheme for awarding prizes to those who get a certain number of "hon. mens." As soon as I have got the Club into working order I will turn my attention to this matter.

"Eyed Awry" sends me epistles which are absolutely weird, for she decorates her remarks with extraordinary sketches. She seems to be a young lady blessed with a lively wit and a subtle fancy. I should advise her to find out what particular line she is strongest at, and work her hardest at that. Nothing like being a specialist nowadays.

Alfred Jay.—Yes; dumb-bells. Sandow's Developer, and Ryan Exercisers are good for bed-room use. Put in ten minutes' hard work at them when you get up, but don't fatigue yourself. You will find plenty about this in Mr. Fry's "Answers to Correspondents."

Rosemary Bunbury.—(1) No, I don't think it is cruel to keep a linnet—not more cruel than keeping a canary, anyhow. (2) Yes; an ordinary canary's cage would do. (3) Rape and canary seed, with a little flax seed for a treat, is the best food for it.

C. G. T. (SWANSEA).—Write to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand, London, W.C., for one of their plain albums, price 5s. They are the best things in which to keep pictorial post-cards.

A. R. Cousins.—(1) Write to Messrs. C. Farlows & Co., Ltd., 191, Strand, W.C., for your fishing rod. (2) "The Modern Angler," price 2s. 9d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

Frank Clayton.—Use any make of "Special Rapid" plates for portraiture during the winter. **The King's Hospital,** Dublin, of which we published a photograph last December, is the Blue Coat School of Ireland. **B. P. Wye.**—Yours is a nice little story, showing promise, but not quite strong enough for publication. **Urgent.**—You must consult a doctor or bone specialist. **Jumbo.**—No, I am not Mr. Harry How. **Eric Rothwell.**—Yes, pray consider yourself an official representative of this magazine in the Isle of Man. **J. L. T.**—Thanks for competition suggestions. Hope to make use of them. **Toodleoo.**—Send a stamped envelope and I will give you a list of books—no room here. **One of your Chefoo Crew.**—Very funny. Have sent it on to Mr. Swift. **E. Read.**—I sent your letter on to the Doctor. **Sydney L. Langlois** is thanked for Chili "new issues." **G. Moore** writes to say that the King's School, Canterbury, is the oldest school in England. We shall find out about this soon. **T. S. R.**—Kindly send a stamped envelope if you wish for a reply to your letter. **Four Bells.**—Neither of the stories you mention has appeared in book form. **"F."** sends an account of Edinburgh Academy football. Sorry no room to print it. **Camera.**—Hope to use those excellent photographs of Marlborough in due course. **A Lover of the "Old Fag."**—Special corner by itself in top drawer, Blushes Locker. **"Waiting Still."**—Pitman's. **T. W. G.**—That's a stumper. Ask the editor of the *Navy and Army* to recommend you a book. Don't forget the stamped envelope. **R. C. Howlden.**—I have decided not to revive the controversy *re* "Cheap Photography." You did your best, and your facts were right in the main. **C. J. S. Williamson.**—An amusing letter! Yes, of course, I had "The Cruise of the *Vengeful*" written specially for you. **G. F. B.**—My dear boy, I don't want *any more* letters about that "Cheap Photography" article. **Myrtle Green.**—I am very glad to read your appreciation of Mr. Fry. **L. G.** (WINCHESTER).—No; don't "peach" to the Head. Just leave him alone, and have nothing to do with him. **G. Jennings.**—The small worms common to the water suffice for the fishes' food generally, but you might drop in a few ants' eggs occasionally.

Letters, Photographs, etc., also received from:—R. C. Carrick, M. Brown, Alfred W. James, K. H. Smith, "Ajax," John L. Turner, J. R. Burnham, Arden Vye, G. T. Lucas, "Max Olblebaf," "Mars," Cyanide Whiffles, M. E. Bennett (*nom de plume* indecipherable), and many others; "Calendar Events" from Harold W. Smith.

THE OLD FAG.

A number of answers held over.

Results of December Competitions.

No. 1.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF 10s.: JULIAN SIDNEY PRICE, Upnor, Rochester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DONALD M. MUNRO, 8, Lawton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Reuben Cohen, Frances Pratt, L. D. Nicol, H. Hooper.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: MARJORIE BIMNEY, 18, Broomgrove Road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHARLES S. J. C. ROBERTS, The Grammar School, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold C. Smye, Hilda S. Petter, Ethel Thompson, S. H. Ackland, Charles Gutch, Alex. H. Clapperton, G. H. Varley, Edgar F. Philpot.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: JOHN RAE, 9, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MARION HOUSE, 79, Broomwood Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; and E. C. MARSHALL, 31, Rose Terrace, Spilsby Road, Boston, Lincs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. T. Fairlie, H. Kitchingman, Eldrid Reynolds, Dorothy Wheatley, Henry W. Hill, Gladys Scantlebury, Arnold Linsley, James Wilson, H. Stuart Blackmore, Fred. Hancock.

No. II.—"A Picture of Books."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: GWYNEDD M. HUDSON, 57, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, A. S. Atkinson, T. Alwark Chaplin, G. Mitchell, F. E. F. Crisp, Dorothy Bimney, A. J. Brady, R. N. Woodall, G. A. Callister, W. Logan, D. C. Hudson, Tillie Shephard, F. Carter, W. B. Tapp, F. Livingstone, Bertha Boxall, J. H. Parsonage.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: NOREEN BUNBURY, Hildon Manor, Tonbridge.

HONOURABLE MENTION; W. Vaughan, A. H. Gander, D. Pryde, T. Lees, G. A. Bell, H. A. Calnan, C. H. Gregory, J. P. Salway, G. H. Mair, C. B. Reid, O. Fleming, W. B. Huntly, R. Middleton, C. Dare, G. Summers, J. H. Waterston, N. P. Goodacre, F. Leicester.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: G. HOLLINS, 4, Market Place, Newcastle, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard Baseden, H. Lovelock, D. H. Wilkinson, R. C. Lewis, Gladys Mayer.

No. III.—"Villain in Fiction."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: JOHN PETSIE, 31, Northcote Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ELSIE SIMMONS, "Brenzett," Banisters Road, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Owen Chitty, William Mellor, Ernest A. Taylor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. GRIFFITHS, 17, St. Andrew's Place, Bradford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HELEN K. WATTS, Lenton Vicarage, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwendolen Holliday, W. W. Humphreys, R. B. Ewbank, Bertha C. Wilson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: CHARLES MURRAY, c/o Mr. Elder, 10, Downfield Place, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: WILLIAM VAUGHAN, "Durban," 137, Old Road West, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ira Turkington, T. Gibbings, Alex. B. Templeton, A. D. H. Allan, James Weir, M. Welby.

No. IV.—"Map of Spain and Portugal."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: ROBERT YORSTON, 64, Ashley Terrace, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Thompson, J. Wood, D. Y. de Ybarrondo, W. D. Kerr, Nancie Hummerston, W. Borthwick.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: TOM STREET, 23, Lauriston Gardens, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sybil Haines, W. A. Frame, Dorothy Watkins, Adam McGregor, W. Vaughan, A. H. Gander, W. Matthews, W. Cruickshank, H. G. Lee, Gwendoline Smith, Gertrude M. Hawkins, Edith M. Burrow, R. S. Frame.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. C. PORTER, 40, College Street, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Pryde, J. A. Forder, W. A. Storey, H. Gayton, C, G. P. Laidlow, E. T. Fairlee, G. Dickson, E. Spencer, C. Stokes, H. H. Peters, C. H. Ilsley, C. Hayter, C. Hargreaves, Gladys Salmon, J. Fairweather, C. S. Ward, F. L. Liddell.

No. V.—"Spelling Mistakes." (One age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF £1 1s.: JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, 42, Bath Road, Exeter; and K. RAYNOR, School House, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Horace E. Palmer, A. D. Hardie, M. E. Cock.

No. VI.—"For Athletes."

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: P. R. PARKINSON, 75, Ormerod Road, Burnley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: T. M. O'CALLAGHAN, 35, Morval Road, Brixton, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. C. Rhodes, Frank Harper, Miss Browne, Robert C. Warrier.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," or "Wide World."

COMMENTS ON THE DECEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—Our "Omitted Words" Competitions are becoming exceedingly popular. This month there were nearly 800 entries for "Comp. I."

No. II.—Although somewhat below the usual standard of excellence, some very good drawings were submitted for the "Picture of Books" Competition, the prize in Class I. being awarded to the sender of an excellent study in light and shade; that in Class II. was won by a pencil sketch in which the books were very artistically grouped; while in Class III. the prize was carried off by a delicate pencil sketch in which the perspective was most accurate. The piles of books also served as excellent guides to the popularity of certain boys' authors. Needless to say, the works of T. B. Reed, G. A. Henty, Jules Verne, and Gordon Stables found prominent places in every "picture." The "O. F." was represented by numerous volumes of THE CAPTAIN.

No. III.—The creations of the minds of Shakespeare, Dickens, Conan Doyle, du Maurier, Stevenson, Hall Caine, and Guy Boothby, came in for the greatest share of attention in this competition, with essays on such "villains" as Shylock, Squeers, Ralph Nickleby, Prof. Moriarty, Svengali, Stephen Orry, and Dr. Nikola. In each class the villain chosen by the author of the prize essay was one of Dickens' characters.

No. IV.—The Map Competition this month was as popular as ever. The best maps were in Class II., the winning one in this class hailing from Scotland, as did that in Class I. We should like to see the competitors in Class III. pay more attention to the printing of names and the shading of mountains.

No. V.—The winner of this competition is to be congratulated on his vigilance. We had no idea so many "Spelling Mistakes" had escaped the generally very wide-open editorial eye.

No. VI.—Essays "cracking up" the especial advantages of every conceivable pastime were submitted for this competition, the prize being won by the author of a well-written paper on "Mountaineering." Amongst other "favourite pastimes" told of were Cycling, Football, Cricket, Photography, Lawn Tennis, Egg and Butter-fly collecting. Specially good excerpts from some of these competitions will be published in THE CAPTAIN when space permits.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

MARCH, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	***Friday*** ...	*St. David*	6.37
2.	*Saturday* ...	*John Wesley died*, 1791	6.38
3.	***Sunday*** ...	*Second in Lent*	6.40
4.	*Monday* ...	*Forth Bridge opened*, 1890	6.42
5.	*Tuesday* ...	*Sir Hiram S. Maxim born*, 1840	6.44
6.	*Wednesday*...	*George du Maurier born*, 1834	6.46
7.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Poplar Grove, S. Africa*, 1900 ...	6.47
8.	*Friday* ...	*Battle of Aboukir*, 1801	6.49
9.	*Saturday* ...	*Scinde War ended*, 1845	6.51
10.	***Sunday*** ...	*Third in Lent*	6.53
11.	*Monday* ...	*A. E. Stoddart, cricketer, b.*, 1863	6.55
12.	*Tuesday* ...	*Last day for March Competitions*	6.56
13.	*Wednesday*...	*Bloemfontein surrendered*, 1900	6.58
14.	*Thursday* ...	*King Humbert I. of Italy born*, 1844 ...	6.59
15.	*Friday* ...	*Mrs. Kendal, actress, b.*, 1849	7.2
16.	*Saturday*	*Duchess of Kent died*, 1861	7.4
17.	***Sunday*** ...	*Fourth in Lent*	7.6
18.	*Monday* ...	*Princess Louise born*, 1848	7.7
19.	*Tuesday* ...	*T. Hayward, cricketer, b.*, 1871	7.9
20.	*Wednesday*...	*Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., b.*, 1836 ...	7.10
21.	*Thursday* ...	*Robert Bruce born*, 1274	7.11
22.	**FRIDAY** ...	**APRIL "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED** ...	**7.13**
23.	*Saturday* ...	*National Gallery founded*, 1824	7.15
24.	***Sunday*** ...	*Fifth in Lent*	7.17
25.	*Monday* ...	*Lady Day*	7.18
26.	*Tuesday* ...	*Duke of Cambridge born*, 1819	7.20
27.	*Wednesday*...	*Cambridge Lent Term ends*	7.22
28.	*Thursday* ...	*War declared against Russia*, 1854 ...	7.23
29.	*Friday* ...	*Royal Albert Hall opened*, 1871	7.25
30.	*Saturday* ...	*Oxford Lent Term ends*	7.27
31.	***Sunday*** ...	*Palm Sunday*	7.28

Calendar Events for May are Invited.

GREYHOUSE.

Drawn by T. M. R. Whitwell.

"QUITS."

I REGRET to say that Charles Henry Carew, Esq.—who generally answered to the name of "Parsnip"—had a good deal of the vindictive in his nature. He always remembered a good turn, but, on the other hand, he never forgot a bad one. This, at any rate, was his character when at school. When he grew up, and broadened his mind by travel and mingling with his fellow-men, most of his mental littlenesses disappeared. But at Greyhouse he never won much popularity, didn't shine in class-room or playing-field, and failed to attain any sort of distinction, except in the art of swimming. Every fellow can do something rather well. Parsnip could *swim*—I was just going to say "like a fish." Not quite like a fish, perhaps, but miles better than any other fellow either of his size or age.

But of that ar on.

Parsnip must have had a lot of good in him, or Sir Billy would never have been his friend. Sir Billy was clever—not a doubt of it—and earned the approval of all his masters; he was very popular—never said ill-natured things, or performed underhand tricks; was shaping into a very pretty bat, too, and could bowl a bit. Not much good at "footer," perhaps, but showed promise of getting into the cricket eleven some day. Sir Billy, moreover, had given proof, in more than one fistic combat, of grit and pluck. He had downed his man, and taken a drubbing—in a word, he had graduated at Greyhouse as "a decent sort."

And he was Parsnip's chum. Fellows couldn't quite understand that; but so it was.

"Can't understand what a real white man like Billy can see in an out-and-out bounder like Parsnip," you'd often hear a fellow say.

More than a few fellows in the Fourth would have liked to be Billy's best friend; but Billy stuck to Parsnip, defended Parsnip when, in his absence, hard things were said about Mr. Carew, fought a fight or two in Parsnip's behalf—as a staunch chum has not infrequently to do—and thoroughly proved that there was nothing of the fickle or the changeable in his friendship. You know old Shakespeare's lines! Well, Billy was all that.

One sweet summer day, some five weeks from "the end," Hodges, the best bat on the Army side, having buckled on his pads and buttoned his gloves, went forth to practise at the nets. Meeting Parsnip and Sir Billy as they emerged from the Lower School changing-room, Hodges told them that they might come and bowl at him.

"But I've got a bad finger, Hodges," said Sir Billy.

"Oh, yes," said Hodges, "that tale will do for your grandmother. I know those bad fingers."

"His finger's beastly bad—I've seen it," chimed in Parsnip.

"Hold your tongue!" said Hodges gruffly, "and come on both of you. No shirking."

So the two fags obediently trotted after Hodges, who, walking a few yards in front of them, swaggered along with about a mile of "side" on to every square inch of his body. Hodges knew he was what Greyhouse termed a "big bug" at cricket, and so considered himself quite as famous a man in his own sphere as the captain of Yorkshire in his. He was not exactly a bully, but he was so fit and hard himself, and so keen on his game, that he would take no excuses such as Billy had

offered, and punished anything like funking with Spartan severity.

It was unlikely that Sir Billy would have laid claim to a sore finger had the whole of his hand been in a good state of repair. The nail on the forefinger of his right hand had been badly smashed in a house match a few days previously, and it was not possible for him to get a tight grip of a cricket-ball without experiencing considerable pain. So, although he clenched his teeth and did his level best to bowl straight, he soon exasperated Mr. Hodges.

"This is absolutely rotten stuff you're sending down, Travers!" he shouted. "You're not trying!"

"Yes, I am, Hodges," bleated Billy.

"Brute!" muttered Parsnip. "Good! I hit him on the wrist then."

He had, and uncomfortably hard. It didn't improve Hodges' temper either. Shortly after, much to the bowler's satisfaction, a fast ball from Parsnip got up nastily and introduced itself to Hodges just above that great man's belt.

Hodges, smarting in two places, cursed volubly. He couldn't do anything to Parsnip, as Parsnip could hardly be held responsible for the ground being hard and nobbly. However, a little later, Sir Billy sent down a really dreadful ball—a bad wide on the off—which broke away still further as Hodges made a furious lunge at it.

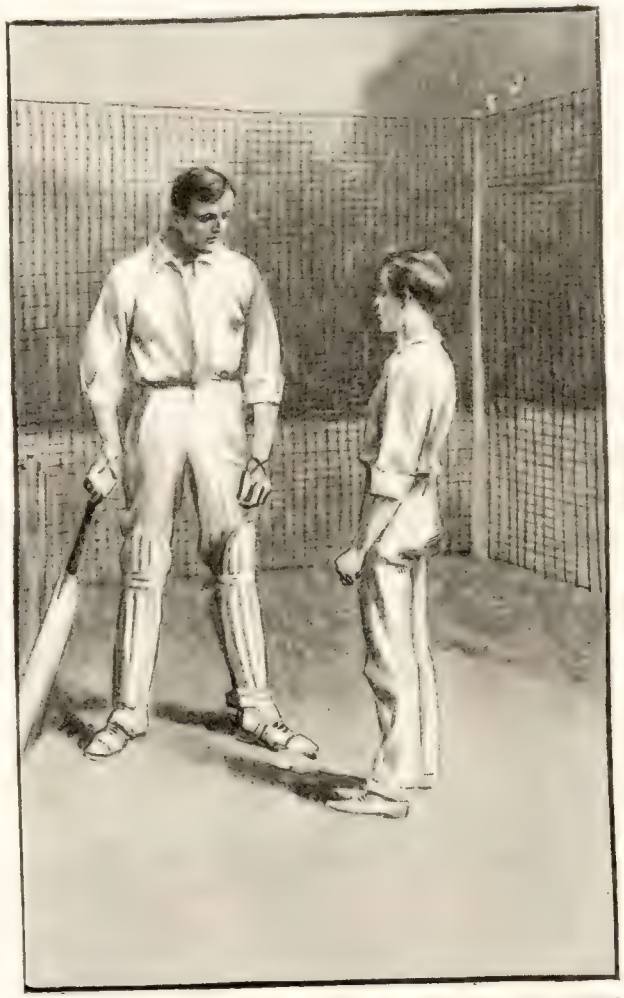
"You did that on purpose, young Travers!" he shouted. "Come here!"

Sir Billy meekly obeyed the order, and stood before Hodges in certain expectation that he was in for a licking.

"First you make a moan about a finger, and then you turn sulky and bowl wide. What do you mean by it?"

"I bowled as well as my finger would let me, Hodges," apologised the small boy.

"Humbug! I've heard from several fellows that you are a very decent slow bowler, with a leg break. Precious little leg break you've given me to-day. I suppose you and Carew wanted to go and gorge yourselves at the tucker instead of coming down here. I'll teach you to turn sulky. Bend over."



"FIRST YOU MAKE A MOAN ABOUT A FINGER, AND THEN YOU TURN SULKY AND BOWL WIDE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY IT?"

Sir Billy obeying, Hodges administered to him punishment with the flat of his bat, and put so much energy into it that it took the victim all his time and teeth to keeping himself from blubbing. His eyes were full of tears as he walked away.

"You can cut now, both of you," said Hodges, angrily flinging his bat down. "I believe the smallest brats in the First Form could bowl better."

So Billy and Parsnip slunk off, but as Parsnip went he turned and gave Hodges a peculiarly unpleasant look out of his small pig eyes, and when Parsnip treated anyone to a look of this sort it meant that the person so favoured had been allotted a place of distinction in Parsnip's black ledger.

Parsnip trudged doggedly along by Billy's side.

"Sting up much?" he inquired.

"Oh, a bit," said Billy carelessly.

"Beastly cad!" observed Parsnip, referring, of course, to Hodges. "I should like to get even with him. How could he expect you to bowl with that finger?"

It was clear that Parsnip considered that, by licking Billy, Hodges had also licked *him*. That was the view Parsnip took of the matter, at any rate. Billy had told Hodges that he had a bad finger, and Hodges had chosen to doubt his word. This was an insult to his chum which Parsnip could not overlook.

So he again observed, in a low and menacing tone: "I should like to get even with him."

It was Sir Billy's way to be silent whilst others chattered. Parsnip continued to mutter uncomplimentary things about Hodges as they crossed the lower playing-field, but Sir Billy said never a word. These two understood one another: Parsnip was quite content to talk and let Billy listen. Sometimes Billy talked and Parsnip listened. A queer thing, this friendship; but it *was* a friendship. There was nothing half-and-half about it.

When they reached the upper playing-field, Parsnip asked Billy what he was going to do?

Billy said: "Oh, I think I shall get a book and have a read."

This fondness for reading on Billy's part sometimes annoyed Parsnip, who didn't care a hang about books, and was irreverent enough to term Sir Walter Scott "a dry old rotter!" And Sir Walter was Billy's hero! However, on this occasion, Parsnip simply said, "All right," and they parted in the quad. Billy went off to his class-room for a book, and Parsnip made his way to the tuck-shop.

Billy, holding "The Antiquary" affectionately under his arm, presently passed through the quad, and sought a shady spot in the upper playing-field, where he laid himself down, and, reclining on elbow, began to look for the place "where he had left off."

But he was feeling sore in mind and body, and found it difficult to settle himself to his reading. Billy was somewhat given to brooding—now and again he got a fit of melancholy, and then he liked to be all by himself, and have it out with himself.

'Twas so on this occasion. He gazed at the page before him without taking in the sense of the printed words. The event of the afternoon was rankling in his mind. The injustice of the punishment he had received rose up before him, and brought the hot blood to his face. Till to-day he had regarded Hodges as a jolly nice chap. He and Hodges both sang in the choir, and were both fond of music. Hodges was one of the fellows who used to linger behind after evening chapel on Sunday, and listen to Kitt's playing. Billy had often stood at Hodges' elbow—there was a musical bond of sympathy between the big fellow and the small one. And yet—in spite of this—Hodges had licked him for not bowling straight. He couldn't help bowling crooked with that finger—why couldn't Hodges take his word? Hodges was, as Parsnip had declared, a beastly cad.

Sir Billy was not in the habit—even in thought—of labelling people with names of this sort, and a moment after he had—mentally—used Parsnip's expression, gentler reflections prevailed, and he recollected that, after all, Hodges was awfully keen on cricket, and detested slackness, and often had tales of split fingers and bruised knees told him by kids who had nothing the matter with them whatever, but just wanted to get off "fielding," and didn't mind endeavouring to do so by inventing a neat cram concerning a physical ailment of some kind. Perhaps, decided Sir Billy, it was quite natural that Hodges should have disbelieved *him*. After all, it didn't matter. The licking was over and done with—why make such a song about it?

Then it struck Sir Billy that Parsnip seemed to be very bitter against Hodges. Of course! He remembered now. It wasn't only because he—Sir Billy—had been licked unreasonably that Parsnip was so wild. No. Only a few Sundays since Parsnip had interrupted Kitt's playing, and had had his ears boxed by Hodges for his pains. And Sir Billy had been—indirectly and unintentionally, of course—instrumental in getting Parsnip's ears boxed. It all came back to him. Parsnip had hit Billy, and he had not hit Parsnip back—and a week later they had made it up.

So Parsnip had not forgotten that smack on the head—hence his animosity against Hodges!

Such were Billy's reflections as he lay on the grass. Suddenly there was a rustle of approaching feet, and directly afterwards a bottle of gingerbeer was quietly put down by Billy's elbow. Billy didn't say anything—he knew Parsnip wouldn't like him to—but when a minute or so had elapsed he took a pull at the gingerbeer and found it very good.

When he looked at his book again—he was lying in such a way that he was unable to see anything except the brick wall in front of him—he perceived a large chunk of cake reclining patiently on the open page. Billy—without looking round—polished off the cake and finished the gingerbeer.

Then he felt distinctly better—quite himself again, in fact. Of course he knew Parsnip had brought the gingerbeer and cake. Parsnip

—the unpopular, the looked-down-on Parsnip—liked to present offerings to his chum in this off-hand way.

"I say, feel like a bathe?" inquired Parsnip.

"I don't mind," said Billy.

"Then come on—there's still an hour before tea."

So Sir Billy closed his book, rose from the grass, stretched himself, and followed Parsnip, who, as I have said, whatever else he couldn't do, *could* swim.

The Greyhouse bathing-place was unpoetically yclept "The Hole," being a portion of the river staked off for the use of the school. Greyhouse possessed swimming-baths, but nobody cared to dabble about under cover in the summer term, when The Hole was available.

Having procured their towels, Billy and Parsnip set forth. Somewhat to their discomfiture, on turning into the dressing-shed they almost ran into Hodges, who was bound on the same errand as themselves. Other fellows were knocking about there, in all stages of dress and undress, and some had just come down to look on.

Parsnip's small pig-eyes followed Hodges' every movement. Parsnip's slow brain was working in its own slow way. He well remembered that Sunday night when he had hit Sir Billy, and Sir Billy had refrained from hitting him back. Parsnip felt that he was in his chum's debt, and that he ought to find a way of paying him back before term ended.

There seemed to be a bit of an opening here. Hodges had licked Billy without cause. Billy couldn't pay Hodges out, but he—Parsnip—could and *would*.

Now Hodges was a fine bat, but a poor swimmer. Parsnip knew that. Hodges didn't care much for the water, but took a dipper in The Hole every day because it was the fashion. He didn't care to be out of anything of this sort; but he loved not the water. Parsnip knew that, too.

There were two diving-boards, one stationary, supported by piles fixed into the bed of the river, the other a spring-board, which Parsnip and all good—and some bad—divers used.

Having divested himself of his raiment, Hodges headed for the stationary board and marched solemnly along it until he reached the end. Arrived there he took a look at the river, and submitted his legs and arms to a gentle chafing, in the common manner of the hesitating bather.

Hodges was thus occupied when there was a shout behind him of "*Look out in front!*" and a figure shot past him. The figure was Parsnip's But so clumsily did Parsnip—who for some unaccountable reason had used the stationary instead of the spring-board—shoot past Hodges that he fairly upset the big Fifth Form fellow's balance, with the result that, as Parsnip dived neatly into the water, Hodges toppled after him and fell in with a most ignominious "splosh."

He rose to the surface spluttering, his mouth full of water, and his brain overflowing with fury. He had recognised Parsnip's voice, but, when he looked round for Parsnip, Mr. Charles Henry Carew was a considerable distance off, treating the crowd on the bank to a little fast exhibition swimming.

Hodges' absurd tumble off the board had given a good deal of amusement to the crowd, not because Hodges was unpopular, but because any mishap of that kind was welcomed as a sort of relief to the regular routine of bathing. The smaller fellows marvelled at Parsnip's temerity, and shuddered as they thought of the licking he would get "when he came out."

"That's a bit off Billy's score," thought Parsnip, surveying Hodges from a safe point of vantage, "I expect Hodges will lam me something terrific when I'm drying, but I don't care much. It's worth a lamming to have bunched him over like that—ho! ho!" And Parsnip gurgled at the remembrance.

He stayed in the water as long as he could—for some time, in fact, after Hodges had clambered out and gone to the dressing-shed. At last Parsnip was the only fellow left in The Hole, although a good many chaps were still fooling about on the bank. Judging that it must be getting near tea-time, Parsnip at length left the water, and went to dress.

Hodges grabbed him roughly as he entered the shed.

"Now then, you clumsy young fool," he exclaimed, "anything to say before I lick you?"

Parsnip decided that action would help him more than speech. Why not take refuge in the water again?

So, with a sudden jerk, he freed himself from Hodges' detaining hand, and dashed out of the shed. Hodges followed hot after him. The crowd yelled—this was good sport indeed! The great Hodges was actually condescending to chase a mere fag!

Parsnip's naked form could be seen dodging and gliding along in front of his pursuer, who several times made fruitless lunges at the runaway. Once he clutched his shoulder, but Parsnip, to whom terror had lent extra strength and speed, shook him off and dashed forward more swiftly than ever.

Quite forgetting that he was a great batsman, and, in short, a person who ought to have been

THE FELLOWS HELD THEIR BREATH. WOULD PARSNIP FIND HIM?

above this sort of child's play, Hodges fumed and cursed as he raced desperately after the fugitive. In point of speed, of course, he was vastly superior to Parsnip. Exerting himself to the utmost, he overtook Parsnip again just as the runaway arrived at the river's edge.

"*Stop*, will you?—d'you hear——"

Parsnip did hear, and did stop—but not exactly as Hodges imagined he would, for he flung himself down on the grass, with the result that Hodges tripped over him, and fell into the river.

Parsnip heard the splash, and rose to his feet with a look of relief. Time to slip on his things and get away now!

But wait! Looking towards the water to see how his persecutor was faring, Parsnip could see nothing of that persecutor.

The crowd on the bank rushed up, white-faced with apprehension.

"Where is he?" inquired Parsnip, in his slow way.

"*He's drowning—he only came up once. Quick, Parsnip!*"

It was Billy's voice.

"Where?" asked Parsnip.

"There—in the deep part by the tree. *Quick!*"

No need to urge Parsnip further. Clean as a whistle, he was over the bank, diving down, down, down into the deep part by the tree—a part that bad swimmers were always warned to avoid.

He rose to the surface, took in a fresh supply of breath, swam a little way on, and dived again.

Nothing could now be seen of Parsnip—nothing of Hodges—just a big, ever-widening circle where Parsnip had disappeared.

The fellows held their breath. Would Parsnip find him? Hodges must have been seized by the cramp, or he would never have sunk so suddenly.

They craned forward—the suspense was horrible. It was all a matter of seconds, but it seemed like hours, like weeks. Hullo!—look!—Parsnip's head—right away there on the far side of the tree, the very worst place a fellow could get into.

Parsnip's head—his shoulders! Had he found him? Look! Had he? No! Yes—yes—YES!

"Hurrah! Bravo, Parsnip! Well done, sir! Bravo, Parsnip!"

Other fellows, who had been waiting for Parsnip's reappearance, now jumped in and swam to his assistance. And none too soon, for he was quite pumped. But he had found Hodges.

"Here you are—take him, you fellows! Hurry up!"

They relieved Parsnip of the dead weight he was hauling at, and Parsnip, paddling feebly to the bank, was helped ashore by a dozen friendly hands.

The others towed Hodges in, turned him upside down to let the water run out of him, massaged his limbs, and then, when consciousness returned, bore him away to the infirmary.

Late that night Parsnip turned to the occupant of the bed next to his.

"Awake, Billy?"

"Yes, rather."

"I say, Billy—d'you think Hodges will *die?*"

"Of *course* not! He'll be all right by to-morrow—everyone says so."

"Oh, I say, I am glad."

There was a brief spell of silence. Then:

"I say, Billy!"

"Yes, Parsnip?"

"You know why I shoved Hodges off the board?"

"Yes," said Billy, "I think I know."

"You remember that Sunday—and the Sunday after—well——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Billy hastily, "never mind that."

"Yes, but I—I wanted to get quits with you."

"You did—to-day," said Billy; "thanks for wanting to," he added simply.

So then, feeling that all was square between himself and Billy, Parsnip heaved a deep sigh and fell asleep.

THE END.

Warren Bell

OUR NEW SERIALS—

SMITH'S HOUSE: A Public School Story,

By FRED SWAINSON,

SIR BILLY & CO.: A Tale of Old Greys,

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

COMMENCE NEXT MONTH.

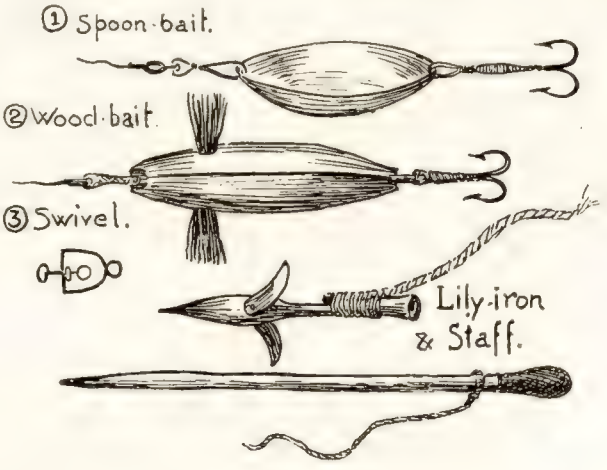
Deep Sea Fishing

By ALAN OSCAR.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

WAS it not Dr. Johnson who defined angling as a rod with a worm at one end and a fool at the other? It is of no such mild sport as this we are going to write. Talk as you may of the joys of a day's trout fishing; the best trout fishing I ever had was through a hole in the Canadian ice. Even salmon fishing, though good sport enough, will not compare with deep sea fishing; and you have got to go to sea for it, and in a sailing vessel—nowhere else can you get it.

Your ordinary river fisherman is—like the poet—born, not made, but deep sea fishing is strong enough sport for anyone to enjoy. Here is no sitting in silence on a placid river's bank; here is no place for that mild enthusiasm which exclaims after a blank day in the rain, "Wasn't that a glorious nibble I had just after lunch!" No; deep sea sport is all excitement and result; it does not deal with fish measured by inches and weighed by ounces, but with active monsters weighing stones and hundredweights; no flimsy trout rod will suffice—far stronger tackle is necessary.



For whale fishing, read the "Cruise of the *Cachalot*"; for cod fishing, "Captains Courageous"; both of these are trades undertaken for profit. Come with me and I will show you better sport still. Here you may sit astride the jib-boom, with a leaping, bounding, surging vessel rushing behind you, and haul up into your arms a fish which will spring and wriggle from your tightest grasp unless you grip him like grim death, and whose flesh, when you fry him for breakfast, will look more like meat than fish. Or you may venture out on the "dolphin-striker," being prepared to be dipped—perhaps to your neck—as the ship pitches, from whence you may spear a porpoise if your eye is steady and your arms are strong. But to particularise.

We have cleared the Channel, have skirted Portugal, and struck the trade winds. The morning is one dazzle of glory; every dashing wave breaks into a million diamonds in the slant rays of the rising sun. The sails belly out under the brisk breeze. The ship bounds and surges along through the sapphire sea. The men are washing decks—you can have a dozen buckets of the clear, cool, salt water dashed over you as a shower-bath if you

will. Your appetite is ravenous. Drink your coffee and nibble your biscuit, then come "forrard" and catch your breakfast; for has not the senior apprentice whispered "Bonito under the bows!"

We prepared our tackle some days ago. First the bait. We cut the handle off a nickel spoon, bored a hole in each end of the bowl, fastened a few inches of wire-covered gut to these holes, attached one end, with a swivel, to a long cod-line, and on the other mounted two hooks back to back. (See diagram (1) on preceding page. This affair, when towed, twirls and darts about like a small fish, and is a killing bait—so says the senior apprentice.

Another of our crowd had cut an imitation fish body out of a piece of hard wood about 4ins. long. This he had notched at the ends and grooved on either side; in these grooves he fitted wire with loops at each end, to which hooks were attached. To make the affair still more like a fish, he had pulled a bunch of stiff bristles from a scrubbing brush, and fixed them on either side to represent fins—or wings—some bright tin had been tacked on the body so that it should glitter when in the water. Here is *his* bait. (2.)

CATCHING BONITO
FROM THE JIB-BOOM.

The bonito is a fish something like a gigantic mackerel; he seems alive with electricity, and is a very swift swimmer. This comparatively little chap—2ft. long or a little more—will play round a ship going nine knots through the water with the greatest ease. There is need of his swiftness, for the porpoise is his enemy; as he chases the flying fish, so the porpoise chases him.

But let us get forward! Bonito steak fresh from the sea is a breakfast not to be despised.

Up on to the forecastle! Out on to the bowsprit! Further still. Out—out—to the jib-boom end!

What a grand picture! One moment turn and look at it! The whole ship is before our eyes. The great bellying sails, up to the royals; the gracefully moving hull beneath. When she dips her bows, so that the thundering foam roars in her hawse-pipes, you can see along the decks to the poop, where the mate of the watch and the men washing decks look like Lilliputians in the distance. We—astride the jib-boom—feel as if on the back of a plunging horse. But to business! There beneath us, darting along just below the surface, now and again showing nose, or back fin, or tail, above water, swim our prey—shoals of them!

Lower away the line! The bare mechanical bait is all that is wanted. Just to the surface! So! The senior apprentice brings forth a towel from the bosom of his shirt.

"What on earth's that for, Murray?"

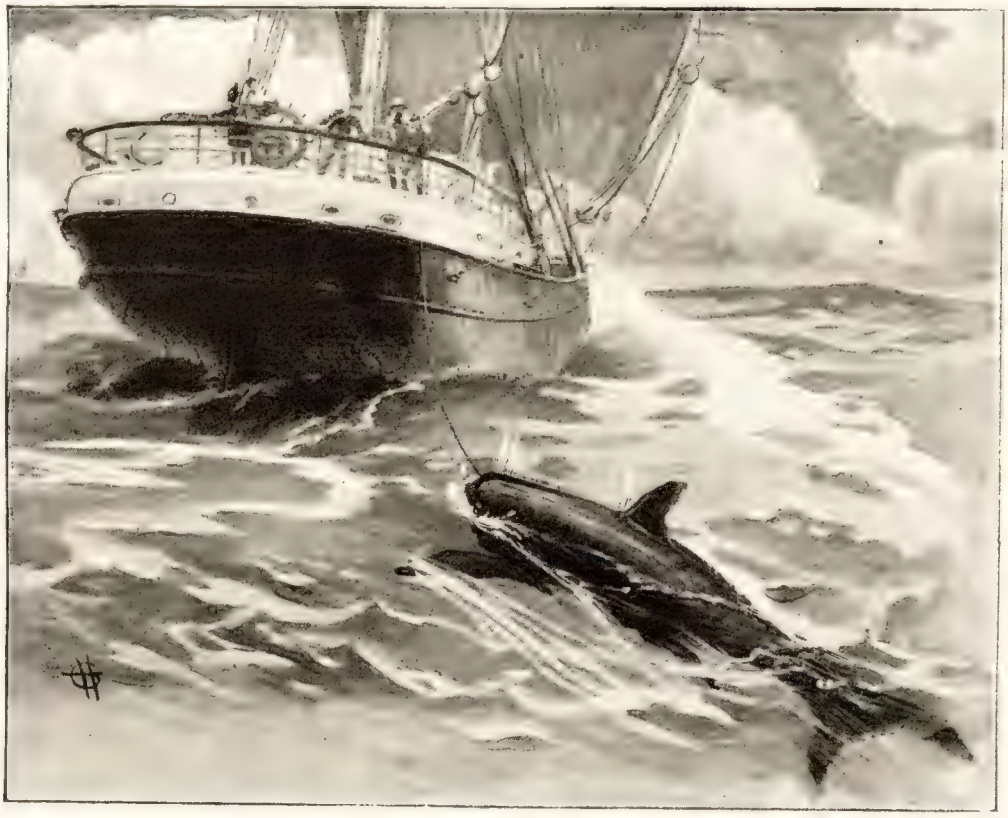
"You'll jolly soon know. You try to hold a bonito in your arms without; why he'd spring from here on to the fo'castle deck!"

L'enfant dit vrai! as I, with experience, can avouch. Yes. It is impossible to hold the wriggling, shock-giving creatures unless you wrap them in something of the sort.

Well, I lowered my line, and let the bait dance along the flashing sea surface. Beneath us was the uncloven wave. Our noble ship caught not the virgin water over which we sat, so that, though a few yards astern the prow made the divided seas to roar and foam, below us it was still translucent, transparent, broken only by its natural waves. Hardly had I floated my bait, when a flash — a jerk! seeming almost to pull my arms out of their shoulder sockets.

"Strike! Haul up!" yelled Murray. And I hauled. Hand over hand. Flinging, jerking, wriggling, darting, up came my first bonito, the cod-line making my hands sting again.

Murray was ready. No sooner was the creature's sharp nose hauled up to the boom, than he pounced on him with his towel, and instantly hugged him tightly to his breast.



"HAUL IN!" CRIED THE MATE.

Playing a shark

"Now then! Out hook!" said he, as his whole body shivered under the wriggles of the wild thing; but it was no easy matter. I compromised by unbending the line and letting fish and bait go in on to the deck together.

Grand sport! Only it does not last long enough. Having caught sufficient for breakfast we desisted; for your true sportsman does not kill what he cannot use. And so we went aft to breakfast, and ate our first bonito steak—very good it was!

"'Saint Helena beef' they call it," said Murray; and indeed it was of a different flavour to the dead-white fish of northern seas, and was darkly red—there was just a suspicion of animal flesh about it.

The grand trade winds swept us along nearly to the Equator, where, in our first tropic calm, I caught my first shark.

Jack's method of securing this sea monster is crude. Just yank the sharp hook through a piece of fat pork, bend it on to a rope, drop it overboard, and let him gorge it; then haul him up by main force and slaughter him. Is he not the sea tiger?

"No," said Mr. Mate. "I'll show you a better way than that, which will give you half-an-hour's good sport."

He produced—to my wonder—a bonito hook some 2ins. long, to replace the ponderous shark hook which every ship carries amongst her stores, and which is a heavy affair, weighing a pound, and half-an-inch thick.

"You can never catch him with that!" said I, as I looked down at the silent green monster which swam along so smoothly about the stern. In the dark shadow of the hull the brute could be seen quite clearly — it looked some 10ft. or 12ft. long, and the picture of evil, with its wicked little eyes and its shovel-nosed snout. About it sailed two pretty little, blue-striped attendants—"pilot" fish—and on its back a thing like a leech waved—a sucking fish (*Remora*).

"Oh, yes, I will," said the mate. "Here, Murray! Let's have the log-line."

Murray unslung the log-reel with its line, and the mate bent on his little hook, baiting it with a small piece of salt pork; then, the apprentice holding the log-reel, Mr. Mate lowered his hook and line over the stern. Down it goes till the bait touches the glass-like water. Instantly the horrible monster makes a slight sidling motion; he has seen it! Look at his sharp, cruel, pig-like eye — the eye of a devil. Now he has turned with a slow, powerful sweep, and is gliding towards it without a perceptible movement in his fins; only his wicked, shifting eyes proclaim him to be alive. He pushes at the bait with his shovel nose, looks sideways at it, makes as though he would swerve away—then, suddenly, there is a swirl; a flash of white as his belly shows for an instant, a snap of the jaws. He has taken it! Yet still he lies quiet—stationary.

"What now?" I whispered excitedly.

"'St!" replied the mate. "Stand by now, Murray! He'll gorge it directly."

As he spoke, the awful brute gave the bait a shake—almost as a terrier would do—then, with an angry blow of his tail, a swift swerve, he dashed off astern; he had felt the hook.

"Give him line!" shouted the mate, as he let the log-line rush through his hands. "Look out now, when he eases!"

Murray held the reel; the line flew from it. The brute took perhaps 50yds. — then the tension began to slacken.

"Haul in!" cried the mate, and began to gather in hand over hand, Murray reeling up sharply, and I helping to pull in. All of a sudden I felt the cord torn from my grasp. The great fish was off again!

We played him thus for a good half-hour, till his dashes became weaker and weaker. At last the mate became aggressive; held him as he dashed away; hauled more strongly when he eased his rushes—and presently the sea-tiger lay beneath the stern, feebly flapping with his tail, his serrated jaws half open, as though he were gasping.

"He's drowned!" said the mate.

A running bow-line of stout rope was now bent round the log-line, and this noose was slipped down and settled below his big side fins. It was now jerked tight. Then the onlookers clapped hold, and John Shark was hauled on deck. One blow with an axe just above his tail fin, and he lay helpless, with the last breath of life ebbing fast away.

Eleven feet three inches long! A giant to have been caught with bonito hook and cod-line! Old Bill Whiskin, a shrivelled, brown, ex-man-o'-war's man, cleaned his jaws and backbone for me—the latter like a lot of ornamental draughtsmen strung together. The jaws, when full open, went over my head without touching. Having opened him and found in his stomach two partly digested small fish and an empty milk tin which he had probably got from our own ship, the carcass was thrown overboard, where its kind would soon devour it. Jack will not eat full-grown shark for fear he should be feeding on some poor sailor. Anyway, the flesh is coarse and rank; though young shark—say of 3ft. length — may be eatable under the circumstances of a long sea voyage.

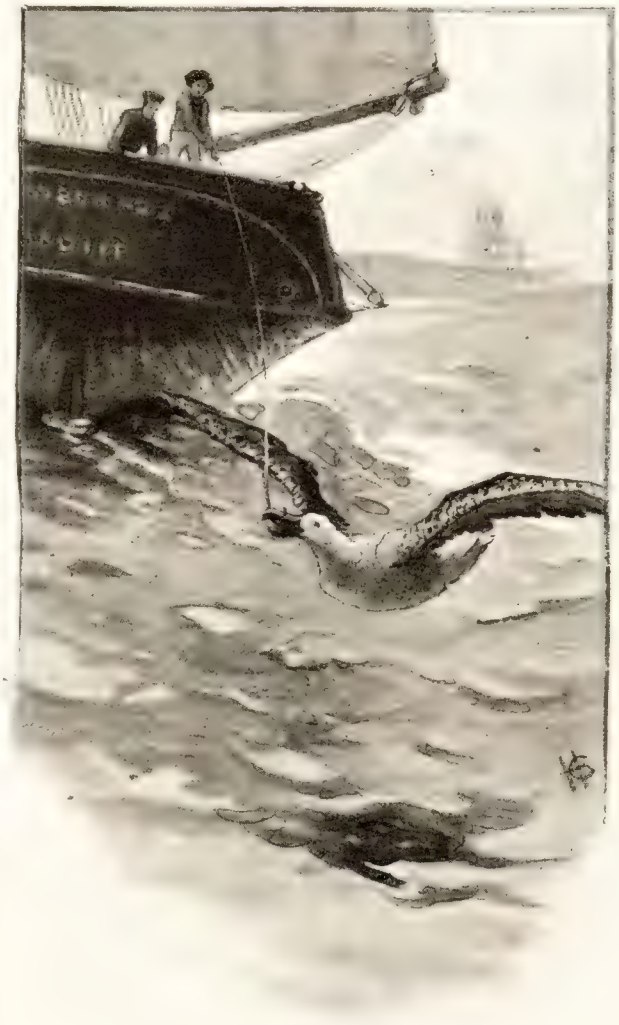
One shark which we caught was full of young. I counted over seventy! Some were not fully

formed, the largest were perhaps a foot in length. Whilst in the water they were swimming in and out of their mother's mouth. This brute was of the blue, sharp-nosed species.

One night, in the Bay of Bengal, we caught three big sharks in the middle watch. But the most awful shark I ever saw—though I believe the species is comparatively harmless—was a dirty-white ground shark, in Algoa Bay; he had snaggle teeth 2ins. to 3ins. long, which had outgrown his jaws and projected like ragged twigs from between his closed lips, and he was 14ft. long!

Turtle catching is not bad sport; like shark fishing it requires a dead calm. The Bay of Bengal is a good place. Here you may often see turtle lying asleep on the surface. Now a harpoon is of no use; it will go through the reptile easy enough, crashing in the brittle shell, but it has no hold, and when you attempt to draw *up* it draws *out*, leaving a horrible jagged wound in the poor brute. To *catch* a turtle a boat is necessary

In such circumstances we used to man the jolly-boat with three hands, two to pull warily, one to snatch Mr. Turtle. Look! There is a fellow asleep about half-a-mile away. Off we start, rowing with as little splash as may be, till some 30yds. off. Now we give the boat way and ship our oars, one still steering. The boat is pointed so that she comes up *astern* of the turtle, and runs alongside of him. Now, the moment approaches! We glide nearer, nearer to the brown, silent creature. Murray is ready. We creep alongside, all breathless, silent. He seizes one flapper, I grab the other *on the same side;* one hoist, which nearly drags the boat's gunwale under, and our turtle is floundering in the bottom of the boat. This is the only way. Once let your turtle get his head pointed downward, and with one kick he will be out of your grasp. A dozen would not hold him so.



CATCHING AN ALBATROSS.

I don't care much for turtle soup, or calipash and calipee. One wants to be an alderman of the old school to appreciate such things; still it is good sport catching them. Turtle is said to have the flesh of fish, meat, and fowl. I could never appreciate these reputed tastes.

Far south, off the Capes, albatross and Cape pigeon may easily be caught, the first in calm, the second in a breeze. This is, I suppose, "birding," not "fishing."

The albatross is a magnificent fellow. I once measured a monster 13ft. from wing-tip to wing-tip. You may be scudding along fourteen knots an hour, but he will sweep up from far astern and flit by you as if you were at anchor. It has been estimated that the speed of their flight is sixty miles an hour, and I quite believe it. Thousands of miles from land you meet them by dozens — yet they know their way back to the rocks where they breed. In very heavy gales they often heave themselves to, like a ship, sitting on the water with just the tip of one wing stuck up to keep them head to sea. When flying, you may watch them for an hour without being able to distinguish the least motion in their wings. A strong hook (a sail-hook, used

by sail-makers, is the best), baited with meat and allowed to float astern will usually entice them. They snap at it, the hook catches in the top bill, and they can then be hauled aboard. As soon as they reach the deck they are promptly sea-sick. Then they flounder about helplessly, for they cannot rise to flight off a ship's deck. If kept aboard for a few weeks, and fed on grain and such like, they become fairly eatable, but fresh caught their flesh tastes like rank fish. Their web-feet can be made into ornamental "baccy" pouches, and their wing bones into pipe-stems.

Cape pigeons are pretty birds, dappled black and white, and about the size of a small gull. They are easily caught thus: Get a ball of crochet cotton; to the end of the cotton tie a cork, and let it fly out astern; it will not be long ere one out of the hundreds of them flies into it and entangles its wings. It is now helpless. Haul the poor thing in, and, if you are hard-hearted enough, take its wings for the adornment of your girl's hat. There is little sport in catching Cape pigeons.

Have you ever heard of lobster-catching by torch-light? It is good fun for a mixed crowd of boys and girls. In the Canadian harbours you meet with this sport to perfection. A boat, a huge birch-bark torch at the stem, and a long stick forked at the end, are the necessaries. It may seem strange to those who have never tried it, but this torch lights up the water in a clear harbour so that the bottom can be seen, and the lobsters detected crawling about. All you have to do is to lower your prong down and catch Mr. Lobster behind his big claws; then you have him and can hoick him up into the boat. When enough are caught, it is the correct thing amongst our Nova Scotian friends to row ashore and let the girls boil some of the catch for a lobster supper. And, talking of Canada, though it scarcely comes under the head of sea fishing, I may say that in some of the Canadian rivers —near the sea—I have often hauled my boat into a creek and gathered a feed of oysters off the branches of the shrubs overhanging and dipping into the water. Hauling up a branch we would find strings of oysters, from the full grown down to babies the size of buttons.

Perhaps the finest deep sea sport is porpoise spearing. For this you want a day when the ship is going a fair speed through smooth water; the north-east trade region is perhaps the best. Here a shoal of porpoise will often be found playing round the bows, tumbling and rolling along just in front of the stem as if they enjoyed the fun of being chased. You sometimes see them in lines a good mile in length plunging along in regular formation, and in such cases they will be seen hurling themselves into the air and coming down "Splash!" It is said that they do this to get rid of their *fleas!* For success in catching them careful preparation is necessary, for a "sea-pig" is no light weight to haul aboard when you have speared him.

Seamen use two kinds of weapons for porpoise, "grains" and "lily-irons." The "grains" are somewhat like the conventional trident of Neptune. The "lily-iron," which is the better of the two, is a harpoon having two hinged barbs that lie close to the blade when the strike is given, but when the strain comes on the harpoon-line these open out, *within the fish*, and prevent the weapon drawing. The line—about as thick as a stout box-cord—is seized on to the shaft of the iron itself, not to the wooden staff which fits into it, and which is not securely fastened to the iron; then, when the strike is made, the wooden shaft detaches from the iron, and is left hanging by a small line in the hands of the striker. The heavier line attached to the iron is led up through a small block, and several men are stationed at it to haul in quickly when the fish is struck—though we have no business to call friend porpoise a "fish," seeing that he is a warm-blooded mammal—but this is a detail.

Being all prepared then, let us get "forrard." Shirt and trousers only is your rig, for the striker must get out on the "martingale" or "dolphin-striker," a small spar that sticks down vertically from beneath the bowsprit. Here, if the ship dives, you may find yourself suddenly immersed to the neck; possibly altogether submerged, and all in the midst of your rushing, gambolling prey. It is well also to have a bowline passed under your armpits, for fear you might be washed off your spar altogether.

Now then! A clear eye and a steady hand. The roar of the foam from our ship's bows is all round your feet. As the vessel lifts you feel as if being tossed heavenward. She begins to descend! The sea beneath rises swiftly to meet you! Splash!—wetted right up to the middle that time. Steady, old girl! We can't spear porpoise if you behave like this!—Obedient, she goes more smoothly. Now, look out! There! Close below us scurry the sea-pigs, with their bottle noses and queer little eyes. We can almost touch them sometimes. Up with your weapon! Remember, a strong strike is necessary. Here comes a fellow! Strike!

Ah—a miss! Haul up your staff; re-ship the iron-head. Now! Try again. Ready! See this fellow—he will be beneath in a moment.

Good! He's hit!

Down dives the ship as you strike. Down goes your head "splash" beneath the water—a bubbling and roaring in your ears, an upward

sweep, and you are lifted, dripping, heavenward. But in that instant which you spent beneath the surface, the watchful fellows on the line have hauled away swiftly, and the flapping, wriggling mass is up to the block; a line is passed round his tail, and he is hauled "flop" on to the forecastle deck.

A fine specimen, with his yellowy-white belly and his black, shiny hide. More Saint Helena beef for dinner to-day. Alas, poor piggy! Never more shalt thou gambol along the free ocean waves!

I think the most wonderful fish spectacle I ever saw was off the Cape land. Here, on the Agulhas Bank, are cod by the million. I have often wondered that there is no established fishery there as on the Newfoundland Banks. In a calm I have seen a hundred big fish caught in an hour. But of the time I speak.

"NOW THEN! A CLEAR EYE AND A STEADY HAND."
Spearing porpoise from the "dolphin-striker."

We were running for Table Bay before a strong south-easter. It was summer-time. Nothing out of the common was noticed till it grew dark—about three bells in the first watch. Then I at once noticed something strange in the sky. I was the officer of the deck at the time. There seemed a curious glare, for which I could not account. The skipper did not seem to notice anything. He went below between nine and ten saying:—

"We ought to make Agulhas light by midnight. Call me directly it is seen."

As the night grew the strange glare increased, and presently I understood what it was—phosphorescence—we were sailing through a sea of fire! The ocean, torn into foam under the breath of the gale, roared in veritable flames; the horizon was a ring of weird light, putting out the stars, though the sky was clear. Our ship, storming along under top-sails, was lit up to the trucks as if a dozen blue lights were burning. It was an awful spectacle. Presently I happened to look down into the fiery, foaming water alongside. The sea was alive with fish! Darting, flashing through the waves—each one creating a streak of light. *There were myriads of them!*

About midnight the captain came on deck.

"Seen Agulhas?"

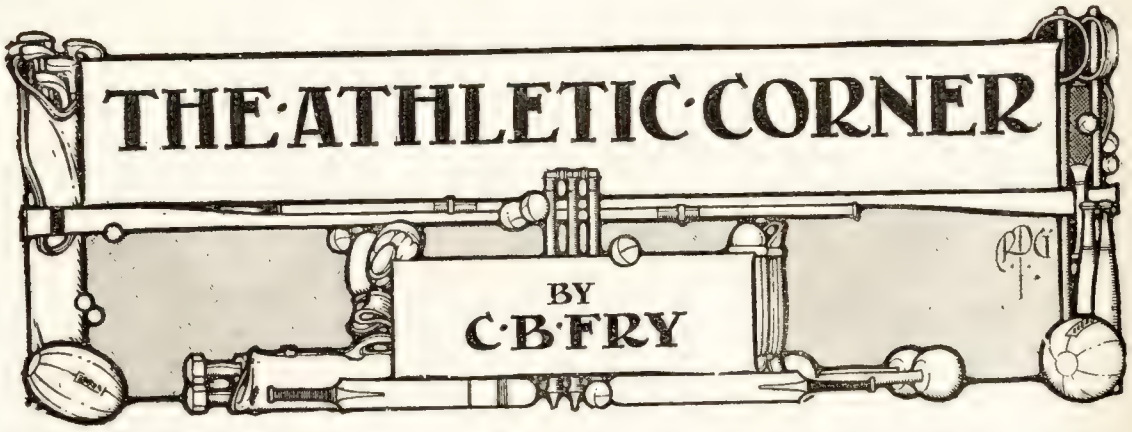
"No, sir."

"Haul her off at once! Steer west-sou'west! We shall never see Agulhas light in this glare."

So we hauled her off

All night the shoals of cod swarmed round us. All night we sailed through that sea of fire, till the dawn quenched it.

Most of the romance is departing from sea life. To anyone in search of a new sensation I would say, "Take a trip and get some deep sea fishing."



SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Anxious to Learn.—Mr. F. A. Phillips is a very good bat indeed; you may profitably copy his excellences. But you must remember that when you are advised to copy a good model you are meant to imitate, not the peculiarities, but the fundamental good qualities of his style. Mr. Phillips watches the ball with extreme attention, not only before but after it pitches (except in the case of full-pitches and half-volleys, when the latter part of the watching process does not come into requirement). He is singularly free from two common faults, viz., playing vaguely forward "on spec," and playing too soon. He is very quick and neat upon his feet, which implies that he readily and surely gets into the best position for playing any required stroke. He is a strong and certain back-player, drives an over-pitched ball hard without much effort, and is a beautiful cutter and "hooker." But he has, by nature, a very accurate eye, very powerful wrists, and exceptional quickness; consequently he is able to cut and hook balls which a batsman with less accuracy of eye, less power of wrist, and less quickness could not safely attempt to treat thus. His methods of cutting and hooking are excellent, and you may well copy them; but you must not try to apply them with as much freedom as he does, unless you equal him in eye, wrist, and quickness. If you admire a batsman and wish to copy his style, above all things pay attention to the way he uses and places his feet—this is the key to a batsman's power. Remember that to copy outright with success you must be essentially like your model in physique and physical powers. The golden maxim is to adapt rather than adopt.

Bradfordian.—You may improve your wind by taking regular running exercise, beginning with a moderate distance and gradually increasing it. You must be patient and gradual; you cannot hurry the desired improvement. As to biceps, you will find full instructions in Sandow's little book. But you should not cultivate one set of muscles alone. Your measurements are all right.

An Admirer of C. J. B. W.—The title of the picture—"An Enemy hath done this"—is a poor little attempt at humour. It means, first, that the photographer was hostile, in that he took a picture which could not represent real cricket facts. It means, secondly, that Mr. Ford has been stumped by a friend, whereas one is usually stumped by an enemy; the meaning is, therefore, ironical. The other gentleman you mention was not included, for two reasons—there was no room, and the pictures taken of him were not good. Remember, too, that he was not half the player in 1899 that he became in 1900, and is now. Mr. C. M. Wells can, I believe, do anything he tries.

W. Hunter.—A minor is, I think, the term for a touch-down by your own side behind your own goal-line. This used to count points to the opposite side; now, however, it does not. Still, if one side has to touch-down, evidently the other side has forced it back; so to record minors is useful in order to indicate how the game went. Sometimes reporters speak of a try as the minor point, and a goal-from-a-try as the major point; this because a goal counts more points than a try.

Cantab (Hong Kong).—(1) A man can play either for the county in which he was born or for the county in which he has resided for two years. At the beginning of any season he may elect to play for his birth-county, no matter for what other county he has been playing. If, however, he has played for Kent by residence alone, and then qualifies for Surrey by residence, he would have to live in Kent for two years before he could again play for it. (2) The man would not be allowed to count the run which he ran while the ball was in the air. No matter how long the ball was in the air before being caught, it would be reckoned as caught immediately off the bat. (3) A South African team will visit England next year and play most of the counties. I am very glad to hear that cricket and football flourish in Hong Kong. Your information is interesting. Thank you for your good wishes—the same to you.

E. J. Mackenzie.—You were quite right, and the gentleman who criticised your decision quite wrong. The moment you blew your whistle for half-time the game was non-existent, so it was immaterial whether the side was pressing or was in the pavilion, and equally immaterial whether they kicked the ball into their opponents' net or over the moon. A referee is supposed to act according to the rules. The custom your critic cites exists only in his imagination. It is immaterial, as far as rules go, whether a side consists of gentlemen or of pick-pockets.

R. Wylie. — Association is played at Repton, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Westminster, Malvern, and several other big schools.

Toddles.—The fact that you have to run in volunteer uniform, carrying a rifle, only makes this difference: you must practise not only as you would were you to run without these *impedimenta*, but also with them. About six weeks before the race take some goodish walks, and get yourself hard with light dumb-bell and Indian-club exercises, such as are described in Mr. C. E. Lord's little books, about which see below. Then, at such times as you can manage, practise short sprints of about 40yds.; and occasionally longer sprints of 150yds. or 250yds.; and once or twice run the whole distance.

Sprinter (Victoria College).—13secs. is a good time for 100yds. in the case of a boy of your age. Other people, too, find a quarter mile pumping. They get over the difficulty by practising short sprints at full pace, and longer distances at half-pace. As you grow fitter you find the race less pumping.

H. Hives.—I believe in light dumb-bells. Except for a man who wishes to go in for weight-lifting, 3lbs. is the heaviest bell required, and this would suit only a very powerful man. You ought not to use bells of more than 2lbs., and I think 1lb. bells, made of wood, would suit you better. Your chest is rather below the proper standard, and so is your biceps. Be careful not to over-do dumb-bell work; a regular and very gradual system is the thing. I should recommend you a bat not quite full size, weighing 2lbs. 3½ozs. I hope you will do well with games and athletics.

Marlburian. — You will find the information you require in Wisden's or Lilliwhite's "Cricket Almanacks" for the years you mention.

C. Webster.—(1) "Wisden's Cricket Almanack" is the book for you. (2) Price 1s. (3) I do not think so; ask Messrs. Newnes, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. (4) I do not know whether the Australians will visit England in 1902. (5) About six years, I think. (6) You are mixing up Mr. C. J. B. Wood of Leicestershire with Mr. S. H. Wood of Derbyshire. The latter is, I believe, a "mayor of a town."

W. F. Broome. — My experience of bad knees is this. It is useless to begin using one until it has got absolutely sound again. When sound, the proper thing is to use it gradually at first, and then more severely, in such exercises as do not bring full stress upon it, yet give plenty of work to the muscles round or connected with the knee; bicycling is by far the best exercise of this kind. When you play football, which you won't do, if wise, till you have regularly rebuilt the constitution of your knee, you should wear a tight-fitting elastic knee-piece: this you can get from any surgical shop. But I must warn you that a dotty knee is a very, very difficult affair to make a success of. Bicycling is the best cure I know of.

P. S. Atkinson.—Your stamp, value 1d., did not reach me. I dare say the "Old Fag" intercepted it, as I do not answer through the post. Dumb-bells—light ones—used scientifically, are good for every sort of muscular training; to use them cannot hurt your swimming. Use light dumb-bells and light Indian clubs. See below.

Chucker-out.—I am entirely ignorant of the form of athleticism you wish to excel in. But see below.

Kangaroo.—It is supposed that an English cricket team will visit Australia next winter. The constitution of the team has not yet been definitely considered. In fact, as yet the whole matter is vague.

Medie.—You can only improve in shooting at goal by practice. Perhaps the best way to learn is to use a small ball and practise every other day in a yard or enclosed space, aiming at a doorway or some such narrow mark, and taking the ball each time on the rebound. In such miniature practice wear light shoes, and learn to kick with your toe pointed as much as possible and your ankle-joint kept rigid. Learn to drive firmly.

W. L. C.—Your people, if what you say is correct, seem to wish to make a complete muff of you. They are wrong in this. Of course, if you are organically unsound or constitutionally weak, it is a different matter. But I agree with Dr. H. H. Almond, who says that a delicate boy should be as rare as a delicate wild elephant. My advice to you is to play games with your whole heart, and make a man of yourself. I would not sleep with my window shut even if the Archangel Michael came and told me to do so; also, if he forbade me to have a cold tub every morning, I am afraid I should not accept his advice. But cold tubs suit me. Do they suit you? Are you sure you are not delicate? If you are, your parents are right in wishing you to be careful. If you are sound, strong, and healthy, they are doing you a great wrong in preventing you from being hardy and following manly exercises. I do not wish to encourage undutifulness, but a son owes a duty to himself—to make a man of himself. I must say I should rather like to hear your parents' side of the question. Still, if your version represents the whole case, I am afraid I disagree with them.

Dumb-bells and Indian Clubs.—I am continually receiving inquiries on these subjects. Lately I have come across two excellent little manuals about them by Mr. Charles E. Lord, published by Lund, Humphries & Co., 3, Amen Corner, E.C., price 6d. I strongly advise inquirers to get these little books. Clubs and bells should be used on a scientific system, such as Mr. Sandow's or Mr. Lord's.

C. B. Fry.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE *STRAND MAGAZINE*.

Queen in *Punch* (May, 1900).
The Queen as a Mountaineer (June, 1898).
Queen and her Children (June, 1897).
Queen's Stables (June, 1897).
Queen's Yacht (June, 1894).
Queen's Dolls (September, 1892).
Queen's Hindustani Diary (December, 1892).
Queen's First Baby (March, 1891).

WALKER AND THE WHIPPET.

Drawn by Starr Wood.

My Adventure in the Clouds.

By the Rev. John M. Bacon, F.R.A.S.

Illustrated from Photographs.

My balloon adventures began more than a dozen years ago, when it was the rule never to disappoint the public if this could possibly be avoided, and when in consequence serious risks were sometimes run. This at the time was painfully brought home to me by the fact that two aëronauts with whom I made my maiden ascent lost their lives a few months afterwards while following their legitimate profession.

Certain sensational incidents branded on my memory come back to me very vividly when I attempt to recall past days. Once the ascent of a monster balloon had been advertised to take place, and to be the principal attraction at a huge popular gathering at the Crystal Palace; and as there was a lack of other big attractions that day, it was understood that, come what might, that balloon would have to be got away somehow at five o'clock sharp, and in spite of the wild wind that by midday was sweeping in heavy storms through the grounds. I was to be one of the favoured few in the car, and, as the time of departure drew near, being then a novice, I inquired how it was that, while scores of policemen were employed controlling the crowd elsewhere, only one single constable was minding the balloon enclosure. In answer to this perfectly reasonable inquiry I was told that when the time came the balloon would take care of itself, and so it proved. For as soon as the guy ropes were released the huge globe, now attached to its car and towering, when erect, 70ft. into the air, constantly bowled over in the wind, sweeping the ground in all directions, so that none, save the old hands, cared to venture near.

The launch of our big craft into the skies that afternoon was a rough and even risky operation, and had not the large staff of men known their work well it would hardly have been accomplished without mischance. Even when the balloon was liberated the risks of the start were hardly over, for the wind carried us straight towards the great north tower; and it was only by the display of much cool judgment on the part of our captain and the prompt discharge of ballast that we saved an awkward "foul."

I remember the sharp rattle of the sand on the glass roof of the palace as our balloon, responding to the loss of weight, took a fresh plunge into space, and lifted herself proudly over the very top of the tower, missing it by a few feet only.

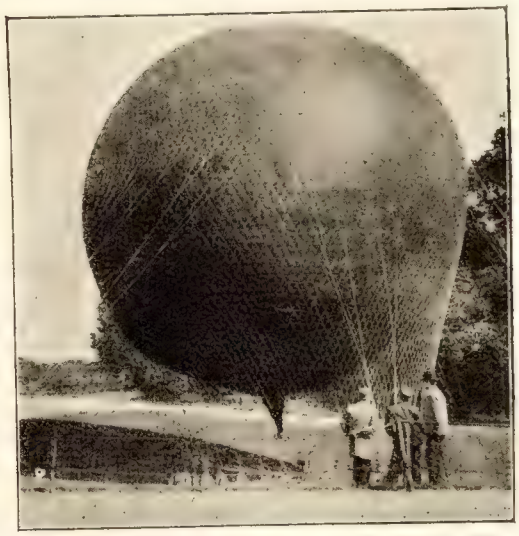
Once clear of all objects on the earth your sky ship becomes the steadiest of all vessels, and travels without even the consciousness of motion, and such was the case even on this day of storms. The wind to us was not. We were no longer creatures of the earth, being now in a wondrous new world of our own, circumscribed certainly, but complete and self contained. It was the old world which we had left that alone seemed endowed with motion. Down and down it receded to a vast depth below, the perspective altering every moment, the fields narrowing up, and all familiar features, roadways, woods, and houses, sliding away behind us with a smooth, strange motion. Human beings quickly dwindled to the proportions of mere specks—a necessary consequence of our new point of view, for it will need no telling that all we could see of a man was simply the top of his hat.

But soon a curious occurrence took place. I presently found that, though I had not shifted my position, but remained looking back on the palace grounds that we had just quitted, the palace, grounds and all, were no longer visible—so, indeed, it seemed, until, on turning my head, I found that *they were behind me.* The fact was that, all unnoticed, we had encountered

ALL WAS READY FOR US TO GET ABOARD.

a cross upper current, for we were still mounting grandly, and in consequence the balloon had swung round and was now exactly the other way about. And now, too, the wind for us had changed, and we were speeding over the country with fresh wings, heading for the northern parts of Kent.

'Twas a glorious prospect looking down and away over the "Garden of England," stretching apparently without limit, and as far as the eye could reach clearly defined against the grey of the eastern horizon. The only one of us who took another view of the case was our skipper himself, who remarked with a shake of the head that hop gardens were bad landing



THE BALLOON WAS SEEMINGLY ANXIOUS TO BE OFF BEFORE WE WERE READY.

ground, as the crops were costly, and damage on our part might entail a heavy forfeit.

But as we journeyed on it was not all hops; ahead of us was fast coming up a town of considerable importance—or rather a pair of towns, separated only by a little thread of silver. This slender thread was the Medway, and the towns were Rochester and Chatham, the latter of which was soon lying stretched in irregular outline beneath us.

Then, as we gazed down on a conspicuous quadrangle, flanked with symmetrical buildings, we saw a cluster of red dots collecting in the centre, and a moment after a shrill bugle-call, piercingly clear, rang out, and then died away

OUR BIG CRAFT MOUNTED SKYWARDS.

with a strange abruptness. Evidently a party of soldiers had sighted us and greeted us in this way. But no trumpet is ever heard on earth as that was, the explanation being that, in the void, silent regions where we then were, there is an absence of all reverberation off surrounding objects.

And now that our minds were called to it, it was the strange silence around us that was one of the most remarkable experiences in our novel world. The voice of a companion came as a surprise—a shout, a clap of the hands seemed instantly lost in the rarefied space around, with one curious exception, namely, a weird, long-lingering echo that occasionally

HUMAN BEINGS QUICKLY DWINDLED TO THE PROPORTION OF MERE SPECKS.

followed if a sharp sound like that of a whistle or of a horn were made. Then a multitude of mocking voices would immediately answer, as though from some invisible world, or else from the empty heaven. These echo voices are exceedingly curious, and they really come from inside the great globe of the balloon above you, the mouth of which has to be kept open. The unearthly nature of the reverberations is doubtless due to the great cavern being filled with light gas instead of air.

We were now a mile high, and the air was light and chill like that of a frosty morning. There was, too, all the exhilaration of spirits that one feels on the mountain side. We were on a level with the upper limits of the slightly misty air. Below, the world looked veiled with filmiest haze, but above the sky was intensely clear, and the deepest of deep blue.

But autumn afternoons change rapidly, and ere an hour and a half had sped, the hazy earth, far down, had manifestly grown more indistinct and vague. The horizon was narrowing, and in place of distant landmarks low banks of cloud began blotting out the sky-line. We ourselves were still bathed in bright, warm light, but evening was stealing on the far-off earth. Suddenly one of our party, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed: "Why, there's the sea, and we're going right into it!"

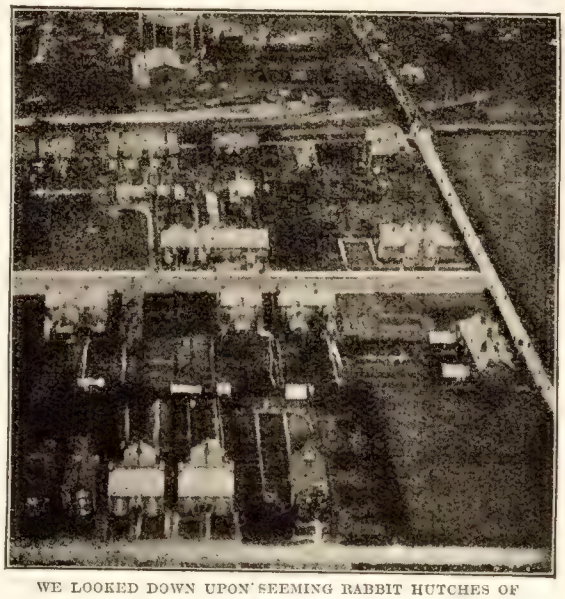
I have more than once, when ballooning, narrowly escaped the sea, and it is not a pleasant experience. Aëronauts who have had no life-belts have seldom got off with their lives, for the large loose net of the balloon proves a very death trap in the water. So it was no welcome tidings that the sea was just ahead of us, and yet this seemed to be the case. A white watery sheet was spread before us, which we were fast approaching. We at once appealed to our captain, and for a moment he looked grave, yet only for a moment. "No" he said, "that must be a sea of fog that has settled down over the marshes of the Swale, but none the less it will be well for us to think of coming down."

And this seemed sound advice, for the scene below us was now rapidly changing, or rather disappearing from sight altogether. The sun to us was dipping in the west, a glorious molten orb setting in a sea of gold. But it was already lost to mortals on the earth, while over all the valleys an evening mist was settling down.

So we began to prepare ourselves for the end, and as we had reason, on such a windy day, to expect a rough landing, we were careful to pack away all encumbrances in the car, and to give ourselves such elbow-room as we could secure.

And ere this was satisfactorily accomplished we saw that night was already on the earth. Far and wide, from isolated patches, a dull red glare climbed into the sky, struggling through the mists, and marking the spots where lay towns with their street lamps already lit.

"Now stand clear of each other, and, whatever you do, keep cool!" This from our captain as he took a vigorous pull at the valve-line. With astonishing promptitude we began to plunge down, or, if I am to describe what happened according to the evidence of our senses, the dark earth came surging up faster and faster,



WE LOOKED DOWN UPON SEEMING RABBIT HUTCHES OF SUBURBIA.

so rapidly, in fact, that a small bag of ballast—our last, it so happened—was immediately emptied to check too sudden a fall. Its effect, however, was insufficient. The descent had been delayed longer than was desirable, or perhaps wise, through fear of our landing among hop-fields; thus our store of sand, slender at best, had dwindled to all too small a quantity; but an additional misfortune had been the fact that the sun had recently dipped behind a bank of clouds, leaving a chill in the air which crippled our balloon and was now sending her earthwards much more rapidly than was pleasant to contemplate.

Clearly we should come to ground roughly, and our skipper bade us be prepared for the fact. For a while we could scarcely discern the nature of the country into which we were falling, only inwardly we hoped it might be as soft as possible. Surely there was risk of broken limbs with the swoop with which we were now descending. But someone keener sighted cried: "We are falling in a wood! Look out!"

The right advice was *not* to look out, for the next moment we came crashing into the trees, the branches of which whipped the car furiously, and then caught and broke off in our rigging. What would follow next? Well, hardly what we expected, for we were in the arms of a large oak, whose stout boughs flung us clean off again, leaving us to fall in the clear somewhere a hundred yards away. But the end had not yet come; for the wind was blowing furiously as ever, and before we had time to consider our new situation, we found ourselves tobogganing down a grass slope. Clearly the anchor had failed to hold, and the half empty silk of the balloon was flying before the gale like a yacht in full sail, and carrying everything before it.

BENEATH US WAS WHAT WE TOOK TO BE THE TOWN OF ROCHESTER.

'TWAS A GLORIOUS PROSPECT LOOKING DOWN UPON THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND."

It was now so dark that we could see only a little way before us; moreover, it wasn't easy for four passengers to look ahead when lying jumbled together on their sides at the bottom of a wicker basket, and travelling none too smoothly head first.

There was, at any rate, some obstruction at the bottom of the field, and we were soon to know all about it. It was a regular "bullfinch"—a quick-set hedge with rails on one side and a ditch on the other, and we fairly charged it.

The silk, still light with gas, cleared the fence with a flying stride, but not so ourselves. In that mad rush something would have to give way, and for a few moments I had but a confused idea of what happened.

There was a crack of breaking timber, a snap of boughs, a torn coat and bleeding hands, and then we lay still at last—the floundering, flapping silk ahead of us, and behind a gap in the hedge through which a waggon and four might have passed.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS——"

By E. Fitzwilliam Alastair. Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.

"THAT'S me, if you want to know"; and a small and rather dirty forefinger came over the stranger lady's shoulder, and rested on a name about half-way down the Visitors' List that she was scanning in the *Santa Fiana Gazette*. The day was cold, but the sun shone rather fiercely down on the flagged streets of the old Italian town, and the shutters had been partially closed in the reading-room of "Marcheroni's Hotel" to subdue the glare.

"I don't," replied the lady, a Miss Grey, a little startled at the apparition, but smiling in spite of herself. No one could well be for twenty-four hours in the same house with Teddy Wright without becoming rather definitely aware of the fact, especially as he was the only youngster there.

"Oh!" said the owner of the forefinger, in a tone of disappointed disgust. "I thought perhaps you did."

He was a very small boy, apparently nine or ten years old, but in reality past twelve. With otherwise perfect health and incomparable capacity for mischief, he had, for some obscure reason, failed to grow a single inch during the past two years, during which he had been at a preparatory school near home as a day-boy, before joining his elder brother Dick at Winsal School. His father, Colonel Wright, had formerly been in India on active service, and had recently returned home with a pension and a ruined liver. He was a man of singularly disagreeable and arrogant character, a domestic martinet, who ordered his wife about as if she had been one of his Indian servants—one and all of whom had heartily hated the Colonel Sahib, and had rejoiced to see the last of him when he quitted India for good, on a P. & O. steamer—and who dragooned his two sons as if they had been a pair of drunken, swearing Tommies for every boyish fault. A few months' experience of English damp and English fogs had driven the Colonel's naturally irascible temper to the very verge of exasperation, and he had at length shut up their house at a week's notice, and carried his wife off with him to Italy. And with them they took the younger boy, Teddy, under medical advice, to see whether the Italian climate might not perchance induce his body to grow.

Teddy found Santa Fiana dreadfully dull. He had nothing whatever to do but the lessons his father set him. He was not even permitted to go out alone, and his father declined to take him, even if Teddy had enjoyed such *tête-à-têtes*, which he did not. His mother was in bad health, and the Colonel's overbearing demeanour did not tend to improve it. And so it came about that they had no sooner been finally established for the winter in an old-fashioned family hotel in the ancient hill-town of Santa Fiana, than Teddy began to keep a wary eye upon all new-comers, in the hope of discovering among them a kindred and friendly spirit.

His choice had fallen, unknown to the lady herself, upon Miss Grey, and he lost no time in introducing himself in the manner above described.

Ere long a quaint friendship had grown up between these two—between the lady who was fully three times his age, and the boy. For, with all his faults—and they were many—his friend soon perceived that there was nothing low or mean, nothing spiteful or cruel, nothing whatever, in short, of the juvenile cad about this undersized specimen of humanity whose name was Edward Wright. And during their companionship this was the adventure that befell them.

I.

"I *say*, Miss Grey!" said Teddy, suddenly, "will you please stop? I believe something's up. What a lark!"

Teddy had besought his friend to let him drag her out immediately after dinner one afternoon, to come and look at a fresco-painting he had discovered in a shrine on the outside of a house in a little back street, "since," he said, "you like pictures so much." The subject of the rough little painting was St. George and the Dragon. St. George was standing high in his stirrups, and ramming a long pole down the dragon's throat. It was a form of art that Teddy sincerely appreciated.

They were just turning away when a confused turmoil, as of an angry crowd, struck their ears. One or two suspected anarchists had been

arrested the day before, and their friends were not pleased.

The roar grew louder; then very loud. There was no time to get away, much as Miss Grey wished to do so. She knew that the authorities apprehended possible disturbances in the streets, and that a file of soldiers was held in readiness to be called out at a moment's notice in the Palazzo Pubblico. Teddy openly exulted.

"If there *is* a row, you know, Miss Grey, I should like—awfully—to be in it," he pleaded. And Miss Grey, who did not see how they could get safely out of the way in time, made a virtue of necessity and gave her consent to their remaining, though not without a qualm as to what Teddy's mother would say if he came to grief. She really hoped, however, that the danger was more apparent than real.

"Let us get into the piazza, at any rate," she said, leading the way. "If anything does happen, it may be safer there than in any of these narrow streets."

A few steps brought them into the great square, the Piazza del Granduca; and this was what they saw.

Charging at a rush into the piazza from a narrow street at the other end came a disorderly crowd, a couple of hundred strong, composed chiefly of youthful loafers and a few of the dissolute sort of idle workmen. They were armed with sticks and stones, and yelled for "*Pane o lavoro!*"—"Bread or work!"—as they came. Not that any of them wanted *work*, but they thought it the proper pose to affect.

In some Italian towns the inhabitants have a melancholy capacity for panic. The few footfarers that happened to be crossing the piazza when the crowd appeared fled incontinently for refuge into the shops, and the shopkeepers, taught by previous experience of popular riots, wisely began to close their shutters with all speed.

Miss Grey took in the situation at a glance. She saw, also, to her dismay, that not a single carabineer* was to be seen. One or two of the municipal *guardie* were present, but they would be overpowered in a moment. The youths in the crowd were primed with bad wine and inflammatory anarchist leaflets, and meant mischief.

Crash! The lamps at the base of the Grand Duke's statue were shivered to pieces. The rioters' pockets were filled with lumps of road-metal.

"Teddy," whispered Miss Grey hurriedly, "obey orders! Slip round to the Palazzo, and ask for the soldiers. As quickly as possible. But be very careful. *Don't attract attention.*"

Teddy's face beamed. He nodded quietly, however, and sped away unnoticed. His first idea was one of huge delight at being a real live conspirator; the second, that he would be able to jeer at Dick, his brother, who was fourteen and at a public school, and that Dick would turn positively green with envy. Burning with impatience, he nevertheless—not for nothing being a soldier's son, and definitely placed under orders for secret service by his present commanding officer—pulled up carefully as he entered the Piazza Gonfaloniere, and threaded his way in and out of the vehicles that thronged it, looking as indifferent as possible.

He reached the main entrance of the stately, frowning old fortress that upreared its heavy rough-hewn mountain of stone along one entire side of the square. At a few paces' distance he pretended to stop and admire the lofty graceful tower that soared above it, shading his eyes with his hand. Then he proceeded to jump up the steps—three at a time, however—as if success in the jump itself were the one only thing that his inmost heart desired. The next moment he was engulfed in the cool dark *cortile* or quadrangle, its silence unbroken save by a distant echo of the busy hum without, by the plash of the fountain into its basin, and by the regular footfall of the sentry, or the hurried step of an occasional official on his way to one or other of the municipal offices in the building.

The court was empty. Teddy sidled up to the sentry on duty under the *loggia* at the further end, and, with one eye on the man and the other on the outer archway, said in a whisper and the few words of Italian he could command:—

"Row in Piazza Granduca! Stones, *sassi!* Breaking *finestre!* Want SOLDATI! PRESTO!"

The quick-witted Italian comprehended instantly, and looked dramatically horror-stricken. Teddy started, and laid his finger on his lips. He had heard an adjoining door open, and then close. There were steps approaching.

It was the Sindaco ormayor of Santa Fiana. The sentinel hurriedly communicated the alarm, and the Sindaco drew the boy under the *loggia* and into a private room. He closed the door, and bade him speak at once. He understood English fairly well, and, with the help of Teddy's gestures, guessed correctly at the drift of the less familiar words.

* The Carabineers are the pick of the Italian army, alike in physique, strength, and good character. They must also be the sons of men of good character. Like the Royal Irish Constabulary, the Carabineers are for home service only. As coast-guards patrol a sea-board, so the Carabineers patrol the roads of the Italian peninsula from end to end, night and day, always in pairs, and to their lot falls the difficult and dangerous task of hunting down the brigands who lurk in the mountains of Sicily and the swamps of the Maremma.

"There's a row in the Piazza Granduca. A lot of roughs shying stones, and trying to smash the shop-windows. Please send a lot of soldiers, *quanto prima!*—Miss Grey's there. She told me to come."

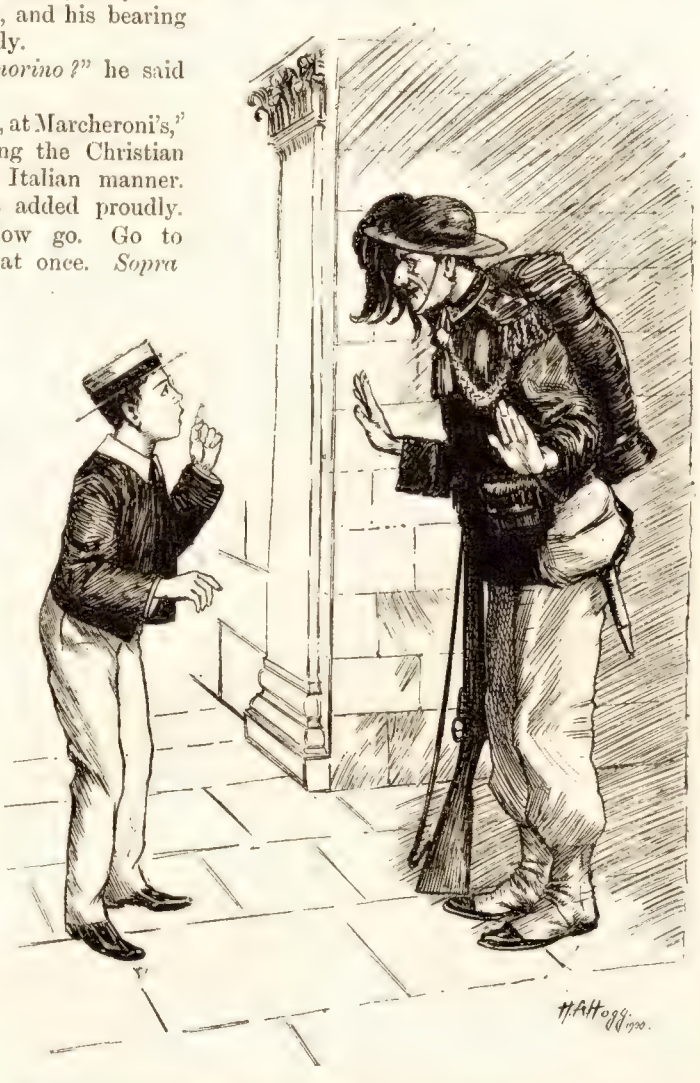
The Sindaco saw that something serious might be impending. The foreign boy was evidently in earnest, and his bearing was frank and steady.

"Your name, *signorino?*" he said briefly, rising.

"Wright, Edoardo, at Marcheroni's," replied Teddy, giving the Christian name last, in the Italian manner. "*Son' Inglese,*"* he added proudly.

"Very good. Now go. Go to house, quietly, but at once. *Sopra tutto*, be discreet. This way."

He took the boy by the arm, led him hastily to a postern gate in the Palazzo, and put him through into a perfectly quiet and little frequented lane. Teddy lifted his cap and departed. The Sindaco knew better than he that this English boy might incur serious danger by what he had done. A mere mob of loafers, *piazzaiuoli*, could easily be dispersed by a file or two of trained soldiers, but if the outbreak had been instigated by so-called political rebels, anarchists, and the like, who made a cat's-paw of the street-corner loungers, his having frustrated their purpose by his timely warning would in all probability be traced, and might lead to his being stabbed in the back by an unknown hand in a surprisingly short space of time. And this, as the boy was a British subject, might prove extremely inconvenient, and lead to diplomatic complications.



"NOW IN PIAZZA GRANDUCA! STONES, *SASSI!* WANT SOLDATI! PRESTO!"

Teddy went on his way in blissful ignorance of the Sindaco's anxiety or the cause of it. He had not the slightest intention of "going to house" while there was the chance of any fighting going on. And besides—and a very large "besides" it was—there was Miss Grey to find. He wondered how she was getting on. It struck him awfully for the first time that she might be needing help. He made a hasty circuit of the Palazzo and of the square, and, even in the rampant impatience of his anxiety about his friend's safety, strictly loyal to the order she had laid upon him to avoid attracting attention, he waited until a quick bugle-call within the fortress told him that the appearance of the soldiers was now only a question of moments, and then sped swiftly and noiselessly back by a different network of narrow lanes to the Piazza del Granduca, alternately walking sedately and skipping rapidly along, with his hands in his pockets, to look unconcerned. At length he succeeded in elbowing a way through the crowd that blocked the narrow 7ft. outlet into the square.

The general public was congregated about the shops and *cafés*, ready to vanish within *portoni*

* "I am an Englishman."

at the first sign of danger. The broad space of the piazza itself was clear, save for the mob of loafers and ill-conditioned lads who were massed together in a dense, swaying, surging crowd below the steps of the great equestrian statue of the Grand Duke. And on the topmost step, a full head and shoulders above the mass of excited larrikins, surveying them with her hands folded carelessly before her, quiet and cool, stood Miss Grey.

She had rapidly taken in the situation, and as rapidly had seen what must be done to save it. If once the mob turned itself loose in the square there would be an absolute panic. Lives might be lost; every window left unprotected would be in shivers, the shops sacked in wanton mischief before the soldiers could arrive. So while the law-abiding portion of the population were making for the nearest cover, it suddenly flashed across her mind that curiosity pure and simple is with the Italian character one of the most powerful of known levers, and that if the crowd could be sufficiently astonished by the unfamiliar just at this moment, its attention might be diverted from the work of destruction.

She folded her arms as carelessly as she could, and went forward at an even, unhurried pace across the deserted square full in the oncoming line of the yelling roughs. Like many finely-tempered, nervous, highly-strung women, her self-control and courage in the presence of definitely menacing danger were absolutely flawless.

The panic-stricken people stopped short in their flight to safety, petrified at the daring of the *forestiera* (foreigner). So did the mob.

She took up her stand on the steps of the statue, faced the surging mass, and waited. The vanguard caught a notion of her intention of confronting them. Curiosity, as she had foreseen, overcame all other feelings, and absolutely —for the moment—quenched the desire to loot. There the strange woman stood, without a sign of fear.

Her eye travelled at ease over the crowd at her feet. If only she could hold them for ten minutes she knew that the day was gained. She could trust Teddy. By the time their curiosity was satisfied the soldiers would be there.

She stood smiling at the youths—lank and weedy hobbledehoys most of them, with many of the vices of men and none of the virtues—her head up, every line in her form expressing fearlessness and self-mastery. Then, with studied deliberation, she began to speak—not in a speech, but in an ordinary conversational tone.

She spoke to them in the kindly phrases that are all-availing, and, indeed, altogether necessary in dealing with the quick and affectionate southern character, inspired as it is by feeling rather than by reason. She asked them what they were doing. She depicted in glowing and touching terms the sore unhappiness they would cause at home, to their mothers, their fathers, their little brothers and sisters, if they were to be arrested or brought home wounded, perhaps even dead. As she spoke she saw the stones dropped from the hands, and the tears stealing into the eyes, of some of the foremost youths.

Unfortunately an unexpected interruption took place.

There was a slight stir at the side of the piazza. Teddy had at length succeeded in struggling through the intervening human barrier into the open. He did not at first see where Miss Grey was, but when he did, tears of rage and scornful indignation started to the manly youngster's eyes. *One*, alone, against nearly 200! It had never occurred to the open-mouthed spectators that if the stranger lady could not succeed in holding the mob at bay by the sheer force of a strong will and magnificent courage, there was a very great probability that she would run the risk of being torn in pieces. It simply had not occurred to them to go to her assistance. They were too much interested in awaiting developments. But never for one instant did the baseness of not standing by his friend cross the boy's mind.

"Oh, you *beastly* cads!" he howled in scathing contempt. With a bound he had crossed the piazza, rounded the statue, and sprung to her side. The crowd could only just see his flushed and angry face, for, owing to his short stature, his head barely reached to the lady's shoulder. There was a dim notion somewhere at the back of this head that he and Miss Grey together were more than a match for half a dozen infuriated foreign mobs.

It proved an unfortunate move on his part, however manly and chivalrous the motive that had prompted it. The sudden stir broke the spell. The position of both became dangerous in the extreme. But never one word of reproach to him did Miss Grey utter, either then or afterwards, for the ruin of her work.

"Cowards!" shouted a coarse-faced blackguard, afterwards arrested and consigned to a year's well-earned *reclusione*, an anarchist with a bad record well known to the police. "Cowards! to listen to the ——!" He added a word too ugly to write.

"Cowards!" echoed sundry weak-minded youths, like a flock of sheep. "Down with the middle classes! Down with *her!* Let us have no females here! Down with everything! *Evviva la rivoluzione! Evviva l'anarchia!*"

The anarchist snatched up an iron chair that the proprietor of a *caffè* had forgotten to bring in off the roadway when he had hastily closed his

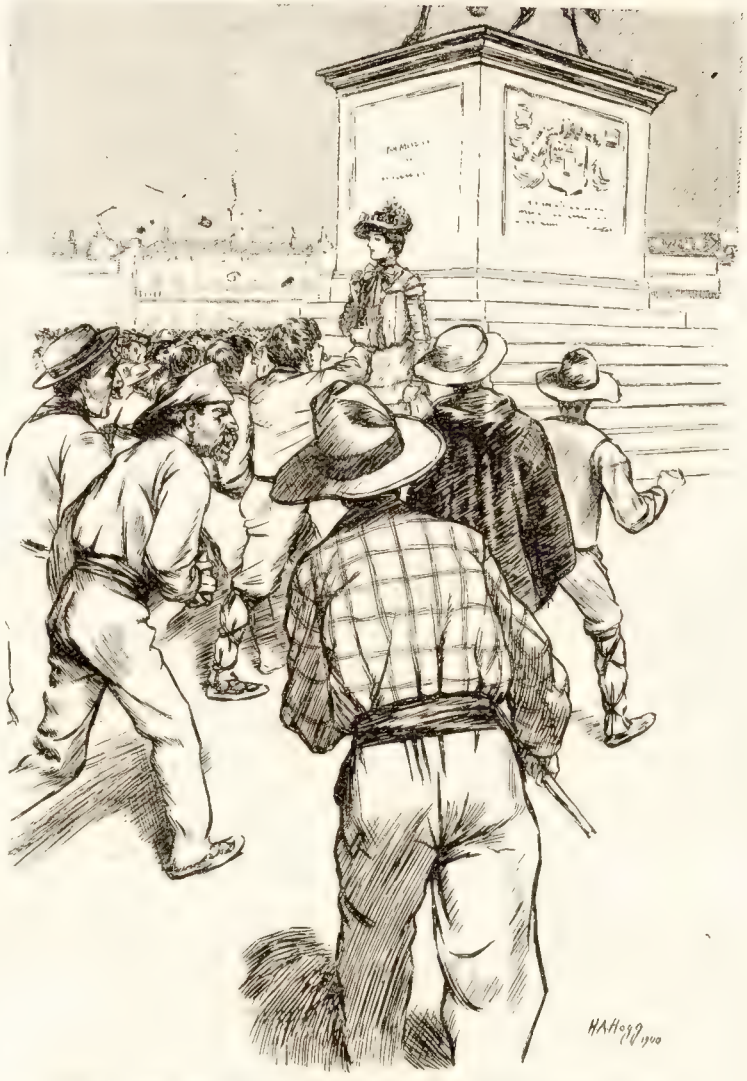
shop, and hurled it to where the devoted pair stood, Miss Grey's hand on Teddy's shoulder. It fell short, dropped on the heads of those in the foremost rank of the mob, and felled them to the earth. A howl arose, and the crowd fell back a step or two infuriated. Another moment, and a shower of stones would have rained upon the steps where they stood, immovable, but breathless with anxiety. Both instinctively divined that their one and only small hope of safety lay in their keeping absolutely quiet, their eyes on the mob, and in controlling the smallest manifestation of fear.

"Cowards!" yelled the anarchist again. "Down with——"

A sense of panic cut him short. For the tramp of feet was heard, and the soldiers charged into the square at the double. It was time.

The mob broke and fled in every direction, melting away into the narrow lanes behind the piazza like snow before the hot blast of the sirocco.

In the confusion that followed the two friends slipped away unseen.



IF ONLY SHE COULD HOLD THEM FOR TEN MINUTES, SHE KNEW THAT THE DAY WAS GAINED.

II.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after the riot that, as Miss Grey issued from the *portone* or heavy iron-bound outer door of the hotel, Teddy as usual hanging on her arm, they were accosted by a polite sergeant in uniform, who stood stiffly with his heels together and gave the military salute. In brief and formal, but courteous, tones, he announced that he had the honour to request their immediate presence at the Palazzo Pubblico.

The two friends exchanged rather blank looks. They had been greatly amused at the comments made on the "heroic conduct" of two unknown *forestieri*, in the columns of the local paper, which they had read in private. No one, even in their own hotel, knew who the mysterious "defenders" of the piazza had been, save Teddy Wright's mother, to whom, of course, they confided the whole affair. She had kept the secret rigidly, and, to avoid the annoyance of being publicly discussed and possibly lionized, all three, like Brer Fox, "lay low and said nuffin'."

And now here was this official summons to the Palazzo Pubblico. What did it mean?

"Miss Grey," said Teddy, in deep self-reproach, "I've been the most howling ass! I never remembered it before, but I gave the Sindaco my name and address, and told him your name too. So of course he knows, and he's had some reason for keeping it dark, and not letting those newspaper chaps find out who we were."

Teddy could think of nothing but the comforting suggestion that he was to be arrested for disobeying the Sindaco's order to go home, and that Miss Grey would probably be officially reprimanded for aiding and abetting him.

The sergeant called a closed cab, handed them in, saluted, and mounted the box. The driver

whipped up his horse, and they went off at a rapid pace—"So that," said Teddy, putting on a tragic air, "we can't open the door and bolt."

On their arrival at the Palazzo they were conducted by their guide along interminable passages and up interminable flights of stairs, passing many sentries on duty, all of whom gravely saluted them. Teddy's spirits rose high. He knew there were iron cages and mediæval dungeons somewhere under the roofs of the old Republican fortress, and he began to look forward to the joy of being immured in one of these—a dungeon by preference—with Miss Grey to look on while he carved his name, with perhaps an inscription to say how they died, on the walls, with his knife, so long as the blade would hold out, and after that with a pin out of Miss Grey's hat, or the point of an iron bar which he had wrested from its socket in the gloomy loop-hole that admitted the air . . .

Teddy's imagination had begun to run away with him when their guide stopped before a grand old door of carved oak, black with age. He saluted once more, and retired. The soldier who stood there, apparently awaiting them, flung open the door, and ushered them through a long narrow antechamber into a magnificent hall of vast dimensions.

They were in the great Sala di Udienza, where in bygone days the chiefs of the Republic had received the ambassadors of kings. In the centre of the room, beneath the lofty vaulting that shed over the hall harmonious tones of noble colour, stood a grand old fifteenth-century table. And round three sides of the table, facing the door, were the Sindaco and his colleagues the Giunta, in full *signoria*.

Both the lady and the boy were utterly taken aback. They divined, and rightly, that they were to be publicly thanked for the part they had taken in the suppression of the riot. This was worse than facing the hostile crowd. They felt very uncomfortable indeed as they took their seats on the gorgeous tapestried chairs that awaited them.

Teddy recovered first. Drawing his chair a little behind that of Miss Grey, he whispered, with his hand concealing his mouth and his eyes fixed unconcernedly on the Sindaco:—

"Miss Grey, if you have to make a speech, *do* bring in, please, about Nelson and all that."

The Sindaco rose and spoke. He complimented them in terms of graceful simplicity, such as only a cultivated Italian can command. He spoke of the gratitude of Italy towards English statesmen in dark days of national storm and stress; of the ungrudging tribute of admiration given by Italians to British coolness, British courage, the British ideal of public duty, public virtue and honesty. "From English gentlemen," he concluded, "we know what we may look for; but it is only when we see what can be done by English-women, English ladies, even by English *bambini*"—he glanced kindly at Teddy, who at first felt deeply insulted at being called a "bambino," which he took to be the equivalent of "kid,"* but considerately forgave the Sindaco in his heart—"that we fully understand the true greatness of their race.

"Most gentle lady, I have now the honour of asking you graciously to receive this parchment, recording the thanks unanimously passed to you by a grateful community in the presence of my colleagues and myself, and sealed with our municipal seal."

He handed her an illuminated document. Miss Grey received it with a bow, colouring with both embarrassment and pleasure. Teddy looked towards her apprehensively. He hoped to goodness they wouldn't expect *him* to make a speech. He couldn't think of anything to say, except "Thanks awfully," and somehow that hardly seemed quite the thing in so magnificent a place.

But Miss Grey, after a little natural hesitation, rose to the occasion. She saw that they were awaiting a reply, one moreover that should be in harmony with the dramatic nature of the scene, which, as she intuitively recognized, was keenly present to the mind of every Italian there.

"Eccellenza, ed illustrissimi signori," she began, with a quiet simplicity of manner, that was afterwards termed by the local paper "a laconic frankness wholly English,"—"I thank you from my heart for the honour you have done us: an honour which we, gentlemen, receive not as private persons, but as children—*figliuoli*—of the British Empire, owning allegiance to our most beloved Mother, the great and glorious Regina Vittoria, whom God preserve! It has made us very proud—this lad and myself—that we should have had an opportunity of rendering any service to your beautiful city: a service that you, *signori*, in your kindness, I fear somewhat overrate. For we but did what seemed to be our manifest duty: and"—here she glanced at Teddy—"as a great British Admiral signalled to the fleet on the occasion of a famous naval battle, '*Inghilterra vuol ch' ognun faccia il suo dovere.*'"

Bambino (or *bambina*) is a general term applied in Italy to a boy (or girl) of any age up to sixteen or thereabouts. The word for young children is the abbreviated form *bimbi*, while a baby proper is quaintly called a *creatura*.

ALL ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN STAMPS.

THE stamps of Great Britain must always be popular amongst collectors, representing as they do not only the inception of postage stamps in general, but also the history of the longest reign, the life of our late Queen, and the rise of her empire. It is only natural that special liking should attach to the stamps of our own country—British subjects the wide world over are known as patriots, and—

> Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam—
> His first best country ever is his home.

But, reveries apart, the stamps of Great Britain commend themselves in every point for special interest and attention. In design, they are chaste and artistic; in issue, regular and non-speculative; in study, the watermarks and plate numbers are peculiarly fascinating; in price, they are cheap, used, and a fairly complete collection can be formed with but little outlay.

I purpose in the present article to run through the various issues from 1840 to the present day, and give notes generally which may be useful to the thousands of young stamp collectors who read these pages; many of whom are constantly writing to me for information on such subjects as "plating," "hair-lines," "water-marks," etc.

Great Britain being the first country to issue postage stamps, special interest must always attach to the 1d. black of 1840—the first stamp ever issued. This stamp, when it made its first appearance, was not unnaturally the subject of considerable comment. Little did our philatelic ancestors think what this seed of philately was going to bring forth. A letter, written by a boy at school to his sister at the date of issue, said, "Have you tried the stamps yet? I think they are very absurd and troublesome. I don't fancy making my mouth a glue-pot, although, to be sure, you have the satisfaction of kissing the back of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. This is, however, I should say, the greatest insult the present ministry could have offered the Queen." The "insult" has evidently not been taken seriously, for the "kissing" still proceeds merrily; only at an increased pace of a few millions per diem.

A very large quantity of these early 1d. black stamps were issued, which may lead some to wonder at their apparent scarcity to-day—a really fine used copy being worth 6d., although a poor specimen without margins can be purchased for 3d. The scarcity is due to "plating," a process which absorbs large quantities of the British stamps, to which I shall refer presently.

While mentioning the 1d. black of 1840, I must refer to the historical "V.R" stamp, which has so near a resemblance to the ordinary 1d. black that many think they possess it.

The only difference between the two stamps as to design is that the latter, instead of "stars" in the upper corners, has the letters "V" in the left hand and "R" in the right-hand corners. Its history is as follows: It was originally intended for "official" use, the letters in the top corner being the distinguishing mark to prevent collusion with the ordinary stamp The idea of using a distinctive stamp for official purposes was abandoned, and so the "V.R." has passed into history as a specimen "prepared for use, but never issued." Its value has dropped during recent years, and to-day it is only worth about £8.

The watermark of the ordinary 1d. black

stamp is a small crown—see Fig. 1 on illustration of watermarks.

A brief year of existence, and the black stamp gave place to the red, it being urged that the red postmark could be cleaned off. This 1d. red stamp imperf. continued in use over thirteen years, during which period an enormous number must have been issued. Its value is about ½d.

Before referring to the perforated issues, I must mention the 2d. value of the same design as the 1d. There are also two varieties of this stamp imperf. The first, issued shortly after the 1d. black, has no white line under the word "Postage" at the top; the second has a thin white line underneath "Postage," and the difference makes the earlier issue rarer than the latter. A good copy of the "no white lines" is worth 1s. 6d.; the later issue is only worth 2d. In both stamps the watermark is a small crown.

In 1847 it became necessary to issue some higher values, and the well-known "embossed" stamps appeared, there being three values, 6d. lilac, 10d. brown, and 1s. green. These are octagonal in shape, and while obtainable for a few pence when the writer was at school, have steadily risen in value, being worth, used, 2s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. respectively. The stamps are imperforate and the watermark on the 6d. only consists of the letters "V.R."

Coming now to perforated stamps, the 1d. red and 2d. blue, in the same design of 1840, are found in different varieties of perforation and watermark, the scarcest being the small watermark, perf. 14 in both values.

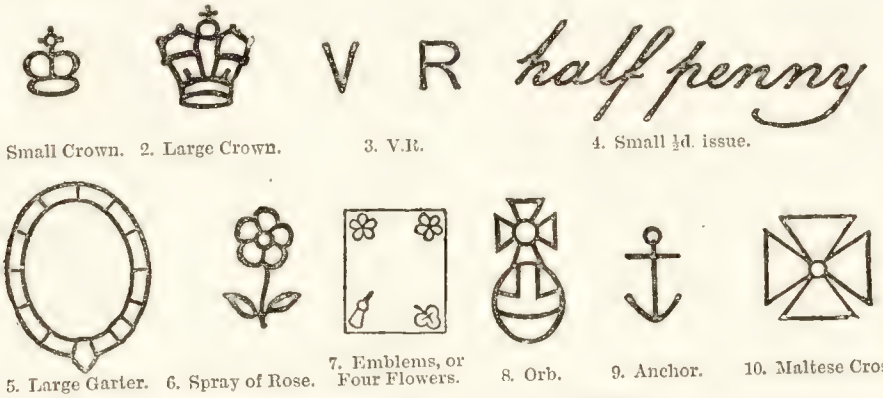
The small watermark stamps are worth:—

	s. d.		s. d.
1d. red, perf. 16 ...	0 9	2d. blue, perf. 16 ...	0 9
1d. ,, ,, 14 ...	1 0	2d. ,, ,, 14 ...	2 6

The same values can be found with watermark large crown (see Fig. 2), the values being:—

	s. d.		s. d.
1d. red, perf. 14 ...	0 1	2d. blue, perf. 14 ...	0 4
1d. ,, ,, 16 ...	1 6	2d. ,, ,, 16 ...	6 6

All the above have "stars" in the upper corners, and letters in the lower corners only; but we now come to the same designs for the 1d. and 2d., with letters in *all four corners*. These letters of the alphabet are often a difficulty to beginners, so I must refer to the reason for their use. This was as a protection against forgery. The method has now been abolished, but its duration of life served at least to provide a most interesting pastime for collectors of British stamps in "plating," which I will explain in as few words as possible.



1. Small Crown. 2. Large Crown. 3. V.R. 4. Small ½d. issue.

5. Large Garter. 6. Spray of Rose. 7. Emblems, or Four Flowers. 8. Orb. 9. Anchor. 10. Maltese Cross.

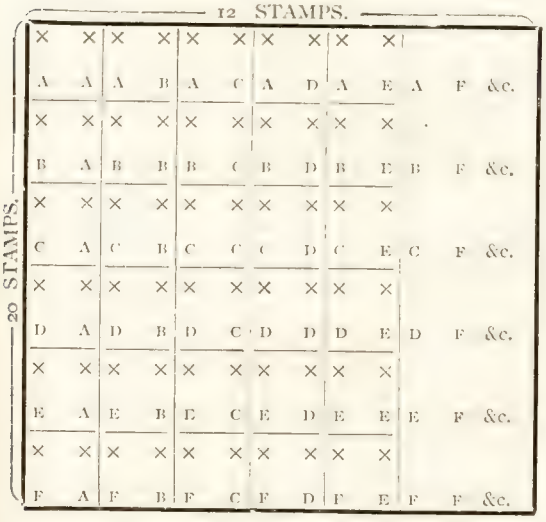
WATERMARKS ON GREAT BRITAIN STAMPS.

Each sheet of stamps (of the 1d. and 2d. values) consisted of 240 specimens, arranged in twenty horizontal rows of twelve stamps each. The letters were inserted, first in the lower corners *only*, and afterwards in all four corners, in alphabetical order, which will be plain by reference to the diagram on the next page.

Thus the top horizontal row of stamps would be lettered A A to A L; the second row, B A to B L; the third row, C A—C L, and so on down to the twentieth or last row, which would be lettered T A—T L. The later issue, with letters in all four corners, are treated in the same way, except that the letters in the top corners of the later issue are the reverse to those in the lower corners.

The early 1d. red stamps are so very common that it becomes a fascinating task to reconstruct a plate of either issue. Some time will be occupied in the completion of the plate, but the trouble is well repaid. The same process of "plating" can be followed out with all subsequent issues and values to 1887, but the difficulty in getting together the higher values is too great to admit of recommendation to the slender purse.

The 1d. red and 2d. blue with letters in all corners are also interesting because of their plate *numbers*. In the 1d. red these run from 71—225; in the 2d. blue from 7—15. The numbers will be found in the vertical *network* on either side of the design, exactly in the centre. A



magnifying glass may be necessary to read these numbers, but every 1d. or 2d. stamp *with letters in all corners* has them. The rarest in the 1d. is 225 (the last issued), worth about 7s. 6d. used; in the 2d. value the rarest is plate 12, worth 1s.

The third watermark illustrated is that found on one of the smallest stamps ever issued, the first British ½d. It is also one of the handsomest. This stamp has also the letters in all corners, and plate numbers, to be found on the left and right-hand sides of the central circle containing the Queen's profile. Some difficulty may be found in distinguishing the plate numbers on this stamp, but they run from 1—20, with one or two numbers missing. Plate 9 is rare, being worth 8s. 6d. used.

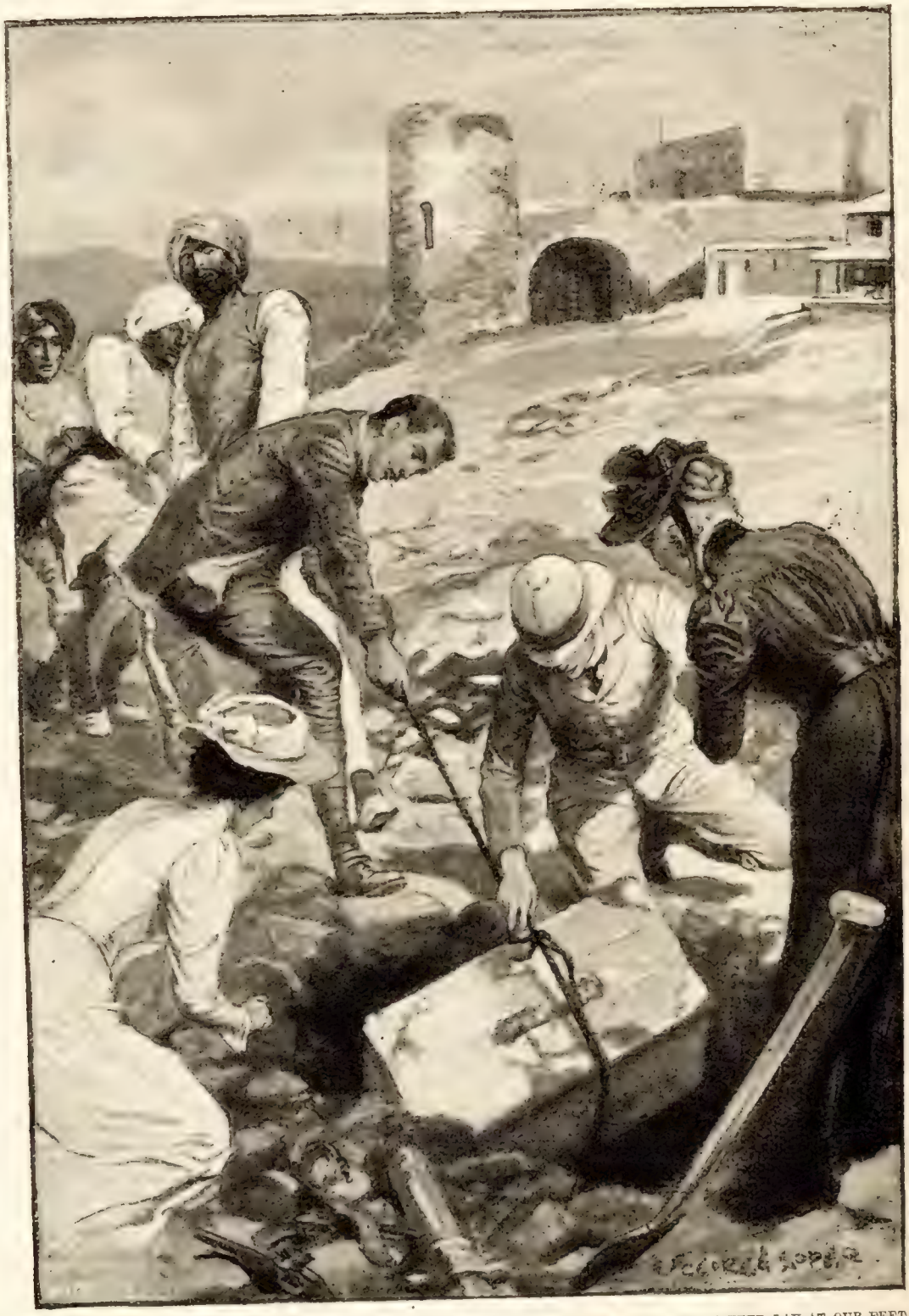
My remarks on the early stamps of Great Britain are but fragmentary, but I have endeavoured to mention only varieties interesting to the beginner, which he can look for and safely purchase at anything under the prices quoted. The subsequent issues must be left for a later date, if the writer returns from an Australasian tour which compels him to lay down his pen for some months as Philatelic Editor of the best of boys' magazines—THE CAPTAIN. It has been a great pleasure during four successive volumes to come into touch with readers of THE CAPTAIN the wide world over, and it is a still greater pleasure to think of meeting some of my correspondents in the Orient. I hope from time to time, while far from home, to greet in these pages, in one way or another, the audience I have lectured to.

REVIEW.

Messrs. Butler Bros., the well-known Clevedon firm, have just issued a very handsome price list of stamps, albums, packets, etc., for 1901. Everything a young collector can require is herein listed at reasonable prices. Messrs. Butler Bros. have built up a large business by a long period of honest catering to the requirements of stamp collectors young and old, and we can confidently advise the sending for this handsome book.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

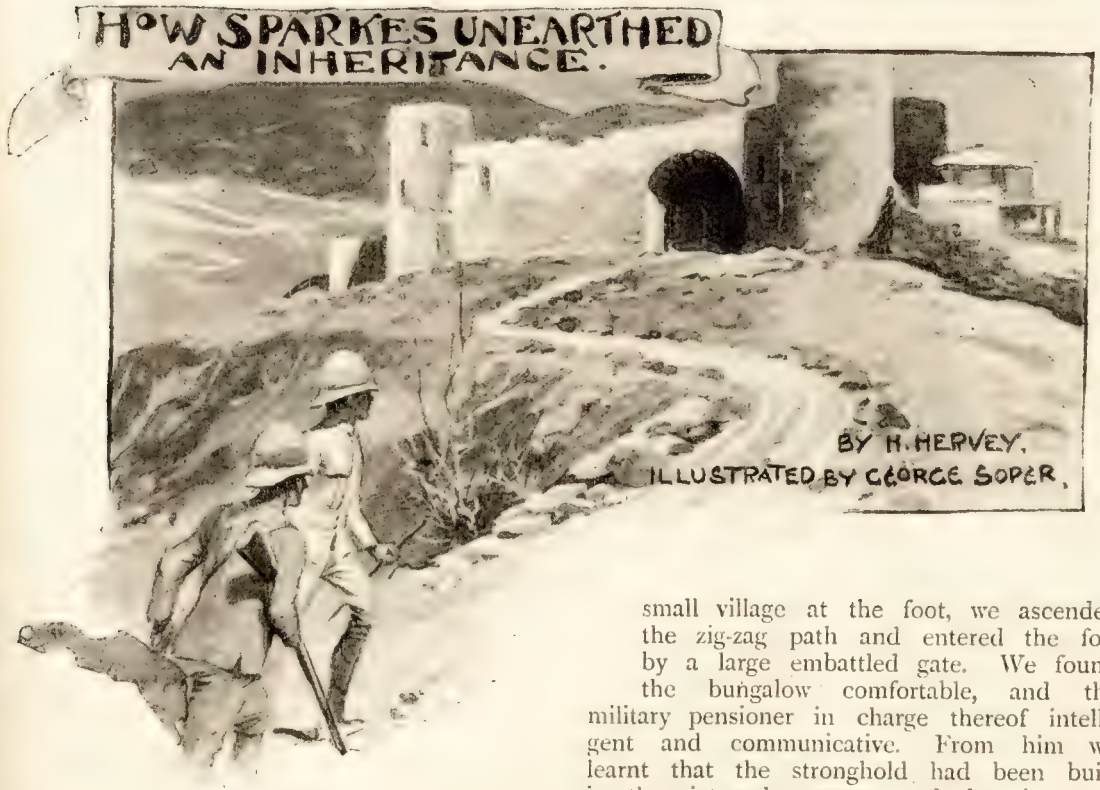
J. Junghenn.—I fully agree with your remarks on speculative issues, except that such stamps should be tabooed by collectors in order that offending governments may learn that making their revenue out of stamp collectors is a game that can be played out. Unnecessary and speculative issues are the ruin of real philately. **H. C. Barnard.**—(1) Forgeries. (2) No, a bogus issue. (3) Forgery. **H. C. Lott.**—I have marked and returned your stamps. **D. R. Lock.**—Thanks for contribution, which, however, we cannot use in the sense you desire. **A. J. Corbett.**—(1) To tell you the *real* value of every stamp would be a difficult task. The "A.B.C." is a reliable guide in general. (2) The album you name is a good one. **T. V. Brenan.**—You do not say whether there are any stamps in your album. It is scarcely likely you could sell a blank one in Switzerland. **A. Salter.**—The stamp you enclose is a fiscal, but should be worth face value to a collector of revenue stamps. **S. V. P.**—I regret I can only value stamps that I *see*. **J. C. Meadows.**—I have marked your stamps. **Miss C. J. Regan.**—Many thanks for sending me the new French stamps. **R. McCallum.**—While thanking you for a sight of the new Hungary stamp, I must ask you to send the usual stamped envelope for its return. **J. Jungham** (INDIA).—The U.S. stamp is a *fiscal* only. The Indian Postal Service stamps are only for official use, and ought not to be obtainable by collectors. Hence their omission from the catalogues. Your Holland stamp is the 22½c. Look closely and see whether you have not mistaken the "2" for a "1." I return your good wishes for 1901, and include all my Indian readers. **B. Leigh.**—See my article in the present issue. **T. C. Gibson.**—Delighted to hear from you, and have valued your stamps, as you desire. I trust your interest in Chinese issues may some day make you desire to join your parents in their noble missionary work. **A. Woodhouse.**—Thanks for your letter, but we can only value stamps when the actual specimens are sent. You should purchase an "A.B.C." catalogue, and you can then value your own. **F. M. Purcell.**—Have marked your stamps, as desired. **F. C. Dodds.**—Perfectly genuine, and worth 3d. **X.Y.Z.**—1, 2d.; 2, 2d.; 3, 3d.; 4, 2d.; 5, 3d.; 6, ½d.; 7, 1d.; 8, 2d.; 9, 3d. **A. Campbell.**—The stamp is not a proper *postage* stamp. No value can be affixed. Trifling in any case. **A. Davis.**—See my article in the present issue. **S. C. Raffles.**—Few dealers will purchase single stamps. You might try Messrs. Winch Bros., in your town.



"HAUL AWAY!" WERE THE NEXT WORDS. WE HAULED, AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE COFFER LAY AT OUR FEET.

Drawn by George Soper.

HOW SPARKES UNEARTHED AN INHERITANCE.



A NATIVE festival brought us a week's holiday, and I was on my way to the Presidency to spend it there, when, on the train drawing up at a wayside station, I spotted Sparkes.

"Rot!" he exclaimed, when I told him of my intention. "You'll only waste a pot of money messing round. Join me—far healthier."

"What at?"

"In exploring Gittragiri; I've come here purposely," and he pointed to a solitary rocky hill, crowned by a fortification which simmered and slithered in the heat haze a few miles to the north. "There's a bungalow, I'm told. We can make ourselves comfortable, and may get some shooting."

This decided me; so I bundled out—bag, baggage, and servants.

After lunching together in the waiting-room off we went, ordering our people to procure carts and follow with our "kit" as soon as possible.

It developed into a lonesome sort of place as we approached. The space within the fort appeared full of greenery, large trees overtopping the ramparts, but the sides of the hill were bleak and barren. After passing the small village at the foot, we ascended the zig-zag path and entered the fort by a large embattled gate. We found the bungalow comfortable, and the military pensioner in charge thereof intelligent and communicative. From him we learnt that the stronghold had been built in the sixteenth century, and that it stood thirty-three miles from the frontier of the Nizam's territory; that before the opening of the railway this and other bungalows on the route were frequently made use of by European travellers; but now, for some fifteen years past, no one, except perhaps a stray district official, ever came to the spot. During the early part of the century, the Sepoy said, Gittragiri had been held by a detachment of native infantry, under English officers, against the incursion of Rohillas and other lawless predatories from the Nizam's country, and he indicated the ruined barrack that faced the bungalow. The aspect of the whole place chilled us to the marrow, and we stared about us in gloomy silence, till the arrival of our servants with a string of coolies bearing our *impedimenta* broke the spell, and we soon shook ourselves down in one wing of the bungalow, leaving the other vacant for possible—but by no means probable—*bonâ fide* travellers.

"Hang it all!" ejaculated Sparkes, as we took chairs in the verandah, "I was getting into the blues, weren't you?"

"Yes; there's a ghostliness about the spot that gives one the creeps."

"Let's pump the old Sepoy."

"What about?"

"This place; I can't shake off the feeling of uncanniness."

"Humbug!" I laughed. "There are no spooks here!"

Nevertheless he shouted for the old soldier.

"Any ghost stories connected with this fort, Sepoy?" I asked in the vernacular.

He grinned a deprecatory negative. "It is said that many fights have taken place here, sir, and the ignorant aver that the spirits of the slain people the hill, but I have never seen them."

"Fights between whom?"

"All sorts, sir; but especially between the British garrison and the Rohillas at the beginning of this century."

"And that's all so far as ghosts and spirits go?"

"That is all, sir."

"There you are, Sparkes! Your ghostly fears are dead. Let's talk about something else."

We drifted into other subjects. Time wore on, our chat slackened into monosyllables, and finally we both dropped off to sleep.

* * * * *

"My Aunt! What do you say to ghosts now?" uttered by Sparkes in panic-stricken tones aroused me, and I rushed after him into the room behind us.

"What is it?" I asked in an awed whisper.

"Ghosts, or something confoundedly like them! Look!" and he pointed through the venetianed window.

I looked, and confess to a sensation of intense amazement as I saw the Sepoy escorting two European ladies, followed by several natives carrying various articles of luggage. English ladies apparently, in this out-of-the-way spot! They entered the empty rooms adjoining ours; and from their speaking English to the Sepoy we divined that they were strangers even to the country itself. We got hold of the old pensioner at the first opportunity, and learnt from him that while he was down at the village the strangers had arrived in a common bullock cart, the driver stating that they came from Hyderabad. All they could say was "Gittragiri" interrogatively, and he had replied in the affirmative, whereupon they alighted, and he—as a natural consequence—brought them up to the bungalow. We were full of curiosity. One lady was elderly, the other young and pretty; mother and daughter probably—but what did they here?

"Confound it!" muttered Sparkes, "they're not spooks at all events. Let's go and see them."

Writing our names on a piece of paper, and adding an expression of our readiness to be of any service, we sent it in by the Sepoy. Back came the paper with "Thank you, but we are not in need of assistance" written across it in a delicate feminine hand—that of a gentlewoman no doubt. Still, the question hammered on our brains—what could possibly have brought them to this corner of the earth with only one old woman servant accompanying them? We made all sorts of conjectures, but could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, or even a surmise. Strange and mysterious! We kept watch through the half-closed venetian; we heard their modulated voices in the next room, and in silence we held on to that window in hopes of catching another glimpse of them. Then the clatter of crockery betokened that they were breaking their fast; and presently both ladies came forth into the verandah, and looked about them. But if we had been amazed hitherto, we became utterly confounded by what followed. The elder lady, sweet-featured and grey-headed, carried a small, dilapidated book; and the younger, undeniably pretty, held a tape measure. They talked in low tones, frequently consulting the book, and glancing at the fort gate, a hundred paces or so to the right front. Now, donning their sun hats, they went to the gate; the elder lady posted herself exactly in the centre of the archway with the tape ring in her hand, while her companion, paying out, came towards a small building that had once been a solitary cell—evidently erected some time during our military occupation, and which faced the bungalow. They measured 300ft.; another 25ft. or so brought them to the cell front, and they marked the spot with stones. A further reference to the book, and they went to the granite figure of a bull that squatted more to the left. Commencing from the figure's nose, they measured towards the cell, but on reaching its back wall they were evidently at fault, for they came out into the open and gazed about as if perplexed; then, after whispering together, they ascended the steps and retired to their room. We stared blankly at each other. What meant those measurements? Who were they? What on earth were they after? We were soon to know.

In the cool of the evening we went outside and strolled about for a while, but the fair unknown kept within doors.

"Tell you what," whispered Sparkes, "they're women missionaries. Come to set up a tabernacle in the wilderness—going to run it themselves—they were measuring the ground for it!"

"Rubbish!"

"Hang it, then! What are they up to, footling round in a place like this with a book and a tape?"

"Impossible to say," I replied.

As we returned to go indoors I happened to glance up at the ladies' wing, when I distinctly saw two pairs of eyes regarding us through the venetians! Instinctively I raised my cap, Sparkes doing the same. We had barely sat down when the Sepoy brought a card, on which the same hand had written: "We are sure that you are gentlemen. Will you kindly accord us an interview?" I promptly wrote: "We are at your service"; and while the old man took back the card, we hurried out our easy chairs and a couple of stools. Presently the ladies came forth. We exchanged bows. We drew forward the easy chairs, and invited them to be seated.

"You must have thought us very unsociable just now," commenced the elder lady. "We imagined that we could get on by ourselves, but finding we cannot, and prepossessed with the glance we caught of you while you were outside, we have decided to confide in you, and beg your assistance."

"Madame, pray command us," I said.

"I am Mrs. Kent," she continued, "and this is my daughter, Miss Grace Kent. No doubt you have been mystified about us."

"Candidly, we have," I observed.

"You're going to build a church, eh?" queried Sparkes.

"No," smiled the lady. "The fact is we are in search of some money!" she added, lowering her voice.

"Where?" I gasped.

"Skittles!" ejaculated my chum in the same breath.

"Here. Read this," and she opened that small book—an old book of a bygone make, yellow with age. Stupefied, and hardly crediting our senses, we read:—

Gittragiri Outpost,
Northern Circars,
7th May, 1812.

Assault expected this night; no hope of help from outside. In case I am killed, I hereby make this, my last will and testament. I adjure him who finds this book to deliver it to Arthur Burgoyne, now living with his mother, my wife, Mary Burgoyne, at No. 2, the Paragon, Bath, Somerset, England. I have secured my wealth in a coffer which, should the foe prevail, I will cast into the well, and thus preserve my gains for my rightful heirs should I die. In the coffer I have placed as hereunder:—

My share of Seringapatam prize money, exchanged for gold mohurs ...	500 guineas.
My booty taken at Seringapatam. Precious stones	135 stones.
Necklace of honour presented to me by Tanjawur Rajah	1 necklace.
Great precious stones, taken from idol at storm of Kondagiri	31 stones.

The well may be filled up by the enemy after casting the killed therein, or it may be otherwise lost sight of. The finder of the book, therefore, must measure two lines—one of 327ft. from the centre of the embattled gate; another of 223ft. from the nose of the granite bull—and the point where these two lines meet is the centre of the well.

My name, as hereto subscribed, is cut on the lid of the iron coffer, with date, 1812; and among the contents will be found a bronze coin of the Roman Emperor Hadrianus—a fellow to which is with my wife.

God have mercy on us all!

JOHN JERMYN BURGOYNE, Captain, Sepoy Infantry.

Witnesses { Phillip Moore / Nathaniel Dobbs } Ensigns, Sepoy Infantry.

Our silence of stupefaction after perusing the above was broken by Mrs. Kent. "John Jermyn Burgoyne was my grandfather," she said. "His son, Arthur, was my father, as I will prove to you." At a sign from her mother, Miss Kent brought out a packet of papers; and the elder lady showed us documents that convinced us of the truth of her statements. But the rest was mystery.

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen, as to the validity of the will, and my title to the inheritance?"

"Beyond a doubt, Mrs. Kent," I replied. "We are profoundly interested—pray enlighten us further."

"Do you mean to say that you expect to drop on the stuff here?" inquired Sparkes.

"Yes. Now for a few dates. My grandfather, the testator, was born in 1780; Arthur, his son, in 1802, in this country; he sailed for England with his mother in 1804. He entered the church, and married my mother in 1831. I, their only child, was born in 1832; I married in 1855; my daughter was born in 1856, and my husband was killed during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but this will refers to sixty years ago—how has the matter remained dormant for so long?" I asked. "How do you know that the treasure has not been removed? What do you know of Captain Burgoyne's fate?"

"He was killed in the very attack referred to in the will; the East India Company officially reported his death. Presuming that he did throw the coffer into the well, all points to its being there still."

"Then, how did you get possession of this book after sixty years?—where was it all that time?"

"It came to me by the veriest chance. A friend, a rich old Indian officer, picked it up during a raid that he had conducted against the descendants perhaps of these same Rohillas in 1859, somewhere on the Nizam's frontier. He never had the curiosity to look into the book, which had lain, lost sight of for years, at the bottom of one of his old trunks. While turning out his belongings one day in search of something he wished to show me, he came across this book, and, handing it to me, described

where, how, and when he had found it. Judge, though, of my surprise when I realized what that writing meant for me! To make a long story short, my friend not only strongly advocated this journey in quest of the treasure, but he generously furnished the necessary funds, for we were too poor to dream of the undertaking on our own means. So we came. Now, what do you think?"

"Think!" echoed Sparkes. "It sounds uncommonly like a fairy tale. But we'll roust out the box for you—if it's here."

"And it was these measurements we saw you making just now?" I asked.

"Yes; but we are at fault. We can neither get the points to meet, nor can we see any traces of a well. We lost hope till we saw you, and your appearance impressed us favourably. Will you help us?"

"With heart and soul!" I replied.

"Aye, that we will!" added Sparkes. "And that Roman coin of old What's-his-name? Have you got that handy?"

Mrs. Kent promptly produced the piece from her purse, and we set to examining it with absorbed interest. It was too late to do more that day, for darkness had come down as we conversed.

Early next morning we went to work. I and Sparkes measured and measured, but no amount of manipulation or coaxing would get those lines to meet. We tried from all parts of the gate—from all parts of the bull; but every attempt proved abortive. The ladies lost heart, and almost cried with vexation.

"I'm really afraid we must give it up," I said gloomily.

"Oh, don't say so!" pleaded Miss Kent. "Perhaps there's another gate and another bull somewhere in the fort."

The suggestion rekindled our hope; we summoned the Sepoy and questioned him. No, this was the only gateway, this the only bull; there were no traces of any well whatsoever in the fort; water had always been carried up from below as long as he could remember.

"Can't we search elsewhere?" murmured Mrs. Kent vaguely.

"Like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay," remarked my chum. "Those instructions are clear enough if we could only get the confounded lines to meet. Let's try again, Hervey; perhaps we may hit on it after all. Come on with the tape!"

Once more we measured the 327ft.

"That's plain enough, isn't it?" said Sparkes. "Now for the 223ft."

We laid that out, and found, as before, that the cell interfered with our joining the end of the first measurement.

"We]—I'm—blest!" exclaimed my chum in a tone of chagrin. "Old Burgoyne——"

He suddenly stopped dead. As he spoke he had been regarding the cell with a rueful expression, but now he began dancing about, laughing loudly, and cutting capers all over the place.

"Needn't play the idiot!" I growled savagely, for I perceived that his vagaries were proving distasteful to our fair companions.

"No!" roared Sparkes. "I've been playing the idiot long enough! I know where the blessed well is!"

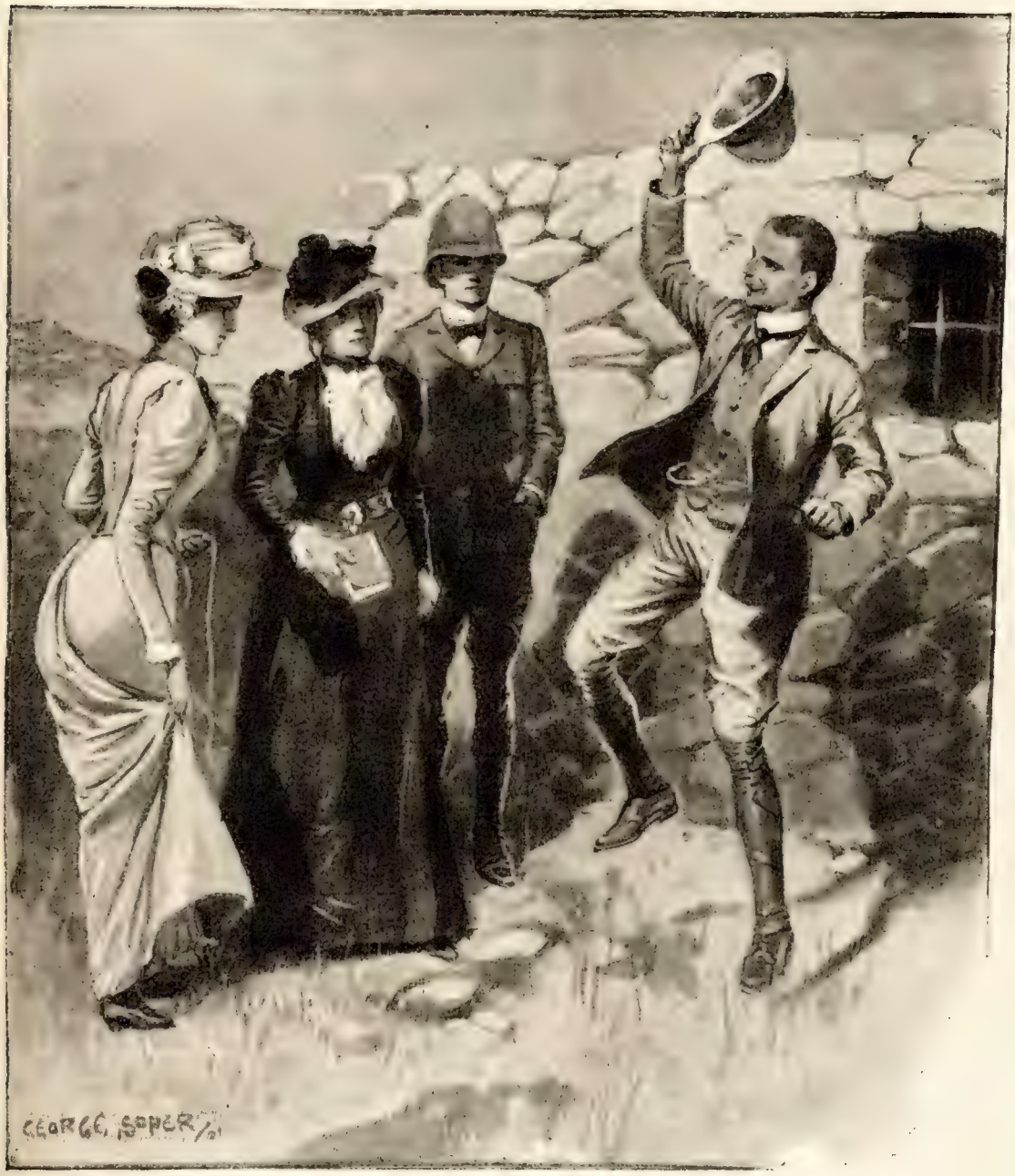
"Where?" we ejaculated simultaneously, glancing in all directions.

"Here! Under this cell! I'll eat my hat if it isn't! Strikes me as being of more modern construction than those old barracks. Why, man, it stands to reason, from the very fact of the thing interfering each time with our confounded measurements!"

A gleam of hope! I was struck with Sparkes' view. "Keep up your spirits, ladies!" I cried. "If the well ever existed we shall find it under this cell."

The Sepoy was sent flying down the hill for coolies, crowbars, ropes, baskets, and pick-axes. Stimulated by promise of reward, the old man speedily returned with a working party, armed with the necessary implements. The men set to work, attacked the cell, and soon razed it to the ground. Ordering them to spread out the *débris* so as not to form an obstacle to the tape, we again measured, when, sure enough, the two lines of 327ft. and 223ft. coalesced, almost to the inch, at the centre of the cemented floor of the cell! We hastily demolished this floor, and when the superincumbent rubbish and earth had been cleared away, our straining eyes rested on a circle of cut stone. We remained in doubt no longer; the well referred to by Mrs. Kent's grandfather lay before us!

In the seventh heaven of exultation we commenced to excavate. After attaining to a depth of 10ft. we began to unearth all sorts of things—a small brass cannon which had burst at the breech; old flint-lock gun-fittings, the woodwork of which had long since mouldered away; silver and copper coins, which once might have been the property of the Sepoys who, meeting their death in the defence of the place, had evidently been thrown into the well by victorious Rohillas. Then we came across some officers' belt and breast buckles, which had doubtless once adorned the persons of Burgoyne and his colleagues when their bodies had been con-



"I KNOW WHERE THE BLESSED WELL IS!" ROARED SPARKES.

signed to the same convenient receptacle. Finally we struck water, which considerably enhanced our labour. Baskets upon baskets of dripping earth were hauled to the surface. The men—there was only room for two—worked immersed to the knees; the yield gradually diminished: and at last they declared that they could dig no more. Somehow, we had not bargained for water, and again did we despair.

"Does it come in fast?" I shouted down the well.

"No, sir; slowly, but it prevents us from digging."

"Hang the water!" suddenly vociferated Sparkes. "Let's bail it out! Here you are!" and his long legs took him in a trice into the bungalow, to reappear almost immediately with the brass jugs from our bath-room.

Hurrah! Ropes were knotted round the jugnecks; down they went, and, after an hour's steady filling and hauling, the well was comparatively dry.

"Now," shouted Sparkes down the well, "you chap with the crowbar! Plunge it in as far as you can; see if you touch anything hard."

The strokes of the implement fell dull on our anxious ears. They appeared to meet with nothing harder than mud.

"Now try where you are standing!"

The man obeyed, and the very first stroke emitted the sound of metal against metal.

"There you are!" cried Sparkes. "The trick's done, I bet! Lug that out, whatever it is!"

With difficulty the earth was cleared away. We could see the men imperfectly in the gloom clawing and tugging at some object. It might be another cannon; our hearts were in our mouths.

"Let down ropes! It is an iron box!" bawled one of the men.

We complied.

"Haul away!" were the next words. We hauled, and in another minute the coffer lay at our feet! On washing away the mud from its surface, there, on the lid, precisely as recorded in that book, appeared the words: "John Jermyn Burgoyne, 1812," cut with a cold chisel and hammer by a hand that had been dead for a period of sixty-three years! We paid up the natives, and sent them away rejoicing; we conveyed the coffer into the Kents' front room, and when we had ensured ourselves against interruption or espionage from the servants, Sparkes and I succeeded—after an infinity of difficulty, in forcing open the lid; for the coffer was locked, and, as my friend pithily observed, "Old Burgoyne had omitted to state where he had left the key!"

The contents were in confusion, and dulled to a degree; however, by dint of much scrubbing and washing, we cleaned and classified everything in that box; and then, comparing them with the inventory in the will, we found them to tally exactly therewith, even to the coin of Hadrianus, the very fellow to the one in Mrs. Kent's keeping.

"All's well that ends well," I observed, interrupting the reverie we had fallen into. "Mrs. Kent, Miss Kent, accept my warmest congratulations."

"By Jove! You'll be able to drive away in a coach and six!" added Sparkes.

"Our warmest gratitude is due to you both!" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, with tears in her eyes, as she pressed our hands in succession.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the daughter, following suit. "But had it not been for your happy thought, Mr. Sparkes, we should not have succeeded. A kind Providence surely threw you in our way!"

"No! hang it all!" replied my chum, who was a bit of a fatalist. "Providence did not merely throw us in your way; there was an inevitable necessity in our dropping across each other as we have done. The whole affair has been cut and dried from the commencement of all things—the whirligig of time brought round our turn to play our parts in this little show. We were called, and we answered the summons—that's how I look at it."

"And now, Mrs. Kent, what are your plans?"

"Oh, to get home again. Thanks to a merciful God and the help of you, our kind friends, our mission to this country has been successfully accomplished."

"You have no call to go back to Hyderabad, have you?"

"Except to get to the railway."

"Hang it all! You don't want to go so far. There's a railway station as if made for you a few miles from this; trust yourselves to us, and though the mail does not stop there, I'll pull her up for you."

Accordingly, the next day, Sparkes put the signal against the Bombay mail train, and we duly secured for our fair friends a first-class compartment. As the train moved, Mrs. Kent thrust a small packet into our hands. When we had made our final *adieux* we opened the packets and found them to contain a large ruby each, accompanied with a few written words of thanks from the fair donor.

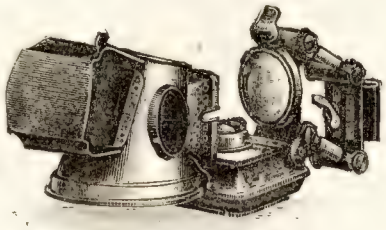
Subsequently, when we had those stones valued, we were astonished to learn that they were worth several hundred pounds apiece.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

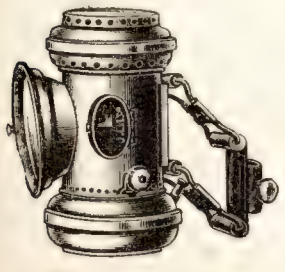
CONCERNING LAMPS.

THERE are few more important adjuncts to the cycle than the lamp. Personally I never ride a mile at any time of day without taking one with me. I know it weighs a trifle, but I was never one of those who carped at odd ounces, and went paring down pennyweights everywhere, as was the fashion when the lightness craze was at its height. I take my mud-guards with me on many a fine day, although they are readily detachable, for I know they weigh less than the dirty lane of mud all up my back which I should be sure to bring home if surprised by a thunder shower during the course of my jaunt. The reason I carry a lamp is, of course, quite different. I want to be free as a gipsy when I am on the road, and without a lamp I could not be. I have known the times when I have gone out for a morning spin, and have been beguiled into a tour extending over several days. In such a case I telegraph for my travelling kit, which is always kept handy, to be sent on to me; and then time and the town are left behind and forgotten. I know that there must be very few fellows, and perhaps hardly any who are still in their school-days, who can have the same sweet liberty to wander at their will. But all the same I recommend the practice of carrying a lamp much more habitually than is common now. It relieves you of all anxiety as to lighting up time, a kind of anxiety that I have known to spoil the last hour of many an otherwise enjoyable outing, and it makes a puncture occurring towards the hours of dusk a matter of trifling moment. People may smile at you for going out before breakfast with a lamp on the bracket of your machine, when everybody knows that you are bound, whatever happens, to be in your place at that meal. But nobody's foresight is as good as his hindsight, as some western humorist has observed, and it may so fall out that some accident renders your mount unridable, and it may so further happen that the place at which you leave it is, for some reason or other, one to which you can only go in the evening.

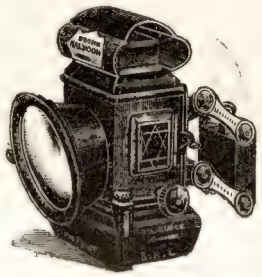


THE "SILVER KING" LAMP.

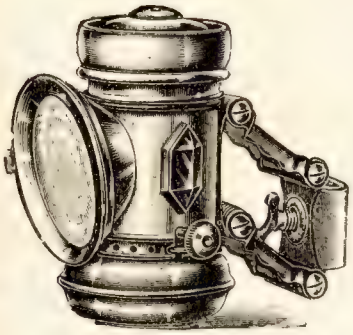
Granted, then, that a lamp is a good companion to have on practically all occasions, it is surprising to find how little the treatment of this useful accessory is understood. There is hardly anything connected with cycling which causes so much annoyance and dissatisfaction as an intractable lamp, and yet its apparent obstinacy is nearly always due to the ignorance or carelessness of its owner. I have known fellows



THE "CLUB" LAMP



THE "HALYCON" LAMP.

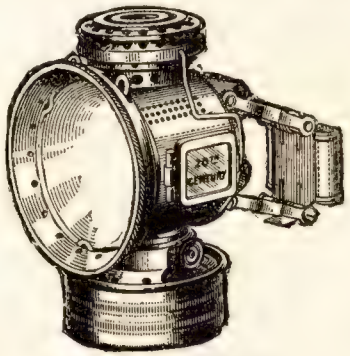


THE "BRONKO" LAMP.

who have kept their machines as bright and spick as when they were new, and who have yet habitually neglected their lamps. A dirty lamp is sure to go wrong sooner or later, and so the very first rule is—absolute cleanliness. All parts of the lamp, both inside and out, should at frequent periods be cleared of oil and soot. To do this properly a single cloth is insufficient, for after the first cleaning the cloth will be more or less oily, and there will still be traces of oil about the lamp. Now if the smallest trace remain upon such parts as the glass front or the reflector, these areas will rapidly collect a new coating of dust or carbonacious matter, and your work will have been almost thrown away. The proper way is to have a second cloth, quite dry and clean, in reserve, and to use this for the final touches. For this purpose I know of nothing better than Selvyt. It resembles chamois leather in appearance, but is really velveteen cotton plush cut on one side. It possesses the advantage that it can be washed, and still remain soft and good. It is excellent for cleaning the glass parts. If the reflector is not of glass it should be treated with a suitable metal polish, and when that has been removed the Selvyt will add the final lustre.

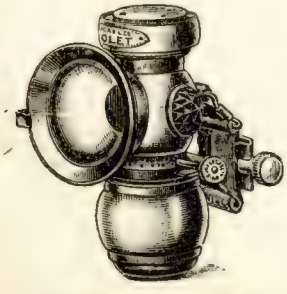
Then care must be taken that the proper amount and quality of oil and wick are employed. They must be chosen, not haphazard, but always with regard to each other. This is because oils of the paraffin class will run up the capillary spaces in the wick more easily than thicker and more fatty oils, and the latter, therefore, require a wick somewhat more loosely woven than the former, or they will not flow freely to feed the flame. Having got the proper texture, it is important to see that the wick is just a nice loose fit for the collar. Several lamp makers and oil refiners sell suitable wick, in boxes of twelve 4in. lengths for a few pence, and there is no better plan than to keep a few of these lengths handy. Before the wick is put into the collar, or brought in contact with the oil in any way, it should be thoroughly dried. This can best be done by toasting it for a moment before the fire. The reason for taking such a precaution is that if any moisture remains in the capillary spaces of the fabric, the oil will decline to pass them, and the upward flow will not be free. I have known many lamps which positively refused to burn solely owing to this safeguard not having been taken. The final step is to dip the head of the wick in the oil before placing the tail in. This at once establishes a continuous connection between the oil tank and the flame. Wick should be frequently trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors, and either cut dead level or, for very wide gauges, slightly bevelled at the corners. If used very frequently, it should often be inspected, to see that it is still long enough.

When a wick is too short to reach the bottom of the reservoir, and the latter is nearly empty, you sometimes get the curious phenomenon of a lamp that will burn when you are passing over jolty ground (it being fed by the

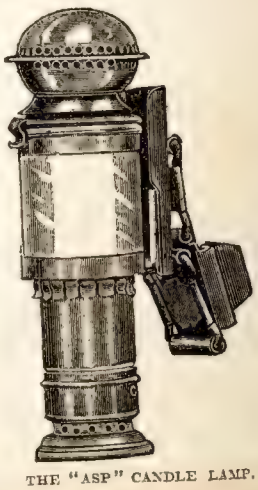


THE "CENTURY" LAMP.

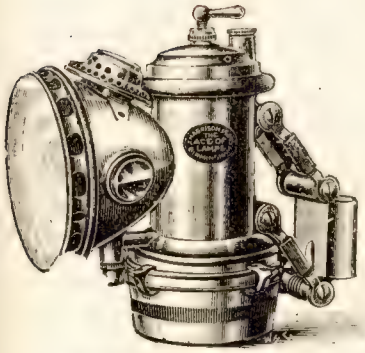
HARRISON'S "LUNA" LAMP.



THE "PETROLET" LAMP.



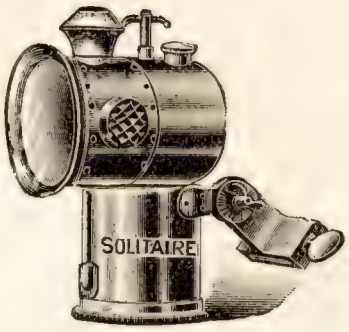
THE "ASP" CANDLE LAMP.



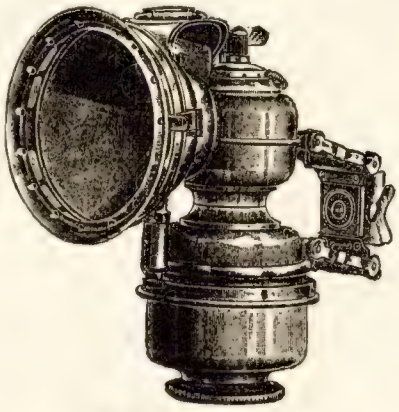
HARRISON'S "ACE OF LAMPS."
(Acetylene.)

splashing), but which entirely refuses to burn when you are on smooth roads, or when at rest. Of course, only negligence will land a rider in such a predicament. If, on the other hand, a lamp is very seldom used, it is advisable to put in an entirely fresh wick from time to time, as the old oil in the capillaries is very apt to clog. This is a very frequent cause of a lamp giving unsatisfactory results, however good it may be, and however good the oil. Even the latter, if it has stood long enough to show signs of thickening, may with advantage be poured away and replaced.

As for the oil, it should be one that will give a flame that is not easily jerked out, one limpid enough to mount the kind of wick employed, and one that provides a good white light. In the old days we used—many of us—to make our own by dissolving a bit of camphor in some colza, but to-day the oil refiners have far surpassed these early experiments. I have used a very large number of oils, and am at present getting excellent results from "Springvale," but there are plenty of good oils to choose from. Of course, ordinary lamp oil is not the only means of obtaining light for cycling purposes. We shall find that there are a variety of other sorts of light in use, but they each require special forms of lamp, and manufacturers have shown much ingenuity in adapting new designs to each new idea as it arose. The firm of Joseph Lucas, Ltd., of Birmingham, deserves special mention in any article dealing with this subject. Long before modern cycling was thought of they were experts in the making of ships' lamps, and when, in the pioneer days, our great trouble was that our lamps always blew out, this firm came quickly to the rescue with one that would weather any gale it was likely to experience. They have ever since retained the distinction of being able to make as good lamps as it is possible to obtain, and they have developed as well a large general business in cycling accessories of many kinds.



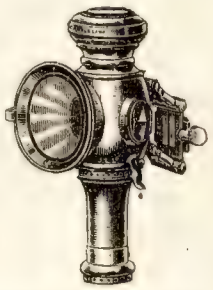
THE "SOLITAIRE" GAS LAMP.



THE "PHENOMENOS" LAMP.

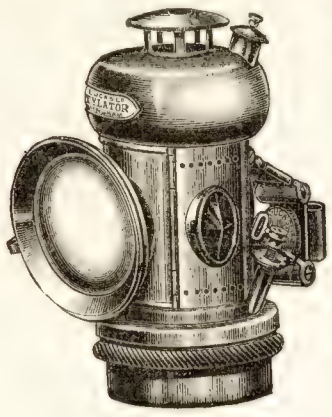
A good lamp must be so constructed that, notwithstanding that it will not blow out, it still provides for plentiful ingress of air, and also plenty of escape for the gases formed by combustion. It should also be strong, fitted firmly together, so as not to develop a rattle in use, and should be so contrived as to be easily and quickly opened out, alike for cleaning and lighting purposes. Of ordinary oil lamps I may name several at all sorts of prices, each of which fulfils these requirements in its own particular way. There is the "Silver King," a very serviceable lamp, which owes its name to the fact that it was at first made "all bright," but it can now be had enamelled, in which form it better withstands bad weather. There is the round "Club" lamp, and there is the "Microphote," which is so small that it only weighs 9½ozs. All these are by Lucas. Then another good old firm, Messrs. Brown Bros., make the "Halycon" and the "Bronko," which is a round lamp like the

THE "SOLAX" ACETYLENE LAMP.



LUCAS'S CANDLE LAMP

"Club." Still another firm of very high repute, Messrs. Harrison, of Birmingham, offer an excellent thing in the "Luna." Messrs. Gamage, perhaps the best-known cycle accessory dealers in the world, have, among many kinds of lamps, the "Twentieth Century," specially designed for the burning of paraffin, and Lucas's "Petrolet" is for the same purpose. You see, paraffin is a thing you can buy in any village, and should you adopt it as your favourite oil, you need never be in doubt as to how to obtain it should you run short while on tour.



LUCAS'S "ACETYLATOR."

Next comes a curious, and in some respects promising group of lamps designed to burn candles. These are very clean to handle, and in most of them you can tell at a glance how much candle you have left, and whether it is desirable to put a fresh one in readiness in your wallet. The "Asp" lamp of Messrs. Brown Bros., and Lucas's candle lamp are good examples of this class. Electricity has been tried, but has been found short of perfection hitherto on several grounds. To begin with, it is very costly as compared with other means of lighting a cyclist's way. Then, too, the apparatus to be carried is heavier than an ordinary lamp, even if only short time charges are provided for. Further, should the tube break and the carbon filament become oxidised the rider is without a light, and cannot repair his misfortune except at the nearest electrician's. But there is one new form of light for which there may possibly be a great future, and that is the acetylene. I speak with all caution, because as at present placed at our disposal, I do not like it. It is not altogether trustworthy; it is tricky and prone to give trouble, and, under some circumstances, it is dangerous. The fact that it gives too much light to be free of the charge of dazzling other users of the road could easily be got over by some dulling of the glass, and I should like to see some maker try the experiment; but the other drawbacks may take some time to overcome.

As was the case with many other valuable discoveries, acetylene was first made by an experimenter who was at the time pursuing his investigations along quite different paths. The story is one of the many romances of science, but I have no space to tell it here. A mere accident gave the world a new illuminant, and, as I say, it may be that some day acetylene will be the only thing employed for cycle lamps. The gas is generated by the dripping of water upon small-sized lumps of calcium carbide. In conjunction with air the gas ignites with a brilliant white flame, and when by-products threaten to choke the fine passages in the burner all you have to do is to blow it clean with the tyre inflator. Gamage's "Phenomenon" and "Solar"; the "Solitaire" lamp of Messrs. Brown Bros., Lucas's "Acetylator," and the "Ace of Lamps," made by Messrs. Harrison, may be named as among the best gas lamps for cycling purposes extant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. W. (Maidenhead).—You are right in saying you do see one disadvantage—namely, increased complication. If you have a good gear case, and keep the chain properly lubricated, that disadvantage will be minimised, and will not, under such circumstances, amount to very much. Should be glad if you would kindly add to my information respecting roads in Ceylon. **G. P.** (Usk).—You heard from me through another channel at the time when this issue was in the press. Owing to the wide circulation of The Captain it is necessary to print several weeks before your copy actually reaches you. **"Rover"** (Exeter).—Your mount is an excellent one. My advice would be to let well alone. Since you have been well suited by a firm of the best reputation, why change? Although I have tried endless machines for the sake of trying them, I have for nearly ten years bought my own machines from the same firm, and they will in all probability build my next. You might, however, change the tyres to either Dunlop, Palmer, Clincher, or Fleuss. **"Elder B."** (Aylesbury).—Yes, certainly, join the C.T.C. The subscription dates from January 1st, but it is only 5s., with 1s. entrance

fee for the first year. **H. H. H.**—The Veeder cyclometer is well suited to the purpose. I cannot read your address, which should have been legibly written. **"Kitchener"** (Uppingham).—See the article on lamps. There are numerous good oils, but you have no need to go further than the ones I named. I am glad you tour on the sensible plan. Open eyes, and a body that is still unwearied when night comes, are the true secret.

H. P.

JUNGLY AND THE MONKEY

BY

E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS

Illustrated by the Author.

JUNGLY, the bird-catcher, of whose wonderful knowledge of bird and beast language I have already told you in another story, had proved an absorbing study to me; not only could he understand all the cries of the jungle, but I discovered later that he was a human barometer and compass as well. In the densest forest, by noon or darkest night, he could tell north from south or east from west; he felt the coming rain before a cloud was in the sky; he would sniff the air with wet nostril and tell you where the nearest pool of water lay; and, at times, could positively tell the presence of living things hidden from sight by rock or bush.

What I had thought was entirely the result of close observation of nature I had to conclude was greatly due to the cultivation of those fine perceptions common in wild animals, but dead in man. Why he should have retained these lost senses, or been able to cultivate them to such an extraordinary extent, was a puzzle to me, and I often questioned him on the subject.

"What is my knowledge, sahib, compared with the least of Nature's creatures?" said he to me one day as we sat near a stream. "Look at the opposite bank; it tells me that there are heavy rains in the hills a hundred miles away, and that by to-morrow this scanty watercourse will have risen nearly 4ft.; but it is not my knowledge—I borrow it from others. The little people tell me, and they are never at fault; but I of myself cannot feel the coming flood at such a distance."

I looked at the opposite bank, which rose straight from the water some 8ft., a blank wall of yellow clay, and saw nothing that said a flood was due to-morrow.

Then Jungly indicated a spot with his finger; but all I could see was a thin string of ants crawling up and down the face of the bank.

"I see nothing but a few ants crawling from hole to hole in the bank," I said, "but that can't mean anything."

"Ah, sahib, your eyes are dim with too much book-learning!" he answered. "Look again, and see what the ants are doing. Do you not perceive a little white speck on the heads of the ants which go up the wall which those coming downwards do not have? Well, that speck is an egg, and they are removing their eggs from the nest below to a cavity they have found 3ft. above. There could be no other reason for the hasty removal except that they know the stream will rise about 4ft. to-morrow—high enough to destroy their present nest. How they know the freshet is coming I cannot say. Perhaps there is some feel in the water, the smell of the earth from the hillside, or the injured roots of the hill pine. But that they can tell the exact height of the flood passes my comprehension. Therefore I count these my masters, and come to them for instruction. In the early years of my life my only playmate was a langoor monkey; together we roamed the woods, and almost all the secrets of nature I learnt in those days were due to the inborn knowledge of my monkey companion."

"How did you come to have a monkey for

THE FOREST APPEARED AWAY DOWN BELOW AS A FIELD OF LEVEL GREEN.

your sole companion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Well, sahib, it is a long story," he replied, "but as you are kind enough to be interested in the matter I will tell you how Hanuman, the monkey, taught me jungle lore, and how he saved my life."

And the following is the tale he told me, only I have discarded his rough-hewn language for a style more suitable to my readers.

"My father was a shikaree, and we lived together in an old hut in the forest, much as I do now. My mother died when I was very young, and, having no brothers or sisters, I was very lonely when my father was out hunting. One day, when I was about four years old, we were seated on a rock watching a troop of langoor monkey splaying 'follow the leader' through the tree tops at a mad, break-neck pace. Only one old monkey was seated on the ground, making the toilet of her last born, which struggled and cried like any human babe, but the langoor had an advantage over the human mother in having an extra pair of hands, so while one pair held the little fidget still, with the other pair she made him smart, neatly parting his hair with her nails, and brushing his face by running her arm from wrist to elbow across his features.

"While we were watching the game in the tree tops there was a sudden scream of despair from the old monkey, and looking down we saw a large panther had sprung out of the jungle and seized her by the throat, and the next instant it was sucking the blood from her lifeless body.

"But the brute was not left to enjoy his victory long, for while he was still revelling in his bloody feast there was a flash, a loud report, and the panther, springing high in the air, fell dead alongside the body of his victim.

"My father seldom moved outside the hut without his old flint-lock, and, having the gun with him, shot the panther. The baby langoor was still clinging to its mother's breast, and I begged my parent to give it to me to make a pet of, which he did. We called him 'Hanuman,' which means the 'King of Monkeys,' and is the name for the Hindoo monkey god.

"Hanuman and I grew up together, and were inseparable friends; the langoor grew to be the finest of his species, and he stood nearly 4ft. high, for he is the largest of long-tailed monkeys. His coat was a beautiful grey, with silver undersides, the skin of his hands and face being an ebony black; the white whiskers which grew round his face gave him a very human appearance—to me he seemed entirely human, and we understood each other by a language only known to the jungle people, in which sounds are not necessary.

"Such wonderful games we played in the jungle—leaping torrents, and running up to the top of the tallest trees, from whence the forest appeared away down below as a field of level green, then flinging ourselves from branch to branch down to the ground again.

"But the climbing of Hanuman was a thing beyond all description; from a branch 50ft. above the ground he would fling himself out with the recklessness of a suicide, down, down he would crash through the branches, and just as you thought he was going to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, he would seize a branch of the opposite tree and swing himself up among its boughs with the lightness and grace of a bird on the wing.

"This skimming through the air like a flying squirrel was one of the things I longed to

imitate. But though my climbing must have been marvellous for any human being, and as agile and daring as many of the jungle people themselves, I could not follow Hanuman as he flung through the air over a 20ft. chasm, or lightly jumped to the ground 30ft. below.

"However, I felt it was quits when I plunged into a pool on a hot day for a swim, and Hanuman watched me from a distant rock with a little shiver, wondering how I could like the water so much as to enter it of my own free will.

"But for a long time I was worried to find that Hanuman knew things which I did not; for instance, when we were hungry he made a bee line for the nearest plum or mango tree, although it was hidden from sight, and I may have roamed about for hours without finding it. Then, when we wanted water, he threw up his head and sniffed till he found the direction of the nearest pool and went straight to it. Now, try as I might, I could not smell the water, though some of the stronger scents on the breeze I could understand, such as the passing of a wolf to windward, deer, and other large animals. But by small degrees my senses became keener, till at length I could smell the mango tree in fruit many miles away, and even the scent of water I could distinguish at a long distance.

"The most difficult thing, I found, was to know north from south in the dark, but to Hanuman it was as easy as it is to the bee or pigeon, and by my constantly being with him at nightfall, I learned to feel the sensation of the polar current. At first, I could scarcely be sure of it, but it became stronger as I took notice of the slight feeling, till it grew a certain distinct sensation, which now I feel as easily as you can the breeze in your face.

"The coming of rain I had long before learnt to distinguish by the tingle of my skin. But had it not been for the constant companionship of Hanuman, I should never have learnt these things. I could also tell you how I learnt to talk monkey language, but you being a book-learned sahib will laugh, considering monkeys can only jabber meaningless sounds, though it is not so, and if you were daily to try, you would be able to distinguish between their word for fruit, and their word for water, rain, heat or cold, for though they do not talk with many words like men do, yet they have a separate name for everything that comes into their daily life. But were I to tell you of all the jungle talk and wisdom I learnt in those days, I might go on talking till night, and the sahib is no doubt impatient to hear how Hanuman saved my life.

"In those days my father was away weeks at a time, tiger-hunting and shooting in the service of an English sahib. I was about thirteen years old and had long wished to accompany him on a tiger hunt, but he would not let me.

"He had gone on one of these hunts, and I was expecting him back every day, when, one morning, Hanuman and myself went out bird-nesting together. We had found a good many pheasants' eggs, which I was going to cook, when suddenly we were set upon by a tribe of langoors, which pelted us with stones and sticks, till we were both bleeding; for I forgot to tell you that Hanuman was looked upon as an outcast by his own species, because he lived with men, and smelt like a human being; and they tried to kill him whenever they got a chance, but I was always at his side, and they feared me,

WE WERE SET UPON BY A TRIBE OF LANGOORS.

being a man; besides, they knew my stone throwing was very deadly. That day I was armed with a heavy bamboo club, and I knocked over four of the largest of our antagonists before we could put them to flight.

"Poor Hanuman had been bitten all over, and was covered with blood, so we made our way down to the river to wash our wounds.

"Full of the excitement of the fight we forgot our usual caution. I was some paces ahead while Hanuman followed limping. Coming suddenly down into the bed of the river, I heard Hanuman give a cry of alarm, but before I could stop myself I was in the midst of a party of Thugs, who were engaged in their hellish occupation of strangling some unfortunate merchants whom they had decoyed down to this spot. There were eight of this band of murderers, two to each of their victims. Nearest to me was a great burly fellow with his knee in the back of one of the unfortunates, whose throat he had encircled with a yellow handkerchief, and which he was dragging tight, with that deadly twisting wrench which would kill a buffalo in twenty seconds. Another of the Thugs hung on to the limbs of the man, a precaution that was hardly necessary. There were a few choking noises from the victims, and in a few seconds their lifeless bodies fell to the ground. It was not till then that the Thugs discovered my presence. There was a yell of alarm and a moment's panic which, had I taken advantage of, I could have escaped.

"'Run! Run!' screamed Hanuman to me in his monkey language, from the shelter of the thicket.

"And had I fled at that moment, I doubt if the fleetest of the Thugs could have overtaken me, for in those days I could run down many of the wild creatures of the forest themselves.

"But I was rooted to the spot with a terror I had never felt before; the awful livid faces, bursting eye-balls, and protruding tongues of the strangled victims fascinated me, and when my senses partly recovered from their dazed condition I found I was surrounded, and in another instant seized and pinioned.

"'Shall I give him the "roomal" (handkerchief)?' asked one of my captors of the chief.

"'Not till I have found out whether he has been paid to spy on us,' answered the man they addressed as chie .

"'Who sent you here?' he demanded of me, in fierce tones, 'and what is your business in this jungle, for I can see you are no traveller on the highway?'

"But I had not got over the shock to my senses; his voice sounded far away and somehow I did not feel moved to answer.

"'Look at me and reply quickly,' said he, 'or I will strike you on the mouth with my shoe.'

"But I could not take my eyes from the faces of the murdered men, and like one in a dream I saw them being carried out of sight round a bend in the river bank.

"'Speak! son of a vile Hindoo!' he screamed, 'or have cow's leather rubbed in your mouth.'

"And slipping off his shoe he showered blows with the iron-shod heel upon my head and shoulders.

"But I did not seem to feel hurt, and was only half conscious of his ill-treatment as I watched, with the idle curiosity of an unconcerned spectator, one of the Thugs removing a large metal casket from what must have been the bundles of the dead merchants, and unwinding from it several yards of steel chain which were fastened round the box.

"'Let him go, Khan Sahib,' said one of the men. 'I believe he is one of those half-witted boys sometimes found in the jungle, and called wolf-children.'

"'He shall speak,' yelled the chief, "or by the Holy Prophet he will feel the yellow silk round his throat in another second!'

"'Speak, dog!' he added, and struck me across the mouth with his shoe, and the heel-iron cut my lip, the scar of which you may see even to this day.

"The pain aroused me instantly from my dazed condition, and, maddened as by the sting of a scorpion, I felt I had the strength of a pialwan (a professional wrestler) suddenly given me. Wrenching my arms free, I sprang at the chief, and, clutching his throat with both hands, bore him to the ground; and never had Khan Sahib the strangler been so near to being strangled himself as he was at that moment. So unexpected had been my attack that the Thug who had held me stood for some seconds looking on in astonishment. The chief tried to throw me off, but, child as I was, I held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. I could feel my fingers about to meet behind his windpipe; his eyeballs bulged, and his face became ghastly as he tried to articulate the word 'Roomal! Roomal!'—the handkerchief. But I drove his head deeper into the sandy ground, and even at this moment I can see his agonized expression, with the sand scattered all over his hair and face and in his wide-open eyes.

"Then a great shout went up from all the Thugs: 'Roomal! Roomal!' Some yellow

thing whisked past my eyes, and the next instant it was as if I were drowning in a sea of blood; a red darkness came before my eyes; there was a rushing sound of water in my ears, and I strove to breathe, but there was no air. Then I began to go down, down, down, very quickly. Yet in my dying brain there was joy, for I knew I had not loosed the throat of the murderer. And once again, through the red curtain before my sight, came a dim picture of the agonized face of the Thug. Then all was darkness, and I remembered no more.

"The circumstances which follow I learnt later.

"The handkerchief was still round my throat when there was the warning cry that horsemen were approaching. My dead body, as they thought, was hurried away to the trench in which they had buried the merchants. I was flung in, a few shovelfuls of earth thrown over me, and a large quantity of brushwood, cut beforehand for the occasion, scattered over the spot, effectually hiding the freshly turned earth from view.

"A few moments after a body of mounted Sepoys rode up to the ford. For the spot was quite near to the highway, though travellers rarely took this road through the jungle unless they were in large numbers. Seeing a party of merchants apparently about to enjoy a midday meal, the Sepoys rode up to them and asked permission to join them.

"The Khan Sahib, who had not quite recovered from my attack, and whose neck was wrapped up in a handkerchief, courteously gave permission. As they were mostly Mahommedans, they shared the same plates. The Hindoos, of course, sat apart. It soon transpired that the cavalry were sent out in pursuit of a party of Thugs—the 'Yellow Roomals,' as they were called.

"The chief of the Thugs pricked up his ears, for this was the name by which his own gang was widely known.

"'Ah! Russaldar Sahib,' said he, without betraying the least surprise, 'I hope your men will soon take that notorious band of murderers, for they are the terror of us poor merchants. Had I only known they were about this part of the country, nothing would have induced me to come this way without the protection of soldiers.'

"'I hope we are close to the badmashes,' said the Russaldar. 'I was told they were only four hours ahead of me at the last village we passed, and we have not spared our horses since the news.'

"'Then,' said Khan Sahib, 'they must be the very rascals who were leaving the ford when we got here. Why, they couldn't have got five miles down the road.'

"'This is good news,' cried the Russaldar.

"SPEAK, DOG!"

'Saddle up!' he shouted to his men. And, leaving the half-eaten meal, he flung himself on his horse, and he and his troop of Sepoys soon vanished in a cloud of dust.

"The Thugs laughed heartily at the success of their chief's ruse, and began to make hasty preparations to depart in the opposite direction, when, in a short time, they again heard a sound of horses' hoofs on the road, and the Russaldar with his Sepoys returned, reinforced by a large number of cavalrymen.

"'What! Khan Sahib, have you concluded dinner so soon?' he exclaimed in surprise. 'I have just met a brother officer returning on the road, and as he has not seen any Thugs about we thought we would come back and finish our meal.'

"The chief of the Thugs begged to be excused as he had wasted much time and must be getting on. But the genial Russaldar would not hear of it, and having told some of his men to light a fire, they were soon sitting down to a meal. The Sepoys who had most lately arrived had with them a shikaree who had been on a great tiger hunt with European sahibs.

"He was describing his adventures for the entertainment of the soldiers, when from a tree overhead a huge monkey dropped down before him and seized him by the arm.

"There was a shout, and half a dozen swords were drawn; while the Russaldar's cavalry pistol was placed to the head of the creature, but the shikaree threw himself between.

"'Don't fire,' he cried, 'he is tame, and the only playmate of my son.'

"Hanuman, for it was he, was not scared by the presence of the large gathering, but kept plucking at the sleeve of my father.

"The old man, quickly divining that something had happened to me, arose to follow the monkey, at which the party set up a laugh. 'Does he want you to break some fruit for him?' asked one, 'or to climb a tree?' said another. 'Anyhow, don't be long, as we want to hear the end of that tiger story.'

"My father, seeing the bites on Hanuman's skin, feared that the monkeys had attacked me in large numbers and had perhaps proved too much for me.

"'Where is Jungly?' he asked of Hanuman. But the monkey only gave a cry of distress and hurried on, moving in a parallel line to the bank of the river, but so far from it that the Thugs never guessed where he was going. When they were fairly hidden from sight, however, the monkey crept towards the river till at last they stood on the bank above where the bodies had been buried. Here Hanuman stopped, and, giving a pitiful cry, looked up at my father, but the old man could see nothing but the torn brushwood beneath. Then the monkey, jumping lightly down the bank, commenced to drag away the brushwood, and there, to my horrified father's gaze, were disclosed my features, which just protruded from what seemed a newly made grave.

"A glance at the face showed my father that I had been strangled. He began to examine the ground narrowly, and came to the conclusion the

I HELD ON WITH THE TENACITY OF A BULL-DOG.

grave had been filled in only within the hour. There were the foot-marks of the men who had stamped in the ground quite fresh in the soil, and the impression of little monkey hands that had scraped it away from my face. Then there were hurried tracks in the direction of the party at dinner.

"My father at once saw how matters stood, and guessed the party of merchants were the Thugs the Sepoys were after.

"Thinking I was long dead, the old man gave vent to a burst of tears, but soon mastering his emotion he made his way back to the party at dinner, and, beckoning to the Russaldar, told him of his discovery.

"The Russaldar was too surprised for words at first, but after he had asked a few questions about the size and appearance of the grave he seemed satisfied, and, walking up to the chief of the Thugs, he said:—

"'Khan Sahib, I arrest you in the name of the British Sirkar.'

"'Ho! Ho!' laughed Khan Sahib, pretending to be amused, but very anxiously eyeing the shikaree. 'What new pleasantry is this—have the kabobs I gave you caused indigestion, or are you mistaking us for the Thugs you are after?'

"'You are Kareem Khan, the chief of the Yellow Roomals,' said the Russaldar, and at his sign the twenty Sepoys fell upon the Thugs, and soon had them all manacled.

"The dead bodies were unearthed, and to my father's great joy I showed signs of life; but it was many days before I was myself again. That I should have recovered at all was due to the alarm given when I was being strangled, which prevented the work being completed; also my splendid state of health, and last, but not least, to Hanuman, who scraped the earth off my face and brought my father to the spot.

"Bills of exchange made out in the names of the dead merchants were found among the loot the Thugs had taken, together with a great quantity of jewels and precious stones. So many had been their previous murders that the gang were easily convicted; the leader and several of his men went to the scaffold, while the others were sentenced to lifelong imprisonment.

"After that day my love for Hanuman grew stronger than ever, and I seldom went anywhere without him. But, alas! he paid the price of our friendship with his life, for one day when alone, his tribe waylaid him and beat him to death with stones; and thus I lost my best of friends and the teacher of my youth."

And this was Jungly's story; as curious as the man himself, but to be credited in every detail.

ADVICE GRATIS.

(From the "Brighton College Magazine.")

Is the Anglo-Saxon race
  Down the hill of time declining?
Can the British Navy face
  Nations two combining?
Think of it, and answer back;
Are we on the downward track?

Are our leaders duffers all?
  They who, pride of all the crammers,
Going out to hammer Paul,
  Find 'tis Paul that hammers;
Rules of scouting all unknown—
Join the ranks of "Krüger's own."

Mark those rough colonials,
  Cunning scouts and skilful riders;
Men and officers are "pals";
  All you'd call "outsiders"
Still, in spite of all our fuss,
Each as good as two of us.

How can we, the public schools,
  Mend our scheme of education?
If the officers are fools,
  What about the nation?
If the army gets the best,
Brothers, what about the rest?

Let us drop our silly pride,
  Drop our airs, and change our graces,
Learn to shoot, and learn to ride,
  Learn our proper places.
Games may suffer: what's the odds?
We must worship other gods.

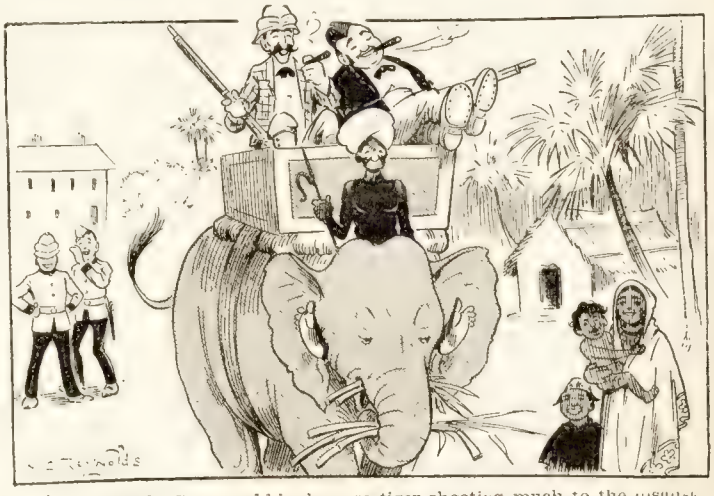
Little brother, fix your eyes:
  Mind your books and learn to labour;
Never in your heart despise
  Enemy or neighbour.
So shall you be reckoned then
No mean city's citizen.

W. D. E.

A LETTER FROM CHILE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

DEAR OLD FAG,—I believe you would be interested to learn how the members of your crew residing in Chile get along on the voyage from the cradle to the grave. Well, when a youngster is old enough, he is surrendered to the tender (?) mercies of a Chilean nurse, who walks him out daily. This goes on until he is about five years of age, when he generally has a governess to teach him how to read, write, spell, and to do the first four rules of arithmetic; after which he is sent to school. Now, dear "Old Fag," you will prick up your ears and say, "Dear me! I wonder what kind of schools those are." Just read on, and you will know. There are several schools in Valparaiso; but not two alike. I will not talk about the native schools, as none of your crew go there; but about the English schools I will say a few words. Only one English school in the whole of the Republic of Chile is conducted on a purely English basis, and that one is in the town of Concepcion. The routine, tuition, and, in fact, the whole thing, is run in the same style as a certain public school in England, at which the head-master spent some years of his life. No Chilean boys are received in this college, and the English language alone is used during the day—at meals, at play, and at work. The other English schools are a mixture of English and Chilean customs. So much for schools.

When a boy has reached the age of sixteen he is placed in a merchant's office as junior clerk, on $30.00 (about £2) a month, and if he works hard and saves his money he may be able to purchase a share in the business by the time he is thirty-five or forty years of age. However, these cases are few and far between, most clerks saving enough money to pay their passage somewhere else and clearing out. In some cases, when a boy has been about two or three years in a school here, his parents send him to England to finish his education there; and then they generally come back here and work in an office for four or five years, and then move on to some other country. Several of our great public schools and universities are represented in Valparaiso, as well as some of the best-known colleges of the United Kingdom. Here is a list, as far as I can make one out. Eton, Rugby, Cheltenham, Dulwich, Clifton, Marlborough, Queen's College (Liverpool), Bedford, Blairlodge, Rugby, and Winchester. Universities: Oxford, Cambridge, and Liverpool; also Trinity (Dublin). So you see we are not such an ignorant community as some people imagine.



(1) Captain Curry and his chum go tiger shooting, much to the disgust of the mahout, who doesn't like these jaunts, as they never shoot anything, and he gets more kicks than tips.

(2) This journey, to their astonishment, a tiger appears from an unexpected quarter — the shikarees courteously leave him in undisputed possession of the elephant's back.

Hoping my countrymen in England enjoy THE CAPTAIN as much as their Chilean backers up, believe me, my dear "Old Fag," very faithfully yours, signed for all hands in Chile,

BO'S'UN'S MATE.

P.S. — The crew in Chile are anxious to know if there is any Mrs. O. F. yet, as they are thinking of sending a wedding present, and, as you know, in polite society the gift always goes to the lady, as well as the invitation to lunch, dinner, etc.

[*Greetings to the Crew in Chile! There is no Mrs. O.F. yet. Will let you all know when there is one. Slong.—O. F.*]

(3) The tiger settles down to enjoy the ride; but the elephant knows something, and makes for the river.

Peculiarities of English Weights and Measures.

WE sell pickled cod by the barrel, trawled cod at so much each, hooked cod by the score, crimped cod by the pound, shrimps by the stone, soles by the pair, Dutch smelts by the basket, and English smelts by the hundred. Butter in Ireland is sold by the cask and the firkin; in England by the pound of 16ozs., by the roll of 24ozs., the stone and the hundredweight—which is not 100lbs. as in Canada and the United States, but 112lbs. A load of straw is 1,296lbs.; of old hay 2,016lbs.; and of new hay 2,160lbs., though it is not specified when hay becomes old. A firkin of butter is 56lbs., a firkin of soap 64lbs., and a firkin of raisins 112lbs. A hogshead of beer is 54 gallons, but a hogshead of wine is 63 gallons. A pipe of Marsala is 93 gallons, of Madeira 92 gallons, of Bucellas 117 gallons, of port 103 gallons, and of Teneriffe 100 gallons. A stone weight of a living man is 14lbs., but a stone weight of a dead ox is 8lbs., a stone of cheese is 16lbs., of glass 5lbs., of iron 14lbs., of hemp 32lbs., of flax at Belfast 16¾lbs., and at Downpatrick 24lbs.; of wool sold by growers 14lbs., sold by wool-staplers 14lbs., sold to each other 15lbs., while a hundredweight of pork is 8lbs. heavier at Belfast than it is at Cork—another injustice to Ireland. A barrel of beef is 200lbs., butter 224lbs., flour 196lbs., gunpowder 100lbs., soft-soap 256lbs., beer 36 gallons, tar 26¼ gallons; while a barrel of herrings is 500 fish.

W. NETTLETON.

A Profitable Hobby.

WITH the arrival of the new year, our thoughts naturally turn to the subject of self-improvement. To use the common expression, we decide to "turn over a new leaf," and consider in what way we can best turn our spare time to account.

To all readers of THE CAPTAIN who have such a desire, I would venture to suggest that they might do worse than commence the study of shorthand. If due attention is given to it, it will prove to

(4) And when he gets into deep water, Mr. Elephant sits down, and the tiger remembers he has an engagement elsewhere. But the brave Captain Curry and his chum recover from their fright—and, for once, hit something.

be a very profitable hobby, and also a fascinating one.

As to the choice of a system, this will not require much consideration. Pitman's is so far ahead of its rivals that the adoption of phonography may be taken as a matter of course. The text-books selected should be "Pitman's Instructor," Parts 1 and 2—not the "Manual," as recommended in THE CAPTAIN some months ago. The latter book has been superseded by the former.

When the "Instructor" has been mastered, the student will pass on to the "Phonographic Reporter," which he will find to be the most interesting of the series.

Learners who live in localities where there are no classes, would be well advised to join one of the many correspondence classes, choosing for preference one of the less ambitious and widely-advertised ones. He will there obtain better individual instruction.

ERNEST A. TAYLOR.

The Nicknames of some Scottish Towns.

MANY towns, by reason of some peculiarity about them, have acquired pet-names or nicknames. There are several such towns in Scotland, a few of which, with their *sobriquets*, are herewith given.

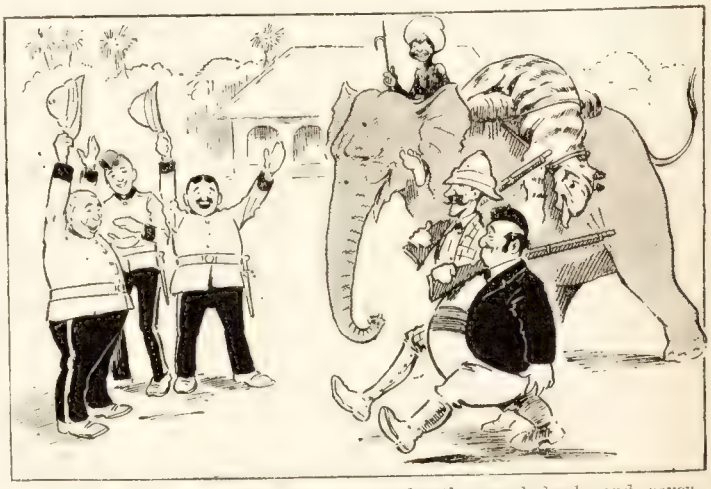
Beginning with the capital, we find that it is almost as well known by the names of "Auld Reekie," "Modern Athens," or the "Athens of the North," as by that of Edinburgh. Glasgow is very often referred to as "St. Mungo" (the patron saint of the city), the "Second City of the Empire," and "Smokeopolis." The neighbouring town of Paisley rejoices in the harmonious name of "Seestu"; Greenock is frequently called "Sugaropolis"; and Dundee is not unknown to fame as "Juteopolis." Aberdeen has been christened "Bon Accord," and the "Granite City"; Perth is known as the "Fair City"; and St. Andrews is poetically styled the "City by the Sea." Ayr is the "Auld Toon"; Kirkcaldy is the "Lang Toon"; and Dumfries is the "Queen of the South." Kirriemuir, no doubt, is proud of being called "Thrums"; and Oban and Rothesay must feel themselves highly honoured in being dubbed the "Charing Cross of the Highlands" and the "Montpelier of Scotland" respectively.

JOHN B. EDGAR.

How to Make a Photographic Work-table and Cupboard combined.

THE following will, I hope, prove useful to those readers of THE CAPTAIN, being amateur photographers, who do not possess a sink and a working-slab in their dark room, and have to be content with two pails and a jug. Get a large packing-case, costing about 1s., and saw off the battens at the bottom, so as to make it stand level. Having done this, take off one of the sides, and cut it into as many shelves as you want inside this box, taking care to measure the length of the inside of the box and also noting how broad you wish your shelves to be. Fit these shelves up inside the box with iron rests, which can be bought at any local ironmonger's, having previously planed them to make them smooth for your dishes, etc., to rest on; and, having done this, plane the whole box over, after which it will be ready for use. Your bottles, dishes, etc., are kept inside while you are not working, and the top is used for a table to develop, etc., on. The box may be painted, if one chooses, but it is hardly worth doing so, as most photographic chemicals stain whatever they are spilt on very badly. The reader will thus, I hope, find a convenient receptacle to keep his things in, and at the same time a convenient table on which to develop, etc.

R. B. LANGNER.



(5) With the result that they triumphantly march back—and cover themselves with undying glory.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret. The Commander-in-Chief then forges a letter in the rescued man's handwriting, in which, supposing himself about to be drowned, he bids farewell to King Waterbottle. Placing the letter in a bottle, the Commander-in-Chief deposits the bottle on the beach. In the morning it is discovered there by the islanders, who loudly mourn the death of the King's brother. That night the Chancellor drugs the King and his brother, and changes them about, laying Augustus Waterbottle (the brother) in the King's bed, and hiding the King in a cellar. On the following morning Hag Haggety and Buzzie restore the occupant of the King's bed to consciousness by pouring boiling hot coffee down his throat—and discover, by the colour of his eyes, that he is an impostor. Buzzie faints away on discovering that the man is not her betrothed. The Chancellor, calling at the palace, informs Augustus Waterbottle that his brother (the King) is dead, and that he (Augustus) is now to reign over Kingland. Then he goes home, opens the trap-door of the cellar, and exults over his captive.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHANCELLOR STOPS CHUCKLING.

Now when Hag Haggety, having rendered the Army helpless by peppering them with snuff, made good her escape by the front door of the palace, she did not fly to the house of a distant friend, or to a cave on the shore, or to any other safe refuge. No; she merely crept softly round the palace until she reached the window of the King's bed-room, where Augustus Waterbottle lay sound asleep. The window was not quite shut, and Hag knew that the Chancellor would shortly be coming in to interview the occupant of the bed. This conversation it was her object to overhear. She knew that there was villainy in the air, and guessed that the real King Waterbottle had been made away with by the Chancellor. The question was—where was Waterbottle?

She would wait—and find out. Hag smiled craftily. She would be one too many for the Chancellor yet!

Presently, brushing the snuff off his whiskers, the Chancellor entered the royal bed-room, and Hag drank in every word that was spoken. When the Chancellor left the palace Hag trotted cautiously after him, slipped into his house behind him, and stood in the passage while he opened the trap-door. When he lay down to peer at his prisoner Hag slid into the kitchen, and when the Chancellor uttered his first taunt Hag was standing only a few yards from his feet.

Waterbottle answered never a word; his attitude irritated the Chancellor.

"Sulky, eh?" growled the Chancellor. "It's a sulky bird, is it? What will the bird say when I tell him that I won't give him a bit more seed—that I am going to let him *starve* to death? Now then, will that make the bird any chirpier?"

"Do your worst, you old villain!" groaned

the King. "You've got the whip hand of me now, so you may as well do your worst."

"I intend to," returned the Chancellor. "I am going to let you die by inches, my dear!"

"*Are you?*"

Two long, sinewy, skinny hands were suddenly placed round the Chancellor's fat throat; eight lean fingers were pressed against his windpipe. He choked, struggled, made frantic efforts to escape! No good! The skinny hands hung doggedly on to his neck, and a voice said:—

"Now, King, catch him!"

Waterbottle was on his legs in a second. The Chancellor fought like a demon, but already his face was almost black. The eight fingers were like eight thin lengths of murderous steel.

The Chancellor found that he was being pushed over the edge. He tried to cry out, but the fingers fastened yet more closely about his throat. In those few awful seconds he went through all the agonies of death by strangulation.

At last—at last—the pressure was relaxed, the Chancellor was given a violent tilt forwards, and fell through the trap. As he descended he clutched wildly at Waterbottle, and the two came to the ground together. The Chancellor, for all his years, had a good deal of fight still left in him, and this the King realized as they rolled over and over in the straw, swung up against the damp and slimy walls, crashed into the wooden seat, smashed the loaf flat, and knocked over the stone jug which was standing near the bread.

Waterbottle was weak after his drugging, and he was beginning to lose heart, when Hag, observing the fray from above, gave him a hint.

"Brain him—hit him with the jug!"

This was a hint to the Chancellor, too, although she did not intend it for his use. He grabbed at the jug, and got his fingers on the spout; but Waterbottle simultaneously seized the handle, and wrenched the ewer from the other. Then, whirling it high above his head, he brought it down on the Chancellor's fat pate, and the Chancellor fell back insensible.

"By George, that was 'ot work!" said Waterbottle, as he rose to his feet. "The old chap very near did for me, Mrs. Haggety."

"Quick!" cried Hag. "Here's a rope; I've put the other end round the door-handle. Climb up as fast as you can."

In a few seconds Waterbottle was standing in the Chancellor's kitchen—a free man.

Hag let down the trap-door. It fell into its place with a rasping thud which roared hoarsely through the building.

"We've got him!" cried Hag, with a grim laugh of triumph. "Caught in his own snare!"

"And now what?" asked Waterbottle.

"To the palace!" cried Hag. "I left your sweetheart there——"

"With whom?" shouted Waterbottle, grasping her by the shoulder, and staring into her lined old face.

"Without a friend," replied Hag, and the words were hardly out of her mouth when Waterbottle dashed out of the Chancellor's house, raced down the main thoroughfare like one demented, and bounded into his palace to find—his own brother standing guard, in the most affectionate manner imaginable, over his sweetheart!

Waterbottle could hardly believe his eyes. Buzzie flew to him, and he put his arm protectingly round her waist, but all the time his gaze was fixed on the man he had supposed to have been drowned.

"Can it be—*Augustus!*"

"Why, it's—*Jack!*"

Without further parley or questioning the brothers warmly clasped hands; the Army, open-eyed and open-mouthed, surveying the royal twins in utter astonishment. What juggling was this? Of these two men, as like as two peas, which was the King of Kingland?

Jack Waterbottle—the lately released King—observed the Army's attitude, and rightly considered that this was a favourable opportunity to strike a decisive blow.

Leaving Buzzie with his brother, he advanced up the entrance hall. It was evident that the Commander-in-Chief was as thunderstruck as his men—but for a very different reason. A guilty pallor spread over his face. Major So-So, too, had lost his usually ruddy appearance.

"Now, my men," said Waterbottle, "I want to have a short, straight talk with you. It's about time we came to terms, as I mean to be boss of this island."

The Army looked at the Commander-in-Chief and then at the King; then their eyes strayed back to the Commander-in-Chief. They were evidently hesitating as to which man they were to take orders from. The Commander-in-Chief plainly saw that if he was to assert his authority, it must be now or never. The moment had come.

"Army!" he bellowed, "*Attention!*"

"Army!" cried the King, in a still louder tone, "*Stand at ease!*"

At the first word of command the Army instinctively obeyed their chief; at the second they looked at each other. A feather could turn the scale now . . .

"Stand at ease!" roared Waterbottle.

And now one of the Army spoke.

"This isn't good enough for me," muttered Corporal Job Jones. "I'm for the King!"

And he stood at ease. Like one man the others followed his example. Waterbottle had won the day.

"The Lord Chancellor shall be informed of your mutinous conduct!" furiously exclaimed the Commander-in-Chief, making as if he would leave the palace. But Waterbottle caught him by the nape of the neck and thrust him back.

"Wait a bit," he said; "it's no good your going to find the Chancellor. He is my prisoner. You have been the Chancellor's confederate throughout this bad business. Make a clean breast of the whole story and you shall go free; continue to defy me, and you shall join the Chancellor."

The Commander-in-Chief saw that the game was up. So, without more ado, he told the tale of the plot: how that the Chancellor and he had conspired to hide Waterbottle away, and put his brother on the throne; how the Chancellor had falsely informed each Waterbottle that the other was dead; how Augustus Waterbottle had been saved from the wreck and conveyed to the Chancellor's house; how the brothers had been drugged and exchanged; and how—but there he stopped.

"I do not know," he faltered, "how your Majesty escaped from the dungeon."

"Why," cried Hag Haggety, who had entered the palace unobserved during the Commander-in-Chief's confession, "*I* can tell you all about that. *I* caught the wicked old Chancellor looking down into the dungeon, and calling the poor King names. So I tipped him over, and now *he's* the caged bird—ha! ha! I did it—I—Hag Haggety!"

"Long live Hag Haggety!" cried the Army, quite forgetting the snuff.

"Yes, that's all very well," scornfully responded the old woman, "but I can do without compliments from such as you."

And now Augustus Waterbottle thought it was high time he said a word.

"It seems, good people," he observed, assuming his fashionable accent, "that the Lord—ah—Chancellor is an old *wascal*. He actually *cwied* when he told me my little bwother was dwowned. Personally, I have no wish to be King of this island, so I will go back to England by the next ship that calls. Though it is twue I have—ah—been asleep during the gweater part of my visit, I shall—ah—always have kindly wecollections of—ah—Kingland. I—ah—I think—ah—my little bwother is the—ah—the wight man in the *wight* place. I have—ah—no desire to depwive him of his thwone. I—ah—thank you all vewy much for—well, I don't know that I have much to thank you for, but it is—ah—usual on these occasions, to—ah—to pwopose a toast of some sort, and so I give you 'King Waterbottle,'

'WAVE, BUZZIE, WAVE!"

coupled with the—ah—name—whatever that may be—of the young lady who has gwaciously consented to be his wife."

"Long live King Waterbottle, coupled with the name—whatever that may be—of the young lady who has graciously consented to be his wife!" cried the Army, as if they were saying something after "teacher" in a schoolroom. "Hurrah!" they concluded casually; "hip—hip—hurrah!"

As the Army's feeble cheer echoed mildly

through the palace, the cabman, who had been imprisoned at the barracks, but had subsequently escaped, burst into the entrance-hall.

"A ship!" he cried. "A ship's in sight—a big ship! Plenty for everybody when she's wrecked! New potatoes and heaps of jam, most likely! Come on!"

Instantly the Army, the Commander-in-Chief, Major So-So, and Hag Haggety dashed out of the palace. Food, clothes, and furniture were badly wanted by the Kinglanders, and here was promise of much good wreckage.

"What an extwaordinawy place this is!" quoth Augustus Waterbottle, and himself went out to watch events.

"Buzzie," exclaimed the King, "it may be that this ship has picked up my bottle with the message in it. Run and collect all your things, and meet me on the top of the cliff, so that we can see what sort of a ship it is. Quick—bring all you have, dear, and I will get my things together, too."

Half an hour later Waterbottle and his sweetheart met on the top of the cliff. Here they made two little heaps of their possessions, and then the King gazed eagerly at the approaching vessel.

"It is!" he cried; "it is an English gentleman-of-war. Look at the great guns! It has got my message! Wave, Buzzie, wave!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE GENTLEMAN-OF-WAR.

KINGLAND, I should tell you, was in lat. 45° 37′ 15″ and long. 24° 53′ 18″, or, in other words, south-west by south of that famous solitary peak, Tristan d'Acunha.

Unbeknown to the simple inhabitants, the island was of peculiar volcanic structure, and therefore liable to suffer severe geographical alterations, as has been proved by the sudden vanishing of some of the smaller islands in the southern archipelagoes.

The warship which Waterbottle gazed upon had not, as he imagined, picked up his bottle-encased message. She was in the southern seas merely on a voyage of survey and deep-sea soundings. Much to the surprise of the navigating officer, land had been reported on the starboard bow. Kingland not being marked on any chart, its sudden appearance on this landless sea not only caused wonder among the officers but unbounded satisfaction 'tween decks, for the sailors immediately had visions of cocoanuts and bread-fruit almost for the asking.

Watched with curious eyes by the King landers, the big vessel cautiously approached within 300yds. of the shore, feeling her way by the lead, and, letting drop her anchor, lowered a boat. The astonishment of those who manned it on being received by people of their own colour and speaking their own tongue, may well be imagined.

In the boat, apart from the crew and the officer in charge, was the well-known geologist, Dr. Carx, who was just now employed by the Admiralty to report on the geological structure of islands and the sea-bed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the savant. "This beats all our previous experiences. Look at the old fellow in the opera-hat and dress-suit, and the young lady in the ball-dress! Where can they have obtained these articles?"

The middy was equally taken aback, but it was his duty to interview the islanders, and so he assumed his best strut, and made his voice sound as large as possible as he inquired:—

"Who is the person in authority here?"

"I am, sir, if you please," said Waterbottle, touching his crown as he stepped forward.

The middy afterwards informed his messmates that he very nearly burst when "the chap in the crown" introduced himself.

However, at the actual time he merely responded, with due dignity:—

"I—ah—wish to purchase water and provisions from you. I am an officer of Her Majesty's ship *Sniper*. Will you barter?"

"Certainly, sir," replied poor Waterbottle, not knowing what else to say.

"My men," added the midshipman, "will pay you fairly for what they want. They will not be harmed by your people, I trust?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Waterbottle; "they will be quite safe. Mrs. Haggety," he added, turning to his housekeeper, "will you supply these gentlemen with everything they require? Now, sir, can I, personally, be of any use to you?"

"I should like to examine part of the island, if you can spare the time to conduct me," put in Dr. Carx; "ah—I am—ah—a geologist."

"Quite so, sir," said Waterbottle, who thought that would be a pretty safe thing to say.

So the surveying party started, Waterbottle walking with Dr. Carx, and the middy with Buzzie. And, from the way Buzzie giggled, it struck Waterbottle that the young gentleman with the sword and saucy 'at must be talking very funny.

Dr. Carx examined certain parts of the island with all the enthusiasm and knowledge that an expert was likely to exhibit on such an occasion.

At length the party returned to the place where the boat had been pulled up on the beach.

"Well," said the famous geologist, peering at Waterbottle through his blue spectacles, "you may consider yourselves fortunate in being discovered by us. It is by no means improbable, sir——"

"Er—if you don't mind," interrupted Waterbottle, "they generally calls me 'your Majesty,' saving your presence, gentlemen."

The middy grinned and winked at the scientist, who, entering into the joke, looked gravely at their guide and said: "It is fortunate, your Majesty, that we discovered you, for there is every possibility of your kingdom disappearing altogether, just as suddenly as, years ago, it appeared."

Dr. Carx; "anyhow, in view of my discovery, I shall advise our captain to take off as many of your people as are willing to accompany us. We might drop you at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban, and no doubt you will get something to do. Collect your subjects," he concluded, "and tell them what I say."

After this the middy and Dr. Carx, with the boat's crew, returned to the ship, while Waterbottle proceeded to pass on to his people the information he had received. It must be remembered that, although Kingland was an island as big as Yorkshire, the inhabitants all lived in one town. So it was quite easy for Waterbottle to speak to his subjects. They having all assembled, he spoke as follows:—

"'Ere! It isn't a time for jaw. Get all your

COLLECTED THEIR BELONGINGS AND TROOPED DOWN TO THE SHORE.

"Did it really, sir?" exclaimed Waterbottle, open-mouthed.

"It did. If your Majesty will please understand, this little island of yours is merely the tip, or peak, of an exceedingly high mountain; the water round about your dominion is just about 2,000 fathoms deep, which, your Majesty will understand, is 12,000ft. The top of your kingdom is gradually wasting away, and is liable at any time to sink beneath the level of the ocean!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Waterbottle. "Fancy we living here all this time and not knowing that!"

"Perhaps it was as well you didn't," returned

traps together as quick as you can and go down to the beach. As likely as not this very night Kingland will be swallowed up by the waves, the old gentleman says."

Such was King Waterbottle's last speech to his subjects. They didn't wait for any more. Like one man they ran to their houses, collected their belongings, and trooped down to the shore to wait for the boats which the *Sniper* was sending for them. They quaked and trembled as they waited, for they expected every moment that Kingland would go off with a bang.

At the last moment Hag Haggety bethought herself of the Lord Chancellor. At first she

was inclined to let him stay in the cellar; but gentler thoughts prevailed, and, having seen him open the trap-door with a crowbar, she was now able to release him from durance vile.

As the old man with her assistance climbed into the kitchen, King Waterbottle rushed in.

"Quick! The last boat's waiting to take you off. Quick!"

"Come!" cried Hag Haggety, seizing the Lord Chancellor's arm. "The last boat! We shall only just be in time!"

And she dragged the old scoundrel down to the beach.

When they had gone Waterbottle gave a low whistle, and promptly Dr. Carx, the geologist, stepped out of the Chancellor's sitting-room.

"It's here, sir," said Waterbottle, "that the Chancellor used to store all the round pieces of gold that you call sovereigns. The islanders used to give them to him when they found them on the shore, as he said they weren't of any value. They're in this cellar."

The help of some sailors was enlisted, and the wealth that the Chancellor had amassed was conveyed to the ship. Then, all the Kinglanders having got aboard, the *Sniper* steamed away from Kingland. On the following day the Chancellor's hoard was divided among the islanders, yielding each a handsome sum of money, the use of which was carefully explained to them by the sailors.

I might tell you many more things concerning the adventures of King Waterbottle, of his brother Augustus, of his sweetheart Buzzie, of the Lord Chancellor, of the Commander-in-Chief, of Major So-So, of Hag Haggety, of the cabman, and of the Army—but I will not. One little talk, and I have done.

The moon was silvering the great warship with her gentle light. Most of the islanders were asleep; Buzzie and Waterbottle, however, still lingered on deck.

"To-morrow, dearest," whispered Waterbottle, "we reach land and a town. There we can get a ship to England. Augustus says he will go with us and help us to settle down. He will be a hairdresser again at Hoxford, and I, he says, can get a place as a waiter in one of the hotels. And we will have a little 'ouse and a little garden, and Augustus says that when we go for walks we shall see tinned meat alive—growing, you know; and potted chicken walking about with feathers on; and preserved pears hanging on trees; and ox-tongues inside oxen's mouths; and we needn't have anything out of tins any more. Won't it be a change, dear?"

"Yes," said Buzzie, "everything will be quite fresh. And you're not sorry you'll never be a king again?"

"No," said Waterbottle. "I'm going to put an end to all that. Wait here a minute."

He hastened down to his cabin, and returned bearing something wrapped up in white tissue paper.

It was his crown. "No more king for me," said Waterbottle. "Look!"

And he dropped his crown into the sea.

THE END.

THE POOL OF LONDON

IN A BEAR'S DEN

By David Ker

Sketches by J. Littler.

A REAL Swiss fair in full swing in the old town of Berne; a line of waggons, light carts, and pack-horses, drawn up along all four sides of the quaint little market-place; round-faced, sun-burned children, devouring with their eyes—and sometimes with their mouths, too—the piled-up cakes and sweetmeats on the surrounding stalls; peak-faced old women, chirping out shrill greetings to their gossips in the crowd; big, sturdy Alpine herdsmen, staring wonderingly at the glittering shop windows around them; rosy country lasses, all ablaze with gay ribbons, retorting pretty smartly the rough-hewn "chaff" flung at them by the stalwart peasant lads, who kept passing and re-passing; while ever and anon broke through the Babel of tongues the sonorous tones of a voluble pedlar, advertising his wares at the top of his voice, and the crack of a rifle from the meadow just outside the town gate, where a dozen local marksmen were competing for a prize.

The fair was at its height when a band of frolicsome lads from the town went hurrying up the steep stair leading up to the battlements of the old rampart, to have a peep—as they were never tired of doing—down into the deep, circular, stone-paved "pit," in which lived "the bear of Berne"; a huge brown, shaggy beast, which—the bear being the traditional badge of the canton—was regarded with great reverence by every Bernese Swiss, and over-fed by its admirers on every fair-day and festival to such an extent that it was wonderful how even a bear's digestion could stand it.

But, after a time, finding bruin getting drowsy, and more disposed to sleep than to make sport for them, the young roisterers began

to indulge in a little horse-play among themselves, and to compete with one another in feats of strength and agility.

Foremost in these was a tall, sturdy, fair-haired young man, Rudolf Kuhn by name, who, being a noted athlete, was a little too apt to give himself airs among his comrades, and to crow over such as happened to be less strong and hardy than himself.

On the present occasion, as if bent upon doing something to amaze his admiring companions, the young swaggerer sprang up on the parapet of the rampart, and ran along it for some distance—a very rash and perilous achievement, for the depth below, down which one false step would have plunged him headlong, was upwards of 100ft.

"There! Dare any of you do that?" cried he boastfully, as he leaped down again. "Have *you* a mind to try it, Master Sobersides?"

A loud laugh arose at the expense of the person addressed, a quiet-looking lad, about Rudolf Kuhn's own age, whom Kuhn and his admirers appeared to treat with a contempt which was hardly warranted, for Gottfried Tapfer's sinewy frame showed as little want of strength as his firm, resolute face betokened lack of courage.

"Not I," answered Gottfried, with unruffled composure.

"Why not? Are you *afraid*, then?" asked Rudolf jeeringly.

"Aye, very much afraid of showing myself a fool, as I should certainly do, were I to risk my life for the sake of a silly brag!"

The laugh was now turned against the swaggerer himself, and Rudolf—who, like most men who are fond of bantering other people, always took very ill any joke against himself—flushed angrily and clenched his formidable fists as if about to give some *striking* proof of his displeasure.

But just at that moment the quarrel was interrupted by a wild scream of agony from the direction of the *bear-pit*, instantly answered by a score of deep voices with cries of dismay.

In a twinkling the whole group of brawling lads were flying at full speed toward the scene of action, where a very startling spectacle awaited them.

Among the crowd of gazers which, on every holiday, thronged around the stout wooden palisade that guarded the brink of the bear-pit, was a stout, ruddy peasant woman, with an infant in her arms. Wishing to amuse her child with a peep at the slumbering monster, the mother held it over the palisade, and, in its delight at catching sight of the bear, the poor little creature gave a sudden leap, sprang clean out of its mother's protecting arms, and fell headlong down into the monster's den!

Had it alighted on the hard stone pavement it would have been killed there and then; but, even as it was, the huge heap of straw that had broken its fall seemed to have saved it from instant destruction only to reserve the poor child for a far more frightful doom, as soon as the sleeping monster should awake.

The confusion that instantly ensued was indescribable. Some shouted for a rope; but there was none at hand. Some cried to shoot the bear; but the nearest gun was on the rifle range, beyond the town gate, a mile away. In short, while calling to each other to do this and that, it seemed more than probable that they would end by doing nothing at all.

But, all at once, the jostling, clamouring crowd parted like water before a ship's bow, and a man, bursting through it, was seen to whisk himself up over the railing and drop down into the fatal pit.

"Who is it?"

"Gottfried Tapfer."

"God help him!"

And well might they say so; for, at that very moment the scores of watching eyes around the den saw, with a thrill of unspeakable horror, that the bear was beginning to stir!

The baby's light fall, dulled by the heap of straw, had not sufficed to disturb the slumbering monster; but when the young man dropped down, he alighted upon the stone pavement, and the clatter of his heavy wooden shoes on it roused the fierce brute effectually.

It raised its head, and stared stupidly around it for an instant, and then, at sight of the prey that was so near it, its small, narrow, piggish eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam of cruel joy. Then up it got upon its short, thick, pillar-like legs, and shambled clumsily forward, its huge, shaggy head moving restlessly from side to side; its frothy tongue lolling out hungrily from its gaping jaws; its red eyes glowing like live coals—a perfect picture of brute strength and unreasoning ferocity.

But the bold and active young Swiss was not to be so easily caught. He had already snatched up the fallen child; and, as the bear made at him, open-mouthed, he darted toward the only available place of refuge.

In the centre of the pit had been set the trunk of a pine tree, the boughs of which, lopped off within a foot of the stem, formed a kind of rude step-ladder, up and down which the bear was wont to scramble, to the great delight of his numerous visitors. Up this tree the active lad scrambled nimbly, aiding his ascent with one hand, while holding fast the

child with the other, and in a trice he had reached the highest point.

Even now, however, the young hero's escape seemed not a whit less hopeless than before; and all that he had achieved could do no more than delay for a few moments the hideous fate to which he appeared inevitably doomed.

But just then the course of this weird melodrama took a new and unexpected turn.

A second man came bursting through the crowd, and, clambering over the pal ings, took his stand upon the narrow stone coping within, on the very brink of the pit; and, in this prompt assistant the amazed lookers-on recognized the hot-headed, swaggering Rudolf Kuhn himself.

Meanwhile Kuhn — who, beneath all his childish bluster, had the heart of a *man*— bent forward and held out both hands toward Gottfried Tapfer, while a comrade outside the railing clutched him firmly by the collar.

"Throw me the child, lad!" cried he, cheerily. "I'll catch it, never fear; and then you'll have both hands free to grip a pole that we're going to pass over to you directly."

In fact, Rudolf, with a coolness and presence of mind for which no one would have given him credit, had already sent off three or four of his comrades to cut or break away a small flagstaff, which stood upon a projecting angle of the rampart, at no great distance; and the good fellows were now working away at it as if for their lives.

IN A TRICE HE HAD REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT.

Gottfried tossed the tiny living bundle into Kuhn's outstretched hands, steadying himself carefully against the pine-stem behind him as he did so. Rudolf caught it dexterously, and in a moment half-a-dozen eager hands were passing on the child to its distracted mother, who could

hardly believe, even then, that her darling was really saved.

But what of its deliverer?

What, indeed! To all appearance, *his* fate was now certain; for the bear had by this time reached the foot of the tree on which he was perched, and reared up against it with a savage growl, as if just about to clamber up and attack him.

But the courageous Swiss had no mind to yield tamely to his fate, without at least an attempt at resistance; and, snatching off one of his heavy wooden shoes, he flung it down with all his might at the advancing monster, hitting it full on the snout.

Furious at the pain of so severe a blow on its tenderest point, the brute uttered a fierce snort of rage, and, pouncing upon the offending shoe, crushed it to splinters with one snap of its mighty jaws, with a horrible grinding crash that made the blood of the bystanders run cold, as they thought that, in a few moments more, those cruel fangs would be crunching in like manner the limbs of the gallant young fellow who had sacrificed himself to save a helpless child!

In a moment more, the ferocious beast was clambering upward!

But Rudolf Kuhn's hint about the pole had not been lost upon Gottfried, who needed no one to tell him the priceless value of every instant gained in this match against time with death. Taking off his other shoe, he hurled it right at the bear's uplifted face, with the whole might of his sinewy arm.

The hard wood struck the monster full on the head, with a thump which echoed all round the den. But the thick fell of shaggy brown hair that covered the brute's huge flat skull was a very effectual protection; and the blow, so far from stunning or disabling it, served only to rouse it to double fury.

Just then a dull crash, some distance away, told that the flag-staff had yielded to the efforts of those who were attempting to break it off, two of whom came racing like madmen along the rampart, carrying between them the pole that was to save Gottfried Tapfer's life. But, prompt and zealous though they were, their assistance came too late.

The bear had already reached his prey, and the doomed man felt its hot, foul breath steam up into his face from the terrible jaws that were gaping to devour him. Driven to desperation, Gottfried drew himself together like a wild cat about to spring, and, commending his soul to God, launched himself into the empty air!

It was a desperate leap, and a quick gasp of terror broke from every man who saw it.

The bound, made with all the energy of one who knew that his life hung upon it, carried him clear over the intervening space on to the stone ledge within the palisade. But the force with which he came against the railing threw him backward. He strove in vain, for one instant, to make good his footing on the narrow, slippery ledge—and then toppled over toward the fatal pit!

The shuddering lookers-on turned away their faces; but, just when all seemed over, Rudolf Kuhn (who had kept his place on the inner ledge, in readiness to thrust out the pole when it came) sprang forward and clutched the falling man by the arm with one hand, while clinging tightly to the railing with the other.

Gottfried was saved, and, a few moments later, the two young heroes were standing unharmed outside the palisade,* amid the shouts and even tears of the excited throng—for, in the strong reaction of that supreme moment, not a few of these rough, hardy fellows broke down and sobbed like children.

"Give me your hand, comrade, and forgive me for the foolish words that I spoke just now," cried Rudolf Kuhn heartily, as he seized in a cordial grasp the hand of the very man whom he had been taunting as a coward only a few minutes before. "You are the bravest man of us all—and let me just hear anyone dare to say that you are not!"

But there was no need of this implied championship; for, from that day forth, the quiet Gottfried Tapfer was the hero of his native town of Berne.

* This bear-pit still exists, and I myself saw it the last time I passed through Berne.—D. K.

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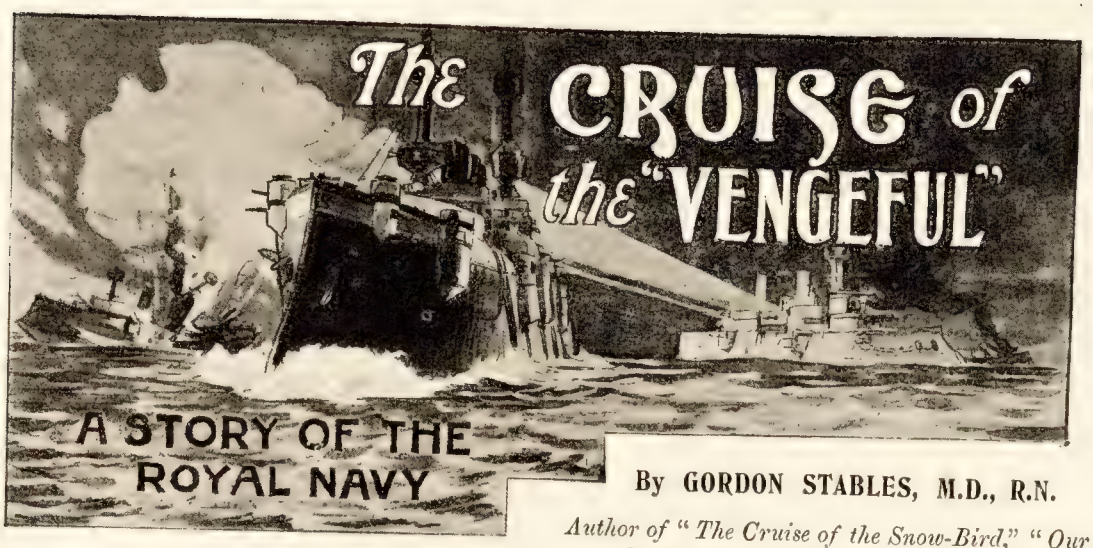


By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—XX.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Cronjé*. She sinks the *Cronjé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase. They put in at Johanna to coal and repair, and the *Majuba* is re-christened, becoming H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*. While there, Commander Capel receives terrible news from the Admiralty—England has been invaded by France and Russia! He sends a deputation to the Sultan of Johanna to endeavour to secure the co-operation of his fast fleet of dhows. In this he is successful; and the two cruisers, with the torpedo destroyer *Tadpole*, put out to sea in search of the enemy. They reach Zanzibar, and Lieutenant Rawlings thinks of a plan to capture Louis mon Brave, who twice previously has eluded their vigilance. Disguised as Arabs, he and thirty of the *Vengeful's* crew steal out to sea in five dhows. They board and capture a Russian gunboat. Meanwhile the French spy returns to Johanna, sets free the French prisoners there, and attacks the British Consulate, which, after three days' resistance, is forced to surrender; its occupants are taken prisoners, but a rescue is effected by the crew of the *Vengeful*, the French spy's army being annihilated. After an unsuccessful attempt to blow the *Vengeful* sky-high, Louis mon Brave escapes with the stolen papers. The *Vengeful* and her consorts go after him immediately, and when eighty miles from Aden learn that the enemy's fleet sails south on the following day. After a council of war the British captains decide to await its coming and to give battle, to which end their submergible boat, *Sea-Dragon*, is lowered.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER THE WAVES IN THE "WARLOCK."

THE *Sea-Dragon*, or *Warlock*, was one of a class of submarine or submergible boats which had only recently been added to the British Royal Navy. There was a dozen in all of these built, but this was the only one that had as yet been commissioned for service in foreign lands. This terrible engine of warfare carried, as already stated, five torpedoes—just two more than she had been built for. Herein lay the danger; the space between decks was very limited indeed, and the slightest lurch of the boat might prove fatal. Everyone on board was supplied with what our Jacks called "breathing tackle." This was an apparatus worn like a mask, and by no means clumsy, and it not only generated oxygen gas, but destroyed the exhaled carbonic acid. There was an element of danger even in this, however, for if a mask were injured accidentally it could not be immediately repaired or replaced, and the wearer would run the risk of almost instant suffocation. The men knew this, yet they were calm and clear-brained. No excitement here. Every movement was methodical, even to the lifting of hand or foot.

For hours the *Warlock* rushed on along the surface of the water. Her power was electricity, and, saving the hissing of the seas she was dividing, not a sound was to be heard.

Almost on a level with Merridale's head was a tiny but immensely strong skylight of triple crystal, and through this he could catch glimpses of the starry heavens. As the time wore on he kept his eyes almost constantly riveted on this, in order to catch the first glimmer of the search-lights belonging to the enemy's fleet.

He did so at last, but it was far away and uncertain.

"Steady and calm now, men," he cried. "You are ready?"

"Ay, ay! Ready and fit, sir!"

Next moment the *Warlock* dived on an inclined plane, and the indicator told 25ft. below the surface.

"Ready, torpedo No. 1!"

"Ready we are!"

The speed was slackened now, for every ten minutes the glare of the flash-lights illumined the water above them.

Immediately after it had darkened, the boat rose till the little skylight conning tower, and that alone, was above water, and from this it was easy for Merridale to take his bearings.

He could now distinctly see the huge French flagship at anchor off the yellow flickering lights of Aden, and mark also the position of the next largest battleship, evidently Russian. Several others were farther away.

"Men," said Merridale, "let us breathe one short prayer, then—to our duty."

Just one minute!

And the time had come!

Merridale was bending forward, gazing intently from one to another of two indicators before him.

The *Warlock* was sinking. Down—down—down, till one dial indicated a sub-level of 50ft. Then he touched a button, and instantly a tiny click was heard, as a bolt no bigger than a bullet left the *Warlock*. It had a wire attached. Two or three seconds afterwards it was in touch with the battleship's keel, and the hand on indicator No. 2 pointed to the word "STRIKE."

"Fire!" cried Merridale.

He was trembling all over now, but his voice had no quaver in it.

The awful bolt of war immediately left the bows, and then the midshipman's middle finger struck the "reverse" button. The *Warlock* shook a little, that was all, but she was speeding away from danger "at the rate of knots."

Then the boat was violently agitated for the space of three minutes, and every soul on board of her knew and felt that the torpedo had struck home, and that of all the brave men on that great flagship few, if any, would be left to tell the tale of her destruction.

But this was no time for sentiment, and speedily now the *Warlock* was being steered for the Russian.

Merridale had quite recovered his spirits. Pity had moved him before. But there was not an atom of that in his heart as his little vessel tore onwards to the Russ. He felt as one feels who is slaying a deadly snake.

Success a second time, and another harvest of death!

The third torpedo missed fire.

The fourth sank a Russian cruiser.

The fifth hitched, and Merridale could do no more.

Meanwhile, onward through the star-shine sped the *Vengeful* and her consorts, she herself leading, the others at present in fore and aft line.

On and on, slowly but steadily, every man at his quarters, every soul exalted, every heart beating high for battle.

Not a light was shown.

Capel had indeed worked out his plans most magically, and so terrible was the commotion which Merridale had caused, and so great the hurry on board the four remaining ships to get up steam and clear off to sea, that the *Vengeful* was not even seen by flash-light until within a thousand yards of the doomed fleet.

Ah! doomed it was, indeed! Not a boat thereof must escape, for each and all of these cruisers had, doubtless, copies of the secrets and code of signals stolen by Louis mon Brave.

These secrets must die with them!

Two of the enemy's ships ran foul of each other, and in less than half an hour sank under the terrible fire of the *Vengeful*.

The *Ocean Prince* gave a good account of another, while the daring little *Tadpole* steamed close in shore under a tremendous cannonade from the forts, and sank the last remaining cruiser with a torpedo.

At daylight nothing remained of the enemy's fleet except the wreckage and *débris* that littered the waves.

But the forts had yet to be silenced. And this took all the morning.

Then the unequal contest was over.

It was breakfast time, and Merridale was back once more, receiving the thanks of his commander; and the cheers of his messmates as he entered the gun-room "clothed and in his right mind" were so genuinely hearty that there would be but little chance of this brave young British sailor ever forgetting them.

Under command of Merridale, Curtis, and Scott, the electric launches now landed a small army of bluejackets and marines, later in the forenoon, and, for once in a way, the tide of war took a very curious turn; for not only were the British prisoners set free, but the French and Russians were made to exchange places with them.

Men, women, and children—all our poor people—were in a terrible plight; many were dying, many were dead, and others, sad to say, had gone raving mad.

But there was joy on the *Vengeful* now, and on the *Ocean Prince* as well, for so far it seemed that our service secrets were safe.

There was a great dinner next evening on board the *Vengeful*, followed by an impromptu dance, for

many ladies had come off from the shore, and seemed to have quite forgotten their recent imprisonment. In fact, everybody appeared to be bent only on keeping up the fun and general jollity. Rawlings, it was noticed, retired early, and Capel, leaving Mr. Curtis as master of the ceremonies, went to his cabin and sent for Mr. Rawlings.

SANK UNDER THE TERRIBLE FIRE OF THE *VENGEFUL*.

"Come along, Rawlings," said the commander two minutes after, "and sit you down. I thought you'd like to speak to me."

"So I meant to, sir, as soon as the noisy crowd cleared off.

"What are you going to do?" he added, before Capel could speak.

"Do?"

"Yes. You know we're not safe while Louis lives or is at large. If I were Louis I'd defy you yet. He doesn't know we've spoiled his game."

"Is that what you say? Well?"

"If I were Louis I'd leave nothing to chance. He has kept copies of our code book, you may be well sure. He will soon shake himself clear of his dhow-fleet, in spite of ours, and sail for farther west. He will dodge around till he finds a French or Russian warship, and in her he himself will run the gauntlet, get through the Red Sea and the canal, and reach French shores.

The commander laughed.

"Who is to catch him, Rawlings?"

"By heaven, sir, *I* will! Trust me. No; I should say, try me. The game is worth the candle. Give me the *Tadpole*—give me Merridale and Dr. McDrift, for I'll be bound there will be some wounded about."

Next morning the saucy little *Tadpole* steamed south and away from Aden, and on her quarter-deck, not to mention other officers, were Mahmed himself, Merridale, Rawlings, and Scott.

The time flew on till the *Tadpole* was far across the line.

Mahmed was ever on watch, as before. He was as patient as the ship's cat, and had eyes like the eagle's.

It was he who first sighted the flying dhow, much to the joy of all hands. His own flying dhow it was.

What was the news? Ah, just the news that was wanted and longed for; for Louis mon Brave and his dhow-fleet had been scented and run down. They had gone to earth, if I may so phrase it, in the inner lake of the identical island on which the Russian crew of the *Plevna* had been marooned some months before, and the outlet was blockaded by Mahmed's dhow fleet.

Rawlings looked a little serious. Merridale laughed.

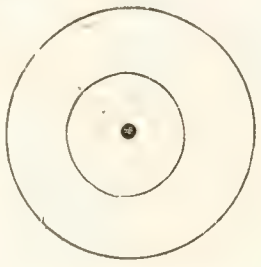
"Isn't it just too awfully nice, Curtis?" he cried, exultingly. "The beggars are bottled."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON HER BEAM-ENDS.

I HAPPEN to know the "identical island" in which Louis mon Brave had taken refuge as well as I know my own tennis lawn. I landed on it while slave-hunting many years ago, and I am told there is no difference in the place to this day.

If the printer will place a capital "O" on the margin, and a tiny one inside, with a dot in the centre, he will give us a map of Plevna Island at once. The wee "o" is the inland lake, the dot in the centre the inner isle, the broad outer space between the two "o's" is all jungle, and the place is evidently of volcanic origin.



Dhows can enter the lake by a passage from the sea. But, once inside, it is really not a difficult affair for a vigilant enemy to keep them in.

As Merridale expressed it, they were bottled.

Hurrah, then, for Louis mon Brave's bottled fleet! and hurrah, for the arch-spy himself!—for dead or alive they would have him now.

Fifty thousand pounds divided according to rank between the officers and men of the *Tadpole* would be a good haul, but I must do them the justice to say no one on board had such a thing as money in his mind when their wicked little craft steamed westwards and by south, away for the Crusoe Isle.

The crew expected to have a fight. Such men as Louis and Rigault were not to be caught napping; besides, there was that marooned Russian crew to deal with.

Well, there was, or had been, a fight, but alas! for the luck of the *Tadpole*, it did not get there in time to participate in the struggle.

And this is how it happened: Louis and his dhows had not been anchored in the lagoon many days before one of his scouts from the bush brought him news that Mahmed's own dhow had left suddenly for the north.

"It is what I expected, my Rigault," said Louis to his friend. "Now, indeed, fortune begins to smile."

The two men were seated by the camp fire with the Russian officers of the *Plevna*. They were bivouacked on the inner island, enjoying their fruit and wine, after a hearty dinner, for a Frenchmen never fails from a commissariat point of view.

"Yes," said Rigault. "*Oui, oui, mon ami*, and what shall we do now?"

"Fight, fight, *certainement*. Then make all sail for *la belle France* and *à Londres*, and what they call 'Merrie England.'"

Both laughed aloud, and the Russians chimed in most merrily.

"Now happiness," continued Louis mon Brave, "must indeed be mine! Ah, Rigault, *you* do not know what love is! But my Pauline shall be mine. She can no longer refuse; she will be Queen of fair France, and I her slave. Be it ours now to rush through the Canal of Suez. It is held by Russia and France, and once in the Mediterranean with this code of signals we will confuse the English navy—if it still exists! And, Rigault, now is the time!"

"What! After dinner?" said his friend.

"Yes, now. Soon the sun will set, and by moonlight even the vigilant Arabs will hardly expect us. Behold, how fair the breeze blows!"

The wind did blow fair, and at sunset, if there were Arab scouts in the bush, they could have noticed nothing unusual on the little lagoon island.

The full moon rose early to-night, and hardly had its beams begun to silver the sea, ere out from the darkling passage, like tall, gaunt ghosts, swept the dhows of Louis mon Brave.

It was dhow for dhow, but the attack had been most unexpected, and hardly had the Arabs of Mahmed shrieked their wild notes of alarm, before the enemy's vessels were rasping alongside their own, and the wild, half-drunken Russians had boarded.

The fight was short and fierce, and in less than a minute the blood was running in streams from the lee scuppers of Mahmed's dhows.

"Slay, and spare not!" was the cry of Louis's men.

"Kill! kill! kill!" that of the Arabs.

Let me draw a veil over the scene which followed the victory of the arch-spy.

His triumph was complete, and not a life was spared.

A week after this, when Rawlings stood on the coral sand here, with Merridale by his side, a few blackened, half-burned beams were all that the sea had given up to tell the awful story.

"Foiled!" said Rawlings. "But the game isn't finished!"

"Better luck next time," cried Merridale.

"Hadn't we better look in at Johanna?" said Commander Blyth that evening, when all were once more aboard the *Tadpole*.

"Oh, yes, do let us look up the old Consul," Merridale implored.

"If I were Louis mon Brave," said Rawlings, "I should get far to the east with my dhow, then trek for the Red Sea."

"Well, Captain Blyth," he added, "the spy has scored again, and I dare say is far enough away by this time. Yes, we may as well bear up for Johanna, to make—sure."

If Rawlings and Blyth expected news at Johanna they were disappointed.

Nevertheless, as fuel had to be taken in and

THE FIGHT WAS SHORT AND FIERCE, AND IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE BLOOD WAS RUNNING IN STREAMS FROM THE LEE SCUPPERS OF MAHMED'S DHOWS.

repairs seen to, they made this beautiful and romantic island their home of peaceful rest for a few days.

What a heavenly little haven it seemed, too! Far, far from all the world's din and turmoil, from march of armies and from battles at sea, the honest, calm-minded Cummings was living contentedly with his family.

Cummings had not time to meet his friends at the pier, so quickly did the *Tadpole* flash in and drop anchor; but Aggie was the first to hasten to the flag-pole and hoist—no, not a flag, but a large white table-cloth. This would easily be understood.

And, between ourselves, reader, the next thing that Aggie—and her sisters, too—did, was to rush away and dress and beautify a little, while their father ran off to visit the larder and wine cellar, and to hurry up his Arab cook. The curry must be a special success, the coffee superb, and the wine, Cummings was convinced, would speak for itself, and probably make others speak as well.

Merridale had many a delightful walk with Aggie in the now peaceful woods. From the hillside they could catch glimpses of the beautiful blue sea. "Oh, not one whit more beautiful and blue," thought Merridale, "than my Aggie's eyes!"

Well, I suppose some will say this was calf-love. I am not so sure about that. Anyhow, the two innocents were very, very happy, and when parting came at last, Aggie cried more than any of her sisters did. For her young sailor boy had plighted his troth, and given her a lovely turquoise ring.

And he told her, too, that he was going to marry her, but that, of course, she would have to wait till—till he was an admiral.

I ought to smile at this, but I really haven't the heart. "Wait till Merridale was an admiral!" However, hope springs eternal in a middy's breast.

* * * * *

I am sorry we must now leave that sweet little island, kindly Consul Cummings, and his gentle children. But hark! it is the tocsin of war, and we must hie us hence to wilder scenes.

* * * * *

Soon after the *Tadpole* sailed southwards the port and fort of Aden found itself in a better position than ever to repel invasion. Every man that could be spared was sent on shore from the fleet, and worked day and night in strengthening the walls and throwing up trenches. The guns had simply been captured by the enemy, and were as good as ever. There was, moreover, a very large supply of ammunition and stores; it would therefore be able to stand a long siege, and as shelter-caves had been dug, into which the people could run and take refuge during the shell-fire of a bombardment, there would be little to fear. Indeed, although Captain Bullard offered a passage as far as Bombay to the civilians, they preferred throwing in their lot with the troops at Aden. They knew how they were here they said, but no good news had come from India lately, and they feared that another mutiny had already taken place.

Indeed, the French and Russians, before the recapture of Aden, had openly boasted that India was no longer under the British flag. The tribes had come down from the mountains under cover of the Russian eagle, the rebels had joined them, and there had been a massacre which quite put Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi into the shade.

No one on board the *Vengeful* believed this; but Bullard was now determined to test the truth of the report. So, leaving word for the *Tadpole* to abide by Aden and try to give a good account of any enemy that might appear, the great cruiser, with her consort and the *Plevna*, steamed off and away for Bombay.

When they reached the beautiful offing they were received with great rejoicing, for the place was still in our hands, although everything looked black enough, and a universal rising of the natives was expected almost daily.

They found the twin-screw battleship *Centurion* here, and three more great cruisers.

These were really overawing the populace, and Admiral Doughty was afraid that the moment he withdrew his ships, the signal would be given for murder and massacre to commence.

Contrary to his expectations, the *Vengeful's* people received but little more news than they already possessed. The last from England was as black as black could be, and since that time the cables had been cut, and the Suez Canal was in the hands of the enemy.

No, they had not destroyed this canal. They knew better than to do so. It was the highway to India—the Colonies of Australia, and when Britain and her territories were sliced up and divided among the powers, this canal would come in very handy indeed.

It seemed to be the general impression at this time among all natives, sad to say, that Britain's hour was come, and that her knell was rung.

Many wished her well, but Germany remained sullen. Japan, on which so much dependence had been put, hung fire, and as to America, well it was divided in opinion. Nearly all the people of that great republic pitied us, but—Fate seemed to have gone dead against the Britishers, and they, the Americans, could hardly be expected to fight the whole world for our sakes. They would hold on a little anyhow, just to see, and if anyone dared to cripple the commerce of their own glorious country, they would draw the sword and fight. If the worst came to the worst, and the British didn't get up again, it would be bad for trade for a year or two, but, bless everybody! trade was a hundred

headed hydra, and when put down in one quarter of the globe, was sure to crop up in another.

In one way, however, America did assist our native land. She did not see the fun of permitting John Bull to starve, although she would make the old boy pay through the nose for every sack of flour or flitch of bacon she sent him.

It was a grand time, too, for making fortunes by blockade-running. Britain's coasts were so extended that the largest fleet in the world could not keep vessels carrying contraband of war at bay, so arms and ammunition simply poured into Scotland north, and speedily found their way now by circuitous railway routes into the centre of England, which, by this time—six months after the outbreak of this awful conflagration—had become virtually the seat of war.

But the Americans could still send food openly, and anything they chose to conceal, so they sent their gallant ships of war to protect huge convoys, and landed them under the very bows of French ships, who dared not fire a shot on the flag of a nation that could be a powerful friend or a fearful foe.

In fact, there was nothing the French were more grateful for than America's neutrality.

But the crisis was coming. The worst had almost come to the worst, and the peace-at-any-price men of England were already clamouring at the gates of the Government, and praying to be heard.

The British ship of State was battered and bruised, and on her beam ends, with her tattered flag, however, nailed tightly to the mast.

Well, when a heavily laden ship is on her beam ends, the odds are greatly against her ever righting again.

And not only was our great ship of State heavily laden, but her ballast had shifted, and destruction stared us in the face.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"NO QUARTER!"

Britons have one peculiarity which our greatest enemies have always marvelled much at: they do not know when they are beaten. Perhaps this is a trait of the Anglo-Saxon character and the Celtic as well.

Never a day passed now in the dire straits to which London had been reduced, that a deputation of some kind or another did not call upon or attempt to see the Prime Minister, or the Commander-in-Chief, with the hope of persuading him to yield.

The answer this deputation received from the white-haired, stern old man who was at the head of the army, was ever the same, and gruff enough in all conscience. "No! There is not sufficient occasion to give in yet."

And yet the people were reduced almost to a state of starvation. They had eaten nearly everything up; typhoid or enteric fever had broken out, and, truth to say, the living had now hardly strength enough to bury the dead.

But some good news leaked into the city almost every day.

Portsmouth still held out—so did Plymouth; and, strangely enough, even Dover, while many towns and cities of the North and of the Midlands seemed determined to fight to the bitter end.

Again, the French had been routed everywhere in Ireland, and all but driven out of the island. St. Patrick, they tell us, banished the snakes from green Erin, but a new saint seemed to have arisen, sword in hand—for it is in times like these that really good men get to the front—and he had been busy banishing the invaders. The eyes of the Irish people had been opened, and this very man, who had been condemned to death, but forgiven, only three years before, had been chosen as their military leader. Neither French nor Russians were able to withstand his judgment, his skill, and the wild onslaught of his troops at every final rush in battle.

I never could understand how it is that the French as a nation are so fickle and non-abiding. It is lucky for Britain that they are so. Still, one would have thought that when at war, as they were now, with every prospect before them of ultimate success, their Presidential Government would have held together to the glorious end; and that, from their point of view, meant the subjugation of the Anglo-Saxon race. But it was not so, for the people began now to clamour for the speedy termination of the war, and when the bad news reached Paris that Ireland was practically free, then the Government collapsed like a pack of cards, and the scenes in Paris—the riots, the bloodshed, the madness—reached a climax that was unprecedented in the annals of that strange and beautiful city.

I say "strange" advisedly; and now, stranger still, the old Bourbons saw their chance of an innings, and did not fail to strike while the iron was hot, and kept on striking until the people of France were welded into one solid mass, and by the supreme efforts of a woman, too.

This was none other than Pauline, or the Princess Pauline, as she came to be termed, the lady whom Louis mon Brave so dearly loved, and for whose sake had sacrificed so much, and gained so much as well—the man with the charmed life.

This beautiful woman, then, had all France at

her feet, and if she could not bring them peace all at once, she brought them concord.

It was a larger army, she told them, that France needed.

She had but to lift her finger, and lo! that army collected itself from every corner of the country, and grew and grew daily and hourly.

But Princess Pauline was paradoxical in the extreme—her sex often is. Yet it really seemed marvellous that this beautiful lady should, at such a time, determine to gratify a whim of her own, and attempt to pay off an old grudge she had against the British court. Her hatred of our Royal Sovereign was both bitter and phenomenal, for had she not been dismissed from Balmoral Castle?

"*Sacré!*" she said to one of her ministers, "I will be revenged in my own way. Then will I return in a short two weeks' time, and myself lead the new army of France into England, to gain its crowning victory."

Louis mon Brave, this lady's lover and *fiancé*, was not the only spy she controlled. No, she had reduced espionage to a fine art, and not a day passed that she was not closeted for a short time with one of her emissaries.

She had heard that royalty was gone to Balmoral Castle for safety's sake.

That was enough for Pauline.

One evening, about two months after the escape of Louis from the lagoon island, three fast transports, convoyed by two splendid cruisers, left the shores of France, and steamed northwards and away, keeping in well towards the east side of the German Ocean. These ships carried in all an army of 10,000 men.

It was an army of revenge, and perhaps there was no woman in Europe more happy now than Princess Pauline, as her brave ships bore her onwards over the rippling ocean, where she hoped to do a deed that would startle the world and make her famous for all time.

Broad and wide are the links of Aberdeen, and soft its sands, and on these, from open boats under the fire of the great guns of the cruisers, the forts having already been silenced, the army of revenge was landed. This was, therefore, the second time Aberdeen had been bombarded, most of its splendid granite public buildings having been laid in ruins at the commencement of this fearful war.

Once again the inhabitants had to fly to the country. They tore up the northern railway, and also that of Deeside, in their route, and were soon scattered all over the shire.

Pauline and her little army had now a clear road to Balmoral, and in three days of forced marching the beautiful castle on the banks of the dark, winding Dee, and amidst the most romantic forest scenery in Scotland, was surrounded.

But everyone had taken time by the forelock, and gone farther west to the royal village of Braemar.

If she had thought to capture royalty, therefore, Princess Pauline was mistaken.

Yet her revenge was, with this exception, complete.

With her own hands she applied the torch to the pile of brushwood heaped against the doors of the looted castle, and water, woods, and mountains were that night lit up by the red gleams of a fire such as had never been seen on the Dee before.

But little did this mad woman reck of the fires she had kindled in the Highlanders' bosoms. It was at Braemar that Charlie Stuart's flag was first unfurled in the '45, and the Scottish standard was floating again now on the braes.

No need to send the fiery cross round this time to summon the clans to arms. They gathered like angry bees from every direction.

Then on to the assault!

It was an assault the French were unable to withstand, though made by only 2,000 Highlanders. They fled, and were pursued by the victors far beyond Ballater. Here they were met by the Aberdonians, and out of all those 10,000 men, not one was allowed to escape alive; for the wild cry of "No quarter!" had been raised, and the Dee ran with blood for days.

But the Princess had escaped in an almost mysterious way, for no one had seen her flee.

When the news of this victory reached London the people went crazy with joy. So they did all over the country. Edinburgh was the first to throw off the French and Russian yoke, then Glasgow and Newcastle.

The Highlanders had first raised the shout of "No quarter!" and this was to be the British war-cry throughout the war.

* * * * *

The *Vengeful* visited all the chief ports in India and Ceylon, and found that everywhere there reigned the same darkness and terror—the ever-abiding fear of an uprising of natives, with wholesale massacre to follow.

The wonder seemed to be that the Russians, with their army of nearly a million strong, which had been threatening the northern borders, had not already descended like a cloud of locusts, everywhere reinforced by the hill tribes, and carried fire and sword even to the shores of the Indian Ocean itself.

* * * * *

In this penultimate chapter, I have already made use of the words "fiery cross." Every reader of Walter Scott's novels knows what this means. And now there left England, on a mission of life or death, not one fiery cross, but five; for though our unhappy land had been thrown on her beam ends, she was about to make one last glorious stand for her existence among the nations.

These "fiery crosses," then, as I am content to call them, had been in dock building long before the war commenced, but nobody could have guessed to what use they would ultimately be put. They were made for fleetness more than for fighting, but nevertheless carried one each of the heaviest guns ever built, besides four quick-firers of a completely new pattern. They had the marvellous speed of fifty measured miles an hour.

These wonderful little cruisers, then, were sent out to every sea to summon the ships of the nation home, to fight the last great battle which must decide the fate of our poor, stricken country.

Their enormous speed was obtained from a species of compressed oil, and they were able to cover nearly 1,000 miles a day, and keep this up eight days.

The *Die-hard* was the special "fiery cross" that had been appointed to carry the news to the East Indian Fleet which should ensure its mobilisation, and bring it home flying. An attempt had been made some time before this to take up and re-unite the cable, but this had failed completely, and it was now a very difficult task indeed that the *Die-hard* had to perform. Her sister gunboats had the open seas before them, but the gallant captain of this little craft had determined to get through the Straits of Gibraltar by night, and then, after taking her chance in the Mediterranean, to rush the canal.

This was a most dangerous undertaking, for although only a ship or two guarded its Red Sea termination, a combined fleet cruised off and on at the European end.

Fortune favours the brave, however. It was an extremely dark night when the *Die-hard* reached the entrance, and blowing almost a gale of wind.

And not one flash of light appeared. So, cautiously now, and with easy engine-power, she gradually made her way past the enemy and *into* the canal.

This marvellous result of scientific engineering had, only four years before that year of 1910, been greatly widened and deepened, with the consent of all the Powers, so that now the very largest ship of war could traverse it—free from danger, even by night.

Once into the canal, therefore, the daring little *Die-hard* went gliding along, challenged here and there, but always replying in French, and, in a comparatively short time, found herself in the open sea, and with one Russian battleship at least at her mercy.

The commander of the *Die-hard* was greatly tempted to try conclusions with her. Indeed, so safe did the Russian feel that even the sentries were hardly troubling themselves to look overboard, and Captain Stransom could have launched a torpedo, and in all likelihood blown her to perdition.

But his orders from the Admiralty were most strict: Unless attacked, with no possibility of getting away without a fight, he was, under no circumstances, to lose time by assuming the aggressive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRITAIN IS FREE!

THE orders with which those five "fiery crosses" were racing over the ocean to every station under the sun—namely, to mobilise forthwith in British water—were of so startling a character that at first admirals in India, China, North America, the Pacific, etc., could hardly believe their senses.

"What!" they cried. "Return home! Return to mobilise, leaving India and all other territories entirely unguarded! Has the Secretary for War gone mad?"

"These are the orders," was the reply. "Foreign stations must rank as nothing for the time being. If Britain falls, they fall. If Britain can be saved at any cost, it will after a time resume its sway in every land. The rendezvous is *The Channel*. Home! Home! For St. George and Merrie England!"

Not a day was lost, and in less than a fortnight the first fleet had assembled off Aden, and among them, I need hardly say, was the *Vengeful*, the *Ocean Prince*, and the saucy little *Tadpole*.

The reader must remember that this was no ragtag-and-bob-tail squadron got together in a heap just anyhow. No, for it contained at least half a dozen of the finest battleships of modern times, with many cruisers, officered and manned by the flower of the navy, and armed with the most effective weapons of the day.

Their orders were to proceed at once through the canal, without waiting for the arrival of ships from more distant stations.

At a short council of war held on board the flagship, many captains thought the plan foolhardy, but not one demurred.

"We've got to try," said Admiral McBrain, a sturdy old tar, and the very image of some of our

THEIR FLAGSHIP WAS BLOWN TO PERDITION BY THE *WARLOCK*.

roughest and gruffest Trafalgar heroes. "And we'll try hot."

And try hot they did.

Wonderful to say, though the enemy—French and Russian—had taken possession of the Suez Canal, they had not thought of fortifying it. In the wild rush of this bold squadron, therefore, the two Russians that held the Red Sea end were speedily overpowered and so sunk with all hands.

One British ship was left to guard the canal and to fortify it. The rest dashed on, but still the greatest of caution had to be used. It would spoil all to have a mishap in the canal.

When, early on a spring morning, this splendid squadron suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean, the enemies' ships were taken by surprise. The fight was hot and sharp, but the Frenchmen seemed to be hardly awake, and when their flagship was blown to perdition by the *Warlock*, and two more disabled, then "*Sauve qui peut!*" was the cry.

It was a running fight now, but very prettily indeed—headed by the *Vengeful*—did our fleet out-manœuvre, and finally surround the foe.

The French *do* know when they are beaten, and speedily now flag after flag was lowered, and Britain was victorious.

The news of the utter destruction of our Channel and Mediterranean squadrons was found to be false. A drawn battle or two had been fought, that was all, and on both sides the navies were now concentrating all their energies for the final great struggle for the possession of the English Channel and Straits of Dover.

When or where the battle would take place no one could as yet even guess.

Things began to look brighter for Britain, however, and a swift submarine easily dodged the Thames blockading squadron, and brought news that, without the loss of a ship or man, the combined squadron of the Indian and Mediterranean ships had forced the Straits of Gibraltar and were manœuvring not far off the Bay of Biscay.

Meanwhile terrible fighting was going on in the Midlands betwixt our new army from the North and the enemy.

"The British have no fortifications anywhere," the French had told themselves. "Our progress through the centre of England will be a triumphal march!"

True, we had no great battlemented forts. We had better, though, for the network of hedges and ditches over all our cultivated country formed a network of trenches against which neither French artillery nor rifles could make headway. Our northern army fought its way slowly and doggedly, but surely, onwards.

Finally they drove the foe, in isolated armies, into Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey.

Then, with one final rush, they effected a junction with the great camp around London, and the city was relieved.

Joy bells pealed out from every steeple and tower, and our Government began to breathe freely once again.

Ah! but the new French army which had long been delayed for want of a proper commissariat (all the southern counties of England being by this time little better than a wilderness) was at last ready to commence its embarkation and descent upon our shores. The whole was under the command of Princess Pauline herself, virtually speaking, for she was on board the French flagship, and there was hardly a French soldier who would not have laid down his life for the "New Queen," as she was called.

And Louis mon Brave was ever by her side. How this mysterious being had reached France was unknown. It is sufficient for us to know that he had reached his own country, but all too late for the enemy to make any use of his discoveries. For, thanks to the submarine service, England was now in communication with her fleet, and all signals and cyphers had been speedily changed.

Our generals had adopted the policy of "No rest for the enemy." Its southern wing was driven back on Reading, where in a fierce fight it was beaten and disintegrated. The Thames, as in the days of Alfred the Great, literally ran red with the blood of the slain.

This battle cost us deep and dear, but such a victory was almost cheap at any price. The news thereof was flashed along every free wire in England and Scotland, and now for every hundred men slain in our army at least a thousand volunteers rushed to fill up the gaps.

The French were soon in fearful straits, and began to realise the truth of the old saying, that it may be easy for a foreign foe to land in England, but very difficult indeed to get away again.

The enemy's main hope now lay in reinforcements from France. The invaders had fallen back on the towns of the coast, and, having fortified and entrenched them, they determined to play a waiting game. Indeed, they had not another move left to them.

The war was still raging in full force, however, in East Anglia, but, on the whole, our troops were more than holding their own.

But great was the rejoicing when our North American Station Squadron joined our great fleet.

And where, it may be asked, was the Channel Fleet?

After an unsuccessful attack upon double the number of Russians and French in the Irish Sea, it had melted away, and was reported by the enemy to have been utterly annihilated. But brave and canny Admiral Grahame knew well what he was about. He and his fleet had melted away it is true, and were last seen in the Atlantic. But they had succeeded in doubling Cape Wrath nevertheless, and were now steaming quickly southwards along the Scottish shore. And not a stray Russian ship escaped destruction, either from the ships themselves or their submarines.

The morning of June 1st, 1910, will ever be remembered throughout the world as that on which the greatest naval battle of history was fought in the English Channel.

The French plans, it may be admitted, were all beautifully arranged and most skilfully engineered. Nor were they unacquainted with our strength; but our combined fleets were far larger, and simplicity itself was going to guide their every movement. The easiest task was allotted to thirty Russian ships, for there seemed to be nothing to apprehend from the north.

Their orders were to remain where they were until the invaders had passed over, then to join the southern fleet, and assist in completing the destruction of the British Fleet.

Could anything be more easy?

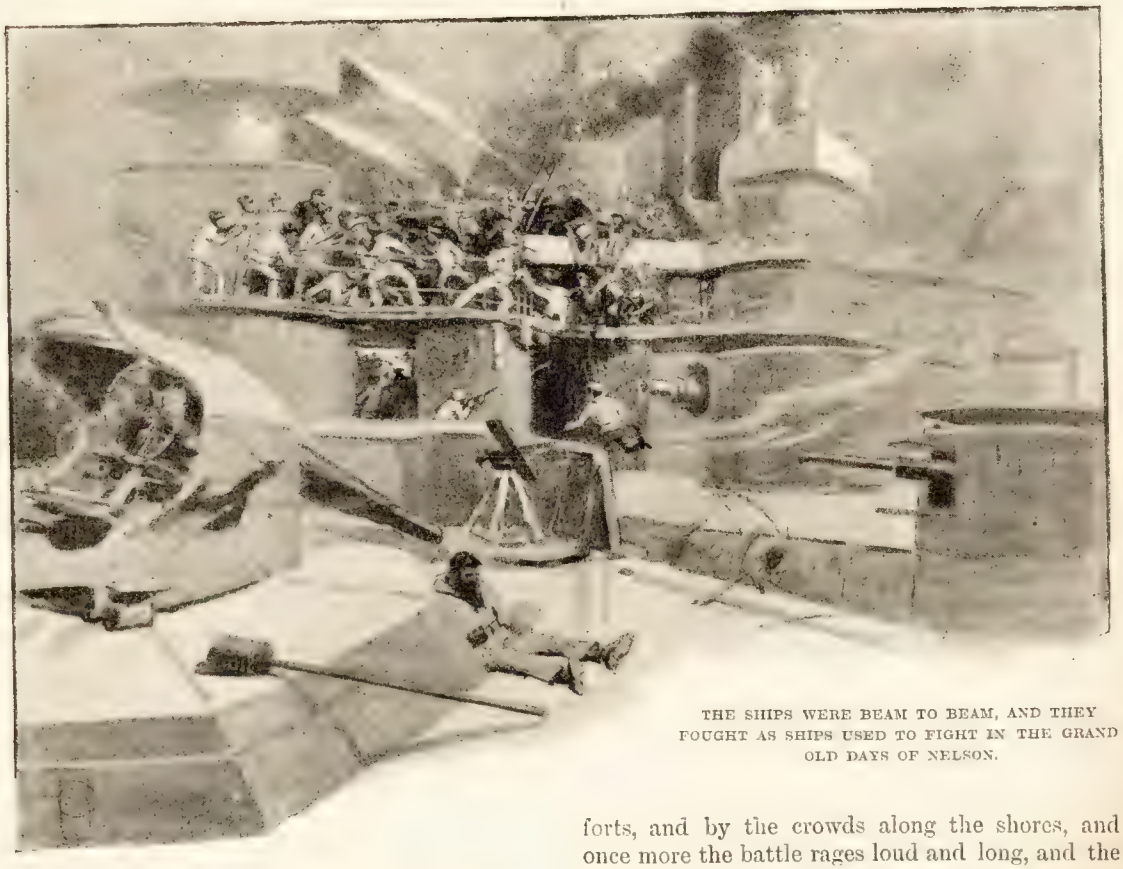
"No. Britain is doomed! The sun never sets, we are told, on our flag, and our *reveillé* drums beat merrily every morning on forts and ships the wide world over, but now, alas! that sun is setting for ever, and Freedom shrieks as the white ensign sinks amidst the rolling clouds of battle and of fire." Thus spoke our enemies.

The manœuvring of fleets of war is, even during our peaceful evolutions, a puzzle no landsman can make out. I will not try the reader's patience, therefore, with any attempt to describe in detail the battle that follows.

But all day long this battle is viewed, not only from the forts of Dover and many captive balloons, but by tens of thousands of our troops and civilians along the shore.

The day is most beautiful, and the sun is shining, with hardly a breath of wind. Inland, in every copse, sing the mavis and blackbird, while high above the lark trills its joy-song; but there is none to listen to-day, no one to rejoice with the happy birds. Everyone's gaze is turned yonder. Neither hunger nor thirst are thought of. Every face is flushed, every eye is sparkling with amazement and anxiety. The thunder of the fearful fight, even here, would drown the loudest voices were much conversation attempted.

Will the sun set before the battle is decided?



THE SHIPS WERE BEAM TO BEAM, AND THEY FOUGHT AS SHIPS USED TO FIGHT IN THE GRAND OLD DAYS OF NELSON.

Hardly, for, alas! it can be seen that, though our ships have penetrated three or four times through the Frenchmen, and for a time hurled back or sunk many of the advancing transports, their losses are very terrible.

And lo! though not in full retreat, towards four o'clock our fleet is seen from the fort to be withdrawing southwards.

Is it beaten? Oh! are we conquered? This is the despairing cry on every lip.

The French believe so, for they have sent a submarine to order the Russian Fleet of the North to steam at once southwards, and the fort guns of Dover are already beginning to shell these Russians at long range.

But why does the Northern Squadron hesitate, then stop?

And why have the British retired?

I can answer those questions in a single sentence. Admiral Grahame, with the Channel Fleet, is seen to be rushing down from the north, and the arrival of the China Station Fleet is being heralded by such cheering and shouting as never before have been heard from the throats of British tars.

The cheers are taken up by the men in the forts, and by the crowds along the shores, and once more the battle rages loud and long, and the submarine boats have been despatched to make an utter end of the invaders now covering the seas for many and many a mile. That Armada is hurled back or sunk, and while Grahame plays havoc with the Russians, every French line is outmanœuvred and broken.

No quarter! No, no, no! Sink, burn, and destroy—that is the order—that is the cry.

And long before the sun goes down the scattered ships of the Franco-Russian Armada are flying in all directions. Next day they are all securely bottled in French ports, and the war is virtually at an end, and—*Britain is free!*

The cables are speedily picked up and spliced, and the news of the final struggle and victory is telegraphed to every land the wide world over.

* * * * *

Just one episode of this terrible battle concerns my story, which began on the *Vengeful's* decks, and there must end.

It was, then, while the battle was still raging fiercely that this splendid cruiser, under a protecting canopy of smoke, which had been raised on purpose all along her sides, bore fleetly down upon the French flagship. Bullard's main object

was to ram and sink her. But in this Capel failed, and when the smoke rolled off he found his ship beam to beam, just as ships used to fight in the grand old days of Nelson. And once again the command was given—so foreign now to ships of war—"Away, boarders!"

Right merrily twittered the bos'n's pipe. Tom Harris felt in his glory. So did Merridale, Curtis, and Scott. All three boarded at the head of the wild rush.

"Avast! Avast!" the French admiral shouted through his megaphone. "Avast, Angleeshmen! This is not fighting—this is savagery!"

Poor man, he fell dead from the bridge next moment, and the enemy, after dodging at hide and seek for a time, rushed pell-mell below.

The great ship was ours.

But the Princess Pauline had remained on the quarter-deck, and by her side, sword in hand, stood the arch-spy, Louis mon Brave.

This was just before the admiral's death.

But Jack Howard had seen him, fought his way, cutlass in hand, across the deck, and finally confronted him.

The lunge that Louis made at Howard was prettily parried, and next moment, with the old seventh cut, Jack laid his foe bleeding at his feet. But Pauline now threw herself before him.

"Kill me," she cried, "but spare my lover's life!"

Jack Howard lowered his cutlass at once.

"No, my dear," he said. "That man murdered my poor pal, but the British sailor isn't born yet that will turn his hand against a woman."

"Bravo, Jack!" shouted Bobby Blair. "That sentiment is worthy of you. And I sye, Jack—now as the fight's finished I want to get away aloft to crow, or stand on my head and hurray with my hind legs."

* * * * *

The fight was indeed finished, and the war too. Every officer on board the *Vengeful* was promoted, and the reward for the capture of Louis mon Brave was divided betwixt all.

The beautiful Island of St. Helena being still a capital health resort for British prisoners, Louis, after his recovery, was sent there for life, and Pauline was allowed to marry him and share his exile.

But during this fearful war Britain learned two things; first, to organize a complete system of well-paid espionage, and, secondly, never to despise an enemy, nor live in a fool's paradise, and dream that the silver streak cannot be crossed.

THE END. Gordon Stables

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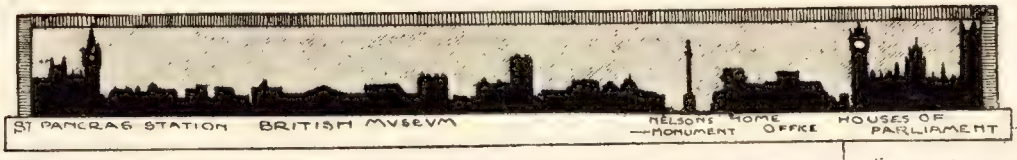
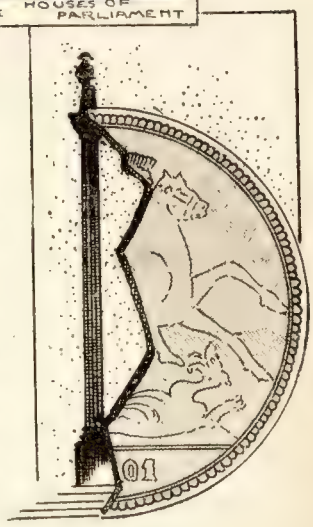


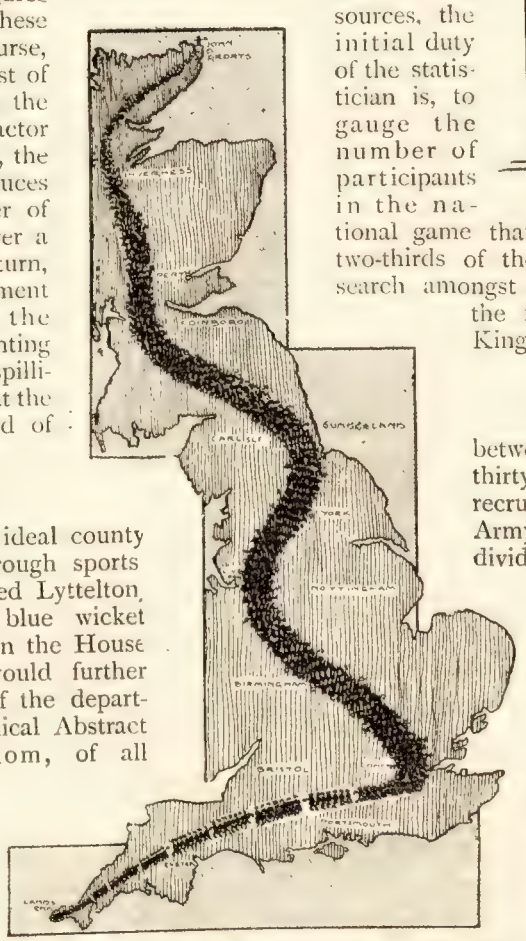
The column of sovereigns necessary to defray the cost of a football season would be almost two and a-quarter miles high, and if the column were bent so as to form a goal post, the two uprights, each 350ft. high, would be 2 miles 184yds. apart. In the above design we have, in order to make it obvious, had to exaggerate the width of the sovereign, the extent of which exaggeration is shown by the subsidiary diagram where the coin depicted above is compared with the Nelson Monument, in Trafalgar Square.



When GAUGING the amount we spend, as a nation, upon sport, the statistician is at once confronted with many difficulties, owing to the absence of official figures dealing with the same. These difficulties he will, of course, have to surmount to the best of his ability until, recognizing the importance of sport as a factor in the making of the nation, the Government of the day introduces into the Cabinet a Minister of Sports, who will preside over a Board of Games, who, in turn, will deal with a department wholly concerned with the nation's pastimes, from hunting and racing to skittles and spillikins. We would suggest that the first president of the Board of Pastimes should be

LORD HARRIS,

an admirable statesman, an ideal county cricket captain, and a thorough sports man — with the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., the famous light blue wicket keeper, as his spokesman in the House of Commons. And we would further urge that the first work of the department should be a "Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, of all matters appertaining to Sport," the publication of which would be welcomed by the nation at large with considerably more enthusiasm than is evinced when the average present-day "Blue-Book" is placed upon the market by Her Majesty's Stationery Office.



THE 7,000,000 AVAILABLE RECRUITS FROM THE FOOTBALL ARMY WOULD EXTEND FROM JOHN O' GROATS TO LAND'S END

Thrown upon his own resources, the initial duty of the statistician is, to gauge the number of participants in the national game that is indulged in during two-thirds of the year; and a diligent search amongst statistical tables reveals the fact that in the United Kingdom there are

7,000,000 MALES,

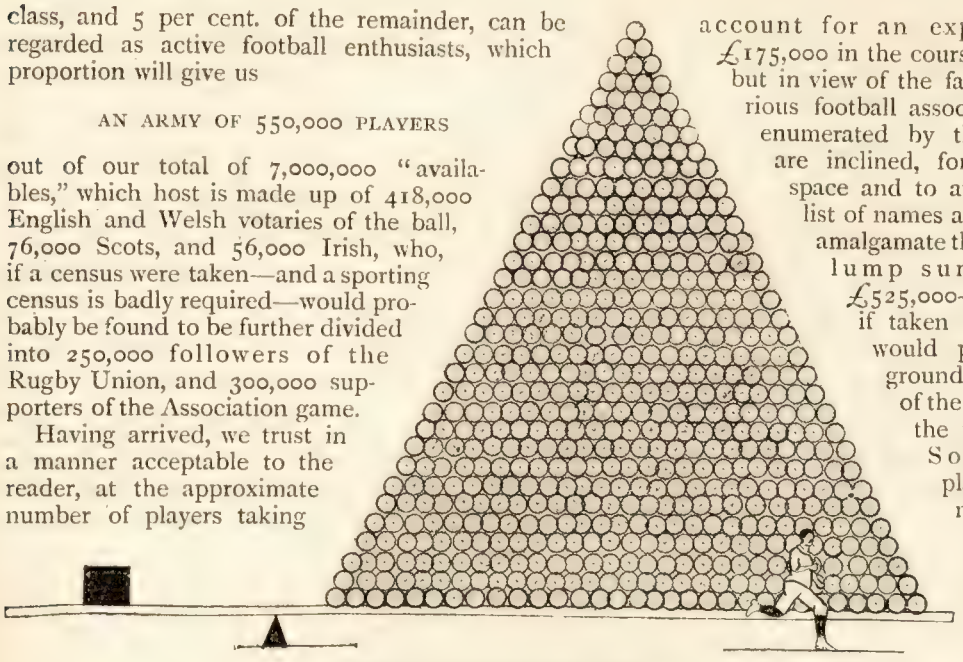
between the ages of ten and thirty, who are available to be recruited for the Football Army, which number can be divided into two classes, one of 4,000,000, who are, so to speak, just ripe for the field, and 3,000,000, who are in training, or are arriving at an age when it is incumbent on them to retire into the Reserve. For several reasons, which we have not space to specify in detail on the present occasion, we are of an opinion that, broadly speaking, 10 per cent. of the first mentioned

class, and 5 per cent. of the remainder, can be regarded as active football enthusiasts, which proportion will give us

AN ARMY OF 550,000 PLAYERS

out of our total of 7,000,000 "availables," which host is made up of 418,000 English and Welsh votaries of the ball, 76,000 Scots, and 56,000 Irish, who, if a census were taken—and a sporting census is badly required—would probably be found to be further divided into 250,000 followers of the Rugby Union, and 300,000 supporters of the Association game.

Having arrived, we trust in a manner acceptable to the reader, at the approximate number of players taking part in the game, we can now proceed to set forth the result of our estimate respecting the sum which is spent thereon, and the first point to be settled is the amount which the great professional teams require in order to keep them going, and that which is necessary to cover the current expenses of the gate-money-earning amateur organisations. A few months prior to the present season, it was announced in the Press that, with an income of £9,000, the Manchester City Football Club made a profit of £1,148. We further learned, on another occasion, that the Sheffield United Cricket and Football Club had an income of £10,394 coming from last season's football, whilst the football expenditure was £8,638, a sum more than three times the amount that would be required for the purpose of marking out the touch and goal lines—120yds. and 80yds. respectively—enclosing the playing arena required for an international match in solid silver the thickness of halt a crown and 2½ins. wide. From these and other figures we find that, approximately, the First and Second Leagues would account for an expenditure of £175,000 in the course of the year; but in view of the fact that the various football associations can be enumerated by the dozen, we are inclined, for the sake of space and to avoid a lengthy list of names and amounts, to amalgamate the whole in one lump sum—namely, £525,000—a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would pave 207ft. of ground (the distance of the record kick on the part of a New South Wales player at Sydney named Hedger) 13½ft. wide, and would outweigh a PYRAMID OF FOOTBALLS 31FT. HIGH, which would entail a walk of 25yds. in order to circumambulate it at the base.



PYRAMID OF FOOTBALLS 31FT. HIGH.

The takings at the gate during the season, represented by a cube of gold 2ft. in each dimension, would be equal in weight to a four-sided pyramid of footballs, 31ft. high. In this diagram the player to the right is 6ft. high; the footballs and cube of gold are drawn to the same scale.

Although this half-million guineas goes a good way towards defraying the cost of the football season, every player knows that he has numerous expenses that his club in no way defrays, which are not included in the above amount, and it is this personal expenditure that we will next consider. The club, for instance, does not pay the laundry bill of the individual who leaves the field in a begrimed condition, having covered himself with mud and his club with glory, but it expects him to turn out neat and clean the following week; the club does not supply him with knickers, shin-guards, football boots, shirts, and stockings; it does not evince a very enthusiastic desire to buy his railway ticket for him

THE PLAYERS EXPENSES, IF TAKEN IN SOVEREIGNS, WOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO FURNISH TWO SOLID GOLD REGULATION SIZED GOAL POSTS

and it not infrequently suggests that an annual subscription from the player who gives it his services is not undesirable: if we modestly suggest that 35s. will, on an average, cover the expenses of the active footballer during the season, we shall probably cause those members of the football army whose expenses run into ten or more times that amount to smile more or less broadly—we will, therefore, repeat the cogent formula "on an average," and trust that it will not fail to quell the laugh of scorn. In the aggregate our modest estimate will amount to £962,500—a sum which, if converted into gold, would provide sufficient quantity to permit of a set of

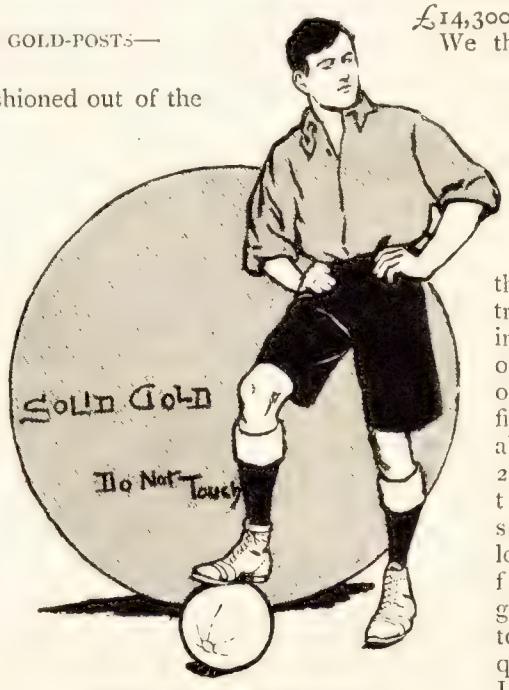
REGULATION ASSOCIATION GOLD-POSTS—

we mean goal-posts—to be fashioned out of the same; each of the four posts being 8ft. high, 5ins. in width, and 11ins. deep, and each cross-bar 24ft. long, 2ins. in depth, and 4ins. in thickness, which would be sufficiently massive to withstand the onslaught during the roughest of games.

In the course of the season some 4,000,000 spectators, we believe, attend the First and Second League fixtures, 612 in number; and probably some 494,000 put in an appearance at the thirty-eight matches that comprised the competition proper for the English Challenge Cup last year; these figures suggest that the total number of spectators at all matches during the whole course of the season of thirty-four weeks must be something prodigious, and in the mind's eye we see those of our 7,000,000 "availables" not engaged in battle on the muddy field, eagerly scanning the feats and feet of those who were, week by week. We have no desire to be charged with a want of enthusiasm for the game, but conscientious scruples prevent us from setting the seal of our approval upon the picture conjured up; we do not believe our 7,000,000 "availables" attend football matches every Saturday; nor do we believe that a quarter of their number have ever thronged our football fields on the same day—nay, not even on that famous occasion last season, when Scotland played England at Celtic Park, and 62,000 supporters of the rival teams, but Britons all, yelled applause at the doughty deeds of their favourites, and paid for the privilege at the rate of

£877 9S. 10D. PER GOAL KICKED,

or £4,387 9s. 6d. in all, a sum which is a trifle over one-fourth of the amount expended on Scotland's latest ground, known as New Ibrox Park, which accommodates 75,000 spectators, and one that would pay almost one-third the price of a solid gold ball, of exactly the same dimensions as the spheroids used in Association matches, which would cost £14,300.



A SOLID GOLD ASSOCIATION BALL, 4FT. 2INS. HIGH.

We think that we are quite within the mark, however, if we allow that 21,000,000 spectators attend football matches in the course of the season of eight months, and this total, which is less than one-fiftieth of the number of passengers travelling on our railways in the course of a year, is on an average at the rate of 620,000 a week, or sufficient, if they marched four abreast, and at intervals of 2ft. 7ins. between each row, to form a procession seventy-eight miles in length, which would extend from the Aston Villa ground near Birmingham to the Evertonian headquarters at Goodison Park, Liverpool, or to Newport or Lincoln.

The entrance fees of our aggregate spectators, at the rate of 6d. a head, we have already accounted for in our first item of £525,000, on the principle that gate-money earning clubs, on the whole, pay their expenses, including professionals' wages, out of the same, but with no profit. In addition to this 6d., the spectator has other disbursements. For instance, he has railway fares; indeed, when the Leicester and Northampton Rugby Clubs met last year, at the latter town, no less that 4,000 enthusiasts travelled from Leicester at a cost of £400, in order to encourage their representatives. In addition to rail and tram fares, the spectators at football matches have a great penchant for telegraphing the result to their friends; they are also, especially in the

case of matches away from home, put to extra expense on account of food, and on the first opportunity the average spectator purchases a football edition of his favourite evening paper, and eagerly reads the account of the match he has just witnessed. At 10d. a head these expenses amount in the aggregate to a sum of £875,000, which is £132,000 more than would be necessary to cover

A GROUND WITH A SILVER SHIELD

110yds. long, and 75yds. wide, and having the thickness of half a crown, that would be exactly large enough to permit of a Rugby Union game being played upon it, if two teams could be obtained to embark upon such a suicidal match.

If the time of the spectators and players is taken into consideration, and charged for at the rate of 6d. an hour, then the President of the Board of Sports will have to put on the debit side of his budget, on account of this item, exactly £898,750, which sum would represent 4,100 years of time at the above price; but he would doubtless place on the credit side of the account precisely the same sum—the asset being health, self-reliance, pluck, and penetration—all of which are engendered by the sport, and all of which are very valuable possessions for a nation such as ours. We will therefore omit this item from our balance sheet, the debit side of which will now stand at £2,362,500—a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would provide sufficient gold to permit of a

SOLID GOLD ASSOCIATION BALL, 4FT. 2INS. HIGH,

to be fashioned out of the same, that would outweigh ten Rugby teams, each man of which would be qualified by size to join the "Fat Man's Club" of Paris, in view of the fact that he would weigh 20st.

Now, if we allow that each player takes part on an average in six matches during the season of thirty-four weeks, a trifling calculation will show that in the course of the eight months in which it is legal (in a football sense) to play, there will be played 50,000 Rugby and 82,000 Association matches, or almost 4,000 games every week; in these matches, if the same proportion of goals are scored as in the 306 games comprising the fixtures of the First Division of the League, which realized 857 goals last season, some 369,600 goals will be kicked during the eight months—which gives us an average of 10,870 goals a week, each goal costing, if we divide the total sum expended on football by the number of goals scored, £6 8s.; in other words, from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M. each Saturday during the season

TWO GOALS, COSTING £12 16S., ARE SCORED EVERY SECOND.

MILITARY TRAINING IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

The American school-boy is encouraged to take a much greater interest in military matters than his cousin on this side of the Atlantic, owing to the fact that, to a great extent, the military academy takes the place of the English public school.

When he enters it, at about twelve years of age, he finds the routine pretty much as follows: Reveille at 6.30; study during the morning and the first part of the afternoon; sports and military exercises; a little study in the evening, and then tattoo. There is generally a debating society, photographic club, string band, etc., much the same as in an English public school. During the summer the battalion goes into camp for a fortnight.

The American boy usually leaves his academy either to go to college (or university) or to West Point (the American Sandhurst). If he passes through the latter he enters the army or not, as he sees fit.

The result of this is that the military training, regular exercise, and excellent scholastic course turn out a man who will not only be steady and prosperous in business or profession, but will be able to take his place when his country needs him as a thoroughly trained and well-disciplined soldier. Of late there has been a great deal of discussion on the subject of cadet corps, but England might well follow the splendid example her American cousins have set her.

The American Government encourages this military training by detailing specially qualified officers, graduates of West Point, to act as instructors in these academies, and also in those colleges and universities which may require them. Let those who are not in favour of military training for boys read General Baden-Powell's account of how, during the siege of Mafeking, a corps of boys between eleven and twelve years of age were employed as orderlies instead of men, who could not be spared from the trenches.

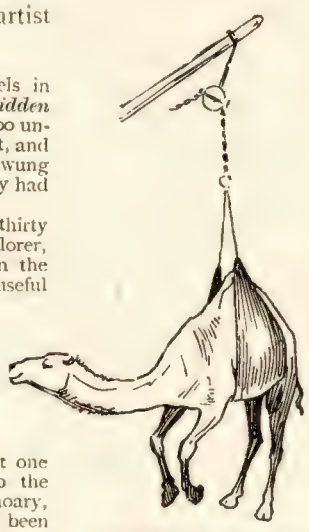
JOHN F. PARKER.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA.

On page 123 of the November CAPTAIN there is a picture of an aboriginal boy on a camel. A reader, residing at Milton, near Portsmouth, informs me that he has never heard of camels in Australia, and can't think how the boy comes to be sitting on one. "It is a mystery," he adds, "which I wish you would explain." Always anxious to oblige, I button-holed Mr. Walker Hodgson, who drew this picture, and asked him to reply to my correspondent. This is what the artist said:—

There are a great number of camels in Australia, where, as you know, *I have ridden them, as well as drawn them.* I saw 300 unshipped one day on the north-west coast, and very funny they looked as they were swung ashore. Here's a sketch of one. They had been brought from Aden.

But there were camels in Australia thirty years ago. When Ernest Giles, the explorer, traversed the great island-continent in the 'seventies, he had a number of these useful "ships," and he attributed his success to their powerful aid. Five years ago I sketched, at Coolgardie, the famous camel, "Misery," which had quite recently travelled 600 *miles without a drink!*



"SLINGING" CAMELS.

But what say you to camels in America? Comparatively few people know that the United States at one time took a large herd of camels to the south-west for army uses, and that a hoary, decrepit remnant of the herd has been wandering in Southern Arizona and New Mexico until recently.

The importation of camels was advised in the early 'fifties, when there was a great migration to the newly-found gold fields in California. In December, 1854, Major C. Wayne was sent to Egypt and Arabia to buy seventy-five camels. He purchased the first lot in Cairo. Having taken in these, the naval storeship, *Supply*, sailed to Smyrna, and thirty camels of another variety and from the Arabian desert were bought. The *Supply*, loaded with camels and fodder, reached its port, or the Gulf of Mexico, on February 10th, 1857. Three had died during the voyage and sixty-two remained well and hearty. The strange beasts were laboriously landed in the course of several days. Under the care of Captain J. N. Palmer, about half the herd were taken inland to Camp Verde, where they began their military service for Uncle Sam. The others were kept at Indianola, where it was proposed to experiment with them as beasts of burden in moving army supplies in arid regions. The animals were not properly cared for, and several died. In vain the army officers urged the hostlers to give the camels a fair trial. There were frequent reports that one or two had broken away during the night and wandered away across the sandy plains, and it has been suspected that extraordinary zeal was not always put forth to find the animals.

From May, 1858, until 1861, some thirty of them, which had become partly domesticated to American ways and adapted to the climate of the south-west, were kept at the U.S. forts at Verde, El Paso, and Yumâ. They were fed and cared for at the expense of the War Department, but because the troopers and teamsters in the Service could not be induced or forced to use the beasts instead of horses and mules, and especially because of the clumsiness of the camels' harness, and the unusual labour in packing and preparing a ship of the desert for service, they were seldom used. In the last year or two of their stay at the garrisons they were merely pensioners upon Uncle Sam's bounty and were never brought into service.

It is likely that a few of these animals still survive, but they have not been seen in the central part of either New Mexico or Arizona in several years. A number of the members of the International Boundary Commision that recently finished a survey of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, report that they saw two camels on their progress through Southern Arizona, and the animals, although seen well only through powerful field glasses, appeared to be in their prime, and probably were descendants of some of the original herd.

There, friend correspondent, "live and learn."

NOW *THAT'S* A GAME THAT ALWAYS DID APPEAL TO ME.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

(From the "Hurst Johnian.")

"ARE you there?" (pause). "Are you there?" (longer pause). "Are you there?" (pause and ring). Ditto, ditto.—At last, in scarcely audible tones, "Yes." "Ah! will you kindly switch me on to number 25 B—n, please?" "Number 29 B—n." "Yes, thanks." "What?" "I said yes thanks." "What?" "Alright, right"—noise as of garden roller on a gravel path—must be the electricity running along the wires—wonderful things these—grr-rr-r-r. "Yes?" "They're talking to you now from number 29." "Right,"—more path rolling—sudden loud shout. "Yuss, what d'yer want?" "Oh, er-er is this 25 B—n?" "Yuss." "Can I speak to the—er—Reverend Canon R. for a minute please?" "To the what?" "To Canon R." "Why, is 'e 'ere?" "Yes, unless he may be out, but would you be so good as to find him for me?" "Wull, I don't know as 'e is 'ere." "But could not you see for me?" "Wull, I'll go and see if 'e's at the bar." "Stop! what place is this?" "The Crooked Billet Taver——" Hastily ring off—how annoying—must have been talking to some horrid publican—must have mistaken the number—no—25 right enough—will ring up the Exchange again! Grr-rr-rr.

"Are you there?" "Yes." "Did you put me on number 25 just now?" "No, number 29." "Well, I said number 25." "Shall I put you on to number 25 now?" "Yes, please." "Very well"—(voice from without)—"That will be threepence more to pay, please, sir,"—can't help it, must speak to him somehow—prolonged wait, plenty of path rolling and strange metallic sounds—at last—"You're on now, sir."

"Thanks—Are you there? Are you there? Can I speak a minute to Canon"—"Do you mind waiting a minute, they're just coming through." "Right!"—wonder what he means?—fifteen minutes gone—must wait I suppose. "Are you there?" "Yes, I am here." "Diamond Jubilee first, Simon Dale second, Dis"—grr-r-r-rr-r. "Are you there?" "Yes." "I beg your pardon, I must have put you wrong—number 25 is your number, I think?" "Yes, please." "Will not keep you a minute." "Thanks!"—keeps me many minutes, feel inclined to give it up—still, they say everything comes to him who waits—begin to want my tea—never mind (long pause)—grrrr-rr-r-r—"They are talking to you from 25, sir." "Right." "Yes?" "Oh! could I speak to Canon R? I will not keep him a minute." "Certainly, I will go and fetch him." (Prolonged wait.) "Are you there?" (No answer.) Ditto, (still silence.) "Are you there?" "Yes." "Who are you?" "I am R—." "Oh! I am so glad I have found you at last. It was such an important thing that I should be able to ask you to-day whether——" "Your time is up, sir, waiting to use your wires." (Switched off.)—Absolutely refuse to speak to me at the Exchange—think the telephone must have broken down. Voice from without: "That will be fifteen pence to pay, if you please, sir."

Next time I shall write a post-card.

(January and February Competition Results will be published next month.)

"I'LL JOIN 'EM."

AND THE TIGER SMILED.

Tiger: "Hullo! Who are you?" *Boy: "Oh! I'm a Harrow boy."*
Tiger: "Are you? Then you'll soon be an eaten boy."

THE MANDARIN'S PIGTAIL

Sketches by Alf. J. Johnson.

S.s. *Strathore*,

In Chinese Waters, *April*, 1900.

DEAR OLD "WINNIE,"

It was ripping to get your jolly letter with all the home news when we touched at Singapore on 15th ult. Good old school! I am glad you held your own, and a little over, at Rugger the past season. That last match with Rettingham must have been a stunner, and no mistake! I could see you perfectly well scudding across the field on those long pins of yours. I hope your knee is better. It was a nasty knock; but you got in, and "congrats.," old chap! So you've got Wren's length, feeding that mighty brain? Well, more power to it, and I know you'll pass! Be sure you let me know.

And now I must tell you of a great scrape Traquair and I got into at Foo-chow, where we arrived a week ago. As nothing could be done with the cargo for the first day, and the tide didn't serve, and there wasn't much for us to do, Traquair and I got leave from Captain Bethune—it was an old promise—for a day ashore to go and see my cousin Harry, who has been settled at Foo-chow for a long time, doing a big inland trade with the natives. Of course, this was before anything was known of this awful Chinese rebellion, or we should not have got leave.

Our first squint at China was mighty fine—the quaint topsy-turvy houses, with the roofs turned up at the ends, then a belt of forest, and at the background a range of high mountains with snow-capped peaks. The moment after the sails were reefed and the big anchor touched bottom, four native boats put off from the shore. There was a tremendous race to reach the ship first, and what with the way the boats swayed about, and the excited jabbering of the Chinese rowers, I expected every moment to see them capsized. They did look rum chaps, with heads the colour of, and as bare as, oranges, except for a long coil of pigtail. When they reached the ship's side they began jabbering in pigeon English, and they nearly came to blows to see which would have the honour of taking us ashore. However, there wasn't much to choose between them, in looks or anything else, so Traquair and I slipped down the ship's side, and dropped into the nearest boat. It was a weird craft, but the Chinese seemed to be quite at home in her, and we reached the shore safely. We didn't land at the big harbour, but at a little wooden jetty, and the moment we stepped upon land we were surrounded by a crowd of staring, chattering Chinese. They were very friendly, and we all had a good laugh at our attempts to find out from them where Cousin Harry lived. We could not make them understand, and we were getting a bit tired of the game, when we espied the black-coated figure of a European priest coming out of a house. Jove, we were glad to see his friendly face—and what a trump the *padre* proved!

"Blessed Erin! Fwhat are ye doing here, me childer?" he exclaimed, with outstretched hand as we went towards him. "From the ship, are ye? Well, well, it's many a day since I set eyes on as foine a pair of bhoys, and it's to me humble house ye'll come first."

You have no idea how friendly his words sounded in that foreign land, and how kind he was. We went into his house, and his Chinese servant brought us some grub—rice with pieces of chopped fowl, lots of sweetmeats, and tea in tiny cups without any handles. Pressing us to come and see him again before we sailed, he sent us on our way to Cousin Harry's house, which was about a mile into the country. It was a mighty pretty walk, along a road shaded with all kinds of flowering shrubs and trees which we had never seen before, and didn't know the names of. The country all around consisted of paddy fields (rice, that is) and opium fields, blazing with all kinds of coloured poppies. After walking a mile we came to Cousin Harry's house, something like the *padre's*, only larger. It was snugly situated in a wood clearing, and the verandah was covered with a mass of twining flowers. A natty little fox terrier, awfully like old "Gunny," was lying at the door, and gave us a most friendly welcome. A Chinaman, much better dressed than any we had yet seen, then came from the inside of the house, and, salaaming, asked us in—in English. I told him who I was, and asked if Cousin Harry was at home. He grinned with pleasure,

and then his face clouded over as he told us that my cousin had left the day before for a week's trading in the interior. Well, I did feel sorry at the thought of coming all these thousands of miles, and then to miss him by a day. It was rough luck. Po San—which was his name, he told us—was an awful decent chap, took us all over the house, gave us lunch, and pressed us to remain. But, of course, we could not, as we only had a day's leave, and had to be on board ship again that evening.

And then, "Winnie," Traquair and I set off for the town. My hat! I wish I had some of these writer Johnnies' pens—R. L. Stevenson's or Max Pemberton's—to tell you all the rum things we saw. It was mighty queer. The first street we entered was awful narrow, really now, only about 2yds. wide. Crowds of Chinamen, dressed in all kinds of coloured overalls, and wearing those funny soup-plate sort of hats, were going about their business. Everything seemed to be done in the street, *i.e.*, a barber was gravely shaving a man's head and talking all the time; then we saw an artist painting beautifully on canvas; a conjuror was performing some wonderful tricks; a dentist was drawing teeth from a Chinaman's mouth, and several Chinese women were cooking something over stoves—and all this, mind you, out in the open. Everyone was chatting and laughing in loud tones, and they did seem to be a merry, busy crew. Somehow I never thought the Chinese were such a jolly set. They didn't take the same notice of us that we bestowed on them. The shops were as small as cabins, and had no windows. The worst of it was the smells. Phaugh! You will understand this when I tell you that it seemed to me as if the mangy dogs and pigs prowling about everywhere were the only scavengers. Hundreds of different shop signs, emblazoned with Chinese characters, hung above people's heads from side to side of the street. Every now and then great muscular Chinamen—I suppose they were coolies—carrying heavy loads on shoulder-poles, would come swinging along, and shouting to the people to get out of the way. You can imagine the commotion it made. In a sort of courtyard we saw two prisoners sitting on their haunches, a square of heavy wood round their necks, and their ankles and wrists chained.

Well, old Steevie and I were strolling along, taking in all these curious sights, when suddenly we heard a great commotion in front of us, and several huge men, brandishing whips in their hands, came careering down the street, and evidently ordering everyone out of the road. Then there was a great blare of trumpets, and blowing of whistles, and beating of drums. Traquair and I were wondering what was up, when we espied behind these "musicians," aloft in the air, the figure of a very fat Chinaman, seated on some gorgeous chair. The whole show was awfully like a circus procession. Traquair burst out with, "It's a Mandarin—at last!" Well, he was evidently some big Johnnie, from the way all the people *kow-towed* to him. Mandarin or no Mandarin, he was too funny for anything, hoisted up there, with his absurd air of importance. When trying to round a corner of the street the bally show stuck, and there was his Celestial Highness, "sitting up aloft" like the "sweet little cherub," taking no notice—he seemed half asleep—while the carriers proceeded to move out of the way a whole lot of shop articles which were the cause of the stoppage. Traquair and I simply roared, and old Steevie burst out with, "This little pig went to market, and this little pig stayed at home!" and other compliments. We noticed one of the Mandarin's—as we came to look upon him—attendants go up to him and whisper something, and the great man's face flushed darkly. He looked very angry, and his lips moved. The next moment, before we knew what was happening, two of the men with the whips rushed straight at us, and one of them bowled me over. Traquair was quicker, and with a shout to me to look out, he stepped aside from the man's rush, and landed him one on the ear. I tried to get up, but the man simply sat on me, and another Chinaman came from behind and did for old Steevie. Nice, wasn't it? When they had tied us up, the man who had spoken to the Mandarin left his side and came to us, and his eyes looked very venomous. He spoke something like this, but the curious thing was he could not pronounce his "r's":—

"So, you—you lil fo*l*eign devils, you call him g*l*eat Manda*l*in *peeg*. By Kwan-te, you suffe*l* fo*l* this insult. You come 'long!"

We felt pretty sick, you may be sure. Like idiots, we never thought they would understand what we were saying, not that we meant 'em any harm. Things were beginning to look pretty bad for us, as you may imagine. The chap who had spoken to us said something to the crowd which had gathered round, and they began to show many signs of hatred towards us. We were bundled into a sedan chair, and carried swiftly along for a short distance, turning several corners, we thought. How we wished six of our "A.B.'s" from the good old *Strathore* were within hail! At last we stopped; we were routed out of the "box" and, accompanied by the four Chinese, were taken up a narrow, dark passage which twisted about in the queerest manner, until the leading Chinaman stopped at a door, which he opened,

and we were led into a small room. We were then left to ourselves, trapped like rats. It was so dim there we could hardly see at first, although t was early in the afternoon. There was a queer musty odour about the place. The one door was heavily bolted, and the only other opening was a barred window in the wall, 10ft. from the ground. Not much good telling you, "Winnie," what we thought of ourselves; you will probably be able yourself to find something suitable to call us. Every now and then we heard a sound of shuffling footsteps coming from the other side of the door, and at intervals the face of one of our kidnappers appeared at a little grating in the door. Sweet, wasn't it? After a bit the "face" unbarred the door, and another pair of these beauties came in, bearing a tray with two bowls of rice mixed with some kind of vegetable, and two cups of tea. They set the food down on a bench, untied our wrists, and, with grins on their faces and pointing to their mouths, motioned us to fall to. We ate a few mouthfuls, drank the tea, and then had our wrists re-tied. It was beastly humiliating. We had half a mind to floor one of them, but while one of them was doing the trick, the other gentleman stood by with a murderous-looking knife in his hand.

It must have been late in the afternoon when the door was again opened, and the four Chinamen appeared. To our great relief—for the ropes bit into the flesh—they set our wrists free, and, surrounding us, marched us out of the prison, along some narrow passages, with any number of turns, and lit at intervals with lamps—it was awful creepy work. At the bottom of a flight of stairs we were halted; one of our guards mounted the stairs, and as he opened the door we got a glimpse of a number of Chinamen standing or sitting in a large room. After a short while he returned, and we were ushered into the room, and brought to a halt before a beautifully-carved chair, covered with coloured silks, and raised from the floor. On each side of this chair was a Chinaman, sitting at a little table with writing materials before him, and perhaps about a dozen other Celestials lined the walls. A door by the right of the chair then opened, and in came the Chinaman who had spoken to us in English at the beginning of the row, walking backwards and bowing profoundly to the Mandarin, who

TRAQUAIR WAS QUICKER; HE STEPPED ASIDE AND LANDED HIM ONE ON THE EAR.

waddled up to the chair and sat down. Immediately behind the Mandarin came a Chinese boy, who held in his arms a light blue, silk cushion, upon which rested the end of the Mandarin's pigtail. As the old chap took the chair, the boy sank on his knees, and still held the cushion with the pigtail on it. All the others began *kow-towing* to him too. After they had stopped bowing, the Mandarin, who directed a most venomous look towards us, spoke in a rapid, excited tone of voice to the English-speaking Chinaman, and every now and then he pointed solemnly to his pigtail. The Chinaman then translated his words to us as follows, only I have written it properly, and not as he spoke it, pronouncing his "r's" as if they were "l's." You bet we never forgot one word of it!

"O, Offsprings of Evil, hearken, and give due heed to the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the Most Mighty Mandarin, Tsai Wen Yung, Deputy Governor of the City of Foo-chow, Knight of the Order of the Pearl Button, and of the Peacock's Feather! Know, then, that when the day was yet young, the Most Mighty Mandarin did hold council with his brethren of the Sacred Order of the Peacock's Feather, when the words of wisdom in Prince Tuan's Message were read, calling on all Chinamen to drive out and kill all the foreign devils, for the time had come so to do. Now the most honourable brethren did agree thereto. Ere the moon was three days old the holy massacre was to begin, and not cease till all the foreigners were killed! And as His Celestial Highness had left the council chamber, and was glorifying the street with his sacred presence, as he returned to his honourable house, his eyes were offended by the sight of you, cursed dogs! Moreover, ye did revile and laugh at the Most Noble Mandarin, and did call him pig's names. Now, by his Sacred Coil of Hair, by which he shall rise to celestial heights, the Most Noble Mandarin hath taken oath that ye shall not go unpunished, and ye shall be the first of the foreign devils to be killed, as is most just. See, ye dogs"—the Mandarin again touched his pigtail with his right hand—"this he swears by yon Sacred Coil of Hair! Have ye aught to say?"

Now, as he repeated the words "Sacred Coil of Hair," and as we realized all that it meant to a Chinaman—to the Mandarin, a sudden mad idea for escape, born of the deadly peril we were in, flashed into my mind. It was a desperate hope, but we were in a desperate state.

The man again repeated: "Have ye aught to say?"

"Traquair!" I whispered to Steevie, "follow my lead exactly."

Stretching out my arms to the Mandarin, as if appealing for mercy—and old Steevie followed suit—I staggered towards his chair.

"Mercy! oh, mercy!" cried Steevie.

I suppose the old chap and the English-speaking Chinaman, as well as the other Chinese present, thought we were horrified and repentant, as we were told what an august personage the Mandarin was, with all his different titles, and were consequently a little off their guard as we bent towards him.

"Out with your knife, and make for his pigtail! Don't cut!"

In a jiffy we had out our knives, hidden at our hips, and sprang at the Mandarin, with our knives over his hair, as the boy attendant fell back, terrified at our onslaught. At the same moment I yelled to the English-speaking Chinaman:—

"If any of you move a step, we cut!"

The man shrieked out something in Chinese, and, as the guards sprang back, fell at the Mandarin's feet as he beheld our sacrilege.

"Listen," I said to him, trembling—for, I don't mind telling you I was in a blue funk. "Tell His Excellency we mean him no harm; but he will have to come with us to the ship, when we shall let him go back. Tell your master to bid no one touch us, or we shall surely cut his hair. We have our knives handy! Take us to His Excellency's sedan chair!"

You see what a crisis can do for such a thick head as mine!

The Mandarin's fat body shook like a jelly with rage and fear. Then he looked up at us, and rolled his eyes as if in entreaty. The secretary understood my words, and spoke to him in a torrent of words, as the result of which the whole room was cleared of all the Chinamen except the Mandarin and his secretary. With one hand I held the pigtail about a foot from the root, my knife in the other; while Traquair held it lower down, and had his knife handy, keeping a look-out lest we should be attacked from the rear. When the room was empty the Mandarin spoke to the secretary, who first locked the two doors, and then, getting a key from the Mandarin, he opened what must have been a secret drawer at the bottom of the great chair, and brought forth a box full of gold pieces. His face was working in the most convulsive manner, as if he was in agony as he spoke.

"The Manda*l*in him say he givee you this gold Him no hu*l*tee you, you leave alone his Sac*l*ed Coil of Hai*l*. Him p*l*omise, him swea*l*!"

But this would not do. We could not trust them. It would have been madness to do so. So I said to him, as friendly as I could:—

"No, no, we not want your gold! We want away, quick! We not touch the Mandarin. We go in

sedan chair to ship—not far. No one tell, no one see. Come!"

He rapidly translated to the Mandarin, and, as the latter heard, he covered his face with his hands as if for very shame. All his anger had left him. We were sorry at hurting the poor old chap's feelings, but our lives were at stake, and, after all, he himself was to blame for having got us into this scrape. He shook his head and spoke a few words to his secretary, who bowed as he went to one of the doors, and we heard him talking to a man outside. Very shortly he re-appeared, and, after wrapping his master from head to foot in a robe of dark silk, proceeded to lead him slowly out of the room—Traquair and I following with our hands as before, and keenly on the alert. The Mandarin, breathing heavily, could not walk very fast, and so we shuffled along—a most weird procession. We hadn't gone very far when we came to a big hall, where a gorgeous sedan chair stood; but no one was about. Into this the Mandarin went, and we followed close at his heels. The secretary remained outside, and when the curtains were drawn close, and we were snugly inside, we heard him calling to some men, and presently we felt ourselves being carried along. It was weird in the extreme as we sat in that dark kind of cab, smelling of sandal wood, and with a Mandarin! Then we were passing along a street, as we heard from the sounds of street life. As we sat there in a tense silence, suddenly we heard a sound of voices talking English, and—somehow—I looked out from the curtains—and there was Mr. Denison, the second mate, and four of our men—a search party, of course, from the ship, for it was now late, and we had outstayed our leave.

I called out to the Chinese secretary to stop, and he knew better than to disobey. At the same time Mr. Denison heard my voice, and stopped in amaze as he saw us. Before we parted from the Mandarin I had to ask Mr. Denison to come near, so that the secretary could not hear me when I told him of our scrape. Mr. Denison said not a word, but, as he realized the gravity of the situation, and how serious our plight might still be, he quietly took his revolver from his pocket, and held it out openly, so that all could see. Then Traquair and I let go the Mandarin's pigtail, after having held it without a break for about an hour, and backed slowly from the chair. Eventually we came to the boat, waiting for us at the wooden jetty, and reached the ship's side.

"IF ANY OF YOU MOVE A STEP, WE CUT!"

About the painful scene that followed in the captain's cabin I prefer to say nothing; but I'm glad I had a bottle of embrocation which the dear old mater put into my box!

Now, good-bye, old boy. I don't know when I've written such a letter. Write to me soon.—

Yours ever,

JACK BUNTING.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS month I am sending a packet of Bristol Boards to each of the following artists:—FRED THOMPSON, 99, Finchley Road, N.W.; D. NEWILL, The Homestead, Winchester; and FRANK CRISP, Royal Naval College, Greenwich—in recognition of sketches contributed this month.

The name and address of "SMITH SECUNDUS," winner of the prize in the January number, are as follows:—ALEX. H. CLAPPERTON, 67, Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

All winners of yearly subscriptions are regarded as members of THE CAPTAIN Club, and are entitled to wear the Badge.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR."
(By C. F. Knowles.)

MR. DAN LENO AS MARIAMNE.
(By Fred Thompson.)

A Few Hints on Rearing Puppies.

By "A Lover of Dogs."

To rear a puppy is not a very easy job, unless one has plenty of time to spare, but a little knowledge will go a long way in making it easier.

The chief things to remember are regular and wholesome feeding, plenty of exercise, and *cleanliness*—this last does not mean simply keeping the dog clean, but everything belonging to him; such as his dishes, collar (which should be cleaned *inside* as well as out), and last, but not least, his kennel. This should be scrubbed once a week with some good disinfectant soap, and then thoroughly rinsed and dried by letting the sun shine in it. I think the best staple food for puppies is Spratt's puppy biscuits, but these must be varied with gravy, greens, and potatoes, or oatmeal porridge, and occasionally bread and milk. Meat is not good for young puppies, as it makes the coat smell, but large bones are very good, as they help them to cut their teeth. The younger a puppy is the more meals it requires; thus, a puppy one month old should have six meals a day, while for a pup from three to six months three meals a day will suffice.

DENTIST *(to coloured patient)*: "Don't trouble to open your mouth any wider. I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth."

(By Fred Thompson.)

As to the bed, I find straw the best, as this makes the least dust; but every morning his bed should be taken out and aired (in the sun if possible), and the kennel should then be brushed out, as even straw will make a little dust.

The puppy must have his coat combed and brushed every morning, and if this is done regularly he will not want much bathing.

Treat your dog kindly, and I think when he grows up you will find that your time has been well spent.

"The Honest Toon."

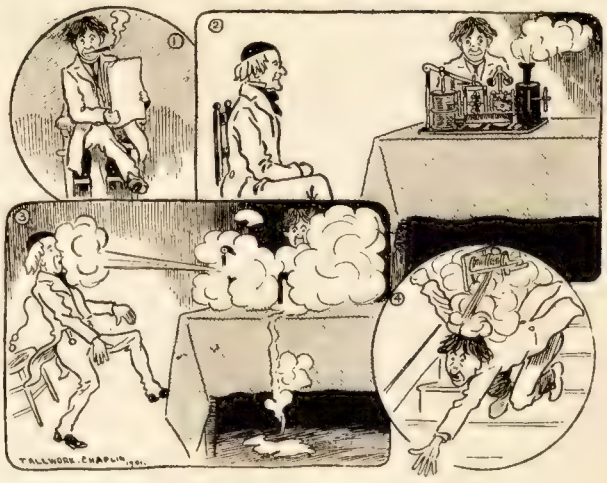
"The Honest Toon," or Musselburgh, possesses, perhaps, the

(By D. Newill.)

honour of being one of the oldest and most interesting towns in Scotland. It has time after time witnessed conquering bands of Romans passing through its midst, and these legions of the west have left in the surrounding districts many traces of their camping grounds and fortifications.

At Musselburgh Lord Somerset, the Protector of England, mounted his cannon to pour their deadly hail upon the valiant Scots, marching to destruction at Pinkie. Here, too, came Cromwell, who, regardless of the sanctity of the church, turned it into a stable for his chargers, while his troops bivouacked along the shores of the Forth. Here, too, came Prince Charlie; and here Mary, to surrender her wretched self to the Confederate lords. How numerous the conflicts, the royal and illustrious pageants, Musselburgh has witnessed in bygone times, while struggling to its present position!

Anyone who has viewed even the most famous sights in Europe could not regard with less admiration and delight the scenes of Musselburghian battles and royal strife. Here the eye may roam in freedom from Craigmiller, from Pinkie, from Fa' side, from the fourteenth century turrets of Pinkie House, and the four-hundred-year-old clock of Musselburgh, to the green Pentlands and Moorfoots and the gloomy Lammermuirs, with the Bass Rock and North Berwick Law standing forth against the clear daylight like rigid sentinels of the Forth; while Inchkeith, Fidra, and the Isle of May shine forth their solemn warning to the "toilers of the sea"; while Arthur's Seat and the Blackford Hill, after looking down for ages past on the grey and stately colonnades of the modern Athens, still lift their stately heads; while in the distance the Grampians, overhanging Strathmore, strive to peep over the heads of the nearer hills of Fife, and the Bens Lomond, Ledi, and Voirlich give to the onlooker an idea of that wild Caledonia well known by sight to few. And when we remember that each and all of these grand examples of Scotland's beauty are the scenes of all the gay, solemn, and sad events which have composed the glory of the "old country"—everyone must admit that no place



THE O.F.'S DIARY.

(1) Got back from lunch; found my office occupied by the Idea Merchant— (2) Who had a very greasy machine, which he said was his own invention. (3) He commenced to point out its various qualities, when something went wrong with the works. (4) So, with the help of the Art Editor and the junior assistants, I persuaded him to go.

(By T. Allwork Chaplin.)

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.
(By Frank Crisp.)

"MY FIRST CHAMOIS."
(Sent by W. A. Baillie-Grohman.)

elsewhere could be found to compare with this, "The Honest Toon."

SECOND MATE.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CRITICISMS.

V. Wakeford.—Your explanation is quite satisfactory. **Frank Crisp.**—You are coming on splendidly. I shall try to use a few of your drawings as space permits. **Charles F. Knowles.**—You will hear from me by post later. **H. Wodehouse.**—I have noted your name. Your sketch is not carefully enough done. **J. E. Vinnicombe.**—You really ought to take more pains with your drawings before you send them for these pages. Use black ink and do not shade so closely. Send me another sketch next month. **A. E. Olley.**—Do not attempt such elaborate subjects. If you had spent the same time in drawing a horse's head and the head of a soldier, it would have been better for you. You must creep before you can walk. Send a sketch next month of a more simple nature. **J. R. Burnham.**—I shall use the photograph of Netley Abbey when space permits. **Donovan.**—As a copyist of Mr. Tom Browne and Mr. Phil May you are a marvel; but we cannot publish anything in THE CAPTAIN Club pages that is not original. Why not do a little original sketch, just by way of a change? **Raymond A. Eddy** (CHICAGO).—Your photographs taken from the Cunard liner *Servia* are, unfortunately, very small, and I am not sure that I can use them, but will do so if opportunity offers. I am glad the Chicago fellows think so much of THE CAPTAIN. **Charles G. McClure.**—I regret that your sketch was not quite good enough to "grace the pages of THE CAPTAIN." A little more practice, and you will be all right. **A. Shannon.**—When sending photographs or sketches always write your name and address in full on the back of each. Your enclosures were too dark for reproduction. I thank you most heartily for your letter. Please consider yourself an official representative in Kirkcaldy. **Julius Cæsar.**—Don't dash things off quite so rapidly, Julius; take a little more pains. The artist-members of THE CAPTAIN Club are, as you see, a painstaking lot. **Reginald Purse.**—The joke is not quite suitable; otherwise your drawing is clever. **Herbert Hanson.**—Here is my honest opinion: Draw on cardboard, use black ink, make firmer lines, take more pains, and let me hear from you again. **John C. Weir.**—See previous reply. **Royan Middleton.**—(1) R.B.A. stands for Royal British Artists; (2) Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell and Mr. George Soper generally draw on smooth Whatman's board, with ordinary Indian ink for the wash parts. The pictures by these gentlemen are always clear and well defined, and as a rule they do not use white paint (or body-colour). **H. Phillips.**—(1) You cannot do better than get "Light, Shade, and Shadow" (G. Newnes, Ltd.), price 3s. 6d., and after you have mastered it thoroughly you will not have much trouble in turning out pen-and-ink drawings for the magazines if you have the ability. (2) Although Sir John Tenniel, Mr. J. Proctor, and Mr. F. C. Gould use "cross-hatching" to get effects in their cartoon work, for the sake of making good line illustrations it is better not to "cross-hatch." Study the drawings of younger men. Sir John Tenniel's cartoons, of course, were engraved on wood. From the sketch you enclose I cannot say that you

OUR EQUATORIAL BROTHERS; OR, JUST THE SAME.

"What's all dat trouble up dere about?"
"Oh, nodding but foot-cocoanut—an now dey argument with Massa Umpire."

(By Fred Manx.)

will become a prominent black-and-white artist. **E. R. Coleman.**—Your contribution is so small and light that it would be useless for me to criticise your work from such a specimen. **H. Hives.**—Your drawing is not rejected because it is too large. See my answer to "Herbert Hanson." **W. F. Broom.**—You put far too much fine shading into your work. Don't attempt such elaborate subjects. **Arthur S. Atkinson.**—You certainly show more aptitude for architecture than you do for figure drawing at present. Still, your work is very free, and I hope you will send us some sketches from time to time. Why not make a design of a fowl-yard, or a set of dog-kennels; this would be good practice for you. "**Pickles**" (BELFAST).—Glad you like the illustrations by our C.C. artists. **Billy Ruffian.**—The drawing is good; I will say something about the poem next month, when I shall be reviewing the work of other "authors," as well as artists.

Contributions also received from:—S. H. Barlow, Joseph Johnson, Douglas Clarke, E. V. Perce, Harold Barnshaw, N. Ashford, J. B. O'Niell, Jessie Holliday, R. F. Megginson, David Loughnan, A. Terry Davis, W. A. Russell, Harry Platt, Billy, W. B. Huntly, W. H. Toy, Charles S. Baker, A. G. Scott, S. C. Pain, Cyril Burrage, Elsie Simmons, "Œnone," John S. Cox, E. H. Butcher, Eyed Awry, L. M. Snow, D. Kilroy, J. Richardson, Sidney Jones, C. Lang, James Skuse, S. G. Dutton, T. G. Southern, J. F. G. Taylor, H. S. Fleming, E. H. Kennington, Jack Loutet, J. G. Williams, J. E. Matthews, "Admirer of C. J. B. Wood" (who is requested to adopt a shorter *nom de plume*), A. J. Eggleston, "Pat," G. H. L. Barnes, Cyrilius Floriensus, Alex. Russell, James Hembrow, R. Bruce Chambers, Tom Lloyd, "G. E." "Vedo," A. R. Cousins, "J. E. L." "Riddle-me-Ree," Albert Scott, "Buddles," "B. B. R," P. Kahn, C. S. A. (Ramsgate), L. Ryland (Rossall), G. Harper, R. Cohen, Lionel Jacob, C. C. A., Alfred Rigby, D. G. Barnsley, Norman B. Ashford, W. G. Ladd, P. H. Blanshard, Boston, J. E. Llewellyn (Modern School, Bedford), and many others.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"How Best to Make a Profit out of £1."**—Send us your ideas on this subject. Don't exceed 400 words. Three prizes from our advertisements to the value of 7s. 6d. each, to be chosen by winners.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Calendar Events."**—Three prizes of 7s. each will be given for the three best essays on the Calendar Events for March. Limit of words, 400.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Idiosyncrasy."**—How many words can you make out of that? Dictionaries may be used. Names of places and people are not allowed, nor foreign or dialect words. Three prizes of 7s.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Names of Dogs."**—Send on a post-card a list of the twelve best names you can think of suitable for dogs. Prizes—THREE ALBUMS.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"Curious Photographs."**—Our last competition of this nature was a great success; we shall be publishing the "curious" results shortly. So we have decided to have another. Send in anything quaint and queer you have taken. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**Special Foreign Readers' Competitions:** Time limit, July 12th.

(*a*)—Map of the country in which I live.

(*b*)—Curious customs in this part of the world.

(*c*)—A photograph or drawing of anything you like.

Foreign readers may go in for one or all of these subjects. In each section there will be three prizes of 7s. each, a prize being awarded to each class in (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*).

Class I.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	... ...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	... ...	Age limit: Fifteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Volume Five, which begins next month, will knock every other volume we have yet issued into a cocked hat. Having now precisely two years' experience to go upon, we—the gentlemen who are good enough to assist me, and myself—consider that we pretty well know what you want. As has been said before, and must be said again, it is impossible to make everybody completely happy, but we intend to please as many as possible. Now as to what we have got for you—come April.

"Smith's House."—I know that "Acton's Feud" was voted a stunning good yarn by everyone who read it, because I was verbally and by letter informed of the fact by such a lot of people. Well, in April commences a new public school story by Mr. Fred Swainson, which is every bit as good as "Acton's Feud"—in fact, even better. In a wonderfully short space of time Mr. Swainson has jumped into fame as a school story-writer, and you will understand why he is so popular when you tackle "Smith's House." It is full of grip and life, and there's a heap of fun in it, too.

"Sir Billy and Co."—During the past two years you have heard a good deal about Greyhouse and various people who had the honour of being educated there. Now, it has struck the author of these tales that those who have "lived" with Sir Billy and his friends at school may like to hear how they got on when they reached man's estate, and went forth into the world to show what good stuff Greyhouse could turn out. In "Sir Billy and Co." you will meet the Greyhouse boys as *men*. This tale will no doubt interest readers of all ages. I may tell you that Sir Billy becomes a barrister, while Parsnip goes on the Stock Exchange, and the two become associated in an adventure which forms the plot of the story.

Other Attractions.—Lovers of the sea and doings in foreign lands will find that "O. F. and Co." have kept an eye on their requirements. In April will appear the first part of a very extraordinary Australian coast yarn called "The Great Treasure Lobster," which simply bristles with excitement, and is one of the most thrilling tales I have read since Jules Verne wrote his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Another very big feature in the new volume will be "Birds'-nesting by Photography and Tele-Photography," by Mr. A. Williams, who, with a colleague, devoted the fine days of *nine months* to getting together the material forming these remarkable articles. We have also coming on a big article on "Atlantic Liners Up to Date." Mr. C. B. Fry will continue to give expert advice to athletes; Mr. Haydon Perry will go thoroughly into every branch of cycling; and other CAPTAIN Club experts will give us of their best from time to time.

Our Stamp Editor.—Readers of THE CAPTAIN—especially those who are philatelists—will join with me in wishing "*Bon voyage!*" and a safe return to Mr. H. M. Gooch, our stamp expert, who has just sailed for Australia. Mr. Gooch has been writing for THE CAPTAIN and advising young collectors since the magazine was started, and I am sure we shall all miss him very much. Mr. Gooch expects to be back about April, 1902. During his absence our stamp corner will be conducted by Mr. E. J. Nankivell, editor of the *Philatelic Record*—one of the cleverest and best-known stamp authorities in this country.

"The Captain" Badge.—We have now made arrangements with Messrs. Fattorini and Sons, of Bradford, to supply us with a very large number of badges. This firm is well known for the skill and enterprise it displays in metal work of this description, and we placed our order with Messrs. Fattorini feeling sure that they would turn us out an article of tip-top quality. Our expectations have been fully realized — the badge, in red on gilt, is got up so well that there is absolutely nothing of the "cheap and nasty" in its appearance; in fact, fastened to the lapel of the coat it looks exceedingly well. We have decided not to make any conditions concerning the buying of this badge, save that the wearers *must be members of "The Captain" Club.* The price of the badge is a round SIXPENCE—we make no charge for postage. Those members of THE CAPTAIN Club requiring the badge should apply for it, stating that they are members of the club, and enclosing six stamps. Address envelopes: Badge Department, THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. As I said before, the badge can be worn on hat or cap, on the lapel of the coat, as a brooch, or as a watch-chain pendant. When writing, state distinctly whether you would like your badge provided with a *pin* or a *stud*, or simply with a small ring for the watch-chain. I may add that the badge may also be had in silver—price Two SHILLINGS.

"Captain" Club.—The work of booking the names and addresses of applicants for membership is still proceeding. The idea of a "club" in connection with THE CAPTAIN has been taken up with extraordinary enthusiasm by foreign and colonial readers, as well as at home here. In the summer we hope to publish a supplement to THE CAPTAIN containing names and addresses of members. Meanwhile, although they are too numerous to be severally acknowledged, letters concerning the club are being carefully read, and the suggestions they contain duly noted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. A. (1) sends me an interesting letter about his school, the Dollar Institution, N.B. It seems that this school was founded in 1818 by a herd boy who ran away from home to South Africa, where he amassed much wealth. "A. R. A." (2) also informs me that, following our instructions as to "How to Make a Canvas Canoe," he turned out a first-rate article, which cost him from first to last 8s. only. I have often wondered whether our "how to make" articles inspired readers with a desire to make the things mentioned, and here is one very distinct proof that they do. I hope lots of fellows at Dollar will join THE CAPTAIN Club.

Yorkshireman.—(1) If the magazine is taken in for you, and for you only, you can become a member of the club. (2) Send your query to Mr. Manning Foster, c/o THE CAPTAIN. (3) By the time this answer appears your dormouse will either be dead or well again. The reason for sickness among these little pets is, principally, because they are not kept clean, or because their food is not of the right sort. As I have often said, people ought not to keep pets unless they thoroughly understand them. Ignorance of the way to look after pets amounts to absolute cruelty. If a boy is ill he can complain, but a dormouse is a dumb animal.

Beginner in Black-and-White.—(1) Hundreds of correspondents have asked this question, and now I will give a final reply. Mr. Tom Browne does not take pupils, nor does he give instruction by post. In the "Answers to Correspondents" at the end of our "CAPTAIN Club Contributions" department, the Art Editor of THE CAPTAIN has given heaps of sound counsel. Let all beginners look up their back numbers, and read them. (2) You cannot expect Mr. Tom Browne, or anybody else, to give an autograph unless you enclose a stamped addressed envelope. This rule applies generally to autograph collecting.

L. A.—You can get all the information you want out of the most recently published Navy List. Any bookseller will be able to procure this for you. The whole matter, however, lies in a nutshell. You or your parents should write to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W., asking for the information you require. This will be furnished you in a printed form. Nominations are obtained by simply applying to the Admiralty; but a little interest is a good thing—that is to say, it is just as well if you know an admiral, captain, or commander who can put in a word for you.

P. R. (DUMFRIES).—What you describe as a "burr" is, I suppose, a strong provincial accent. No, I don't think such a thing is ever operated on, because a "burr" comes naturally to people living in certain parts of the country, and has nothing whatever to do with a malformation of the throat. Some people, when they go to a district where pure English is spoken, in time lose their provincial accent, and some do not. I see no harm in a bit of an accent myself; it adds strength and grip to one's speech, and is very effectual in Parliament, in the pulpit, and elsewhere.

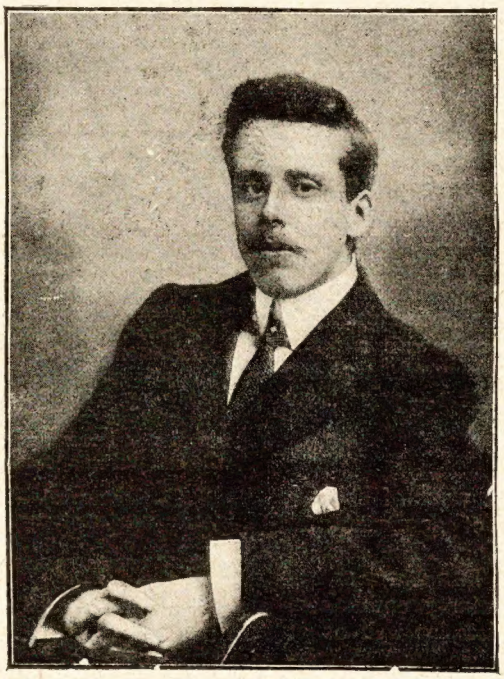
K. Almond.—I am afraid only one of your sons can join the club. They had better take it in turns, one this year, another next, and so on. I hope you understand that this club is formed expressly for the benefit of purchasers, and not for readers who share THE CAPTAIN. Although two out of your three boys will be debarred from certain club privileges, they will still be able to read the magazine; and that, after all, is the main thing it is taken in for, I presume.

C. W.—(1) Unless you take THE CAPTAIN in yourself, or unless it is taken in especially for you, you cannot become a member of the club. (2) Any "Life of Nelson" will give you a good account of the battle of Trafalgar; and Mr. Henty has written several books about the Crimean War. "One of the Six Hundred," by James Grant, is all about this war. (3) Yes; we have a large number of readers in Nottingham.

Mrs 'Arris.—(1) What! you don't believe there never was no such island? When I tell you that Mr. Mayland is quite the most truthful of our contributors you will see that your incredulity is quite without foundation. (2) You can get a bat from Messrs. Gradidge & Sons, of Woolwich. If you write to them and mention your weight, height, and age, they will reply and state just what sort of bat would suit you and the price you should pay.

Harry.—You can procure an extremely useful box of tools from Messrs. Melhuish, Sons & Co., of Fetter Lane, London, for anything from half a guinea to half a hundred guineas. As you are a beginner, perhaps you had better try the former before you invest in the latter. Of course, if you are requiring a large quantity of tools for your school shop, then the half a hundred guineas order will be necessary.

R. M. C. (Toronto) is a very staunch supporter of The Captain in his part of the world. He tells me that the Jameson Ave Collegiate Institute won the Athletic Championship of Toronto mainly owing to Mr. Fry's system of training, which was closely followed by all the competing Jamesonians. Certainly "R. M. C." may consider himself our official representative in the city of Toronto.



Mr. H. M. Gooch.
Photograph by Russell & Sons.

Punch and Judy.—(1) The Captain for April, 1900, can be had from this office for 8½d. (2) *Ask* your master to explain; he will, if you do so nicely. (3) Run races at home, in orchards, etc., but not at school. Let the boys race by themselves, and the girls by themselves. (4) Send a stamped envelope if you want further particulars *re* algebra, etc.

Money-Grabber.—(1) Of course, stories should only be written on one side of the paper. If you don't know that, you cannot have got very far in the art of writing. Better wait a little before you send us a story. (2) For a respectable tale we pay anything from 150gns. to 1 guinea. 150gns. would just suit you nicely, wouldn't it?

George O'Beirne (1) has to use crutches, and wants to know if that will debar him from joining The Captain Club. Of course it won't. (2) With a little improvement his handwriting will do all right for an office. He should get one of Skerry's "Civil Service Copy Books," price 1s.; address—27, Chancery Lane, London.

P. L. H. (Swansea).—There are a great many excellent athletic outfitters, so it is rather invidious on my part to put one of them above another. However, I know that, at any rate in the matter of tennis racquets, a lot of my friends have had very satisfactory goods from Mr. F. H. Ayres, of Aldersgate Street.

G. C. C. (aged thirteen) wants me to tell him the best way to make a profit out of £1. As I have not the commercial mind which is necessary for providing information of this kind, I am making "G. C. C.'s" question into a competition, particulars of which will be found among The Captain competitions for March.

Scholasticus (Bedford).—If you want to procure all the things you mention in bulk, you had better go to a firm which executes large orders. I don't think I can recommend you to a better house than that of Messrs. Benetfink & Co., Cheapside, London.

Lisper.—Awfully sorry, but I really cannot tell you how to stop your lisping. If lisping could be cured, nobody would lisp; and that's plain. However, you can alleviate it by always speaking slowly and as distinctly as possible. Never talk in a hurry.

H. J. Evelyn White claims that the King's School, Ely, is the oldest school in the kingdom, as it was founded shortly after A.D. 673. Other "oldest schools" we have mentioned must climb down before this exceedingly venerable institution.

Hundredweight.—The first number of The Captain appeared in April, 1899. Particulars, etc., as to the price of the volumes can be found at the foot of the Contents of the number you are now reading. Kind regards to the "mater."

W. L. C. (St. Paul's School), suggests that there ought to be more enthusiasm among school-boys in the matter of volunteering. I heartily agree with him. Every fellow who can, ought to join the Cadet Corps attached to his school.

H. B. Parker.—I hope to publish your prize essay in a future number, and am sorry, therefore, that I cannot return it to you. **E. M.** (Chesterfield).—Binding cases for both the *Wide World* and Captain may be obtained for 1s. 9d. each, post free, from the Publisher. **J. S. L.**—How many more times? You may enter as often as you like for competitions as long as you put each attempt into a separate envelope. **Clare.**—Do not tell anybody, please. **John and Ross Grey.**—Use "plain deal" wood. **Nancy Lisle-Graham.**—See list of authors in answer to "Mars" (January). **F. G. Bristow.**—Consider yourself our representative at your institute and at Plaistow. **Ker Kerraje.**—Send questions to this office, with the stamps, and enclose stamped envelope for reply. Mark your letter, "Stamp Collector." **Xerxes** is afraid that the "O.F.," being so old, will have to resign soon. Cheer up, "Xerxes"! The old hoss is good for a lot more work yet. **"England for ever"** (Munich).—That's right—keep your end up. **A. S. Webster and many others.**—Brothers who share The Captain cannot all be members of the club—only one can join. **Inquisitive.**—I'm sure I don't know. **J. N. W. G.**

—Learn whatever instrument your inclinations guide you to. Don't bother about a "Memory System." **D. H. F.**—See answer to "Mars" in January. So you are a girl! Ha, ha! **P. S. Byshe**.—You'll slow down right enough. Anyhow, don't worry, old chap. You can't stop growing until Nature says you shall. You'll probably stop when you're 6ft. and a bit. Most tall fellows do. **Ach. van Swae**.—What ho! a poet, are you! **S. Posgate**.—You are the sort of member we want. Hope you are feeling fit now. "**Reg.**"—Do as your people wish, and stay at home. It will be time to go abroad when you are twenty or twenty-one. **Jules Saliba** (TUNIS).—Glad to receive your letter. I cannot put readers in communication with one another. Sorry, but that's our rule. **C. R. Harris** and **S. G. F.**—We shall have several interviews in the next volume. No information can be given *re* "Comps." except what appears in THE CAPTAIN. **Pingius**.—Yes, you can represent us at Woking. I like your writing. Full of character and pleasant to read. I think you'll get on in life, if you don't play the fool. "Playing the Man's" the finest game I know. **Quidnunc**.—The rule is that you must take in THE CAPTAIN, or have it taken in for you, and you only. If your brother complies with this rule he can join the club. **A. H. Jones**.—Consider yourself an official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Bedford. **D. E. L.**—Look up our article on the "Kodak" in July, 1900. **H. W. J.**—See answer to "G. B.," about beginning in journalism and literature. **Cecil Cooke** will find most of his wishes granted in our next volume. **B. C. J.**—No, I am not Mr. W. W. Jacobs. I think your handwriting is quite good enough for a bank. **A. R. Cousins**.—Yes, "A. P. Cousins" was you—printer's error. **Architect**.—Go to any good stationer in Torquay, and ask for the indiarubber you mention. **Derbeian** wishes to know which public school has the oldest cadet corps, and thinks this honour belongs to Derby School, but doesn't mention date. **Xaymaca**.—Have put your name down for THE CAPTAIN Club. Sorry I haven't time to visit Jamaica just now. **O. G. Fisher**.—Letters to the editor must *not* be sent with CAPTAIN Club Contributions or competitions. Have put you down for the club. **Seddie Tipps**.—Tell your brothers to live in a balloon; they will then avoid the earthquakes. Have little suits of armour made for their little bodies, with linings of cotton-wool. **An American Boy** (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).—I congratulate you on your gentlemanly way of expressing yourself. **Kathleen B.**—Certainly you may join THE CAPTAIN Club as well as your brother. Best wishes for the new century. **Critic**.—The feature was discontinued because it was supported by comparatively few readers. Unless a feature appeals to thousands of readers we do not consider it worthy of the space devoted to it. **Sapiens**.—Thanks for suggestions. Don't forget to spread the news of the club among the fellows you encounter in the course of your travels. **S. Shepherd**.—We have a photographic expert from whom information can be obtained by enclosing a stamped envelope. **George Teed** (CANADA).—Have made you a member. **C. J. S. B.** may be an official representative at Routh. **Ring**.—The feature is discontinued for the present. **Andrew Scott** (JAMAICA).—All right! I'll give you folks more time. **L. J. R.**—Get a "Civil Service Copy Book," price 1s., from G. E. Skerry, Esq., 27, Chancery Lane, London. **Fix** (ALGERIA).—Sorry, but I cannot put readers in communication with each other.

"**Calendar Events**" were received from "Mars," Stanley B. King, F. Simon, Cecil Morrell, Harold W. Smith, Roy Dunkerley, H. Mather.

Also letters from "Julius Cæsar," "Conway Cadet," H. E. S. (Valparaiso), Willie Paul, S. V. P. (Cognac, France) (suggestions noted), "Lassie," "One of the Starboard Watch," Esther Garston, P. G. B., "Trixie," R. Attaque, Heathen, Frank Harper, Percy Sefton and Robert Pritty, Walter Stott, African, Cameron Cowhouse, James S. Paterson, Cap'n, "Golconda," Oscar S. Prevost, G. Long, M. C. Pratt, F. W. Sleetburn, Eliot Phelp, and many other correspondents.

A number of Answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join THE CAPTAIN Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine, or that it is purchased for you. Various particulars relating to the CLUB will be found in recent numbers of THE CAPTAIN.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Born, May 24, 1819. *Died, Jan. 22, 1901.*

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt.
Dispraise or blame—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

JOHN MILTON.